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THE REISSUE OF

HARPER'S WEEKLY

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

Vol. XV.—No. 757.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JULY 1, 1871. [WITH A SUPPLEMENT PRICE TEN CENTS

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VERSAILLES SOLDIERS FIRING UPON THE COMMUNISTS FROM ROOFS AND WINDOWS IN PARIS.—[See Page 599.]

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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, JULY 1, 1871.

HARPER'S WEEKLY contains ONE-THIRD more reading matter, a larger number of Illustrations, and is conspicuously better Edited and Printed than any other Illustrated Newspaper. Its circulation is more than DOUBLE that of any similar publication.

☞ The SUPPLEMENT to this Number of Harper's Weekly contains one of Nast's admirable political cartoons, entitled

"Hash—or, a Tale of Two Cities,"

apropos to affairs in New York and Paris; the continuation of "Lord Kilgobbin," by Charles Lever, with an illustration; a splendid full page sketch of Indian Life, engraved from a drawing by Leon de Bourgogne, and other literary and artistic attractions.

THE ADMINISTRATION.

EARL RUSSELL has withdrawn his objection to the ratification of the Treaty of Washington, and there will probably be no serious hostility to it any where. Even Newfoundland, which was most interested in the fishery question, does not oppose the settlement. There is, indeed, a certain Canadian sentiment which is not favorable, but it can not defeat the treaty. The Democratic Senators who voted against it at Washington have merely revealed the spirit of a party which would prevent the healing of an international breach even by a treaty which is not only in the highest sense a treaty of peace between the two leaders of constitutional liberty among nations, but is an advantage to the whole world. Indeed, the Treaty of Washington is unique among great treaties for the universal confidence which it inspires that it is not a truce but a satisfactory settlement. A year ago there was undoubtedly a very general conviction, not unmingled with menace, that the difficulty must be arranged. But how it was to be arranged without a surrender upon one side or the other that could hardly be expected was not seen. And we believe that there was never a sincerer or more efficient, as well as satisfactory, adjustment of a grave international difference than this treaty.

The credit of it is justly due to the administration under which it has been effected. Both the suggestion of the negotiation and the appointment of the Commissioners were the work of the administration; and the names of the gentlemen called by the President to so important a duty showed how earnest was his wish that the angry question should be settled with the utmost regard to the just feeling of the United States, and yet in a manner entirely honorable to Great Britain. It is, perhaps, not an unfair rule to judge an administration by what it does rather than by what it fails to do. The omissions of every administration are necessarily so many that, if its character and services be estimated only negatively, a very admirable general conduct of public affairs may seem to be deserving of great blame. For it must not be forgotten, in judging an administration, that it is held responsible for all that the critic thinks ought to have been done—a point upon which there may be wide difference of opinion.

Besides the illustration of the honest purpose of the administration afforded by the Commissioners for negotiating the English treaty, the San Domingo Commission showed the fairness of the President. He was in favor of annexation, but a very influential element in his party was opposed to it. The contest had become in some quarters very bitter and personal; but after a warm debate the President was authorized to appoint a Commission. Some of the more vehement of his opponents said, indeed, that he was forced to accept a Commission because of the exposures that had been made. If that were so, the fact only enhances the excellence of his action. For nothing was easier than for the President to have nominated three honorable gentlemen who were entirely in sympathy with his own views. But of the opinions of two of the three Commissioners whom he named we venture to say that he had no knowledge whatever. He knew them merely as men of capacity and character, who would report what they thought, and not what any body wished. It happened, indeed, that one of them was a life-long and intimate friend of Mr. Sumner, who had so conspicuously opposed the annexation of San Domingo—an additional proof of the honest desire of the President to deal fairly and without a suspicion of prejudice with the subject. The Commission described the charms of San Domingo in the warmest strain, but it did not recommend annexation; and the President thereupon left the question to the intelligent judgment of the country. Nor do we believe that any one, however he may be opposed to General GRANT, supposes that he is or would be privy to any unfair attempt to affect that judgment.

We mention these two Commissions, appointed by the President upon two of the subjects which have been most prominent during his administration, as illustrations of what seems to us his sincere wish to treat every public question fairly and with deference to the intelligent feeling of the country. We have ourselves sometimes joined in the complaint that he seemed to listen to counselors who do not have the confidence of the better portion of his party. But we must allow that he was certainly not ill-advised in the instances that we have considered; and we have little doubt that a sincere and careful observation of the general character of his administration would show the same candid and earnest spirit.

There were two classes of persons who were sure to be disappointed by General GRANT's administration—those who expected it to be "splendid," and those who thought it would be an ideal conduct of affairs, in which all the high hopes and aspirations growing out of the war and its triumph would be manifest. This last expectation was most natural, but in the nature of things it was doomed to disappointment. No possible administration could have had the kind of glory which such an expectation demands. We deal with men and with human circumstances. If General GRANT had not been nominated, Judge CHASE would have been. But would his administration have satisfied those who feel that the tone of the present is sordid and low? Do events since the summer of 1867 inspire confidence that Mr. CHASE was the man to have satisfied the high aspirations of many noble hearts in the party?

Those, again, who looked for a "splendid" administration, which the *Tribune* declared at the inauguration to be its expectation, were also sure to be disappointed, because the work of restoring the Union, of diminishing the debt and reducing taxation, of settling old foreign difficulties and avoiding new, could not be in the usual sense a "splendid" work. In the ordinary sense, to have declared war against England, and after a brief and brilliant campaign to have ended it successfully, would have been "splendid." We do not mean to suggest for a moment that the *Tribune* had any such event in mind. We believe that upon every ground it believes the victories of peace to be greater than those of war; and surely in any worthy and humane sense to have settled the English difficulty as it has been settled is a thousandfold more "splendid" than any warlike policy could have been.

The administration of General GRANT has been very severely judged. It has been criticised most sharply and most effectively by Republicans. Yet the general policy with which it is identified is so plainly seen to be the settled purpose of the country that the Northern Democratic leaders are exhorting their party to contest it no longer. It is the policy of the Republican party, indeed, and not especially of the administration; but under this administration it has become so firmly fixed that the enemy despair. If this be true, it certainly shows how thoroughly identified with the principles and purpose of the party the administration has been. We do not forget the deep Republican discontent with the administration of Mr. LINCOLN in the middle and toward the close of his first term; and we believe of General GRANT's, as of Mr. LINCOLN's, that it will justify itself more and more to a reasonable investigation.

MR. GREELEY'S SPEECH.

THE return of Mr. GREELEY from his recent trip to Texas, during which he was reported to have made some curious remarks about the rebel generals, was signalized by a meeting and a speech at the Lincoln Club rooms. The speech was notable because of the eminent position of Mr. GREELEY in the Republican party, and because he has been mentioned, without dissent upon his part, as a candidate for the Presidency. He began by speaking of the old misunderstanding between the North and the South because of the hostility of slavery to free speech, and he illustrated this point in a manner which relieves the *Tribune* from the suspicion sometimes foolishly cast upon it of giving a negative assent to secession in 1861. Mr. GREELEY stated that the Southern correspondents of the paper were in personal danger if known; and that he himself, in the winter of 1860–61, was warned away from St. Louis, where he was to deliver a lecture. No one who recalls that time supposes that the *Tribune* was then an agreeable journal to the plotters of rebellion. But there were many articles in it which surprised and pained the loyal and uncompromising Republican sentiment of the North, especially those which, before the war began, seemed to be—although they were not—justifications of secession; and those which, after the war began, sharply criticised the slowness of the Government.

The most startling articles were that of the 26th of November, 1860, which said that if the Cotton States unitedly and earnestly wished to withdraw peacefully from the Union, any attempt to prevent them would be contrary to the Declaration of Independence; that of the 17th of December following, asserting that if the Declaration of Independence justified the secession of three millions of colonists from the British empire in 1776, it would justify that of five millions of Southerners from the Union in 1861; and that of February 23, 1861, which declared that whenever it became clear that the great body of the Southern people were alienated from the Union, and wished to escape from it, "we will do our best to forward their views." Such expressions, unaccompanied by the explanation, did undoubtedly produce great consternation among Republicans, and Governor PICKENS, of South Carolina, said that it was doctrine which satisfied him. Mr. GREELEY's explanation of these articles was that he meant not the technical voters, but the mass of the Southern people, black and white, and that he was sure, had the decision been left to them, it would have been favorable to union.

The misfortune was that this was not an obvious interpretation of the words, and that it was not mentioned at the time. If, when the *Tribune* said, "If the Cotton States unitedly and earnestly wish to withdraw peacefully from the Union," they should be allowed to do so, it had been immediately added that by Cotton States was meant, not the political communities generally known by that name, but all the black and white adult male persons in those States, which, as afterward appeared, was Mr. GREELEY's understanding of the words, there would have been no confusion or consternation, because every body would have known that, as secession was intended to save slavery, the slaves would not be allowed to vote upon the subject. These articles have been very foolishly quoted as showing that the *Tribune* either thought that secession was really justifiable or that it was useless to resist it. But, like Mr. GREELEY's proposal to President LINCOLN to abolish slavery by buying the slaves at a great price, and his action at the Niagara conference in 1864, by which, as Mr. LINCOLN said in his letter to Mr. RAYMOND, Mr. GREELEY had placed him in a false position before the country, these articles are to be considered merely errors of judgment; for Mr. GREELEY certainly did not mean to justify secession nor to injure Mr. LINCOLN.

Mr. GREELEY, in his speech, then proceeded to speak of his candidacy for office, and said that he had too often reproached better men for unwillingness to take office to decline nominations when urged upon him, and that he felt it to be his duty to take any post of service to which his party friends might assign him. These are his familiar opinions, which he has often and consistently expressed. He ended his remarks upon this subject by saying that he was not at all grateful for the many nominations which he had received; that nobody owed him any thing for being a Republican, for he could not help being one if he tried; that his party accounts were settled; and that he needed and wished no office, but was perfectly willing to bear his share of responsibility.

He then spoke of his recent tour. He thinks that had there been general amnesty there would have been less trouble at the South; that the Ku-Klux is a fact, and that the government is a sham if it does not extirpate "the execrable Ku-Klux conspiracy;" that the carpet-baggers are as bad as the Ku-Klux, and more harmful to the Republican party; and Mr. GREELEY's denunciation of this class was very effective. He said that he should have no tears for the carpet-baggers if the Ku-Klux rode them peacefully out of the Southern States, instead of secretly harrying the harmless negroes. Mr. GREELEY stated that the telegraph had incorrectly reported what he said about the rebel generals. It was not—as stated—that the Northerners would one day "glory in the glory of LEE and STONEWALL JACKSON," but that "the time would come when Americans North, as well as Americans South, would feel a just pride in the soldierly achievements and military character of LEE and STONEWALL JACKSON, just as I trusted the late Confederates would learn to feel a generous pride in the achievements of GRANT and SHERMAN and THOMAS and SHERIDAN." Perhaps he should be thought too fast in that hope, but he could wait for others. Mr. GREELEY ended his speech by a few remarks upon the new Democratic departure, which ultimately would strengthen the Democratic party. But new issues are at hand, and for these he exhorted his hearers to be prepared.

This is the substance of Mr. GREELEY's speech. It was a talk with friends and neighbors, apparently of the most amiable kind. He had been to a part of the country where he could never have safely gone before, and his friends welcomed him home, and he thanked them. The speech is, however, remarkable for this: that, being the speech of an eminent political leader of the administration party to party friends, known to be opposed to the renomination of the present head of the administration, and being himself a candidate for the succession, it says nothing whatever of the acts of that administration, nothing to encourage the country to maintain the party of that administration in power; but it announces an imminent era in which "our different parties may, through co-operation" or otherwise, promote the common glory of the country. It was for this reason, we suppose, that a Democratic paper the next morning called the speech the funeral oration of the Republican party. Mr. GREELEY, however, may fairly say that it was a meeting of welcome upon his return from the South; that he was not called upon to discuss general politics; and that the very fact of his visit illustrates the character and career of the Republican party, which has abolished slavery, is establishing free speech, assuring the safety of every American citizen every where in the country, and which is therefore entitled to the continued confidence of all good citizens.

THE REPUBLIC AND THE COMMUNE.

THE situation in France has occasioned a great deal of debate of the Commune and its character. It has been asserted that the atrocities in Paris have been exaggerated, and that men maddened by rage and battle, and who had been brought to bay, will undoubtedly do what can not be defended, but that the cause of the Commune was really that of municipal rights and of self-government. That there was something of this in the movement is undeniable, but if it were wholly that it would not justify the revolution. It is, however, in essence, very different from that. The Commune of 1871 is the ripened socialism of 1848, and socialism was by no means republicanism. Yet of the ignorance and suffering of multitudes of the Parisian population there is no doubt. Nor is there any doubt that these multitudes are swayed by men whose political and social theories are incompatible with those of our civilization. That men are poor, ignorant, and starving is no evidence of the justice or of the wisdom of their views. Nor does the fact, that a society in which multitudes are degraded and suffering, is a society undermined, and one to which a catastrophe may at any moment be expected, prove that those multitudes are honest or intelligent enough to found a state polity. Discontent and suffering are the best reasons in the world for doing something, but not the least reasons for doing what they demand. Our duty to a starving man is not to feed him, but to feed him wisely.

The real character of the movement called the Commune may be best seen in the view which MAZZINI gives of it. LOUIS BLANC, one of the most intelligent and experienced of European liberals, has already repudiated it; and now MAZZINI, the very high-priest of "MARY ANN," or the church of European republicans, describes it in the plainest terms. And his view has nothing to do with individuals or with their suffering. The Commune is an idea, and it is the idea which he exposes and against which he protests. He says that it is destitute of all conception of God, of a supreme moral law, of progress, and of a common aim of human unity. Politically, he thinks that it leads to the overthrow of all authority, to the negation of the nation, and to the assertion that the Commune, as a small part of the nation, has the secret of national life more completely than the nation itself. Why not push it logically the next step, and claim all this of the family? Why recede to the Middle Ages and not to the patriarchal? The success of such a movement would throw France, he says, back to the days of the Middle Ages, and deprive her of all hope of resurrection, not for years, but for centuries.

This is the view of the chief of the most liberal European republicans; and it confirms that of a republican so moderate and thoughtful as LABOULAYE, who could see only anarchy in the views and purposes of those who led the Commune. It does not justify—indeed, MAZZINI expressly condemns—the action of the THIERS government. But that is the only government which represents the free-will of France. If its tendencies are monarchical, all that can be said is that France, freely consulted, is not republican; and, inevitably associating the Commune with the republic, it will now be still less so. Yet nothing could well be more foolish than to forget how large and how powerful an element of the population the Commune represents. Considered as a protest against utterly centralized administration, as a declaration of the suffering and

NOTICE

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ignorance of the laboring class, and as an advertisement of the fact that that class is organized upon certain theories of society and government, the insurrection of the Commune should plainly show any government that may arise what its danger and its duty are.

THE RIGHTS OF RAILWAY PASSENGERS.

OUR readers may remember the case of Mr. JOHN A. COLEMAN, who sued the New York and New Haven Railroad for personal injuries received while being thrust from the train. There have been four trials, the last of which has recently taken place. The first verdict in Mr. COLEMAN'S favor was $3300; the second, $3450; and the last, $3500—the second trial having been set aside by reason of the disagreement of the jury. The suit arose from a coupon ticket, which Mr. COLEMAN contended is a receipt of money from the road for a ride between two specified points, the direction to be determined by the buyer. Thus if a man has paid for a ticket from New York to New Haven, and, reaching New Haven by other means, wishes to return by the railroad, the company, according to Mr. COLEMAN, should transport him. It is a question of construction, upon which Mr. COLEMAN differed with the conductor. The conductor said that he had instructions and no discretion. Mr. COLEMAN, giving his name and appealing to gentlemen present who knew him, offered to screen him from all ill consequences. But the conductor refused, and ordered him out of the car. Mr. COLEMAN declined to be governed by the conductor's interpretation of law, and at Stamford the conductor called in three or four brakemen. A struggle followed, and Mr. COLEMAN was thrown from the train upon the platform, with bodily injuries of a permanent kind.

The verdict, as we understand, in accordance with the views of the Court, represents excessive and unnecessary violence. The Court does not deny that conductors may, at their discretion, forcibly put off from a train a passenger who differs upon such a point as that involved in this case, who proposes to screen the conductor from ill results, and to arrange the matter with the direction of the road. Is it desirable that conductors should be intrusted with discretion to settle such points of difference peremptorily? And might not a Court have wisely instructed the management of the road, since the results were now evident, to restrain the action of their agents under such circumstances? Is it not clearly for the advantage of travelers that if a passenger quietly declines to pay his fare, stating what seem to him sufficient reasons in a gentlemanly manner, the conductor be instructed to telegraph to the next station to have him arrested, and the difference judicially determined, instead of throwing him bodily from the train? Should the law authorize such discretion to be confided to a conductor?

There have been difficulties with conductors upon the Delaware, Lackawanna, and Western Railroad, which became so constant and serious that the Grand Jury in Newark presented the subject to the Court, and asked for some adequate remedy. If commuters along the line of the Morris and Essex road, leased by the management of the former road, wished to stop over from one train to another at a way station—if, for instance, in coming from Bloomfield to New York the commuter wished to remain for an hour at Newark—he was obliged to pay as for another ticket from Newark to New York by the next train. Many passengers refused, and were thrust from the train at any point. The conductor's plea was that the company had instructed him that a commuting ticket must be used upon a continuous train. Representations were made to the management of the company, but without effect. Some of the passengers still refused to submit to such an absurd inconvenience, and the company thereupon refused to sell commutation tickets to persons whom it placed upon its black list.

The New Jersey Grand Jury declare that a body of persons secretly sitting in New York authorizes brakemen and conductors to interpret rules and regulations, and for offenses unknown to the laws of New Jersey enforces different degrees of punishment. A difference arising upon a contract between individuals is a fair subject for judicial interpretation. Does one between a citizen and a corporation confer any unusual privilege of interpretation upon the corporation? The power of the great railway companies is becoming so immense and overwhelming that travelers like Mr. COLEMAN and Mr. MORAN and Mr. ROWLAND JOHNSON, who have been conspicuous in asserting the fair rights of passengers against the encroachments of the corporations, are really doing a public service which deserves recognition and gratitude. The public must insist that the great railways learn that they exist for the convenience of the public. And such is the grave, and not frivolous or passionate, discontent with the management of the Morris and Essex road in regard to the accommodation of passengers along a certain part of the line, that a line of stage-coaches was successfully established for some time between Orange and Newark, and a new branch railroad to connect with the Midland Road has now been chartered.

NOW AND THEN.

THE Mobile *Register* says, in the most uncourteous manner, of a Democratic co-laborer, that "The *World* finds itself forced to make a quasi-defense of JEFF DAVIS against the calumnies of the *Times* after having itself given importance and emphasis to the misuse the *Times* had made of his speeches. And yet, before it gets through its article, it turns again, like a hyena, upon Mr. DAVIS." The same monitor, in another article, severely reproves what it is pleased to call "the conservative press"—probably because it sympathized with rebellion—for its eagerness to purge itself of all suspicion of sympathy "with the renovated treason of the Confederate chieftain."

But the reason of the eagerness is evident enough. The Democratic leaders of the new departure know very well that the people of the United States intend that the Constitution as amended shall stand; and those leaders are confident that if the people can only be persuaded that nobody means to disturb the settlement the Democratic party has a chance of obtaining power. When JEFFERSON DAVIS, therefore, suddenly uplifts his voice and declares that he accepts nothing, and the Maryland and Kentucky Democracy and a large part of the Southern Democratic press say "amen," the apostles of the new departure feel like hyenas toward the gentleman who, while he was the Confederate chieftain, they treated with profound respect, and they therefore fall upon him and rend him.

The reason of their hostility is not that he does not accept the situation, but that he says so. The apostles whom we mentioned perceive that DAVIS'S declaration and its prolonged echo reveal the hollowness of the assertion that the old issues are settled, and that there is no danger in the return of the Democratic party to power. The voice and its echo suggest to every sensible man in the country that, allowing for all the rhetoric and gasconade of Southern eloquence, conceding that DAVIS and TOOMBS and STEPHENS are "played out," that the Kentucky and Maryland Democracy are hopeless, and the Southern press merely silly—all these expressions are the sign of a deep and real feeling, dangerous to the welfare of the country, wholly confined to the Democratic party, and hoping and working for its success. And this, which every sensible man perceives, is a cardinal fact in the political situation. If the Mobile *Register* and DAVIS and TOOMBS and STEPHENS were all enthusiastic for the new departure, it would be a most suspicious enthusiasm, a most suggestive unanimity. But, as they frankly say what they think, every body knows that they speak not for themselves only, but for a very large and most natural sentiment in their section of the country.

If DAVIS were the utterly spent force for mischief which some of the Northern papers of his own party furiously assert, they would hardly attack him with such asperity. In the days when they were sneering at Mr. LINCOLN as a vulgar buffoon the same papers praised the courtly elegance and the gentlemanly tone and culture of Mr. DAVIS, "the Confederate President." Is he less elegant and urbane because he does not abjure the cause which gives him a place in history? Is his tone less gentlemanly when he says, "I don't believe that I did any wrong," and "I accept nothing," than when he declared that Yankees were hyenas—which remark did not in the least disturb the equanimity of the present advocates of the new departure? The Mobile *Register* will see, upon reflection, that those of its Northern Democratic co-laborers who formerly toadied JEFFERSON DAVIS did so because they thought that he could be of use to them, and they revile him now because they think that he can not.

PERSONAL.

MR. WILLIAM E. DODGE, of this city, has purchased from Mrs. AUDUBON the plates of her husband's great work on the "Birds of America," for the purpose of holding them, at Mrs. A.'s wish, until some one of the principal literary institutions of the country desires to become the owner. In 1826 AUDUBON visited Europe to procure subscribers, and was warmly received by CUVIER, HERSCHEL, HUMBOLDT, WILSON, JEFFREY, and Sir WALTER SCOTT. His work was completed (in 87 parts) in 1838, and contained 446 plates of birds of the natural size, colored, and was published at $1000 per copy. Professor WILSON pronounced him "the greatest artist in his own walk that ever lived," and CUVIER said that "his works are the most splendid monuments which art has erected in honor of ornithology."

—The remains of LEONIDAS POLK are to be removed from the church yard of St. Paul's, in Augusta, Georgia, where they now repose unmarked, to Louisiana, where a monument will be erected over them. His career was somewhat singular. He was a younger brother of President POLK. In 1827 he graduated from the Military Academy at West Point with the rank of Second Lieutenant of Artillery, but remained in the army only three years. He then took orders in the Episcopal Church, and eight years afterward, in 1838, at the age of thirty-two, was consecrated Missionary Bishop of Arkansas. In 1841 he became Bishop of Louisiana, and so continued until 1861, when he doffed the lawn to become a Major-General in the Confederate army, and was killed by a cannon shot while reconnoitring on Pine Mountain, Georgia, in June, 1864. This little story is told as illustrating his way of putting things: At the battle of Perryville, when General CLEBURNE saw the critical moment in advance arrive, turning his horse's head to the point of attack, he rose in his stirrups, and shaking his clinched hand in the direction of the enemy, exclaimed, "Come on and give them h—l boys! give them h—l." In an instant the whole division was following him at the "double-quick." Just then General Bishop POLK rode up, and wishing to encourage the men, but not daring to swear, shouted out, "Go on, boys, and give them—*what Pat Cleburne says!*"

—M. HENRI ROCHEFORT, through a friend, has been negotiating for employment on the press of this city, desiring some position suitable to his peculiar talents and proclivities. The only thing that seems at present to stand in the way is the fact that just now he is in the private keeping of the Thiers government, and there is some danger that he may share the fate of the other chief leaders of the late insurrection.

—PETER B. PORTER, Jun., who died at Niagara Falls on the 14th ult., was a gentleman highly respected throughout Western New York. He was well educated, genial, and gentlemanly. In 1838, '39, '40 and '41 he was a member of Assembly from Niagara County, and Speaker of the House during the latter year. There were several able men in the House that year, among them General JOHN A. DIX, MICHAEL HOFFMAN, ARPHAXAD LOOMIS, JOHN A. LOTT, DAVID R. FLOYD JONES, JOHN L. O'SULLIVAN, SANFORD E. CHURCH, GEORGE R. DAVIS, JOHN CRAMER, and HORATIO SEYMOUR. Many years ago, when in England, Mr. PORTER became an object of some little interest by being introduced to people as the owner of Niagara Falls, that property belonging to the two PORTER families. He was a nephew of General PETER B. PORTER, who, in 1808, was elected to Congress from Ontario County, which then comprised most of the territory of Western New York. General P., it will be remembered, was chairman of the Committee on Foreign Relations, and prepared and introduced the celebrated report of 1811, declaring war against Great Britain. Immediately after this he resigned, was appointed Major-General in the regular army, and distinguished himself in several actions. In 1828 General PORTER was appointed Secretary of War by President ADAMS.

—A letter appears in the papers addressed to JAY COOKE, Esq., from Prince VON BISMARCK, in which the latter is really unable to say at what time it will be convenient for him to make a little visit to Mr. COOKE at one of his private islands in Lake Erie. The letter is deftly written, and reads as if the writer really had a latent notion of running over here when circumstances should permit. Few men in the country could entertain him on a more princely scale than Mr. COOKE. He keeps open house at his charming island home, "Gibraltar," receiving guests daily up to "5.20," dining them at "7.30," and permitting them to retire at "10.40."

—Ex-Senator ROBERT TOOMBS, of Georgia, is one of the few of the more prominent Southern men who have announced their determination not to "accept the situation." He adopts the platform of JEFFERSON DAVIS. He is now sixty-one years old, and has been in the public service, in one way or other, since 1836, when he was a captain of volunteers in the Creek war, under General SCOTT. After eight years' service in the House of Representatives, he entered the Senate during the Thirty-third Congress for six years, and was re-elected for a second term, ending March 4, 1865. On the 14th of March, 1861, he was expelled from the Senate, and became Secretary of State and also a Brigadier-General in the Confederate service. He is a man of striking personal appearance, six feet high, powerful frame, with a head somewhat resembling that of DANIEL WEBSTER in its unusual size, and in the great height and breadth of the forehead. He is a rapid and brilliant talker, and has a memory that seems to lose nothing that he has ever seen, heard, or read. His knowledge of history is especially thorough, particularly of all the efforts and struggles for liberty that the world has ever known—the most glorious of all those struggles being, in his opinion, the Southern rebellion. He is a man that it is easy to see would be a leader wherever he might be placed, and his influence in Georgia is admitted to be great.

—The general notion about General PRIM was that he was merely a military man and military adventurer of the higher class, yet he left to his family a library of 30,000 volumes of such historic and documentary interest that the Cortes propose to buy it for the Spanish government.

—Colonel FORNEY, in his "Anecdotes of Public Men," gives us a glimpse of the manner in which grave Senators of the United States disport themselves when secluded from the outside world in executive session. "The first thing is the utter abandon of the Senators. They have no audiences to look down upon and listen to them. They have no gentlemen with the lightning pen to telegraph them to distant points. They are not called upon to face and to fear their constituency. Bound together by a solemn covenant not to reveal what transpires, they do exactly what pleases them most. I must say, with my frequent opportunities of observation [Colonel F. was for many years secretary of the Senate], I have seen few who even overpassed the courtesies and proprieties of the place. All are easier and more familiar than when under the universal eye of a suspicious people. Those who smoke, smoke; those who like to be comfortable, take off their coats; but there is no such thing as dissipation, at least inside the chamber. Debate is made free, because there is nobody to take it down, and the altercations common to the open Senate are not uncommon between these walls, and yet the perfect familiarity of the Senators and the absence of all restraint contribute to the adjustment of every dispute, however violent."

—BEN WADE, as he is familiarly called in Ohio, will probably yield his personal wishes, and become the Republican candidate for Governor of Ohio, if the Convention wishes it. He is a vigorous campaigner, and comes of fighting stock, his father having been a Revolutionary soldier, and one of the very few who fought in every battle from Bunker Hill to Yorktown. In all his contests thus far the old Senator has been Wade and not found wanting. He is now seventy-one, and has been in public life since 1835, having filled the offices of Justice of the Peace, Prosecuting Attorney, State Senator, Judge, and United States Senator. To the latter office he was first elected in 1851, re-elected in 1857, and again re-elected in 1863. During President JOHNSON'S incumbency he was acting Vice-President. His last, and as he supposed final, public employment was as one of the Commissioners to San Domingo. He is a fine, bold specimen of the Ohio politician.

—No representative of the United States at a foreign court has ever deported himself with greater courage, patience, and patriotism than Mr. WASHBURNE during the Franco-German war. In his recent letters the stirring scenes in Paris, the entrance of the Versaillese, the bombardment from Valerien and Montretout, the burning of the public buildings, the fights over the barricades, etc., etc., are described with great picturesqueness and power. As the only first-class diplomatic representative who remained in Paris from the beginning to the end of the war, and whose time was given up to deeds of humanity, his praises are sounded by the nations of Europe, while in his own country there is but one opinion of his steadfast and patriotic devotion to duty. Mr. WASHBURNE is still in the prime of manhood, being only fifty-five. He served sixteen years continuously in Congress, and finally became "father of the House."

—"George Sand" (Madame DUDEVANT) has recently made a contract with the *Revue des Deux Mondes* to write for that publication at the rate of $40 per column, the column not to exceed five hundred words, with the privilege to retain the right to publish in book form if she should desire it. This is a little better pay than she received for her first novel, "Rose and Blanche," published forty years ago, viz., $50. For "Indiana," published in 1832, which may be said to have laid the foundation for her fame, and which had a great sale, she received only $120. For the last twenty years she has devoted herself mainly to dramatic literature, and her plays, before they are represented in Paris, are usually acted and criticised in a little theatre attached to the Château de Nohant, which is Madame DUDEVANT'S ordinary abode.

—Parson BROWNLOW has been interviewed by a newspaper man—a polite one from Cincinnati—who found the old gentleman in the large white house where he has lived for thirty years. He was lying on a large sofa near the window, where he spends most of his time. It is with great difficulty that he gets about, his disease being paralysis and rheumatism. His hands shake incessantly, so that he can not hold a book or paper to read. When he reads the paper has to be secured to a frame work at the right distance from his eyes. He has no notion of dying and leaving his seat in the Senate to be filled by a Democrat. The greatest terror the King of Terrors has for him is the fact that ANDREW JOHNSON stands ready to receive the Senatorial robe.

—Certain military folk of New England are agitating the subject of erecting a monument at Duxbury to MILES STANDISH, on the large hill on the STANDISH farm, called "Captain's Hill." There is some propriety in this, as MILES STANDISH was the first commissioned military officer in the United States—the military leader of the Plymouth settlers. He came to Plymouth with the first company, in 1620, previous to which he had served in the army in the Netherlands. He it was who commanded those old, original Yankees in their expeditions against the savages, and by the boldness and skill of his attacks inspired them with awe of his prowess.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

IT is now officially announced that the Russian Prince Alexis will visit this country in October.

The second annual council of the Indian tribes of the Indian Territory is in session at Ocmulgee, for the purpose of forming a constitution for a permanent government. The delegates are mostly educated men, and are exceedingly anxious to bring the tribes together under a civilized form of government.

Admiral Rodgers, commanding the United States fleet in Chinese waters, communicates an account of a recent fight on the Corean peninsula between the Chinese and the combined European and American forces. The Admiral was conveying to Corea a number of the inhabitants whom he had rescued from shipwreck, and the boats' crews from the American, English, French, and Prussian ships engaged in this mission were fired upon by the Chinese, who were thereupon attacked and severely punished.

The beneficiaries under the act of the last session of Congress, giving pensions to the surviving soldiers and sailors of the war of 1812, whose claims have already been admitted, number about 26,000.

FOREIGN NEWS.

THE situation in France presents no new features of interest. Paris begins to assume something of its former appearance of gayety and business. The inhabitants are returning at the rate of 9,000 a day. The work of repairing the ravages of war has already begun, and bands of workmen are planting trees and shrubbery in the Bois de Boulogne.

A great number of the working-men of Paris, of Communist principles, contemplate emigration to America.

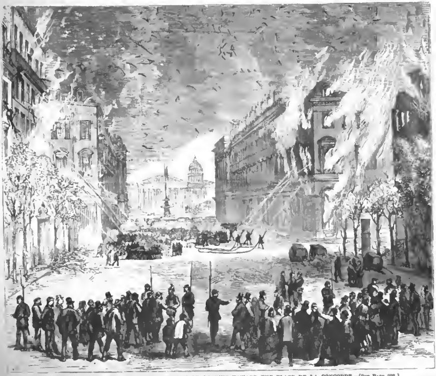
It is reported that General Cluseret is still alive, but under arrest.

The triumphal entry of the German army into Berlin took place on the 17th of June. It was a brilliant and imposing demonstration.

On June 19th the Emperor closed the German Parliament with a speech, in which, after thanking them for the aid for the victims of the war, and an allusion to Alsace and Lorraine, he prayed that God might grant peace to the new empire.

The jubilee of Pius IX. was celebrated with great pomp on the 17th of June at Rome. Thousands of pilgrims from all parts of the world were present.

THE BURNING OF PARIS—FALL OF HOUSES IN THE RUE DE RIVOLI.—[SEE PAGE 599.]



THE BURNING OF PARIS—FIRE IN THE RUE ROYALE, LOOKING TOWARD THE PLACE DE LA CONCORDE.—[SEE PAGE 599.]

WHITELAW REID.

Mr. Whitelaw Reid, Managing Editor of the New York *Tribune*, is the youngest of the leading journalists of New York, being now in his thirty-third year. He comes of a stock noted for intellectual vigor and sturdy devotion to principle. His father, Robert Charlton Reid, was the son of Cameronian Covenanters, and was himself an elder of that sterling communion. His mother was also of Scotch parentage, from the Caledonian colony of Vermont. The elder Reid was one of that race of workers whose energies never seemed to find sufficient exercise except in the severe struggle with the wilderness. He was born in the Blue Grass region of Kentucky, but left that comparatively settled country at the beginning of this century, and pushed on into the almost unbroken forests of Ohio. He was one of the founders of the town which bears the hospitable name of Xenia, and here Whitelaw Reid was born, the child of his old age.

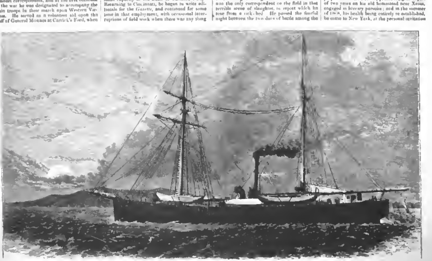
He received the elements of his humanities at the hands of his uncle, a stern, Covenanting parson, and, after passing through the Xenia Academy, was matriculated at the Miami University, and graduated in 1856 with high class honors. The subject of his speech at Commencement was characteristic of that generous radicalism which has since distinguished him. It was devoted to a eulogy of the "Noble Traitors" of the past, with especial reference to the threatening aspects of the Kansas question. Had it been delivered a year or two later, we may be sure that the martyr-convict of Harper's Ferry would not have lacked his garland. Mr. Reid's popularity in college may be inferred from the fact that only two years after his graduation he was elected to deliver the society diplomas to the largest class which ever issued from Miami University.

Immediately after finishing his collegiate studies he became the editor and proprietor of the Xenia *News*, the leading paper of his county, which he managed with a vigor and ability which soon attracted general attention in the State, and led to his removal to Cincinnati, where he became attached to the staff of the *Gazette* newspaper. He represented this journal in Columbus during a session of the Legislature, and his letters from that city made his signature, "Agate," well known throughout the Northwest. His strong, racy English, his courage and energy, his fine faculties of observation, marked him as a model correspondent, and at the first outbreak of the war he was designated to accompany the Ohio troops in their march upon Western Virginia. He served as a volunteer aid upon the staff of General Morris at Carrick's Ford, when the rebel General Garnett was killed, and later in the campaign he was with Rosecrans in the same capacity at the affair of Carnifex Ferry. Returning to Cincinnati, he began to write editorials for the *Gazette*, and continued for some time in that employment, with occasional interruptions of field work when there was any thing especially worth reporting. He was present at Fort Donelson, and went up the Tennessee River to Pittsburg Landing with our advance. He was the only correspondent on the field in that terrible scene of slaughter, to report which he rose from a sick-bed. He passed the fearful night between the two days of battle among the private soldiers on the bluff, and slept the next night on the victorious field in the tent of General Lew Wallace.

With the prestige of his Western achievements in journalism, Mr. Reid came to Washington, and took charge of the *Gazette* bureau in that city. He distinguished himself at once by his bold, incisive, and energetic correspondence. Among all the pens that made and unmade reputations in Newspaper Row in those stirring days there was none more dreaded and more courted than his. From a certain ascetic habit of thought, which may, perhaps, be derived from his severe and conscientious ancestry, he was always more ready to criticise than to praise, always more eager in attack than in defense. Yet his attachments, if few, were very powerful, and there are not many finer passages of eulogy in our periodical literature than those in which he has expressed his admiration of his friends, such as Henry Winter Davis, and those eminent citizens of his own State, Chase and Wade and Sherman. The routine work of his Washington life was varied by occasional resumptions of the note-book and saddle. He saw and vividly reported the battle of Fredericksburg, the second Bull Run, and Gettysburg. His political services and his scholarly tastes were at once recognized by an appointment as librarian of the House of Representatives.

When the war ended Mr. Reid, whose health had become somewhat impaired by unremitting labor, and who was one of those who believed in the possibility of a genuine peace, and in the complete restoration of the South, gave evidence of his faith by removing to Louisiana, and engaging, in company with General Hanson, of Iowa, in the culture of cotton. They planted 2000 acres of land, embracing three farms, and employing 300 hands. The year of 1866 was a disastrous one for planters, but in spite of this the two young Northerners managed their affairs with such skill and prudence that they closed their operations without loss. Mr. Reid employed the next year in writing two books: the one, "After the War," gave a most complete and graphic account of the condition of the South in the years 1865–6; and the other, "Ohio in the War" (2 vols., 8vo, 1000 pages each), besides being an eloquent tribute to his native State, was prepared with such painstaking and elaborate research as to form a valuable addition to the history of our greatest epoch. Mr. Reid, who had by this time become a co-proprietor of the *Gazette*, passed the greater part of two years on his old homestead near Xenia, engaged in literary pursuits; and in the summer of 1868, his health being entirely re-established, he came to New York, at the personal invitation

WHITELAW REID.—[Photographed by Sarony.]



CAPTAIN HALL'S ARCTIC EXPEDITION.—THE "POLARIS."—Photographed by Brady & Co., Washington.—[See Page 602.]

of Mr. Greeley, and assumed an editorial position on the *Tribune*. His promotion the following year to the chair of managing editor was taken as a matter of course by all who were acquainted with the relations existing between him and the editor in chief. Perhaps no one has ever possessed more fully the confidence of Mr. Greeley, and certainly no one has ever repaid it with a more sincere and loyal devotion. The rule of Mr. Greeley in the *Tribune* office is an ideal despotism, where all the subordinates, with Reid at their head, regard him as their model and exemplar in journalism—the first political controversialist of the age.

It was only when charged with the administration of a great journal that the highest qualities of Mr. Reid's talents were developed. He had achieved gratifying successes in all his preliminary pursuits, but evidently attained his true field as manager of the *Tribune*. His knowledge of human nature, his capacity to see at a glance what a man is good for, and to put the round pegs with unerring accuracy in the round holes, his impatient rapidity of decision, his instinct for news, which is like the nose of a bloodhound, and his capacity for compelling the respect and esteem of those with whom he is brought into relation—all mark him out as the professional administrator of a great daily newspaper. If he were not so valuable where he is, one might sometimes regret that his absorbing office duties leave him comparatively so little leisure for editorial writing. But he is a fertile and singularly rapid worker, so that often, after a day of routine toil, he shuts his sanctum for an hour, and the result is one of those timely and nervous articles which the next day is the talk of the clubs.

Our engraving will enable the reader to dispense with any pen portrait of Whitelaw Reid. He is a stalwart, muscular young bachelor, six feet high, with the shoulders of a Kentucky Atlas; so scrupulously neat in his dress that slovenly people make it a reproach to him; fond of society, as is natural in one who is popular in all circles: a man in whose past there is nothing to conceal, and to whose future there is every thing to hope.

CAPTAIN DEVENANT'S SON-IN-LAW.

By MARY N. PRESCOTT.

Captain Devenant had come up, or rather out, from the people, but he entertained a great contempt for them.

"Give me the aristocracy," he used to say to his private friends. "Now there's Julie; isn't she a match for them? I've given her the best education the country affords: what's to prevent her making a connection with the *bon ton*? She can play the pianny; she can sing like a house a-fire; she can *parlez-vous Français*, and all the rest of it; she can crochet and embroider; in fact, tell me if there's any thing she can't do, and I'll tell you that such accomplishments belong to the upper ten, and ain't to be throwed away on the commonality!"

"I can't dance, papa," said Julie, laughing.

"Ahem! no, you can't, and I glory in it. I don't half approve of this promiscuous hugging of young folks before every body's face and eyes."

"Didn't you dance, papa, when you were a young man?" persisted the saucy Julie.

"Ahem! yes; but it's different with a man."

"But you danced with a young lady, I suppose?"

"Ahem! well—yes, I s'pose I did; but that's neither here nor there."

"Oh, isn't it? Well, I never see people tripping on the 'light fantastic toe' but I'm wild to trip it too. When the band strikes up I can hardly keep still; and then they have such lovely figures in the German, it's just like a fairy scene to watch them. What *would* it be to join them?"

"You'd soon get tired of it," said Stephen Gresham, who had just come in; "it's not what fancy paints it." And then Captain Devenant went out, and slammed the door after him; he did not relish an ally like Gresham.

Stephen Gresham had known Julie since she was six weeks old, when he had first been allowed to see the little bald-headed creature and to put his six-year-old finger in the dimples on her cheeks, as a sort of plummet. Since then he had drawn her to school, before the Devenants had left Gutter Street, where they began life, for the court end of the town; he had helped her in her lessons, had shared his luncheon with her, and warmed her hands in his on cold days; had picked her out of a brook at his own risk, had sent her valentines, and saved his pennies to buy her Christmas presents. Almost any one would have thought that Captain Devenant had reason to be proud when one of Nature's noblemen sought his daughter, and drank in her words like an inspiration—such a handsome, manly, straightforward fellow, too, as Stephen Gresham, whose ancestry were a trifle better than his own. But Stephen, alas! did not belong to the aristocracy. He was nothing more nor less than an ambitious, hard-working master-mechanic—"Too ambitious by half," the captain would say, "to be thinking of my Julie." Though time had been when Captain Devenant, only second mate himself, had found pleasure in an evening spent with his old friend Tom Gresham, while the boy sat in the chimney corner whittling ingenious playthings for the little Julie, when he had hinted jocosely of the future, when the "great fortunes," yet to be made, of the two houses of Gresham and Devenant should *join issue*. But that was long ago; he had grander views now. Tom Gresham had died penniless, while in the same year, by a lucky stroke, Captain Devenant woke up one morning and found himself "as rich as any body," as he expressed it. It is astonishing what an effect this sudden acquisition had upon his mental vision. Of course, when he moved up town, and had servants who dressed better than Stephen, and rode in his carriage, and began to pay his respects to Mrs. Grundy—of course such people as the Greshams were not the sort to stand on their visiting list, much less to aspire to a connection with a family so high and mighty.

But Stephen, poor fool, didn't understand the case for some time; so long as Julie made him welcome, why should he stand upon ceremony? And then Captain Devenant, not being much at home about this time—though he had forsworn the sea, and had gone into stocks, of which he understood about as much as a landsman does of the ropes—failed to perceive the continuance and growth of this intimacy, which had been too long and too close to be broken in a day, till on the occasion of Julie's first party, at which Stephen was present, and where he made himself as much at home as he had been used to do at their less pretentious and less ceremonious entertainments in Gutter Street. But after the guests had all departed the captain could contain his wrath no longer.

"How came that greasy mechanic here, I should like to ask?" he exploded.

"Mercy, papa! who do you mean? I didn't see any body that looked greasy but Mr. Smirk, and *his* face shone like a glass bottle," said Julie, taking a locket from her white neck to examine the picture it contained. Now Mr. Smirk was a banker, and it was quite out of the question that *he* should look greasy; besides, it enraged the captain to find that Julie had no more respect for aristocracy than if she had never stepped out of Gutter Street.

"Mr. Smirk, let me tell you," said he, "is a man of the highest respectability—"

"Figuratively speaking," suggested his daughter.

"He is connected with the great house of 'Pichem & Steelem,' at Berlin; his father—Ahem! Whose picture have you got there?"

"Stephen's," said Julie, coloring just an atom with pleasure or fear. "He brought it to me this evening. Isn't it splendid?"

"The devil!" roared the captain; "the picture of a greasy mechanic round the neck of my daughter!" and he threw the locket upon the floor, and crushed it beneath his angry heel.

"Oh, papa, papa, what have you done? Why do you treat Stephen so?" for she felt, gathering up the shattered bauble, and dropping tears upon the defaced image, as if he had trodden upon Stephen himself.

"Because he deserves it, miss. I'll teach you. Don't let me see him in my house again. I hoped I'd done with that sort of trash. I hoped you had some ambition of your own—enough to keep your head above water, when I'd done my best to give you a lift."

"I don't know what you mean," cried Julie, white with wonder; "I don't understand."

"Don't ye? Well, this is just what I mean: I mean for you to drop all acquaintance with Stephen Gresham and the commonalty. I mean for you to forbid him the house, now and forever; not to speak to him when you see him. In short, I mean for you to give him the cold shoulder, every where and at all times; and when I speak, I'm used to be obeyed; and if you mutiny, I'll put you in irons, so to speak. When you marry, you shall marry up, and not down. I've worked hard to give you a rise in the world; see that you don't lose ground in your folly. Them's my orders. Go to bed!"

Julie understood the situation long before this harangue was ended; her countenance changed color, her eye shot lightnings of suppressed wrath; but her voice was as even, her words as temperate, as if they were discussing to-morrow's dinner.

"I may as well tell you that I shall not insult Stephen Gresham with any such behavior as you recommend. And if you do not wish to see him here, you must tell him so yourself."

"And so I will, miss, if I see the scamp within a mile of my premises."

The following day, when Julie went out for her promenade, she saw Stephen Gresham on the opposite side of the street, and bowed and paused, expecting him to cross over and join her, as his habit was; but instead of that he merely returned her salutation and passed on. What could it mean? She stood spell-bound there in the busy thoroughfare, and let the crowd hustle her, forgetful of every thing else. Perhaps he had been in a hurry? Yet she had never known him to be in such haste before but he was glad to stay for a word from her lips, a smile from her eyes. She went home in tears and reflected upon it, without finding any solution. Her father could not have met and reproached him, as the reporters of battles have it, because he had left town that morning on business. She sat down and wrote, in desperation, "Dear Stephen, are you offended with me?" and then she tore it in pieces. What if he had simply wearied of her! The next day she went out again, hoping to meet, or at least to catch a glimpse of him, and was rewarded by seeing him stop on a street corner and have a long and earnest chat with Kitty Kew, a neighbor of his in Gutter Street, and as pretty as a rose bud. Julie made an errand into the nearest drug store, and watched them jealously. Still the two faces told her nothing but that the question in hand was interesting in the extreme, being nothing more nor less than Kitty's unfortunate love affair, which she had chosen to confide to Stephen. But Julie, not guessing any thing of this, looked hard at the rows of bottles on the druggist's shelf, with their gilt labels, and wondered where he kept his poisons; and then she laughed at herself for her foolishness, and had half a mind to run out and jog Stephen's elbow, and have it all explained. But while she was paying for the ounce of heliotrope powder, which she didn't want, the two had disappeared. Then followed another sleepless night, curtained with dismal forebodings; and when she came down to breakfast the chamber-maid handed her Stephen's seal-ring, which she had given him on his last birthday.

"Where did you get it, Maggie?" she asked, in consternation.

"In the gentlemen's dressing-room, miss, the day after the party; and I forgot to speak of it afore. You see, miss, after all the folks had gone off, while I was a-picking up of the things and getting trigged up like—for, miss, the men folks does make a dreadful heap of topsy-turvy—Mr. Gresham he comes running back again, and says he, 'Maggie, hev you seed any thing of a seal-ring marked G?' and says I, 'No, Sir; but if I does I'll just hand it over to Miss Julie.' 'That's right,' says he; 'and I'll make it good to you.' And so here it be."

The clouded expression of Julie's face broke up into smiles. Stephen, then, had not slighted her of his own will. He had made no advances—he had merely returned her civility—because he had heard something of her father's stormy charge to her when he returned for his ring. He had, doubtless, heard himself forbidden the house. Her mood changed utterly from that moment, and, in high spirits, she straightway wrote him a message to this effect:

"Dear Stephen,—If you heard what papa said, I hope you do not think that I mean to obey him."—Then she bethought herself of Kitty Kew, and dropped a hint.—"There! that's Kitty Kew's fault; but I will say it in spite of her—that I want to see you *just a little*, if you want to see me a great deal. Julie.

"P.S.—I have your ring; and papa has gone to Boston for a week."

When Stephen came home at noon his mother said,

"There was a boy here with a note for you, Steve, after you'd gone."

"From Knox, I guess, about the machinery."

"I don't know who it was from. I put it on the mantel-piece."

"I don't see any thing of it, mother."

"Maybe it's dropped on the floor."

"No. Perhaps it fell into the grate. Did it look important?"

"How could I tell? The boy said he was to wait for an answer."

"Ah! Knox wouldn't need an answer. I guess I'll call round there and see." So he called round, and found that Knox had been laid up with rheumatism for a week, and hadn't been able to hold a pen.

"Never mind," said Stephen, at home. "If it's important I shall hear from the writer again, or it'll turn up by-and-by. At any rate, you know that it is said one's correspondence will have answered itself in a certain time. So there's no great loss."

If he had guessed who the writer was, he would have known that she was not likely to repeat the effort, that Time would hardly answer her so satisfactorily as he could wish, and that the loss was greater than he could afford. The fact was, Jane Amory, living opposite the Gresham lodgings, and whose young affections were vainly set upon poor Stephen, had happened in during the morning, and, while Mrs. Gresham excused herself for an instant, to look after her baking, Jane had discovered the note on the mantel, directed to Stephen, had read and slipped it into her pocket. But no one had a suspicion of Jane.

As for Julie, she sat at home and waited for Stephen to his reply; wild horses could not have dragged her out, fearing she might miss one or the other. Every time the door bell rang she was in a flutter of certainty and pleasure. Then she scolded, and tried to interest herself in her novel; but the romance of her own life was far too intense to allow her to lose herself in imaginary scenes. Ten, eleven o'clock struck. She put away her book, and began to recognize the fact that she should not see Stephen that night: but he would be sure to come to-morrow, and she slept the sounder for the delicious certainty, smiling in her sleep. When a week had passed, and Stephen had neither answered her note nor put in an appearance, Julie began to droop. He had heard her father denounce him and his, and, perhaps, he would not oblige her to disobey in spirit or letter; he plainly meant to do without her, to forget her utterly. Perhaps he disdained to care for the daughter of a man who contemned him and his occupation. She grew pale and mopish: refused to go out on her invitations, to drive with the span; saw nobody, cared for nothing—not even the fashions; and heartily wished that they were back in Gutter Street, no better than their neighbors.

So passed three months of unquestionable trouble and unsatisfied longing to Julie, who, having had less experience in trouble than many, knew not what to make of this new phase of existence, in which happiness had been omitted. At first she sustained herself with the daily hope, on leaving her pillow, that perhaps to-day would be the fortunate atom of time which should bring them together again, and straighten the entangled web of life; but the earth rolled on in supreme indifference to her petty hopes and fears, and night found her where morning had left her, only more cast down, more disheartened, looking with less faith toward to-morrow and its treacherous promises. But now she had done with the hope that things would right themselves, and in its place came an irresistible hungering to see Stephen—only to see him. At this time it occurred to her that in Gutter Street, directly opposite to Stephen's dwelling, lived one Jane Amory, who took in sewing for a livelihood, and embroidered on silk ferns and vines, bouquets of corn flowers and blush roses, that looked as if they grew there. The only place in all the wide world that attracted her was Gutter Street; so she betook herself, with an apology of needle-work, to Jane Amory. Now the event proved that it is always well to put your own shoulder to the wheel before giving up in despair and tears. At sight of her guilty Jane blushed to the roots of her auburn hair, and involuntarily nipped in the bud the tea-rose which she was coaxing to bloom upon a lady's sash, pricking her finger at the same time.

"Can you do a little work for me, Jane?" asked Julie, blushing back again, fearful lest the sharp eyes of Jane, or her sharper wits, should detect the innocent fraud.

"I dunno," answered Jane. "What is it?"

"Only plain sewing."

"I guess I'll try, though I'm pretty full now. Seems to see you're a stranger down these parts, eh? We don't see much of you nowadays. Quarreled with your old friends, eh? I used for to see something of you a-moving in and out of Miss Gresham's."

"Yes," returned Julie, coloring again at the name, "I have hardly been out any where for this great while."

"Been sick, eh?" regarding her askance.

"Not exactly. I've been in trouble, that's all."

"Dear sakes! do tell! Does trouble call up at Gentry Street?" And then she laughed, as if the idea was too droll for any thing, pulling the handkerchief out of her pocket, and with it a folded paper that fluttered along the floor, like a bird on a broken wing, and rested at last at Julie's feet.

Julie picked it up, and recognized her own handwriting. "Mr. Stephen Gresham," she read, and looked up into Jane's face with the perplexed air of one waiting for an explanation. Jane's laugh died a violent death, strangled on the spot, while she started forward and put out her hand.

"Oh, that's my—my—bill for work done on Miss Furbelow's trousseau," her voice all a-quiver.

"Indeed! But why is it directed to Mr. Gresham? Excuse me, Jane, but I think there is some mistake here. This," opening it, "is a note which I wrote to Mr Gresham three months ago. Will you tell me how it came in your pocket?"

"Well, there, I s'pose I may as well own up," said Jane; "though I do think it's mighty uncivil of you to come into a body's house a-prying round. The moment I saw you in the door-way I felt in my bones that there'd be a muss. How did it come in my pocket? Why, I put it there, of course. I meant to her burned it up—thought I had—and then there'd 'a been an end of it. It must her been my receipt for my quarter's groceries I burned instead. Jist my luck. I wonder if Small would make me pay over agin if he knew it? It would be jist like him."

"Jane," pursued Julie, not caring to inquire into Mr. Small's characteristics, "do you know that you have done both Mr. Gresham and myself a great wrong? I don't know how you came by this note, but I think that you would be liable to an action, if I were to give it into the hands of a lawyer, for detaining it."

"Dear me! Liable to an action! What sort of an action? Now I'll jist tell you the truth. I only took it off Miss Gresham's mantel-shelf because—because I was sort of jealous of Stephen's never taking a grain of notice on me, and I a near neighbor. Perhaps you dunno what it is to hanker after a little notice and never git it? But if I'd 'a knowed the letter was yours, now—but how could *I* tell? There's forty thousand Julies, more or less, in the world, for all I know. Now you won't be hard on me, miss, will you?" fairly frightened, her deed beginning to assume importance the more she thought of it. "It's hard lines, any way, for a girl to stitch, stitch all day, and nothing better ahead."

"No, I won't be hard on you, Jane; only I fear you will have harder lines yet if you think to better yourself by wrong-doing. All that I shall ask of you is that you take this note back and leave it where you found it."

"And let Miss Gresham know?" cried Jane, aghast, foreseeing the cold shoulder of all Gutter Street.

"No; you needn't say any thing about it to Mrs. Gresham. Make some errand over there; I will wait here till you return."

"And you aren't afraid to trust it to me again?"

"No. I think you are sorry now. You couldn't have understood what you were doing before—how much sorrow you were making me."

"There, I used to hate you," cried Jane, the tears coming in her eyes, "because you had nice clothes and nothing to do, and because—he liked you; but I guess you're as good as he is. There!"

"I do declare, Steve," said his mother, when he returned home at night, "I believe that note was bewitched."

"What note? Not a bank-note I hope?"

"Why, that one you had and didn't have. The one you thought was from Mr. Knox, and it wasn't."

"Yes, yes."

"Well, if you credit it, I went to the mantel-piece to glance at the clock, and see if it was time to put on the tea-kettle, and there it was, looking up at me as innocent as you please."

The instant his glance met the handwriting Stephen's keen eyes flashed angrily, and his smooth brow wrinkled itself with perplexity.

"I hope it wasn't any thing important?" ventured his mother, studying his face, as mothers have a trick of doing with reticent children.

"Yes, it was something very important to me."

"Oh dear! shall you lose any thing by not getting it before, Steve?"

"I'm afraid—I'm afraid I may lose a great deal."

"Dear sakes! I feel as if it was my fault; and money comes so hard to a working-man; and the nights you've sat up a-pottering over your tools and things!"

"It's nothing to do with money, mother," said Stephen, smiling sadly. "As far as money goes, we could leave Gutter Street to-morrow; but you think you should feel homesick any-

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where else, and I doubt if either of us would be a bit the happier. No; it is nothing about money. I have not worked in vain, let what will come."

"Yes; I was married here. I should feel like a cat in a strange garret any where else. Well, I'm glad it's not about money. I was afraid it might be from the man to whom you sold your patent, and he was going to back out, or do something rascally. Your poor father never had any luck, though he was always inventing of something or other, and always going to make his fortune; but, somehow, somebody got ahead of him, do what he would; and I can't realize that you've been so smart for them this time."

"I didn't sell my patent, mother, only an interest in it; for I knew too well that in most cases the fortune is made not by the inventor, but by the fellow who has means to apply it, to put it into use, and introduce it to the public notice. No, mother, we have not lived on coarse fare, worn homespun, and denied ourselves for nothing. When my invention was patented the game was in my own hands; and I think even Captain Devenant will acknowledge that it is worth the candle."

"The neighbors say as how the captain's speculating like fury, making money hand over fist. I should think he was rich enough already. How much do you suppose he's worth now, Steve?"

Steve smiled again, and stroked his fine beard meditatively.

"How much? How can I tell? I wish one of his possessions was mine, that's all."

"Thou shalt not covet thy neighbor's goods."

"But there's no command against coveting his daughter," said Steve, taking up his candle to go to bed.

"What isn't worth asking for isn't worth having," thinking that Steve might marry the daughter of the Great Mogul, if he had one, and Steve wanted her.

"But he has forbidden me the house;" and Steve laughed as if the joke was not to be equaled by any thing in Joe Miller.

"Captain Devenant forbidden my son his house!" cried the astonished dame, with tears of anger in her eyes, "when many's the time he's been glad of a bite at my father's table, when he hadn't a roof over his head! He may see the day again—mind, I don't wish it—but he may see the day again."

Before he slept that night Stephen wrote:

"DEAR JULIE,—I have only to-day received your note, dated three months ago. I will explain when I see you. What a dolt you must have thought me all this time! Where can I see you, whom I love better than life, now that your father forbids me to enter his house? Let us hope that he will come to think better of it. Your true-lover, STEPHEN GRESHAM."

What a weight off Julie's heart were those few lines of tender assurance!

"Papa," said she, as she poured out his coffee at breakfast next morning, "I am engaged."

"The deuce you are! Who's the happy man?"

"I am engaged to—Stephen Gresham, papa."

"Are you! We'll see about that, miss. I've a lover for you worth two of him. I shall bring him home to dine. Mind you make yourself agreeable to him, for it's in his power to make you a beggar or a millionaire. Why, the very house over our heads is already mortgaged to him. So don't let me hear another word of that humbug Gresham!"

"Oh, papa! I thought we were rich."

"*Did* you? So did I the other day, so does Gresham," with a sneer. "Let us keep up the deceit. It rests with you, my dear, whether we shall be rich or no; whether we shall maintain our credit in Gentry Street, or sink into the slough of Gutter Street."

"I should like nothing better than to return to Gutter Street," sighed Julie, "we were so happy there. And all day long it is so pleasant to watch the river creeping down to the sea, the tide setting in, and the white sails, like phantoms, outside the bar. I like it. The sky and sea make pictures there all the year round."

"There it is again! Bred in the bone, I'll wager. The deuce take it! I believe you don't deserve any thing better. But mind, if I see or hear any thing of Steve Gresham skulking about here, or of your speaking to him, I'll—I'll give him his never-get-over!"

Captain Devenant was in a white fury when he went down to the office of Grist & Grind. Mr. Grist was his last hope and coveted son-in-law; he had seen Julie, had praised her style, and had hinted that any man might be proud of such a wife. The logical conclusion in the captain's somewhat illogical mind was that Grist would be an easy victim, that he only needed opportunity to declare himself, and that thereby he should be enabled to remain in Gentry Street, and no one be the wiser concerning his most unfortunate speculations, wherein he had swamped his hoard and reduced himself to beggary; and instead of meeting with resistance against his scheme in the shape of that low fellow Gresham, he believed to have outlived all that, and to have crushed the budding romance when he ground Stephen's picture beneath his heel.

"Good-morning, Grist," said he, smoothing out the anxious wrinkles, his voice as sweet as a jew's-harp. "Fine morning, this. My daughter sends her compliments, and we should be delighted to have you dine in Gentry Street at two, if you're not engaged."

"Thank the handsome Julie; nothing would give me more happiness, but the fates forbid—I'm engaged."

"Perhaps you'll come to-morrow, then? By-the-way, Grist, isn't the interest on that mortgage overdue? You'll have to hold on a bit longer, till my dividends come in." The captain's dividends were a gracious reminiscence of the past, with which he hoodwinked more than one creditor.

"Eh? Oh, the interest on the mortgage. Let's see. Why, didn't I tell you? I told Grind to, any way; s'pose he forgot it. Why, I made it—the mortgage—over to—to— Here, Grind; to whom did we assign the mortgage of Captain Devenant's house?"

"Hey? Why, you know he had an account against us, and you squared him off with that mortgage," said Grind, glancing up.

"Yes, I know; but whose his name? It's slipped my mind."

"His name," returned Grind, referring to a book—"his name is Stephen Gresham, 103 Iron Row; House 9 Gutter Street. He's the fellow who's making a fortune on a patent for something or other. He'll be easy enough with you, captain."

"Stephen Gresham!" cried the captain, pale and trembling; "I'd rather you'd 'a foreclosed to-day. He's the greasy mechanic who's been looking after Julie, my daughter, and I forbade him my house not three months ago."

"Ha! ha! that's a good joke, Devenant; rather at your expense, though. It's a little more than three months since we made over the mortgage to him; thought you were notified at the time—just Grind's way of doing business. Yes, he can foreclose to-morrow, if he chooses; but if he's in love with Miss Julie he won't, unless to bring you to terms. Ha! ha! to you shut his own doors against him! Pity it hadn't been the first of April."

"It was," said the captain, "and I'm the biggest fool alive!"

Nobody disputing his assertion, the captain went home with a very crest-fallen aspect. All his castles had crumbled, all his idols were broken. Julie met him with a face provokingly radiant.

"I have a present!" she cried.

"A fiddlestick!" said he.

"Oh no, not a fiddlestick; but you shall guess."

"I'm in no mood for guessing."

"Then I will show you. It is from Stephen Gresham, too."

"Then I don't want to see it—confound him!"

"But you must!" and she passed him a folded paper. He opened it gingerly, and saw—the mortgage of house and grounds, 398 Gentry Street, made over to Julie Devenant!

"Do you think I'd better accept it," laughed Julie, "or had we better return to Gutter Street?"

"Gresham's a trump!" said the captain, smiting the table with his clinched fist. "Send for him!"

And so Stephen Gresham became Captain Devenant's son-in-law.

A HISTORICAL INN.

OF historical London taverns, the *Blue Boar*, in Holborn, is remarkable as the scene of a curious passage in the life of Charles I.

A secret compact is said to have been entered into, between Charles on the one side, and Cromwell and Ireton on the other, by which the king guaranteed to Ireton the Lieutenancy of Ireland, and to Cromwell the Garter, ten thousand pounds a year, and the earldom of Essex, on condition of their restoring him to liberty and power. His spirited consort, Henrietta Maria, who was then in France, wrote to reproach him for these unworthy concessions. Her letter is said to have been intercepted by Cromwell and Ireton, who, having informed themselves of its contents, forwarded it to the unsuspecting monarch, whose reply they anxiously awaited, and also in due time intercepted. The proofs which it contained of Charles's insincerity are said to have sealed the king's fate. So far, he said, was it from his intention to keep faith with "the rogues," that in due time, "instead of a silken garter, they should be fitted with a hempen cord." "The letter," said Cromwell, "was sewn up in the skirt of a saddle, and the bearer of it was to come with the saddle upon his head, about ten of the clock that night, to the *Blue Boar Inn*, in Holborn, for there he was to take horse, and go to Dover with it. This messenger knew nothing of the letter in the saddle, but some persons in Dover did. We [Cromwell and Ireton] were at Windsor; and immediately Ireton and I resolved to take one trusty fellow with us, and with troopers' habits, to go to the inn in Holborn; which accordingly we did, and set our man at the gate of the inn, where the wicket only was open to let people in and out. Our man was to give us notice when any person came there with a saddle; while we, in the disguise of common troopers, called for cans of beer, and continued drinking till about ten o'clock; the sentinel at the gate then gave notice that the man with the saddle was come in. Upon this we immediately arose; and as the man was leading out his horse saddled, came up to him with drawn swords, and told him that we were to search all that went in and out there; but as he looked like an honest man, we would only search his saddle, and so dismiss him. Upon that we ungirt the saddle, and carried it into the stall where we had been drinking, and left the horseman without sentinel; then ripping up one of the skirts of the saddle, we there found the letter of which we had been informed; and having got it into our own hands, we delivered the saddle again to the man, telling him he was an honest man, and bidding him go about his business. The man, not knowing what had been done, went away to Dover." This singular story must doubtless be received with caution. Nevertheless, that such a letter, in the handwriting of Charles I., was intercepted either by Cromwell or by his emissaries, there exists reasonable grounds for believing. Lord Oxford, in fact, assured Lord Bolingbroke that he had read it, and offered for it no less a sum than five hundred pounds.

THE CAPTURE OF PARIS.

WE give several illustrations this week which show how the Versailles made their way into Paris, and how the city was defended and finally given to the flames by the desperate Communists. The sketches on page 596 will give an idea of the terrible devastation of the city by fire when the Communists discovered that they could neither successfully defend themselves nor make their escape. The first shows the fall of the front wall of the Ministry of Finance, in the Rue de Rivoli, opposite the side wall and railing of the Tuileries gardens. The second shows the burning of buildings in the Rue Royale, looking toward the Place de la Concorde. The engraving on our first page represents some of the soldiers of the Versailles government fighting from the attic roofs and windows of the houses in the Faubourg Poissonnière. It is from a sketch made on the spot by an adventurous artist, who made his way through the narrow streets to where the soldiers were firing. He found the attack had just begun, but he managed to see the soldiers enter the houses, and use the windows as loopholes or embrasures, from which they got a good position to fire down. More men coming up, all mounted the stairs; every window was garrisoned; at last they appeared on the roof, and taking advantage of every corner for shelter, kept up a heavy fusillade. The women in the houses at first were terrified at finding their homes invaded in this sudden way, but they soon got used to it, and one might see at some of the windows a pretty face behind the soldiers trying to get a peep down the street, and to see how the fight was going on. Such a party of soldiers, with their Chassepôts in their hands, who could clamber along the roofs like birds, might be truly called a "flying column." As this fighting from windows and roofs occurred often in the fighting through Paris, the sketch illustrates a characteristic phase of the struggle.

SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

AT a recent meeting of the New York Lyceum of Natural History Professor D. S. MARTIN described the remarkable deposit of magnetic iron at Cornwall, Pennsylvania, and exhibited the group of minerals found in connection with the iron. The ore is a soft, often pulverulent magnetite, associated with copper, and often pyrites. It is found in three hills which owe their relief to the erosion of their surroundings, and are composed mainly of iron ore embraced between walls of trap, the whole mass lying at the junction of the triassic red sandstone and older metamorphic series.

The yield of the Cornwall mines is 100,000 tons per annum. Professor MARTIN exhibited beautiful specimens of allophane, brochantite, and other minerals collected at Cornwall.

Professor NEWBERRY, at the same meeting, exhibited a series of lignites from the far West, with ultimate analyses of each. He said these modern coals were the only mineral fuels found west of Omaha. The Los Brances (Sonora) coal is triassic anthracite. Most of the New Mexico and Arizona coals are cretaceous, the beds sometimes thirty feet in thickness. The Placer Mountain coal is a cretaceous anthracite. The coal of Colorado is both cretaceous and tertiary, the coal of Monte Diablo, California, is cretaceous; and that of Vancouver Island, Coose Bay coal, is tertiary. Alaska furnishes some of the best Western coal—a tertiary lignite. A cretaceous anthracite found on Queen Charlotte's Island is nearly as good as that of Pennsylvania. All these anthracites are caused by volcanic action baking lignites. The calorific power of the Western coals is generally greatly impaired by the large percentage (ten to twenty per cent each) of oxygen and water they contain. The average Western lignite has about half the heating power of our best coals. The gas and coke made of some of them, however, are excellent furnace fuels, though they are generally worthless.

Professor DAVIDSON, of the Coast Survey, has lately devised an apparatus for recording the temperature at different depths by means of an electro-thermal pile. He proposes to register the depth by breaking the circuit of an electric current passing through two insulated wires in the sounding line at about every one hundred fathoms by means of the wheel-work of the MASSEY or similar apparatus. In the changes of temperature an electro-thermal pile eighteen inches long, insulated, and surrounded by a non-conductor except at one end, is used in combination with a THOMPSON'S reflecting galvanometer, not liable to derangement on shipboard. At every one hundred fathoms, when the chronograph registers the depth, the observer notices the readings of the galvanometer, which readings are reduced to FAHRENHEIT degrees.

An interesting discovery has lately been made in England, of the detection in a bone cave of the remains of the wolverine, or glutton. This, according to a correspondent in *Nature*, is of the greater interest as occurring in a region where bones of the reindeer, moose, etc., had previously been found, and upon which this animal in prehistoric, as now in more modern, times was accustomed to feed.

An Austrian meteorological journal contains an account of a very remarkable calm occurring in one portion of an exposed locality while a violent storm was prevailing in every direction round about the section in question. L. GURLITT, a well-known landscape painter, intending to make a number of sketches of the chalk rocks on the coast of the Danish island Möen, encountered a gale blowing directly in the face of the coast-line, and failing to receive the shelter which it was expected the trees, shrubs, and gullies would afford, resigned his purpose, and sauntered about the locality with no particular end in view. He was led by curiosity to the very edge of the precipice, and here, to his utter astonishment, he found so perfect a calm that he was enabled not only to execute the proposed drawings, but to lay his papers on the ground without their being moved by the wind, while at a distance of from twenty to thirty paces in his rear the trees were bending with the force of the gale. He subsequently, again and again, observed this phenomenon when a high wind would strike a vertical rock at right angles. By this he was led to conclude that a mass of air in rapid motion, meeting with an extensive perpendicular obstacle, is forced upward some distance above its upper edge, and then flows over like a water wave, thereby protecting a belt against the direct wind. Professor G. FORCHHAMMER also, repeatedly noticing, in Jutland, that in stormy weather sheep congregated close to the edges of precipices, found a perfect calm prevailing at such points. Another observation would appear to confirm the correctness of the above explanation. A cloud was seen for nearly a whole day hovering on a level with the summits of the rocks of Gibraltar, though during the entire time an easterly gale was blowing; from which it would appear that the upward current created by the resistance of the rocky wall prevented the cloud from following in the direction of the wind.

As is well known, a committee of eminent men has been in session for some time in London for the purpose of inquiring into questions connected with state scientific instruction and the advancement of science, the list embracing, besides several noblemen, Sir JOHN LUBBOCK, Mr. SAMUELSON, Professor HUXLEY, Professor NORMAN LOCKYER, and others. During a visit made last summer to London by Professor HENRY, Secretary of the Smithsonian Institution, he was requested to appear before this committee and give his testimony as to the relationship between science and the state in America, and especially as to the theory and practical working of the Smithsonian Institution. The first report, just made by the gentlemen referred to, is preliminary to one more detailed to appear hereafter, and is occupied mainly with questions connected with the proper administration of the Royal School of Mines, the Geological Survey of Great Britain and Ireland, the Museum of Practical Geology, the South Kensington Museum, and the Royal School of Naval Architecture and Marine Engineering.

A strong desire to have Angora goats more generally introduced and acclimated in Australia has lately been excited in that country by the appearance at an exhibition in Sydney of a flock of these valuable animals accompanied by their kids. These goats are hardy and prolific, while their hair, being used, in combination with silk, for the manufacture of the most costly fabrics, commands a high price. Owing to the ease with which they can be kept, the rearing of Angora goats would seem likely to render quite profitable the vast area of poor land in Australia.

Mr. H. SCHLAGINTWEIT, the celebrated traveler, tells of a peculiar way of blowing the fire in India. When, in damp weather in the mountains, there was a difficulty in starting a fire, his native attendants were in the habit of taking a bamboo cylinder of about one and a half or two inches in diameter, and a foot and a half long, and blowing into it, not directly, but from a distance of six inches. This caused a whirling motion of the air around the edge, and more air was carried to the fire than from a tube held close to the mouth. Our traveler always found this expedient successful, and believes that the application of a similar tube might essentially increase the efficiency of the common bellows.

The existence of two species of elephants has long been established—the African and the Indian, the former differing from the latter in having much larger ears, which cover the greater part of the shoulders as well as the whole neck, and often touch each other upon the nape. This difference is so striking as to be appreciable at once, although there are still other characteristics, such as the more arched and less defined forehead of the African, the more stoutly developed tusks, which are often found in the female; while, as is well known, the female Indian elephant is entirely destitute of these weapons. More recently the fact that the island of Sumatra is the only one in the Indian Archipelago where the elephant occurs in a wild state suggested the inquiry whether this might not be a distinct species, and the investigations of Dr. SCHLEGEL, the eminent director of the Leyden Museum, have led him to this conclusion. Like the elephant of the main land of India, the ears of this animal are very small, and the form of the skull is somewhat the same; but the number of dorsal vertebræ, as well as of pairs of ribs, differs decidedly, there being twenty-one in the African elephant, twenty in the Sumatran, and nineteen in the Indian. The Sumatran elephant seems to be more slender and delicate in its form, and to have a longer and thinner snout. It is also said to manifest decidedly greater intelligence than the elephant of Bengal.

One of the most original and important contributions to the zoology of the day is that constituting the third number of the Bulletin of the Museum of Comparative Zoology at Cambridge, treating upon the mammals and winter birds of East Florida. The author, Mr. J. A. ALLEN, an assistant of Professor AGASSIZ, is well known for the thoroughness of his research into the vertebrata of America, and the critical attention paid by him to the proper limitation of species, both in their relationships to each other, and in their geographical distribution. In the present work he gives a summary of the views to which he has been led within a few years past by his studies of the immense collection in the Cambridge Museum, and makes a number of important generalizations. Among these he corroborates the conclusion previously announced by others of the diminution in size of the American birds in proportion as their birth place is more southern, and also that there is a similar difference existing between the animals of the higher and lower altitudes. He also finds that with the more southern locality of summer abode there are corresponding differences in color and proportion, as well as in habits, notes, and song, the vivacity of the bird decreasing as its size decreases. The principal difference in color with the more southern localities consists in the darker tints and the reduced extent of any white markings, with other features that our space will not permit us to give at the present time. The entire work is one eminently worthy of careful study, and is destined to exercise a very important influence upon the methods of zoological research.

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WAITING FOR THE END—FRENCH REFUGEES ON THE TERRACE OF ST.

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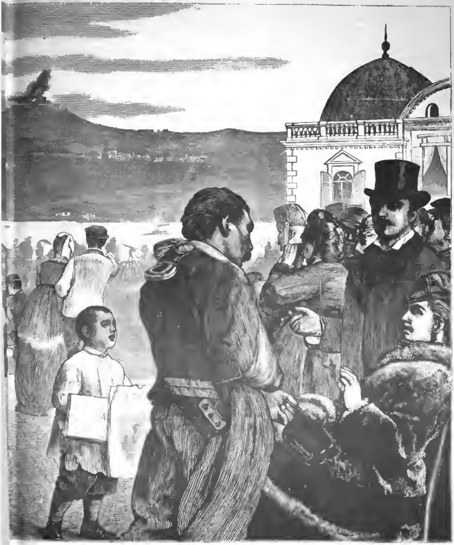

MAINS WATCHING THE SECOND BOMBARDMENT OF PARIS.—[See Page 602.]

WAITING FOR THE END.

...ring the Prussian siege of Paris St. Ger... was a favorite resort of Prussian officers ...ewspaper correspondents, who, standing on ...e famed terrace of HENRI QUATRE, used to ...the proceedings of the armies beneath. ...nly did St. Germaine afford them a good ...of the ground before the city, but it was also ...ut of the range of Mont Valerien, and they ...enabled to enjoy the spectacle without ru...ng the slightest danger. Thus it became a ...popular lounge for both the French and ...an occupants of Versailles, and on a fine ...day the terrace would be crowded with ...entatives of both nations, who, however, ...ded the scene before them with very differ...elings and opinions.

...the double-page sketch which we give this ...however, the spectators are all of one na...ity, and there is only one feeling among ...—that of hate toward the men of the 18th ...arch, whose Communist ideas have forced ...to leave their homes in Paris and seek ref...o the environs. Still, homeless and in ...came ruined, as these refugees may be, ...have not lost that gayety which is so innate ...a Parisian's nature, and are watching the ...on Paris and the insurgents' positions with ...feelings of curiosity and anger. The in...sible telescope man is, of course, there, and ...ing a fine harvest of sous, while many have ...ht their own instruments, with which they ...rvey the scene. "There is a splendid shot!" ...Alphonse, as a shell flies whizzing from a ...these battery into the city. "Ciel! how ...ful!" says, or rather shrieks, Marie, as, ...g through her glass, she sees the missile ...hrough the roof of a house, and, like the ...in an opera, disappear with a puff of ...smoke.

...FF FOR THE NORTH POLE.

...the time these lines fall under the eyes of ...our distant readers the stanch arctic ship ...will be on her way toward the frozen seas. ...ommander, Captain CHARLES F. HALL, who ...known to our readers as an intrepid arctic ...tor, hopes to accomplish something note...y during the voyage. For twenty years it ...en the height of his ambition to reach the ...pole, or, at least, to penetrate as far in that ...ion as it lies within the power of man to ...While in the city of Cincinnati, in 1850, ...ed in his profession of engraver, Captain ...'s attention was first directed to arctic mat...y the interest excited throughout the coun...the fitting out of the first GRINNELL ex...on. Captain HALL became an enthusiastic ...student; and his leisure for the next dec...was spent in acquainting himself with all ...had been published regarding the terra in...ta in the north, and in watching the prog...of the successive expeditions which bore our ...ear to the pole. On the return of the En...expedition of M'CLURE, in 1854, with relics ...ill-fated FRANKLIN, the English govern...declined further to prosecute the search ...e missing explorer. But Lady FRANKLIN ...ot satisfied; and, after vainly appealing to ...overnment, fitted out at her own expense ...n M'CLINTOCK with the *Fox*, and sent him ...mplete the search. Captain HALL's deep ...athy was aroused by the appeal of Lady ...LIN. He doubted not that the great mys...attending the fate of FRANKLIN and his ...nions might be unraveled, and he thought ...ght be possible to co-operate with M'CLIN...in his brave work by an expedition from ...nited States. The story of Captain HALL's ...xpedition of 1860–62 has been told by his ...ers. He sailed from New London, Con...ut, in a whaler, which was to land him, ...boat and sledge, upon the ice to the west ...vis Strait, and leave him to prosecute his ...alone. The loss of his boat prevented ...urney westward to the region where it is ...FRANKLIN perished; but, however, his ...cations, limited as they were, were attend...h glorious results. Precious relics of the ...tion of FROBISHER, who sailed three hun...ears earlier by command of Queen ELIZA..., were found; the fate of five seamen who ...nd that navigator was determined; and ...had until then been known as "Frobisher ..." was completely explored by HALL, and ...d to be but a bay.

...the second expedition of Captain HALL, ...ng a period of five years from 1864, a com...narrative is not yet published. He sailed from ...London in the whaler *Monticello*, and ac...anied only by the Esquimaux JOE and HAN..., who had returned with him from his first ...dition. The *Monticello* entered Hudson Bay, ...d the little party on its northern shores, and ...them to their fortunes. For the next five ...Captain HALL completely denationalized ...elf, living with the Esquimaux, and, as they ...among the raw meat and drinking the oil ...which they preserve their animal heat. He ...wed his time in completing his knowledge ...ir language, customs, and traditions, and ...paring himself for the great expedition on ...he has now entered.

...September, 1869, Captain HALL returned to ...nited States, accompanied by his two faith...squimaux and their little adopted child. ...urpose of exploration toward the pole had ...matured during his stay in Innuitland, and ...turned to the United States determined to ...the means of accomplishing his great ob...

...He had already proposed to ask the aid ...e government, and, although his friends ...application to Congress would be useless, ...in HALL determined to prefer the petition. ...after his return to New York Captain HALL ...ited to relate his experiences before the ...ican Geographical and Statistical Society.

He was well received, and Captain HALL determined to repeat his story as a public lecture at Steinway Hall. His success was excellent, and invitations to lecture began to pour in upon him from societies all over the country. To Captain HALL a means was thus presented of supporting himself and little family during the preparation for his new journey. Communities all over the North are familiar with this arctic explorer and his Esquimaux companions. The session of 1869–70 found Captain HALL at Washington, appealing to the national legislators for means to accomplish, in the name of the nation, his work. In Captain HALL and his purpose President GRANT took a deep interest, and during his stay in Washington Captain HALL became a frequent visitor at the White House. His time was spent in interviews with Congressmen, with Congressional committees, and in all the routine of work demanded of every man who asks of Congress legislation in any degree personal. The work was not an easy one, and Captain HALL relates that he became frequently discouraged. On such occasions he had a great comforter. He would return to his lodgings, and turn to his favorite Knickerbocker edition of "Columbus," and read of the discouragements, rebuffs, and insults which the great discoverer met before success crowned his efforts. "I read," says Captain HALL, "how COLUMBUS for nineteen years preferred his appeals for aid to make his voyage before success rewarded him, and certainly I need not despair within one Congressional season." Success came at last to Captain HALL, and his gratitude to the men that gave it is boundless.

When Congressional favor became assured, Captain HALL began to look around him for a vessel. He visited the Washington Navy-yard. Among the government transports and steamers lying there he hit upon the tug *Periwinkle*, built originally for a Delaware ice-boat, and purchased by the government during the war, so well adapted to his purpose. He reported to the Secretary of the Navy that he had found his vessel, and from the Navy Department, which has used every exertion to further and hasten Captain HALL's plans, came immediate orders for the tug's preparation for the arctic voyage. Naval Constructor DELANO, who, at the Brooklyn Navy-yard, has successively fitted out the vessels for the expeditions of DE HAVEN, KANE, and HARTSTEIN, was charged with the preparation of Captain HALL's vessel. The *Periwinkle* was taken into the dock, every unsound timber removed, and, in fact, almost entirely rebuilt. The bows of the vessel have been sheathed with iron, and, throughout, her sides have been nearly doubled in strength. As prepared for her voyage, she is rigged as a topsail schooner, and supplied with a direct-acting, inverted cylinder condensing engine, working a two-bladed "Griffith" screw. Her measurement is slightly in excess of 400 tons, considerably larger than the *Advance*, in which Dr. KANE sailed, and of about the size of the German exploring ship *Germania*, which sailed from Bremen two years ago. Her bulwarks are raised four feet above the deck, which, from just forward of the smoke-stack to a point ten feet abaft the mainmast, is roofed over, covering the engine, cabins, and a passage on either side. Materials are taken to roof over the remainder of the deck when the vessel shall have reached winter-quarters. Just abaft the cabin stands a covered wheel-house, and immediately aft of this the propeller well, into which the screw may be lifted when not in use. The cook's galley, well supplied with implements of the culinary art, stands immediately forward of the roofed portion of the deck, and is separated from it by the ship's pump and fire-room hatchway. Immediately forward of the galley is the forecastle hatchway. The forecastle contains berths for twelve men; and their quarters are in every respect comfortable and convenient. The standing and running rigging, spars, sails, etc., are entirely new. The ward-room opens from the rear of the covered portion of the deck, and contains eight berths, pantry, water-closet, and captain's library. The berths are narrow, but comfortable, and sheltered by curtains. In the centre of this cabin stands an extension table, and between it and the mainmast a cabinet organ, presented to Captain HALL by the Smith Organ Manufactory, of Boston. The captain's library, occupying the forward end of the cabin, is of considerable value, and embraces nearly every work relating to arctic subjects which has issued from the American or English press. Farther forward, and beneath the covered deck, are state-rooms for Captain HALL and for the little Esquimaux family which accompanies the expedition. The name of Captain HALL's vessel—*Polaris*—was adopted at the suggestion of HENRY GRINNELL, and approved by the Secretary of the Navy at the request of her commander.

Captain HALL's vessel has been most liberally supplied by the Navy Department with instruments, charts, etc., and no expense has been spared to make her outfit complete. The *Polaris* carries four whale-boats, and, besides, two patent frame-work boats, which can be folded and easily stowed upon a sledge, and, on reaching open water, covered with canvas, launched, and become in their turn the transporters of sledge and crew. They weigh but 250 pounds, and can carry twenty men. Stowed aboard the *Polaris* is a supply of the very best spruce for making sledges. The sledges, when built, will be fifteen feet long and twenty inches wide, the various parts lashed together, and be drawn by from twelve to fifteen dogs. The *Polaris* takes, in addition, two pairs of iron-shod runners which were used by the first GRINNELL expedition, and have since lain in the Brooklyn yard. Experience, however, has taught Captain HALL that home-made sledges in the land of the Esquimaux are far better than the exports of American industry. The *Polaris* carries an extra rudder, extra propeller blades, a light boat, which is provided for the use of the scientific officers, saws and chisels for cutting ice, and a supply of felt with which to inclose the boiler and prevent the radiation of heat. In the fire-room is fitted an apparatus for burning whale-oil beneath the boiler, in place of coal. STEVENS is the name of the inventor. Its principle consists in the conveyance beneath the boiler, through pipes, of oil, to which has been united a certain proportion of steam. Under the boiler the open ends of the pipes are lighted as are gas jets. Trial has shown the apparatus to work successfully, but the supply of oil required is so great that its use is neither economical nor possible. The supply required by this apparatus is estimated to equal a whale per day. Captain HALL will, however, take the apparatus with him, and may find it useful. As supplies Captain HALL takes with him one thousand pounds of pemmican, which is formed of twenty thousand pounds of meat cut fine and perfectly well dried, mixed with five thousand pounds of tallow, and inclosed in tin cans; three hundred pounds of fruit cake of the richest description. This is a new arctic supply; but Captain HALL has, by accident, learned its value in the land of cold, as it will not freeze, and is very nourishing. The wit of the expedition remarks that "of course we could not be expected to unite our banner with the north pole in the absence of the usual 'wedding-cake.'" The *Polaris* also carries a quantity of canned vegetables.

The officers and seamen of the *Polaris* number twenty souls. Captain S. O. BUDINGTON, the sailing and ice-master, a native of New London, Connecticut, is forty-four years of age, and has passed his life at sea. Five times he has rounded Cape Horn and three times the Cape of Good Hope. He has made thirteen whaling voyages to Baffin Bay, and he commanded the vessel which carried HALL from New London on his first arctic voyage. Captain BUDINGTON is a wonderful rifle-shot, and can with a bullet cut the string by which a weight may be suspended from the end of the mainyard. Mr. H. C. CHESTER, the first mate, is a native of the village of Noank, near New London, Connecticut. He is of a splendid physique, and is, probably, the strongest man on board. He has spent ten years whaling in arctic waters, and formed Captain HALL's acquaintance on the vessel which carried the explorer a second time toward the pole. Mr. CHESTER is the wit of the expedition, and will act as theatrical manager on board. He is a musician, and performs finely on the violin, the cabinet organ, the banjo, and several other instruments. Mr. WILLIAM MORTON, the second mate, probably enjoys with the public a wider acquaintance than either of his seniors in rank. He is a native of Ireland, and has passed thirty years in the naval service of the United States. While with KANE's expedition he had the honor of discovering the open polar sea, and on this journey he proved his capacity by completing some valuable surveys of his route, which afterward HAYES found to be perfectly correct. He served in the navy during our entire war, and was with FARRAGUT to New Orleans. Dr. KANE pronounced MORTON as gallant and trustworthy a man "as ever shared the fortunes or claimed the gratitude of a commander." EMIL SCHUMANN and JOHN WILSON, the engineers, are men thoroughly competent for their work, theoretically and practically. The former has held a responsible position with the Lloyds Steamship Company, and the latter has served for twenty years on a New York tug-boat. Both accompany the expedition from an ambition to reach the pole. The crew is composed of nine men, and there are, besides, a carpenter, steward, cook, and two firemen. Several of these men served in the Union army during the late war; and Captain BUDINGTON is delighted with their seamanlike appearance and knowledge of "where to take hold of a rope."

Captain HALL's faithful Esquimaux friends, JOE and HANNAH, with their little adopted daughter, SILVIE, are well known to the public. They come from the Innuit aristocracy, have once paid a visit to England, and been presented to the Queen, and both are well acquainted with the English language. JOE has been a famous hunter in Esquimaux land, and is anxious to again visit his ice-bound hunting fields. HANNAH, who appears a very modest, sweet tempered lady, loves civilization best, and hopes, this expedition over, to pass a quiet life in the United States. SILVIE will be the pet of all on board, and is a bright little miss of perhaps seven years.

The scientific work of the expedition has been prescribed (as directed by the Congressional act organizing the expedition) "in accordance with the advice of the National Academy of Sciences." Dr. EMIL BESSELS, selected as the chief of the scientific corps, and also to act as medical officer, is a German by birth, and a student of Heidelberg. He is an accomplished zoologist, botanist, and photographer. He accompanied the German exploring steamer *Albert* on her trip to the north of Spitzbergen, and but for the war would have sailed in the new German expedition, whose preparation was abandoned on account of the war. Dr. BESSELS served six months as surgeon in the Prussian army during the late war. He comes highly recommended to the committee of the National Academy. In a letter from Germany to Captain HALL Dr. BESSELS says, "It is no love of adventure, promise of reward, or desire to roam which prompts me to make such a voyage, but an earnest desire to be useful to science." Dr. BESSELS speaks several languages, and English quite well. The scientific corps of the expedition will be completed by the addition of an astronomer and meteorologist. At the time of writing the former position is not filled; but application has been received from a gentleman of West Chester, Pennsylvania, a graduate of Lafayette College, of Easton, who will accompany the expedition should the committee of the National Academy approve. Sergeant FRED MEYER, of the Signal Corps, United States army, will join the scientific corps as meteorologist. He has a fine record in his corps, and is classed as one of its experts.

In addition to the scientific record, each member of the expedition who is competent is directed to keep a journal of the voyage and its incidents, to be delivered, on the return of the vessel, to the secretary of the Smithsonian Institute, to be used in the preparation of the history of the expedition and its work.

The orders of the Navy Department direct the expedition, on leaving New York, to proceed, via St. Johns, Newfoundland, and Holsteinborg, Greenland, to the port of Disco, Greenland. Here a naval transport will supply the *Polaris* with coal, additional supplies, etc. Thence Captain HALL passes northward, along the coast of Greenland, to Upernavik, where a supply of dogs is to be purchased. From this port Captain HALL will make the best of his way across Melville Bay to Cape Dudley Diggs.

Baffin Bay, whose waters on the east wash the unbroken shore line of Greenland, is entered upon the west by three great entrances—Hudson Strait, *Lancaster Sound*, and Jones Sound. Into the latter and most northerly of these entrances to the archipelago beyond, and lying in the same latitude as Cape Dudley Diggs, Captain HALL will make the best of his way. But one explorer has preceded him—Inglefield, in 1852. Seventy-five miles west of the entrance the northern shore of Jones Sound turns abruptly to the north, and the coast line has been dimly traced so far as latitude 77°. Captain HALL hopes to ascend this hitherto unexplored sound so high as latitude 80°, and there to find secure quarters for his vessel during the arctic night and his summer's trip to the pole. Failing to ascend Jones Sound, Captain HALL will return to Baffin Bay, and pass over the course of KANE, HARTSTEIN, and HAYES, directly north into Smith Sound. The drift ice which blocks up the narrow entrance to Smith Sound makes its passage very difficult, and, as Dr. KANE found, return impossible. For this reason the entrance toward the pole through Jones Sound is preferred by Captain HALL. Also, since an entrance into the open polar sea of MORTON is impossible or uncertain with his vessel, Captain HALL seeks winter-quarters where his vessel may rest with the completest security, and trusts to dog and sledge to carry him to the pole. From Upernavik Captain Hall will probably communicate for the last time, directly, with civilization until the object of his journey is accomplished. It is possible, however, that we may still continue to receive, now and then, a token of his progress after leaving Cape Dudley Diggs. Captain HALL is directed to throw overboard once a day, inclosed in a copper cylinder, a blank form on which will be noted his position, accompanied with remarks, and the following message to the finder, which is printed in English, French, German, Spanish, Danish, and Portuguese:

"Whoever finds this paper is requested to forward it to the Secretary of the Navy, Washington, U. S. A., with a note of the time and place at which it was found, or, if more convenient, to deliver it for that purpose to the U. S. consul at the nearest port."

After entering Jones Sound, wherever it is possible the paper will be deposited near a stone cache to be erected in a prominent position, upon which will be noted the spot where the paper may be found. Sir JOHN FRANKLIN left a somewhat similar paper in a cairn erected at his first winter-quarters on Beechey Island; and had he adopted Captain HALL's proposed plan of marking his course in this manner, the tragic end of his ship's company and the long, fruitless search for the missing explorer might have been avoided. Captain HALL's experience in Esquimaux land has taught him a means of avoiding the destruction by the Innuits of his stone letter-boxes, with which no preceding explorer seems to have been acquainted. Captain HALL, instead of inclosing his dispatches in a pile of stones, will simply erect a skeleton stone monument bearing some mark to indicate where the dispatch has been buried. Innuit curiosity, which prompts the overthrow of the inclosed cairn, will be satisfied with an inspection of the skeleton monument, and disturb nothing. In addition, Dr. BESSELS hopes to take from the States some carrier-pigeons, whose young may be left at Disco, and a message returned to us when the *Polaris* is safely accommodated in winter-quarters. Captain HALL expects to be in winter-quarters to the west of Grinnell Land by the 1st of September. The vessel will then be roofed over, and protected as well as may be from the surrounding ice, and preparations begun in prospect for the long winter night which will soon close around them. The fur suits of the party will be completed, and the months of September and October spent principally in hunting. While in the Esquimaux settlement of Igloolik, in 1868, Captain HALL was visited by Esquimaux from all quarters of the north, and it is probable that he will find many old friends among the Innuit people in the vicinity of his winter-quarters. In these he has complete confidence, and will endeavor to establish friendly relations with them. Near the vessel's winter-quarters will be built an observatory and other conveniences for the scientific corps, who will make the best use of their time before the arctic night sets in.

The student of the polar chart will notice that no American name appears until, in latitude 78°, we approach the winter-quarters of the American expeditions. By the many English explorers not one prominent American name has been honored, while the American explorers seem only to have divided the honors of their discoveries between American and European names of prominence. Captain HALL will have many a

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cape, island, and headland of dub, and if, on the chart, between us and the polar *terra incognita*, we find only European memories honored, he is determined that the pole itself shall be surrounded by a galaxy of American names which shall make the territory peculiarly our own. During the winter night, of four months' duration, it will be Captain HALL's principal anxiety to amuse and interest his companions. Mr. CHESTER, of whom we have already spoken as a fine musician, takes with him several musical instruments, and hopes to instruct some of the crew sufficiently to form a little brass band. One of the seamen at present performs upon the guitar. Mr. CHESTER will also become theatrical manager of the expedition, and hopes to find some good dramatic material among his crew. Among officers and crew there seems to be promise of perfect harmony, and from commander to seaman all seem earnest in their ambition to accomplish the object of their expedition.

On the 1st of April, 1872, Captain HALL will leave his vessel and undertake his journey toward the pole.

His general plan is as follows:

Five sledges, drawn by from twelve to fifteen dogs, and each carrying two men, will be loaded with provisions to their highest carrying capacity. The distance to the pole will be divided into five journeys, and, *en route*, the entire party subsisted from a single sledge until its load shall be so far exhausted as to leave only sufficient to supply its particular party two journeys back to the *Polaris*. The supply for one of these journeys, for what purpose will be seen hereafter, will be deposited in a cache, and, with the second supply, the sledge first exhausted, with its two conductors, will return to the vessel. The four remaining sledges will proceed, repeating the arrangement, and, after constructing a cache at the end of the second journey, the exhausted sledge will return to the vessel. The fifth journey will be made by a single sledge, its little party subsisting, on their return from the pole, on the contents of the several caches which have been established *en route*. This plan, however, will only be necessary in case—as is not probable—the party should be able to capture, during their journey, nothing on which to subsist. Captain HALL is confident that he will find, at least, bear and eider-duck along his entire route, and in that case the entire party will proceed until the north star shall be directly overhead, and beneath their feet the north pole. Captain HALL enters upon his work with a greater chance of success than any navigator who has previously explored the region of cold. All that have preceded him have carried with them into the frozen waters the habits of life of the temperate zone, and have depended only on the means of life familiar to civilization. Captain HALL has proved, by his personal experience, that it is possible for a dweller in a temperate clime to adapt and thrive on the food of the Esquimaux, and to preserve within the arctic circle life wherever life may be found. Having reached the frozen country, he will immediately proceed to teach his companions to draw their sustenance from the raw meats of the frigid zone, and to pour into nature's furnace the oil by which the Esquimaux preserves his animal heat. Captain HALL does not anticipate a difficult task in the education of his companions to his standard of food, and anticipates, before the first arctic night has passed, a company whose memories alone will connect them with civilization.

The orders under which Captain HALL sails only contemplate his passage to the pole, and then will admit of his immediate return to the United States. Should nothing unfavorable occur, August, 1872, may find the *Polaris* again in New York Harbor. It is, however, improbable that fortune will be so good to our envoys, and a stay of five years in arctic waters is provided for. We spoke of the musical company on board. It may be that some enterprising musician will carry with him his instrument to the pole; and as our flag is raised toward the north star, while—east and west having disappeared—to the south of the little party lies the World, the strains of a national anthem will peal forth, and a new territory be annexed to Columbia without bloodshed and without price.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

WHEN the fervid heats of summer begin to oppress and debilitate it is peculiarly refreshing to reflect upon and to write about such a cooling topic as—ice. Not only did Nature last winter afford a bountiful supply, which has been stored up for our summer's use, but busy brains and hands are now employed to accomplish results which, if attained, will secure to the dwellers in even warmer climates than ours an abundance of this luxurious and almost necessary article. A machine is now being built in this city which, without chemicals, and simply by a mechanical application of the theory of producing intense cold by the compression and expansion of air, is expected to produce ice in large blocks, and at a cost the much, if any, in excess of natural ice. The inventor, who is a scientific and practical engineer from Berlin, Prussia, has no doubt of the complete success of this machine, having made satisfactory tests before coming to this country. It is expected that it can make two tons of ice a day, and the size can be increased to a capacity of at least twenty-five tons. This machine is also said to be very valuable for the purpose of cooling the air of churches and other public buildings. If made on a small scale, we fancy it would be a very handy thing to have about a house, so that every family might make its own ice and cool its own apartments.

The salary of President ELIOT, of Harvard College, is stated at $5000, and that of the chief cook of the Parker House, Boston, is $4000. Good cooks are, it would appear, scarcer in Massachusetts than college presidents.

That old adage, "Murder will out," seems to have been verified in recent revelations concerning a seven years' mystery. When the mutilated remains of a man were found in different places around this city about seven years ago, the horrible affair created a great sensation in the community: but the most rigorous investigations failed to discover by whom the foul murder had been committed. But during the month of March and these men were arrested in Australia while engaged in a drunken fight, in which all were wounded severely, and one of them mortally. One of the these turned state's evidence, implicating all in many crimes, and especially of murdering the man above referred to, about seven years ago, in New York city.

Now that San Francisco is connected with Australia by a line of steamers, a project has been formed of selling in London through-tickets to cross the Atlantic and the continent of North America, thence to Australia, thus attracting to our continent the vast current of travel from England to Australia. Five and a half millions of dollars were spent last year in first-class passenger fares between England and Australia, and 400,000 persons made the journey one way or the other.

Previous to the erection of the statue in the Central Park Professor MORSE had received no public recognition of this country of his eminent services beyond that of a complimentary dinner. Marked honors, however, had been accorded to him by European sovereigns. He had received from the Sultan of Turkey the "Nishan Iftichar," an order of Glory; from France, the cross of a Chevalier of the Legion of Honor; from Italy, the cross of a Chevalier of the order of St. Maurice and Lazarus; from Portugal, the cross of a Chevalier of the order of the Tower and Sword; from Spain, the cross of a Knight Commander (*de numero*) of the order of Isabella the Catholic; from Denmark, the cross of a Chevalier of the order of the Dannebrog, also the honor of being a Knight Commander, in the same order, of the first class. Austria, Prussia, and Würtemberg conferred on him the Scientific Gold Medal of their respective nations, and a special congress of the European nations in 1858 voted him an honorary gratuity of 400,000 francs.

Careful experiments have been recently made by which it is shown that sickly potted plants, and even those which have almost died out, can be restored to vigor by applying warm water to them instead of cold. In certain cases oleanders which had never bloomed, or did so only imperfectly, after being treated with lukewarm water, increasing the temperature gradually from 140° up to 170° Fahr., blossomed with magnificent luxuriance. Similar results occurred with an old plant of hoya, and also with an India-rubber tree which had nearly withered away. In all these cases the application of water heated at about 110° Fahr., without any other precaution, caused a new and flourishing growth.

The Pope has sent 60,000 francs for the relief of Paris, and a large number of sacred objects with which to replenish the sacked churches.

Medical science is progressing. An eminent physician declares that spiritualism is a disease, and can be cured by tincture of iron and strychnine.

According to a dispatch from Berlin, no less than 16,000 French prisoners have died in captivity.

The following figures, which are from the *Court Journal*, indicate that the nobility and gentry of Great Britain will not immediately become extinct. Taking the the alphabetically, as given in Lodge's "Peerage," the Duke of Abercorn is shown to have 14 children; the Earl of Abergavenny, 11, the and two being twins; the Earl of Abingdon, 9; the Earl of Albemarle, 8, while his father and 10. Earl of Amherst, 13; Marquis of Anglesey, 8, and his father 18. Duke of Argyle, 12; Earl of Ashburnham, 11, and his father 17, by two marriages; Earl of Bessborough, 14; Viscount Bridgeport, 13, Marquis of Bristol, 10; Earl of Buckinghamshire, by two marriages, 16; Earl of Carlisle, 12; Earl of Chichester, 7, and his father 10. Earl of Clarendon, 8, and his father 14; Baron Clifford, 13, the last two being twins; Baron Clonbrock, 17. Earl of Dartmouth, 7, and his father 17, by two marriages; Earl of Durham, 11, numbers nine and his being twins; Baron Ebury, 11, the last two being twins; Marquis to Exeter, 10, and his father 10, Earl Fortescue, 14; Earl Grey, none, but his father 15; Earl Howe, 14; and so the list continues through a long enumeration. We think that if the Darwinian principle of selection applies to these noble families, a more rapid and marked improvement than the world has witnessed might be expected. There are certainly individuals enough from whom to select.

Every one ought to be aware that the fragrance and odors from plants and flowers are often unwholesome, particularly at night. Their action manifests itself by serious disorder, headache, syncope, and even by asphyxia if too long prolonged. In nervous persons numbness may occur in all the members, with convulsions and loss of voice; but in most constitutions only a state of somnolence, accompanied by feebleness and retardation of the action of the heart, occurs. This state is often associated with well-marked dimness of vision. Among the flowers that are most deleterious may be mentioned the lily, hyacinth, narcissus, crocus, rose, carnation, honeysuckle, jasmin, violet, and elder; and among plants the walnut, the bay-tree, and the hemp. The deleterious influence upon the air at night, through the development of carbonic acid gas, should be guarded against.

Three of the dirtiest, most ragged little ragamuffins in this city entered one of the magnificent drug-stores in our place. Marching up to the counter, one said,

"I want a cent's worth of rock candy."

"Get out, you ragamuffins! we don't sell a cent's worth of rock candy?"

Slowly and sadly they filed out of the store. On the sidewalk a consultation took place. They re-entered the door.

"Mister, do you sell *three* cents' worth of rock candy?"

"Yes."

"Well, we ain't got 'em;" and the procession moved out again.

The latest and most ingenious explanation of the horrible deeds which have blackened Paris is that the French Communists were victims of a "contagious mental alienation;" that the privations of the siege affected their brains, gradually unhinged their minds, and finally they went raving mad; that the "miasmata" which spread through the city produced more violent symptoms in women than in men, because their nervous systems yielded more suddenly to the contagion of the prevailing insanity. This is the highly satisfactory explanation given by a French physician of the horrors of sixty dreadful days, particularly of the throwing of petroleum and lighted matches into public and private buildings by women and young girls.

This explains how the boys got out: A five-year-old urchin in Boston failed to return home from school at the proper hour, and was found, and at night, and after a long and anxious search, "straggling" around the railway depôt. He was put to bed gravely, perhaps even sternly, but without much inquiry, explanations and discipline being deferred till morning. At the breakfast-table, evidently feeling the need of interposing a defense, and taking advantage of a lull in the conversation among his seniors, he exclaimed: "I'll tell you, mamma, how it happened. After school I went part of the way home with Mary ——, and at the corner of a street, where she left me, I kissed her, and she kissed me, and *then I found I was lost.*" There was an explosion around the table just about that time.

"What shall we eat?" is always an interesting question; and though many persons practically answer it by eating every thing they like, physiology makes some marked distinctions. The *Phrenological Journal* sums up the whole matter as follows: "The student should eat articles which are pretty largely charged with phosphates, or brain food; the laborer, those articles containing nitrates, or food for muscle; and those who are much exposed to cold, but are required to exert muscular strength, that kind of food which is largely charged with carbonates, or heat-producers."

A singular and affecting scene occurred in Galveston not long since, where the rector of an Episcopal church was stricken with death while in the pulpit. Announcing his text, "There is yet room," and trembling beneath the weight of his last message, he referred to the friends of his youth, and the communicants of his church that had gone before. While earnestly appealing to his people he saw that his time had come; his words struggled for utterance, he faltered, his weakening limbs staggered. A gentleman who advanced to his assistance was waved back. For his minutes more he spoke, his words only audible to those near him. The excitement of the audience was fearful. Three times he struggled to continue, saying, "I am very sick, and I must say—" Again he staggered. He fell into the arms of a friend as he raised his hand to pronounce the benediction. His last pulpit words were, "To God the Father—" But his tongue refused to speak farther; his hands dropped. He was carried to his rectory, where he died.

The seal fishery in Newfoundland has this year been a decided success. Since the 1st of March nearly six hundred thousand seals have been brought into the various ports of Newfoundland. No larger returns have ever been realized. The quality of the seals also is superior to the average of former years, and the whole value is estimated at $1,800,000. One fortunate merchant of Harbor Grace received one hundred thousand seals in all, the value being $300,000.

It appears that it was discussed by the members of the Commune whether it were preferable to burn or to blow up Paris. Eventually the former plan was chosen, and mines have have discovered leading from the Hôtel de Ville to the Louvre, which seem to point to an idea of finally concluding their reign with an explosion as soon as their great stronghold should become untenable. Plans, too, have been discovered among their papers for laying wires in the great sewers, which should, by a complicated arrangement of galvanic batteries, communicate with depôts of picrate of potash, and blow up the whole of the great city at the same instant.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

"GOOD-MORNING, Mr. Smith. On the sick-list today?" "Yes, Sir, got the ague." "Do you ever shake?" "Yes, shake fearfully." "When do you shake again?" "Can't say when; shake every day. Why do you ask?" "Oh, nothing in particular; only I thought if you shook so bad I'd like to stand by and see if you wouldn't shake the five dollars out of your pocket which you have owed me so long."

TO MAKE A HOT-BED.—Set the mattress on fire.

NOT A GOOD PORTRAIT.—At one of our neighbors' houses was a very bright little girl. It chanced once that they had as a guest a minister, and an esteemed friend. Little Annie watched him very closely, and finally sat down beside him and began to draw on his slate. "What are you doing, Annie?" asked the clergyman. "I'm making your picture," said the child. So the gentleman sat very still, and she worked away earnestly for a while. Then she stopped and compared her work with the original, and shook her little head. "I don't like it much," she said. "'Tain't a good deal like you. I guess I'll put a tail to it and call it a dog."

THE MOST IMPORTANT ROOM IN A DENTIST'S HOUSE—The drawing-room.

The successful photographer's appeal to the baby: "Hi-yi! [Begins to dance.] Howdy dowdy! Dinky-ding-ding! Whoopee! [Throws up his arms.] You! You! You! Bah-ah-h-h! [Sneers horribly.] See here! There! there! there! [Ching ching! Ching chang! Ratty tat! tat! tat! [Demoniacal grin.] Tweety-tweety! Diddle! diddle! diddle! Boo! Boo! BOO! Oh, now! Look here! here! Dad! dad! dad! Sugar! sugar! sugar! sugar! Rickety-rickety-rickety! Bum! bum! bum! Ah-ah-ah! There! there!" [Dog falls. Artist perspires. Mamma delighted.]

If domestic infelicity drives men to sea they should seek the Pacific Ocean.

A lady promised to give his maid twenty-five dollars as a marriage portion. The girl got married to a man of low stature, and her mistress on seeing him was surprised, and said, "Well, Mary, what a little husband you have got!" "La!" exclaimed the girl, "what could you expect for twenty-five dollars?"

Fat men do not seek greatness—it is thrust upon them.

What disease do misers the softer from?—Enlargement of the heart.

A female lecturer says the only decent thing about Adam was a rib, and that went to make something better.

Persons should always dress to suit the figures. A hump-backed lady, for instance, ought to wear a camel's-hair shawl.

CHEAP OUT-OF-DOOR BREAKFAST.—A roll on the grass.

When does a man feel girlish?—When he makes his maiden speech.

A wag, seeing a door nearly off its hinges, in which condition it had been for some time, observed that when it had fallen and killed some one it would probably be hung.

APPROPRIATE NAMES.—The following names are indeed appropriate for the ones mentioned:

For an auctioneer's wife—Bid-dy.
For a general's wife—Sally.
For a sport's wife—Bet-ty.
For a fisherman's wife—Net-ty.
For a shoe-maker's wife—Peg-gy.
For a teamster's wife—Car-rie.
For a lawyer's wife—Sue.
For a printer's wife—Em.
For a druggist's wife—Ann Eliza.
For a carpet man's wife—Mat-tie.

Dogs lead dentists. They insert natural teeth.

At the examination of a parochial school a reverend gentleman was asking a class the meaning of words. They answered very well till he gave "backbiter." This caused a puzzler. It went down the class till it came to a simple urchin, who looked sheepishly knowing, and said, "It may be a flea."

A student of theology describes a woman's original sphere to be the apple.

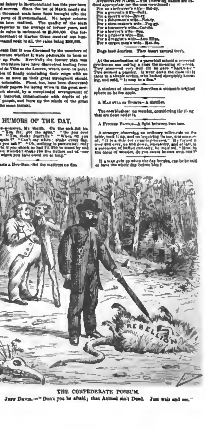
A MAN STILL IN SPIRITS.—A distiller.

The sun blushes: no wonder, considering the things that are done under it.

A PITCHED BATTLE.—A fight between two tars.

A stranger, observing an ordinary roller-rule on the table, took it up, and on inquiring its use, was answered, "It is a rule for counting-houses." He turned it over and over, up and down, repeatedly, and at last, in a paroxysm of baffled curiosity, he inquired, "How in the name of wonder, do you count houses with this?"

If a man gets up when the day breaks, can he be said to have the whole day before him?



THE CONFEDERATE 'POSSUM.

JEFF DAVIS.—"Don't you be afraid; that Animal ain't Dead. Just wait and see."

BRICK-YARD CHILDREN.

This week we supplement the illustration given in our last number under the above title with one which shows the strange and tempta[tion] to which the English brick-yard children [are] subjected after the week's work is over, and they are to be paid off. An English writer, Mr. [G]eorge Smith, who was once a brick-yard boy himself, in a pamphlet entitled "The Cry of the Children from the Brick-yards of England," gives us a close insight into the daily life of the unfor[tunate] little ones, but the details are so painful [an]d repulsive that we would fain hope they were [ex]aggerated, if not untrue. Unfortunately the statements of Mr. Smith respecting the moral condition of the brick-yard children are too strongly corroborated by independent evidence to leave any doubts respecting their credibility. The evidence contained in the reports of the Children's Employment Commission is even more emphatic than that furnished by Mr. Smith. Children only nine years old have been seen drunk with beer. One boy, a mere child, said that he was made to drink by the men; at first he refused, but they flung it in his face. A little boy, not nine years old, has been heard to say, "Well, I've been teetotaling for nine months; I must go and get beer now." They can often outcurse the men themselves. A Cornish foreman said, speaking of brick-yard children: "They say no when asked if they can read or write, but just ask them if they can swear! Why, that little child, only eight years old, if he is vexed with any thing, will damn his two eyes and curse awfully." From all parts of the kingdom we have similar testimonies. The results are what might be predicted. "You might as well try to raise and improve the devil as a brickie, Sir," was the remark made by a Southall brick-maker. In fact, drunkenness and brick making seem inseparable. Both among children and adults the vice is encouraged by the system of paying wages, as shown in our illustration. The masters pay the men, who afterward pay the children. The latter are generally paid at the public-houses so common in the vicinity of the brick-fields, but they do not receive their hard earned wages until the public-house scores of the men have been defrayed. The earnings of the children vary from 3s. to 6s. per week of seventy hours. Sometimes the children have to wait for hours before they receive their money, and not unfrequently they are made completely drunk while so waiting. Occasionally they obtain a few pence by singing obscene songs, swearing, or fighting with each other, irrespective of sex. Those children, whether boys or girls, who can smoke the most tobacco or drink the most beer are always the most popular with the men.

ENGLISH BRICK-YARD CHILDREN—PAYING OFF IN AN INN.

HON. C. L. VALLANDIGHAM.

This distinguished leader of the Democratic party met with a fatal accident on the 16th ult., at Lebanon, Ohio, where he was in attendance at court as counsel for one M'Gehan, who was charged with the murder of a man named Myers. At the time of the accident Mr. Vallandigham was at his hotel in private consultation with his associate, Lieutenant-Governor M'Burney, who had just expressed a doubt as to the soundness of the theory that Myers might have shot himself. Two pistols, one of which was loaded, were lying on the table. Mr. Vallandigham, with the remark that he could show in an instant how it was done, took up the loaded pistol, by mistake, put it in his pocket, and then carelessly withdrew it, holding the muzzle near his body, in order to demonstrate his theory. At that moment, in some manner unexplained, the pistol was accidentally discharged. The ball entered the abdomen, on the right side, at nearly the same angle as which Myers was shot.

With an exclamation of pain Mr. Vallandigham fell to the floor. He was at once attended by skillful surgeons. The wound was probed to the depth of four inches without finding the ball. He gradually became weaker, from exhaustion and internal bleeding, and died the following day. Mrs. Vallandigham was absent from home, to attend at the bedside of a dying brother, and before she could reach her husband, after receiving intelligence of the accident, he had breathed his last. His remains were removed to Dayton, Ohio, for interment, and his funeral was attended by a very large concourse of people from every part of the State.

Mr. Vallandigham came of Huguenot stock. He was born in New Lisbon, Columbiana County, Ohio, in 1822, received an excellent school education, and spent a year in Jefferson College. He was admitted to the bar in 1842. Three years later he commenced his political career in the State Legislature. He was subsequently elected to the Thirty-fifth Congress, and was re-elected the two following terms, when he was beaten by his Republican competitor, General Schenck, our present minister to England. His political career, in and out of Congress, during the war with the South, is familiar to our readers. A man of courage, ability, and indomitable energy, he allied himself, through the whole of that struggle, with those who sought to accomplish the overthrow of the country; and notwithstanding the purity of his personal life, the amiability of his private character, and his great reputation as a lawyer, the stigma of his treachery to the cause of right and freedom will always cling to his memory.

THE LATE HON. CLEMENT L. VALLANDIGHAM

THE OLD SOLDIER AND THE FALLEN COLUMN.

The old veteran depicted in the pathetic sketch on this page has served under the great Napoleon when in the height of his power, and even now lives under the same roof with the remains of his beloved commander. While mournfully contemplating the fallen column and its statue, he doubtless remembers what a brilliant campaign it commemorated, and what glorious deeds he himself performed in years gone by under the leadership of the *Petit Caporal.* Once before, when Louis XVIII. returned, has he seen the Napoleonic statue deposed; but the Bourbons, contented with taking away the figure of the man he hated, left the monument testifying to the prowess of the Grande Armée intact, merely crowning it with his own emblem, the lilied flag. The Commune, however, was not so merciful, and decreed the destruction of the whole monument as repugnant to republican principles, and offensive to the feelings of the conquered nations.

The column is to be rebuilt, and the historic bronze plates, which the Commune neglected to destroy, will be replaced in their old position; but there is one thing which will not please our battle-scarred invalid. The statue of Napoleon has been considered too imperial for the present feelings of France by even the Versailles Assembly, and so the Vendôme Column is hereafter said to be crowned by a figure of republican France.

THE MEDITERRANEAN.

The latest scientific researches in the Mediterranean have elicited some curious facts concerning the great lake which may be worth noting. The Mediterranean Sea consists of two distinct basins, which would seem to be entirely

OLD VETERAN IN THE PLACE VENDÔME.

...on each other by an elevation of ...o the amount of about 300 fathoms; ...uld establish a continuity of land ..., Sicily, and the northern coast of ...reby the eastern basin, which ex...tains to the Levant, would be cut off ...tern basin, which reaches from Mal...ar. And if this elevation were yet ...ould completely cut off the western ...he Atlantic; for although the sur...of the Strait of Gibraltar, near its ...emity, has a depth exceeding 500 ...e is a gradual shallowing, with in...dth, toward its western extremity; ...t it opens out between capes Tra...partel a considerable part of it has ...ss than 100 fathoms, while its deep...lops not exceed 200 fathoms. The ...stern basin approaches 1500 fath... considerable part of its area, and ...ore; while that of the eastern basin ...2000 fathoms in many parts, and ... The effect of the ridge at the ...emity of the Strait of Gibraltar is to ... communication between the *deeper* ... Mediterranean and that of the At... allowing a communication between ... waters. On this fact turns another ...oint—namely, that of the difference ...water of the Mediterranean and that ...ic in regard to their respective pro...lt; and it has been found that there ...of salinity in the water of the Medi...ove that of the Atlantic.

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The Treasury Department having already received subscriptions to the amount of $67,000,000 to the first two hundred millions of the New Loans authorized by the Act of Congress of July 14, 1870, for refunding the Public Debt, bearing five per cent. per annum interest, now offers to popular subscription the remaining $133,000,000 of this particular Loan, and is prepared to promptly deliver the Coupon Bonds or Registered Certificates in exchange, dollar for dollar, for any of the United States six per cent. Bonds or Registered Stocks known as *Five-Twenties*, or for Gold Coin to the par value of the New Loan and accrued interest from the first of May. When this amount, to which preference is given, is taken up, the remainder of the Five per Cents, $300,000,000, embraced in the Act will be offered in connection with $300,000,000 Four and One-Half per Cents, and any part of $700,000,000 of Four per Cents, the one running fifteen years and the other thirty years.

The following is a copy of the New Five per Cent. Bond, under and pursuant to the Act of Congress:

FORM OF FIVE PER CENT. BOND.

[illegible] } FUNDED LOAN OF 1881. { 5 PER CENT.

UNITED STATES OF AMERICA

ARE INDEBTED TO THE BEARER IN THE SUM OF

.... DOLLARS.

"THIS BOND is issued in accordance with the provisions of an Act of Congress entitled "An Act to authorize the Refunding of the National Debt," approved July 14, 1870, amended by an Act approved Jan. 20, 1871, and is redeemable at the pleasure of the United States, after the 1st day of May, A. D. 1881, in Coin of the standard value of the United States on said July 14, 1870, with interest in such Coin, from the day of the date hereof, at the rate of FIVE PER CENTUM per annum, payable quarterly, on the 1st day of February, May, August, and November, in each year. The principal and interest are exempt from the payment of all Taxes or Duties of the United States, as well as from taxation in any form, by or under State, municipal, or local authority.

WASHINGTON, ... , 18..

Entered .... Recorded ....

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Register of the Treasury.

Registered Bonds will be issued of the denominations of $50, $100, $500, $1,000, $5,000, $10,000, and coupon bonds of each denomination except the last two. The interest will be payable in the United States, at the office of the Treasurer, any Assistant Treasurer, or designated depository of the Government, quarterly, on the first days of February, May, August, and November, in each year.

The interest on the Registered Stock of this Loan, it is determined by the Treasury Department, will be paid by Gold Check for the Quarterly Interest, to the Post-Office address to every holder, free of trouble or expense, dispensing with attendance, in person or by proxy, at the Treasury, for the purpose of receipting for and drawing such interest.

The whole proceeds of the New Loan will be applied to the payment or redemption and cancellation of the 5-20 years six per cent. bonds; and in addition to these proceeds, the 5-20's are being reduced by purchases, averaging, for two years past, about $10,000,000 per month.

The acting effect, therefore, of the New Loan, in connection with the existing Sinking Fund process of the Treasury, is to reduce both Principal and Interest of the Public Debt of the United States. *The Loan creates no additional supply of Government Stocks*, while the application of the surplus revenue is constantly lessening the Funded Stocks bearing six per cent. Gold Interest.

The policy of the Government since the close of the War in 1865, which left a debt upon the country of $2,750,000,000, and an annual taxation of $311,000,000, has been to reduce steadily both Debt and Taxes: to reduce the Principal to the Debt by actual payments, and to lessen the annual burden of Interest, and thereby the burden of Taxation, not only through such payments, but by funding the debt at the cheapest rates of interest practicable from time to time, until it is now felt that the very cheapest rates are due to the high Credit, unblemished Public Faith, and vast and growing resources of the country. From $2,750,000,000, the Principal of the Debt has been reduced to $2,[illegible],000,000—both sums exclusive of accrued interest—and from the heavy burden of $151,000,000 per annum, the Interest charge has been reduced to $113,750,000 per annum; while the annual taxation, under the Internal Revenue system, which the necessities of the War, and the Debt thereby created, rendered necessary for at least a short series of years, has been reduced from $311,000,000 in 1865-66 to about $154,000,000 per year in 1870-71 (estimating for the highest probable collections in the current month, the last of the Fiscal year), or less than one-half the first-named sum. And in the year 1871-72 a further reduction of $50,000,000 will come in under the Act of July, 1870, so as to give only $104,000,000 for the year, or about two-fifths the maximum of 1865-66.

By the successful refunding of the Public Debt at moderate rates of interest, and by continued economies in the expenditures of the Government—which in two years, from March 4, 1869, to March 4, 1871, amounted to $[illegible], or an average saving per year of $[illegible]—it is believed that nearly the entire system of Internal Taxes can be dispensed with in a few years, so as much of it as requires the machinery of District Assessors and Collectors.

The Secretary of the Treasury has just published the Monthly Schedule of the Public Debt to June 1, from which it appears that he has further reduced the total of Funded Gold-bearing Debt since May 1 by the sum of $8,000,000, by purchase of United States 5-20's for the Sinking Fund, and reduced the 5-20's by the further sum of $8,817,400 by conversion into the New 5 per Cents. The whole Funded Debt now stands $1,[illegible], as against $2,107,[illegible] two years ago, when the present Administration came into office. Adding to these sums the net Circulation of the Treasury (that is, in Greenbacks and Greenback Certificates, after deducting Gold and Currency on hand), the following is the comparison of Debt of all kinds, at present, and at the close of the War, and in 1869:

	July, 1865.	March, 1869.	June, 1871.
U.S. Stocks,	$2,[illegible]	$2,[illegible]	$2,[illegible]
Circulation,	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
Total,	$[illegible]	$[illegible]	$[illegible]

The following table affords a classification of the Funded Stock (in Gold) of the United States, as at present outstanding:

Date.	Coupon.	Registered.	Total.
5-20's, 1862 ...	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
5-20's, 1864 ...	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
5-20's, 1865 ...	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
5-20's, 1865 (n.)	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
5-20's, 1867 ...	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
5-20's, 1868 ...	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
Total 5-20's	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
Sixes, 1881 ...	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
Fives, 10-40's ...	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
Fives, 1874 ...	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
New fives, '81	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
Total	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
Total March 4, 1869			[illegible]
Reduction of Funded Debt			[illegible]
Yearly Gold Interest charge, 1869			[illegible]
Present yearly charge			[illegible]
Reduction in Interest charge			[illegible]

The proposed further reduction of the annual interest charge upon the Public Debt by refunding is as follows:

By exchange of $200,000,000 United States six per cents for new five per cents of 1881	$2,000,000
By exchange of $300,000,000 United States six per cents for four and a half per cents of 1886	4,500,000
By exchange of $700,000,000 United States six per cents for four per cents of 1901	14,000,000
Total saving per annum by refunding	$[illegible]

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The following patterns are now ready:

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POMPADOUR-BASQUE WALKING SUIT...	No. [illegible]
SHORT-BASQUE WALKING SUIT..........	" [illegible]
TRAINED HOUSE DRESS..................	" [illegible]
POINTED-WAIST WALKING SUIT........	" [illegible]
PEASANT-BASQUE WALKING SUIT......	" [illegible]
TRAINED EVENING DRESS................	" [illegible]
TRAINED STREET SUIT....................	" [illegible]
BLOUSE-WAIST WALKING SUIT..........	" [illegible]
POLONAISE WALKING SUIT................	" [illegible]
HIGH-WAIST TRAINED SUIT..............	" [illegible]
VEST CASAQUE WALKING SUIT..........	" [illegible]
DOUBLE-BREASTED SACQUE WALKING SUIT..........	" [illegible]
SINGLE-BREASTED SACQUE WALKING SUIT..........	" [illegible]

Vol. IV.

WORTH-BASQUE HOUSE DRESS...........	" 1
LADY'S GORED WRAPPER.................	" [illegible]
LADY'S WATER-PROOF CLOAK...........	" [illegible]
APRON-POLONAISE WALKING SUIT......	" [illegible]
POSTILION-BASQUE WALKING SUIT....	" [illegible]
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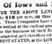

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Vol. XV.—No. 758.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JULY 8, 1871. [WITH A SUPPLEMENT PRICE TEN CENTS.

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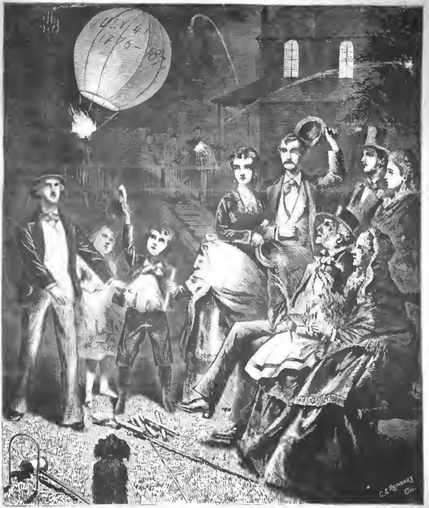

THE GLORIOUS FOURTH—SENDING UP THE FIRE BALLOON.—[See Page 627.]

hood, was for what purpose? Was it a last terrible remedy against intolerable oppression? Was it to save the liberties "housed" in it? Was it a heroic stroke for humanity, civilization, and freedom? None of these. Its object was the perpetuity of the most revolting system of slavery in history. Its purpose was to destroy in the breasts of four millions of unhappy men and women the least spark of hope of recovering the common rights of humanity. It aimed to imbrute these four millions of human beings and their posterity forever. The Democratic blow at "the grand old Constitution" was prompted by the fact that it was not an unquestionable tyranny; that it did house some faint hope of ultimate liberty for all; that it might somehow, at some time, however far remote, destroy the auction block upon which helpless men, women, and children were sold like cattle. It was because of this promise and possible hope of freedom to the most cruelly oppressed that the Democratic party, actively at the South and passively at the North, assaulted "the grand old Constitution," and by shot and shell in one part of the country, and by sneers, quibbles, falsehoods, and riots in another part, vainly sought the destruction of those who defended the sacred house of our liberties.

It is this party, unchanged, and reluctantly trying to express an acquiescence which it thinks can be no longer resisted—this party which furnished the philosophy, the justification, the palliation, the soldiers, and the sympathizers with the ferocious effort to destroy the Constitution of the United States in order to perpetuate human slavery—which now pretends to talk in tawdry rhetoric about re-establishing "the grand old Constitution which housed our liberties." The party which had no word to utter against the unspeakable crimes of slavery; which saw with serenity the hand of slavery stretched out to compel the State of New York to hunt and seize for it its human victims; which furnished the political pretense for attacking the Union; which demanded that the Union should yield to the assault; which insisted that the victorious government should be dishonored; which debauched and degraded this nation for a generation, and made its name a reproach to liberty and humanity, is now perplexed with constitutional scruples about preventing the hunting and hounding of innocent colored citizens, whom it wished to keep slaves, and announces that its restoration to power is essential to the re-establishment of "the grand old Constitution that housed our liberties."

The people of the United States who have been actors in the events of the last ten years know very well who attacked the Constitution and who defended it, who fought for liberty and who fought for slavery, who emancipated the slaves and who resisted emancipation as not justified by "the grand old Constitution that housed our liberties." They know also that the parties are unchanged; that liberty and its defense and organization are the traditions and the practice of the Republican party; that slavery and its protection and State sovereignty, the source of all our sorrow, are the traditions and the practice of the Democratic party. They know that a fine profession does not change the force of conviction and long habit, and that a new departure of an old sinner is only to fresh offenses. They know that the most powerful and representative organization of this party, which, having failed in destroying the house of our liberties, now proposes to protect it, is the Tammany organization in New York; and they naturally ask whether liberty would be securer, the laws wiser, the administration honester, the Constitution more respected, with a party of whose character and methods Tammany Hall is the perpetual illustration, and whose success is fervently desired by every enemy of the Union and the Constitution.

THE OHIO REPUBLICANS.

The proceedings of the Republican State Convention in the great representative Republican State of Ohio show that the party does not cling to issues that are settled, while it regards the acts and antecedents of its adversaries much more than their professions. The Convention pointed proudly to the achievements of the present Republican administration, and was evidently of opinion that the prospect of necessary reforms is much more promising within the Republican organization than within that which has steadily resisted all reform, all progress, and which, by adhering tenaciously to the most loathsome of abuses, plunged the country into war. All the cardinal Republican principles and the great measures of Republican policy are heartily approved in the platform; the fidelity, honesty, and economy of the Administration are extolled; its action in regard to a reform of the civil service is expressly praised; the granting of spoils subsidies is denounced; the duty of adjusting the tariff so as to promote the interests of every section and industry is declared; and after adopting this admirable platform unanimously the Convention nominated for Governor by acclamation a young Republican who came out of the war upon crutches.

There was a tone of confidence and pride in the resolutions and in the action of the Convention which showed a body of intelligent men conscious of honorable performance in the past and of the most patriotic purpose in the future. There was no apologizing, quibbling, or protesting. The words of men whose acts have been consistent and honorable explain themselves. And it is impossible to read the report of the Convention without feeling that it represented the policy and the principles which are sincerely and enthusiastically approved by the immense majority of intelligent American citizens. General Noyes, who was nominated for Governor, is a representative young Republican. He is thirty-nine years old, and his politics are, therefore, those of the true Republican epoch. He is in sympathy with the best and most progressive spirit of the party, and his triumphant election, of which there is no reasonable doubt, will show how thoroughly alive and vigorous are the principles that slew slavery and made the Union the guarantee of liberty.

THE NORTHERN AND SOUTHERN DEMOCRACY.

The fact that Mr. Alexander H. Stephens has become the editor of the Atlanta *Sun*, and distinctly repudiates the new departure of his party, is but another illustration of the serious division of that party. Mr. Stephens is a Democrat who has proved his Democracy by his conspicuous fidelity to the rebellion. He is a Democrat whose Democracy is not questioned. He is a Democrat who announces that he stands upon the national platform of his party promulgated only three years ago. He is also by general consent a politician of experience and ability. He is unquestionably a more powerful and acknowledged Democratic leader than any who has yet declared for the new departure. He can not be contemptuously silenced by a sneer of "a burned-out rocket." And when he returns to the political field and states his position distinctly, he may not represent a majority of the votes of his party, but he does represent its traditional principles and policy, and the latest and most authoritative declaration of them; and it may fairly be supposed that he represents also the real convictions of his party in his own section of the country. Mr. Stephens denies that the recent amendments to the Constitution are valid, and, recalling their denunciation as usurpations by the Democratic Convention of 1868, he adds, "No people devoted to constitutional law need ever expect to secure a rectification of admitted usurpations of power by accepting them as accomplished facts, and granting in advance a complete absolution to the perpetrators of them."

When, therefore, the New York *World*, in the face of such a declaration by one of the most conspicuous, and certainly the ablest, of Southern Democrats, says that Northern Democrats deny, as they have always denied, the right of secession, and "Southern Democrats accept the situation," its remark needs only fidelity to the fact to be effective. If, as probably many of its own party would seriously question, the *World* may assume to speak for Northern Democrats, there is no question that Mr. Stephens may speak for the Southern. And when he, and Jefferson Davis, and the Mobile *Register*, and other acknowledged Southern Democratic leaders and organs declare emphatically that they do not accept the situation, it is in vain that the *World* declares that they do.

And the Northern Democratic acceptance of the situation in the new departure is very well defined by Senator Sherman in his speech at the Ohio Convention. It admits the amendments, but opposes the laws for their enforcement. It is the counterpart of the Democratic acquiescence in the war, with opposition to the measures necessary to carry it on. So that the exact Democratic situation is this: some of the Northern Democrats profess acquiescence in the amendments, and immediately proceed to qualifications and explanations which leave every thing in doubt; while the chief Southern Democrats declare that they cling to the last national platform of their party, and regard the amendments as usurpations, and void. These are the opinions, distinct upon one side, obscure and suspicious upon the other, which will divide the Democratic National Convention as they did the Democratic State Convention in Ohio. And as the party placed General McClellan upon their surrender Chicago platform in 1864, and Mr. Seymour, who had professed hostility to repudiation upon their repudiating platform in 1868, and General McCook, who virtually spurned the amendments, upon the new-departure platform in Ohio, so, following the same practice, the Convention of 1872 will probably pronounce vaguely for acquiescence, and then nominate a candidate who does not acquiesce.

The important fact for all American citizens who are looking for stability and release from the questions which the war virtually settled is that the Democratic party is still torn by a desire to cling to the old issues as all that remains of their traditional policy. While some Northern organs and conventions vociferously shout that all is settled, Southern organs, quite as authoritative, contemptuously retort that nothing is settled. Is this a party to command the confidence and support of honest men, who are resolved that, as slavery is abolished, all taint of slavery in laws and customs shall also disappear? and that, as the political excuse of the rebellion was the doctrine of State sovereignty, the sovereignty of States to defeat the national will shall be as effectually abolished as slavery?

CLERICAL COMMON-SENSE.

Bishop Clark, of Rhode Island, a man of great practical sagacity as well as of recognized ability, recently urged upon the Episcopal Convention of his State provision by the churches of life-insurance for their rectors. This suggestion of the Episcopal prelate is worthy of the most general consideration and practical application. There is, certainly, no body of laborers in society of whom more is expected for less wages than the mass of Protestant clergymen. And the misfortune of their position is that while they must necessarily spend all that they receive, they are liable at any moment to find themselves unemployed, with diminished chances of occupation. It is one of the practical evils of the voluntary system, especially among sects which have no large relief endowments; and the plan suggested by Bishop Clark is good for two reasons—first that it secures the family of a faithful pastor from actual poverty at his death, and then that it tends to make the pastoral relation more permanent.

There is, indeed, a vague theory that clergymen should be superior to pecuniary motives; and there is a very stale sarcasm about "loud calls," the loudness being determined by the amount of the salary. Every body else, from a miner to a railway president, may properly consider his advantage and convenience in accepting or declining offers of employment; but a clergyman is sordid, and is trying to squeeze, camel-like, through a needle's eye, if he reflects upon the comfort of his family or his own taste in deciding between various calls. But to such insinuations he may always urge one conclusive answer—namely, that the spiritual consideration is always the same; for whether it is a rich city society that will pay him eight or ten thousand a year, or a poor country parish that offers him six hundred, they are all miserable sinners, and equally in need of hearing the Gospel preached of charity and good-will. A man who will sell his house and the sacred hearth of his children if he can get a thousand dollars more than he gave for it thinks his minister dreadfully worldly if he tries to relieve the cruel pinching of his poverty by gladly accepting an additional five hundred a year.

When the celibacy of the clergy was abolished by the good sense of Christendom the minister was acknowledged as a man subject to the ordinary conditions of human life. But there is still a very general disposition to regard him as especially released from those conditions. Bread and meat and clothing have for the rest of mankind a very positive price. Butchers and bakers and tailors, in their turn, have also to pay appreciable prices for what they want. They can not conveniently put joints and loaves and coats in the plate for the minister, and it is not entirely clear that they would even if they could. So long, then, as we insist that the minister shall subsist as a man, and as a well-dressed, well-bred, educated, family man, let us abolish, as effectually as his celibacy has been abolished, the nonsense about his "sacred profession" as an excuse for starving him. This is the practical point of Bishop Clark's suggestion, and every intelligent man will say amen.

LETTER FROM LABOULAYE.

During the sorrows of this country Edouard Laboulaye and the Count De Gasparin were our most faithful and intelligent friends in France; and now, in the midst of the tragedy of their own country, Gasparin has died, and Laboulaye mournfully turns to the hard duty of restoring civil order. The following letter from him to a friend in New York will be read with singular interest and sympathy. He naturally thinks that the war has been wrongly judged in this country, and he denounces with all the ardor of a Frenchman those who have con-

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quered France. He naturally, also, confounds the miscreants who follow every army with the mass who compose it and the nation which it represents. But his words are so sad and sincere, and almost hopeless, that a difference of judgment will not affect the feeling which his letter inspires. It is upon the intelligence and character of such men as he that his country must depend for regeneration. The letter is dated at Versailles early in June.

"MY DEAR FRIEND,—Pardon me for not having written to you sooner. We have just passed through trials so cruel that they have taken away all freedom of thought. During the last two months we have experienced every degree of fear and horror; we are scarcely beginning to breathe freely again, and God knows what the future will be. France is far, as yet, from having escaped her ills and formed her government.

"We are attempting at this moment to found a republic. I take part in this effort without having much faith in its success. You will find in the *Revue des Deux Mondes* for June 1 an article of mine on the 'Question of Two Chambers,' in which I show how the Americans have successfully solved the problem, and urge my countrymen to imitate your excellent Federal Constitution. But there is so little republican spirit in France—there is such love of pleasure, idleness, and luxury, and so little political sense—that I greatly fear the re-establishment of the empire, or the restoration of the legitimate monarchy. Besides, I understand how the country sighs for repose after so much suffering, and dreads liberty such as has been practiced in France—that is, sterile agitation and factious turmoil.

"The war has been very wrongly judged in the United States, and strange indulgence has been shown there toward the infamous deeds of the Prussians. The truth will make itself felt, I hope, by degrees, and the great number of Germans who live in the States will not suffice to mislead the opinion of enlightened men. The Prussians have robbed, pillaged, and burned every where. It was they who invented incendiarism with petroleum, and who burned the charming little town of St. Cloud even after the armistice. It was they who taught the Communists to set fire to public edifices, and to make hostages of innocent victims. They brought in their train demoralization and terror. As to their private morals, they are shameful. Versailles was the perpetual scene of their debauchery and drunkenness. These braggarts of virtue, who came to chastise France in the name of God, are naught but brigands, despite their gloss of civilization. This war will result not only in unspeakable wretchedness to France, but in complete servitude to Germany, and dishonor to all Europe, which suffered such infamy to be enacted, and tranquilly witnessed the forcible seizure of French provinces which refused the Prussian yoke.

"I have just received very sad news, which will grieve you as well as me—the sudden death of M. De GASPARIN. I have not heard it confirmed officially, but have been assured that his death is announced by all the Geneva journals. It is a great loss to humanity. America will not forget with what zeal and devotion M. De GASPARIN supported the right side in the civil war. No one did so much as he to prevent the perversion of public opinion on the Continent, and to rally the sympathies of Europe to the support of the good cause. This was no easy task, for nothing had been neglected to mislead public opinion. The character of M. De GASPARIN, and the great esteem in which his name was held, did much for the Northern cause; and I hope that the United States will give him credit for this. It will be a consolation to his widow and friends.

"Adieu, my dear friend; think of us often in the rude trials through which we are passing. I hoped that I had reached the time of repose, and was preparing to enjoy my old age, when lo! like FRANKLIN of old, I must buckle on the harness anew, and fight for the liberty which the young men abandon. May God give me the strength I need to return to the combat, and may my friends accompany me with their prayers! The horizon is very dark, and we are plunged in the depths of an abyss; but the nation is better than its conquerors, and than the wretches who have burned Paris. I do not despair of its salvation, with the help of God. Ever yours,

"EDOUARD LABOULAYE."

INTERESTING QUESTIONS.

IOWA is another of the States in which Republicans point with satisfaction, and its Republican voice is harmonious with that of Ohio. Upon the same day with their brethren in Ohio the Republicans declared their principles and nominated their candidates, and with the same unanimity. We confess that we fail to perceive either in the votes of Connecticut or the declarations of Ohio and Iowa the paralysis of the party which has been loudly proclaimed. It is difficult for the supporters of a party, of which the ruling principle is to vote for Beelzebub if he is "regularly" nominated, to understand the independent and vigorous criticism which is always observable in the Republican ranks. Such criticism and such independence, however, might be inferred from one or two facts; such, for instance, as the character of the States in which Republican ascendency is virtually unquestioned. Even New York, although now Democratic, is debatable ground, and there is probably little doubt among intelligent persons that with an honest vote New York is Republican today.

Meanwhile the States which are politically unchanging are significant facts. The chief Democratic States are Kentucky, Delaware, Maryland, and perhaps New Jersey. The chief Republican States are Vermont, Massachusetts, Ohio, Iowa, and, in fact, the Northwest. To name them is to illustrate the difference between the character and the tendency of the two parties. As formerly the strength of the Democratic party lay in the Slave States, so now it lies in those which at least are not superior in general intelligence and in all the signs of a high and progressive civilization. So in the State of New York its strength lies in what may be called the worst parts of the towns and cities. Such facts are suggestive. They show that what is called "Democracy" is agreeable to the stain of society which is produced by a system of slavery, or in extreme ignorance. Is it because Democracy is identical with intelligence, good order, respect for equal rights, and the general welfare of the community? Is Republicanism constantly in the ascendant in the States we have named because it appeals to class prejudice and hate and passion; because it is hostile to fair play and the equal chance of all men, and because it fosters ignorance and superstition? Is the history of the country under Democratic supremacy that of honest, humane, and just government? If it is, does that party need a "new departure?" Is the same history under Republican control that of constant pandering to inhumanity and ignorance?

These are interesting questions, and suitable for the approaching political season.

THE FEAST OF COLLEGES.

MIDSUMMER, with the annual college commencements, shows us an amiable and admirable rivalry among the schools of the highest class not only to furnish the best education, but to educate freely. If the origin of our college system is monkish and medieval, it is not likely to remain so; for Yankee inquisitiveness and enterprise have entered the quadrangle, and are asking a reason for every ancient form and venerable precedent. This impetus may be traced in large part in the act of Congress of 1862, which granted thirty thousand acres of the public land for each of the Senators and representatives in Congress of every State which might provide colleges for the benefit of agriculture and the mechanic arts. From this timely and noble grant sprang, among other institutions, the Cornell University in this State—a thoroughly and honorably unsectarian school. And the success of one has inspired others. It has stimulated the religious denominations to enlarge their special schools; and on every side there are foundations and gifts and endowments, making glad the heart of the scholar, and of the patriot who comprehends the close relation between a high standard of education and the national welfare and stability.

Meanwhile the election of Mr. ELIOT as President of Harvard, and of Mr. ANGELL as President of the University of Michigan, the two great schools of the East and the West, has but quickened the interest and activity in the whole subject. Princeton receives Dr. M'COSH as its head; and Yale, the ancient and friendly rival of Harvard, losing its honored chief, Dr. WOOLSEY, feels the imperative necessity of pressing forward to save her old laurels and gain new. In the current number of the *College Review*, a monthly periodical full of college information, and edited with intelligence and skill by Mr. WILLIAM L. STONE, there is a paper by Professor DANA, of Yale, upon its position and its necessities. Last year President BARNARD, of Columbia College, made a very interesting and valuable report upon college education in cities; and this year the University of New York shows its resolution to deserve success by a radical reform under Chancellor CROSBY—if he will allow the word radical to be associated with his name.

At the late commencement Mr. W. A. BUTLER addressed the alumni, and announced that henceforth a course of four years of the best instruction in the classical and scientific departments will be offered by the university without money and without price, while the departments of medicine and law will offer instruction not absolutely free, but upon the most reasonable terms. Of course, for such liberal opportunities, money is indispensable. Professor DANA says that Yale must have three-quarters of a million of dollars if she would do what she can and ought to do. And such appeals, large as they are, are found not to exhaust the generous sympathy of those who are either especially or generally interested in particular institutions. There is, indeed, one word of suggestion to be offered to those about to give large sums of money to any college, or to put their names to subscriptions, and that is, not to encumber the gift with conditions. If the college is worth helping, its authorities best know how the help should be applied; and if he gives twice who gives quickly, he also doubles his gift who gives unconditionally.

PERSONAL.

THE departure of Mr. THURLOW WEED for Liverpool recalls an incident in his early career, which he recently mentioned to the writer. Seated, not long since, on the upper deck of an ocean steamer in front of the wheel-house, he remarked that the elderly person at the wheel, and the younger one who was assisting, looked like father and son. "Yes," was the reply of the gentleman to whom he spoke, "doubtless that is old Pons the Pilot, and Pontius his son." Mr. WEED thereupon said: "That reminds me. The first article I ever wrote for a newspaper was on PONTIUS PILATE. In reading the New Testament it had occurred to me that the general notion about PILATE was erroneous; I thought he was a pretty fair man, and in the great trial in which he is on the record as judge, there is no evidence but that he meant to act uprightly. I was then a journeyman printer—this was in 1815—in the office of the Albany *Register*, and wrote an article taking that view. That article was the first I ever wrote for publication."—The recent death of Mr. EDWIN CROSWELL has elicited the fact that on last New-Year's Day a handsome present in money was made to him by several personal friends. The writer of this happens to know that the subscription paper for that purpose was drawn and circulated by Mr. WEED, who headed the list with a large donation (there was none larger), and who called upon most of the gentlemen who subscribed. The amount contributed was nearly nine thousand dollars, of which eight thousand was invested in seven per cent. bonds, and the balance handed over in money for immediate use. It may be mentioned, also, that at the same time a life-long personal and political friend of Mr. CROSWELL added to this amount a private gift of his own of ten thousand dollars. It is as creditable to the modesty of this gentleman as it is to his liberality that he peremptorily refuses to let his name be published in connection with it.

—The *Tribune* states that "THOMAS JEFFERSON and MARTIN VAN BUREN have been the only men in the history of this country who have been Governors of States, holders of first-class foreign missions, heads of cabinets, Vice-Presidents, and Presidents." The *Tribune* might have added that JEFFERSON was a member of that notable Congress that declared the United States to be a nation; and that Mr. VAN BUREN, besides holding the offices held by Mr. JEFFERSON, was appointed Surrogate of Columbia County in 1808, elected State Senator in 1812, appointed Attorney-General in 1815, and elected United States Senator in 1821. No man in the United States has filled so many offices of distinction as MARTIN VAN BUREN.

—Mr. ALEXANDER H. STEPHENS has purchased a half interest in the Atlanta *Sun*, and is henceforth to be its political editor. Ordinarily men do not make the best editors who commence the business at sixty years of age, and Mr. S. lacks but a few months of that. He has been in political life since 1836—most of the time (from 1843 to 1859) in Congress. His "Life and Speeches," published in 1867, though displaying a certain degree of ability, can not be said to have made any deep impression on the public mind, or to have had any marked influence in politics. We doubt if Mr. STEPHENS has the health requisite for the stated drudgery of editorial life. According to the newspapers, he has been in a moribund condition since he first entered political life. It used to be stoutly maintained by Washington hackmen and undertakers that he was a fraud, having been expected and relied upon to die before the close of every Congressional session, and to exist longer was an unfair and tantalizing postponement of their legitimate funeral fees.

—Mr. COLFAX is recuperating. Mrs. COLFAX drives him around the environs of South Bend every evening, which he finds a good thing. The M.D.'s of the bellwork have decided that S. C. must make no more speeches, stop of stumps, and write no more letters during the two remaining years of his term. For so young a man (forty-eight) he has had a fine official run, having been continuously in public life during the last one-and-twenty years. He professes a determination to retire from politics at the close of his term, but one can never tell what one will do about these things.

—In the Book Concern case Rev. Dr. CARLTON testified, the report says "very reluctantly," that he was a director in the Shoe and Leather Bank, in the Home Life-Insurance Company, and in an oil company; an alderman in Elizabeth City, trustee of a church in the same place, and trustee of the Genesee College. Judge REYNOLDS proposed to inquire further into his secular pursuits, but CARLTON declined to answer, as he did not want his private affairs "pried into." Nevertheless, doctor, the Methodist public will pry into them. They will ask whether, with such a multiplicity of occupations, you can give the necessary attention to the publishing interests of the Church.—*Brooklyn Eagle.*

—Apropos of Mr. G. P. PUTNAM's clever biographical sketch of WASHINGTON IRVING, published in the *Weekly* of May 27, the following mot of IRVING's, now first published in this country, will be appreciated: In conversation one day with a very clever woman, the merits of a certain American diplomatist being on the *tapis*, Mr. IRVING, alluding to his pomposity, said, "Ah! he is a great man, and, in his own estimation, a very great man—a man of great weight. *When he goes to the West, the East tips up.*"

—The illustrated article on "The Bank of St. George, Genoa," written by O. M. SPENCER, the United States consul at Genoa, and published in the February number of *Harper's Magazine*, has been translated into Italian by Count LORIA, a literary celebrity of Turin. This paper is pronounced by competent authority the best account of the bank, within the same compass, that has ever been published in any language.

—A difference of opinion between Bishop WHITEHOUSE and the Rev. Mr. CHENEY as to the use or non-use of a single word in the baptismal service has sent a little flutter of excitement throughout the Episcopal Church. With prelates, as with politicians, time makes changes. In 1838, when Dr. WHITEHOUSE was rector of St. Luke's Church, Rochester, New York, the diocese of New York was divided, and the diocese of Western New York organized. Dr. WHITEHOUSE was then known as a Low-Churchman, and became the candidate of that party for bishop of the new diocese. The late JOHN C. SPENCER, Secretary of War and subsequently Secretary of the Treasury in President TYLER's cabinet, was one of his most strenuous supporters. A majority, however, of the Convention were High-Churchmen (that was before the advent of "ritualism"), and, under the lead of the Rev. Dr. SHELTON, of Buffalo, and Rev. Dr. BOLLES, of Batavia, voted for the late Bishop DE LANCEY, who was elected. Afterward Dr. WHITEHOUSE became rector of St. Thomas's Church, in this city, and so continued until 1851, when he was consecrated Assistant-Bishop of Illinois, and succeeded to the full episcopate on the death of Bishop CHASE, in 1852. For some time after assuming the crosier he affiliated mainly with the Low-Church people. Latterly, whether owing or not to two or three visits to England, and mingling freely with the lord bishops of the Established Church, he has gradually become what is called a tolerably "sound" Churchman, and somewhat of a stickler for authority. He is a pious, polite, polished prelate; but in the Cheney matter he has made a sacerdotal blunder. CHENEY ditto.

—The Emperor of Brazil, who is coming to New York during the present year, is now in the very flush of manhood, being forty-six years old. From FLETCHER's "Brazil and the Brazilians," published by HARPER & BROTHERS, we learn that in his veins courses the united blood of the BRAGANZAS, the BOURBONS, and the HAPSBURGS. By marriage he is related to the royal families of England, France, Russia, Spain, and Naples. His father, Dom PEDRO I., was an energetic BRAGANZA, his mother a HAPSBURG, and sister-in-law to NAPOLEON I. His relatives are of every grade from the constitutional monarch to the most absolute ruler. He is constantly in public at Rio, and noted for courteous manners. He writes and speaks fluently English, French, German, Spanish, and Italian; has devoted much time to chemistry, is a good topographical engineer, has a great penchant for philology, and writes with perspicuity and elegance. In 1856 the Hon. LUTHER BRADISH, then President of the New York Historical Society, proposed, and MARSHALL S. BIDWELL, Esq., seconded, the Emperor as an honorary member of the Society; and the Rev. Dr. OSGOOD, at a subsequent meeting, said of him: "Dom PEDRO II., by his character, and by his taste, acquisition, and acquisitions in literature and science, ascends from his mere fortuitous position as Emperor, and takes his place in the world as a man."

—Mr. BOWLES has a pleasant word for Mr. GREELEY, who, he says, goes up to his farm, "Chappaqua" (or Chop-away), on Fridays, and that on arriving he immediately proceeds to chop. He never forgets that. Mr. GREELEY is not only very courteous in showing visitors around, but manifests great enjoyment in the scenery, and in pointing out the different objects, but after a while he says to his visitor, "If you will amuse yourself a while now, I guess I'll do a little chopping." Mr. GREELEY has done a good deal with the axe in his day. He has lopped off many noxious limbs from the political tree, hewed off any number of decayed and dead branches, lopped numberless "sap-heads," successfully set a goodly number of fruit-bearing grafts, remorselessly hacked down scores of useless old trees, and pulled out of their roots hundreds of old stumps that encumbered the earth and prevented the growth of those public crops for which Mr. G. has so long been laboring on the national farm. "Chappaqua" affords a fine illustration of what can be accomplished by industrious, intelligent farming—and plenty of capital.

—The new governor of the Bank of France, M. ROULAND, has been nicely provided for by President THIERS, who was obliged to displace him from the ministry. The salary of that financial magnate is 60,000 francs a year, besides 12,000 francs for expenses, and 15,000 francs in tickets of presence. He has some few other perquisites, which make his total pay about $17,000 per annum, besides which he is lodged in vast and splendid apartments. There have been but ten governors of the Bank of France since its organization in 1806.

—Mr. J. N. CARDOZA, formerly associate editor of the Savannah *Morning News*, and now a regular contributor to the Savannah *Republican*, is probably the oldest editor in the United States, having celebrated his eighty-fifth birthday on the 17th ult. His editorial career was begun in Charleston in 1816, and he writes with as much freshness and force to-day as he did when he first inserted himself in the harness editorial.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

THE repairing-ship *Investigator* grappled and connected the ends of the broken cable of 1869 on the 20th of June, and messages are now flashing through the wires as when they were first laid down.

The corner-stone of the new State Capitol was laid at Albany, with impressive Masonic ceremonies, on the 24th of June.

The Committee of Internal Revenue, having caused an examination of the accounts of the ex-collectors, has ascertained that there is due from such the sum of $2,161,196 85, instead of $30,000,000, as was industriously reported by some persons. About $1,500,000 of this amount is due from the Southern States. Suits have been instituted to recover the amounts, with a fair prospect of recovering the greatest part.

The Salt Lake City Methodist camp-meeting is said to have been a great success. The mammoth tent, capable of holding three thousand persons, has been transferred to Round Lake, Saratoga County, in this State, to serve for another camp-meeting.

General Sherman reports that the danger of an Indian war in Texas has been greatly exaggerated. The Indians of that region can not bring more than seven or eight hundred warriors into the field, and the cavalry force at the command of General Reynolds is sufficient to restrain them. Fresh horses are to be purchased and supplied to that force. The Sioux near Forts Berthold and Buford are raiding upon herdsmen, and apprehension is felt that the Northern Pacific Railroad engineers may have difficulty in running the line in the Upper country.

FOREIGN NEWS.

AT the annual banquet of the Cobden Club on Saturday evening, June 24, Earl Granville said the settlement of the *Alabama* question was a great and good work, showing how dissensions which might become great quarrels should be settled, leaving only friendship, peace, and good-will.

On the 26th of June it was announced in the House of Commons that immediate notice would be given to British claimants under the Treaty of Washington to file their proofs before the Commission created by the treaty within six months. In the House of Lords, Earl Granville stated that April 9, 1865, the date of General Lee's surrender, had been accepted as the close of the war, but he thought claims arising subsequent to that would be considered.

There is no material change in the aspect of affairs in France. The supplementary elections absorb all attention, and a heated contest is waged between the republican and the monarchist journals. The former are united; but the latter, although most numerous, are weakened by dissensions. The idea is entertained of forming a Second Chamber to be elected by the Councils-General. It is reported that the Orleanists, in case the elections show monarchical tendencies, will move for a constituent, and then offer the throne to the Comte de Chambord, and, in the event of his declining, to the Comte de Paris.

There is said to be a vast amount of destitution and suffering in Paris, nearly 200,000 people being dependent upon charity.

George Grote, the celebrated historian, died in London on the 18th of June, aged seventy-seven.

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MONTMARTRE.

this page is from a sketch who were marching to second siege of Paris, to ch they had erected there. ns of the Commune, and g warrior-women real- eramerely, and degrad- but by no means pleas- to in exceptional sit- them as we wish them in something very dif draw them with those womanly qualities which we admire, forgetting that it may be the very want of those attributes which has induced them to quit the conventional mode of life. The ricumlire of our imagination is always young and pretty and innocent, a gay young creature amidst the regiment of rough, kindly men, and our feelings receive a shock when we see the reality. The Amazon of romance is always beautiful and stately as Diana; but, if such a race ever existed, we should discover there was not much of woman's beauty about them, perhaps no more than we find in those fighting women of the Commune. They are fitted for their work; they have muscle and sinew, ferocity such as the weaker vessel, man, can not hope to rival, and such a love of riot—always appearing in the van when Paris rises—that we might almost say that if revolutions are not produced by them, they are produced by the revolutions, and are imbued with their very spirit. These are some of the antagonists the Versailles troops had to conquer before they could call Paris their own, and in the accounts given of the long trains of prisoners, the most melancholy features are these women—defiant, jeering, and shameless—on their way to the lodka or the scaffold, or the trench, where the firing party awaited them.

An eye-witness of the march to Montmartre writes: "I met a company of female Federals bearing two great red flags, and shouting the 'Marseillaise' and 'Vive la Commune.' I fancied I recognized at the head of the company one of the favorite orators of the club at the Boule Noire, who seemed to take the place of an officer. Each woman had a Chassepôt slung across her shoulders, and a belt and cartouch box, amply supplied with cartridges, round her waist. The by-standers signified their disgust, but took care not to speak too loud, as it was evident these women were disposed to do something desperate."

"THE COMMUNE OR DEATH!"—WOMEN OF MONTMARTRE.

THE TICHBORNE CASE.

One of the most romantic trials on record is now in progress in one of the London courts, involving the title and estates of an ancient baronetcy, with a rent roll equal to $120,000 a year in gold. The case is briefly this. In 1853 Roger the course of 1854 intelligence was received at Tichborne that Roger had taken passage at Rio de Janeiro in April, on the ship *Bella*, bound for New York, that she had foundered at sea, and that the owners and underwriters treated her as having been lost. No tidings came of the crew, except that one boat belong- Some time in 1858 a common sailor presented himself at Tichborne Park with the story that he had just arrived from Australia. He asked for alms, and had a conversation with Lady Tichborne, in which he declared that he had heard that a boat's crew from a ship, which he thought was the *Bella*, had been picked up at were unavailing, it appears, until after the death of Sir James. But in the month of March, 1866, she at last received a letter from Sir Roger, written from New South Wales, expressing the wish to come home directly and asking that money should be sent to enable him to do so. This was done, and he arrived in Paris, to

THE TICHBORNE TRIAL—SKETCHES IN COURT.

Charles Tichborne, son of Sir James Francis Tichborne, left England for Valparaiso. Up to April, 1854, letters came from him to his mother, who learned from them that he was engaged in traveling in various parts of South America. He also sent home birds, some pictures, and some peculiar spurs and stirrups. In ing to the *Bella* had been met with on the ocean with no one on board, and it was taken for granted that the whole crew were drowned. This seems to have been accepted as conclusive by all but Lady Tichborne, who clung to the belief that her son was saved, and had a presentiment that she would one day see him again. sea and brought into Melbourne. Sir James Tichborne, the father, did not think the report worth notice. The mother, however, finding in it a corroboration of her cherished hopes, clung to it as gospel. She caused advertisements to be inserted in the Australian papers, and took various other measures to discover her lost son. All meet his mother, accompanied by a wife and child, in January, 1867. He being unwell Lady Tichborne went to see him at a hotel in the Rue St. Honoré. She "instantly recognized him" as her first-born son, Roger Charles Tichborne.

Her conviction on this point is strongly en-

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hibit to a stranger the picture of an Irish estate in which all the blessings of good management, intelligence, kindliness, and Christian charity were displayed—to show him a property where the well-being of landlord and tenant were inextricably united, where the condition of the people, their dress, their homes, their food, and their daily comforts could stand comparison with the most favored English county—we should point to the Kearney estate of Kilgobbin; and yet it is here, in the very house where his ancestors have resided for generations, that a most savage and dastardly attack is made; and if we feel a sense of shame in recording the outrage, we are recompensed by the proud elation with which we can recount the repulse—the noble and gallant achievement of an Irish girl. History has the record of more momentous feats, but we doubt that there is one in the annals of any land in which a higher heroism was displayed than in this splendid defense by Miss Kearney." Then followed the story; not one of the papers having any knowledge of Walpole's presence on the occasion, or the slightest suspicion that she was aided in any way.

Joe Atlee was busily engaged in conning over and comparing these somewhat contradictory reports as he sat at his breakfast, his chum, Kearney, being still in bed and asleep, after a late night at a ball. At last there came a telegraphic dispatch for Kearney; armed with which, Joe entered the bedroom and woke him.

"Here's something for you, Dick," cried he. "Are you too sleepy to read it?"

"Tear it open and see what it is, like a good fellow," said the other, indolently.

"It's from your sister—at least it is signed Kate. It says: 'There is no cause for alarm. All is going on well, and papa will be back this evening. I write by this post.'"

"What does all that mean?" cried Dick, in surprise.

"The whole story is in the papers. The boys have taken the opportunity of your father's absence from home to make a demand for arms at your house, and your sister, it seems, showed fight and beat them off. They talk of two fellows being seen badly wounded, but, of course, that part of the story can not be relied on. That they got enough to make them beat a retreat is, however, certain; and as they were what is called a strong party, the feat of resisting them is no small glory for a young lady."

"It was just what Kate was certain to do. There's no man with a braver heart."

"I wonder how the beautiful Greek behaved? I should like greatly to hear what part she took in the defense of the citadel. Was she fainting, or in hysterics, or so overcome by terror as to be unconscious?"

"I'll give you any wager you like Kate did the whole thing herself. There was a Whiteboy attack to force the stairs when she was a child, and I suppose we rehearsed that combat fully fifty—ay, five hundred times. Kate always took the defense, and though we were sometimes four to one, she kept us back."

"By Jove! I think I should be afraid of such a young lady."

"So you would. She has more pluck in her heart than half this blessed province you come from. That's the blood of the old stock you are often pleased to sneer at, and of which the present will be a lesson to teach you better."

"May not the lovely Greek be descended from some ancient stock, too? Who is to say what blood of Pericles she has not in her veins? I tell you I'll not give up the notion that she was a sharer in this glory."

"If you've got the papers with the account, let me see them, Joe. I've half a mind to run down by the night mail—that is, if I can. Have you got any tin, Atlee?"

"There were some shillings in one of my pockets last night. How much do you want?"

"Eighteen-and-six first class, and a few shillings for a cab."

"I can manage that; but I'll go and fetch you the papers; there's time enough to talk of the journey."

The newsman had just deposited the *Croppy* on the table as Joe returned to the breakfast-table, and the story of Kilgobbin headed the first column in large capitals. "While our contemporaries," it began, "are recounting with more than their wonted eloquence the injuries inflicted on three poor laboring men, who, in their ignorance of the locality, had the temerity to ask for alms at Kilgobbin Castle yesterday evening, and were ignominiously driven away from the door by a young lady whose benevolence was administered through a blunderbuss, we, who form no portion of the polite press, and have no pretension to mix in what are euphuistically called the 'best circles' of this capital, would like to ask, for the information of those humble classes among which our readers are found, is it the custom for young ladies to await the absence of their fathers to entertain young gentlemen soirées? and is a reputation for even heroic courage not somewhat dearly purchased by the price of the companionship of the [illegible] most profligate man of a vicious and corrupt society? The heroine who defended Kilgobbin can reply to our query."

Joe Atlee read this paragraph three times over before he carried in the paper to Kearney.

"Here's an insolent paragraph, Dick," he cried, as he threw the paper to him on the bed. "Of course it's a thing can not be noticed in any way, but it's not the less rascally for that."

"You know the fellow who edits this paper, Joe?" said Kearney, trembling with passion.

"No; my friend is doing his bit of oakum at Kilmainham. They gave him thirteen months, and a fine that he'll never be able to pay; but what would you do if the fellow who wrote it were in the next room this moment?"

"Thrash him within an inch of his life."

"And, with the inch of life left him, he'd get strong again and write at you and all belonging to you every day of his existence. Don't you see that all this license is one of the prices of liberty? There's no guarding against excesses when you establish a rivalry. The doctors could tell you how many diseased lungs and aneurisms are made by training for a rowing-match."

"I'll go down by the mail to-night and see what has given the origin to this scandalous falsehood."

"There's no harm in doing that, especially if you take me with you."

"Why should I take you, or for what?"

"As guide, counselor, and friend."

"Bright thoughts, when all the money we can muster between us is only enough for one fare."

"Doubtless, first class; but we could go third class, two of us, for the same money. Do you imagine that Damon and Pythias would have been separated if it came even to traveling in a cow compartment?"

"I wish you could see that there are circumstances in life where the comic man is out of place."

"I trust I shall never discover them; at least so long as fate treats me with 'heavy tragedy.'"

"I'm not exactly sure, either, whether they'd like to receive you just now at Kilgobbin."

"Inhospitable thought! My heart assures me of a most cordial welcome."

"And I should only stay a day or two at farthest."

"Which would suit me to perfection. I must be back here by Tuesday if I had to walk the distance."

"Not at all improbable, so far as I know of your resources."

"What a churlish dog it is! Now had you, Master Dick, proposed to me that we should go down and pass a week at a certain small thatched cottage on the banks of the Ban, where a Presbyterian minister with eight olive-branches vegetates, discussing tough mutton and tougher theology on Sundays, and getting through the rest of the week with the parables and potatoes, I'd have said, Done!"

"It was the inopportune time I was thinking of. Who knows what confusion this event may not have thrown them into? If you like to risk the discomfort, I make no objection."

"To so heartily expressed an invitation there can be but one answer, I yield."

"Now look here, Joe, I'd better be frank with you: don't try it on at Kilgobbin as you do with me."

"You are afraid of my insinuating manners, are you?"

"I am afraid of your confounded impudence, and of that notion you can not get rid of, that your cool familiarity is a *fashionable tone*."

"How men mistake themselves! I pledge you my word, if I was asked what was the great blemish in my manner, I'd have said it was bashfulness."

"Well, then, it is not!"

"Are you sure, Dick—are you quite sure?"

"I am quite sure, and, unfortunately for you, you'll find that the majority agree with me."

"'A wise man should guard himself against the defects that he might have, without knowing it.' That is a Persian proverb, which you will find in Hafiz. I believe you never read Hafiz?"

"No, nor you either."

"That's true; but I can make my own Hafiz, and just as good as the real article. By-the-way, are you aware that the water-carriers at Teheran sing '*Lalla Rookh*,' and believe it a national poem?"

"I don't know, and I don't care."

"I'll bring down an Anacreon with me, and see if the Greek cousin can spell her way through an ode."

"And I distinctly declare you shall do no such thing."

"Oh dear, oh dear, what an unamiable trait is envy! By-the-way, was that your frock-coat I wore yesterday to the races?"

"I think you know it was; at least you remembered it when you tore the sleeve."

"True, most true; that torn sleeve was the reason the rascal would only let me have fifteen shillings on it."

"And you mean to say you pawned my coat?"

"I left it in the temporary care of a relative, Dick; but it is a redeemable mortgage, and don't fret about it."

"Ever the same!"

"No, Dick; that means worse and worse! Now I am in the process of reformation. The natural selection, however, where honesty is in the series, is a slow proceeding, and the organic changes are very complicated. As I know, however, you attach value to the effect you produce in that coat, I'll go and recover it. I shall not need Terence or Juvenal till we come back, and I'll leave them in the avuncular hands till then."

"I wonder you are not ashamed of these miserable straits."

"I am very much ashamed of the world that imposes them on me. I'm thoroughly ashamed of that public in lacquered leather that sees me walking in broken boots. I'm heartily ashamed of that well-fed, well-dressed, sleek society that never so much as asked whether the intellectual-looking man in the shabby hat, who looked so lovingly at the spiced beef in the window, had dined yet, or was he fasting for a wager?"

"There, don't carry away that newspaper; I want to read over that pleasant paragraph again."

CHAPTER XII.

THE JOURNEY TO THE COUNTRY.

The two friends were deposited at the Moate station in a few minutes after midnight, and their available resources amounting to something short of two shillings, and the fare of a car and horse to Kilgobbin being more than three times that amount, they decided to devote their small balance to purposes of refreshment, and then set out for the castle on foot.

"It is a fine moonlight; I know all the short-cuts, and I want a bit of walking besides," said Kearney; and though Joe was of a self-indulgent temperament, and would like to have gone to bed after his supper and trusted to the chapter of accidents to reach Kilgobbin by a conveyance some time, any time, he had to yield his consent and set out on the road.

"The fellow who comes with the letter-bag will fetch over our portmanteau," said Dick, as they started.

"I wish you'd give him directions to take charge of me, too," said Joe, who felt very indisposed to a long walk.

"I like you," said Dick, sneeringly; "you are always telling me that you are the sort of fellow for a new colony, life in the bush, and the rest of it, and when it comes to a question of a few miles' tramp on a bright night in June, you try to skulk it in every possible way. You're a great humbug, Master Joe."

"And you a very small humbug, and there lies the difference between us. The combinations in your mind are so few that, as in a game of only three cards, there is no skill in the playing; while in my nature, as in that game called [illegible], there are half a dozen packs mixed up together, and the address required to play them is considerable."

"You have a very satisfactory estimate of your own abilities, Joe."

"And why not? If a clever fellow didn't know he was clever, the opinion of the world on his superiority would probably turn his brain."

"And what do you say if his own vanity should do it?"

"There is really no way of explaining to a fellow like you—"

"What do you mean by a fellow like me?" broke in Dick, somewhat angrily.

"I mean this, that I'd as soon set to work to explain the theory of exchequer bonds to an Esquimaux as to make an unimaginative man understand something purely speculative. What you and scores of fellows like you denominate vanity, is only another form of hopefulness. You and your brethren—for you are a large family—do not know what it is to Hope! that is, you have no idea of what it is to build on the foundation of certain qualities you recognize in yourself, and to say that 'If I can go so far with such a gift, such another will help me on so much farther.'"

"I tell you one thing I do hope, which is, that the next time I set out on a twelve miles' walk, I'll have a companion less imbued with self-admiration."

"And you might and might not find him pleasanter company. Can not you see, old fellow, that the very things you object to in me are what are wanting in you? they are, so to say, the complements of your own temperament."

"Have you a cigar?"

"Two—take them both. I'd rather talk than smoke just now."

"I am almost sorry for it, though it gives me the tobacco."

"Are we on your father's property yet?"

"Yes; part of that village we came through belongs to us, and all this bog here is ours."

"Why don't you reclaim it? labor costs a mere nothing in this country. Why don't you drain these tracts, and treat the soil with lime? I'd live on potatoes, I'd make my family live on potatoes, and my son, and my grandson, for three generations, but I'd win this land back to culture and productiveness."

"The fee-simple of the soil wouldn't pay the cost. It would be cheaper to save the money and buy an estate."

"This is one, and a very narrow view of it; but imagine the glory of restoring a lost tract to a nation, welcoming back the prodigal, and installing him in his place among his brothers. This was all forest once. Under the shade of the mighty oaks here these gallant O'Caharneys, your ancestors, followed the chase, or rested at noon-tide, or skedaddled at double-quick before those smart English of the Pale, who, I must say, treated your forebears with scant courtesy."

"We held our own against them for many a year."

"Only when it became so small it was not worth taking. Is not your father a Whig?"

"He's a Liberal, but he troubles himself little about parties."

"He's a stout Catholic, though, isn't he?"

"He is a very devout believer in his Church," said Dick, with the tone of one who did not desire to continue the theme.

"Then why does he stop at whiggery? why not go in for nationalism and all the rest of it?"

"And what's all the rest of it?"

"Great Ireland—no first flower of the earth or gem of the sea humbug—but Ireland great in prosperity, her harbors full of ships, the woolen trade, her ancient staple, revived; all that unused water-power, greater than all the steam of Manchester and Birmingham tenfold, at full work; the linen manufacture developed and promoted—"

"And the Union repealed?"

"Of course; that should be first of all. Not that I object to the Union as many do, on the grounds of English ignorance as to Ireland. My dislike is, that, for the sake of carrying through certain measures necessary to Irish interests, I must sit and discuss questions which have no possible concern for me, and touch me no more than the debates in the Cortes, or the Reichs[illegible]mer at Vienna. What do you or I care who rules India, or who owns Turkey? What interest of mine is it whether Great Britain has five iron-clads or fifty, or whether the Yankees take Canada, and the Russians Cabool?"

"You're a Fenian, and I am not."

"I suppose you'd call yourself an Englishman?"

"I'm an English subject, and I owe my allegiance to England."

"Perhaps, for that matter, I owe some too; but I owe a great many things that I don't distress myself about paying."

"Whatever your sentiments are on these matters—and, Joe, I am not disposed to think you have any very fixed ones—pray do me the favor to keep them to yourself while under my father's roof. I can almost promise you he'll obtrude none of his peculiar opinions on you, and I hope you will treat him with a like delicacy."

"What will your folks talk, then? I can't suppose they care for books, art, or the drama. There is no society, or there can be no gossip. If that yonder be the cabin of one of your tenants, I'll certainly not start the question of farming."

"There are poor on every estate," said Dick, curtly.

"Now what sort of a rent does that fellow pay—five pounds a year?"

"More likely five-and-twenty or thirty shillings."

"By Jove! I'd like to set up house in that fashion, and make love to some delicately nurtured miss, win her affections, and bring her home to such a spot. Wouldn't that be a touchstone of affection, Dick?"

"If I could believe you were in earnest, I'd throw you neck and heels into that bog-hole."

"Oh, if you would!" cried he; and there was a ring of truthfulness in his voice now there could be no mistaking.

Half ashamed of the emotion his idle speech had called up, and uncertain how best to treat the emergency, Kearney said nothing, and Atlee walked along for miles without a word.

"You can see the house now. It tops the trees yonder," said Dick.

"That is Kilgobbin Castle, then?" said Joe, slowly.

"There's not much of castle left about it. There is a square block of a tower, and you can trace the moat and some remains of outworks."

"Shall I make you a confession, Dick? I envy you all that! I envy you what smacks of a title, a name, an ancestry, a lineage. It's a great thing to be able to 'take up the running,' as the folks say, instead of making all the race yourself; and there's one inestimable advantage in it, it rescues you from all indecent haste about asserting your station. You feel yourself to be a somebody, and you're not hurried to proclaim it. There now, my boy, if you'd have said only half as much as that on the score of your family, I'd have called you an arrant snob. So much for consistency!"

"What you have said gave me pleasure, I'll own that."

"I suppose it was you planted those trees there. It was a nice thought, and makes the transition from the black bog to the cultivated land more easy and graceful. Now I see the Castle well. It's a fine portly mass against the morning sky, and I perceive you fly a flag over it."

"When the lord is at home."

"Ay; and by-the-way, do you give him his title while talking to him here?"

"The tenants do, and the neighbors and strangers do as they please about it."

"Does he like it himself?"

"If I was to guess, I should perhaps say he does like it. Here we are now. Inside this low gate you are within the demesne, and I may bid you welcome to Kilgobbin. We shall build a lodge here one of these days. There's a good stretch, however, on to the Castle. We call it two miles, and it's not far short of it."

"What a glorious morning! There is an ecstasy in scenting these nice fresh woods to the clear sunrise, and seeing those modest daffodils make their morning toilet."

"That's a fancy of Kate's. There is a border of such wild flowers all the way to the house."

"And those rills of clear water that flank the road, are they of her designing?"

"That they are. There was a cutting made for a railroad line about four miles from this, and they came upon a sort of pudding-stone formation, made up chiefly of white pebbles. Kate heard of it, purchased the whole mass, and had these channels paved with them from the gate to the Castle, and that's the reason this water has its crystal clearness."

"She's worthy of Shakspeare's sweet epithet, the 'daintiest Kate in Christendom.' Here's her health!" and he stooped down, and, filling his palm with the running water, drank it off.

"I see it's not yet five o'clock. We'll steal quietly off to bed, and have three or four hours' sleep before we show ourselves."

CHAPTER XIII.

A SICK-ROOM.

CECIL WALPOLE occupied the state-room and the state-bed at Kilgobbin Castle, but the pain of a very serious wound had left him very little faculty to know what honor was rendered him, or of what watchful solicitude he was the object. The fever brought on by his wound had obliterated in his mind all memory of where he was, and it was only now—that is, on the same morning that the young men had arrived at the Castle—that he was able to converse without much difficulty, and enjoy the companionship of Lockwood, who had come over to see him, and scarcely quitted his bedside since the disaster.

"It seems going on all right," said Lockwood, as he lifted the iced cloths to look at the smashed limb, which lay swollen and livid on a pillow outside the clothes.

"It's not pretty to look at, Harry; but the doctor says 'we shall save it'—his phrase for not cutting it off."

"They've taken up two fellows on suspicion, and I believe they were of the party here that night."

"I don't much care about that. It was a fair fight, and I suspect I did not get the worst of it. What really does grieve me is to think how inglorously one gets a wound that in real war would have been a title of honor."

"If I had to give a V. C. for this affair, it would be to that fine girl I'd give it, and not to you, Cecil."

"So should I. There is no question whatever as to our respective shares in the achievement."

"And she is so modest and unaffected about it all, and when she was showing me the position and the alcove she never ceased to lay stress on the safety she enjoyed during the conflict."

"Then she said nothing about standing in front of me after I was wounded?"

"Not a word. She said a great deal about your coolness and indifference to danger, but nothing about her own."

"Well, I suppose it's almost a shame to own it—not that I could have done any thing to prevent it—but she did step down one step of the stair and actually cover me from fire."

"She's the finest girl in Europe!" said Lockwood, warmly.

"And if it was not the contrast with her cousin, I'd almost say one of the handsomest," said Cecil.

"The Greek is splendid, I admit that, though she'll not speak—she'll scarcely notice me."

"How is that?"

"I can't imagine, except it might have been an awkward speech I made when we were talking over the row. I said, 'Where were you? what were you doing all this time?'"

"And what answer did she make you?"

"None; not a word. She drew herself proudly up, and opened her eyes so large and full upon me that I felt I must have appeared some sort of monster to be so stared at."

"I've seen her do that."

"It was very grand and very beautiful; but I'll be shot if I'd like to stand under it again. From that time to this she has never deigned me more than a mere salutation."

"And are you good friends with the other girl?"

"The best in the world. I don't see much of her, for she's always abroad, over the farm or among the tenants; but when we meet we are very cordial and friendly."

"And the father, what is he like?"

"My lord is a glorious old fellow, full of hospitable plans and pleasant projects; but terribly distressed to think that this unlucky incident should prejudice you against Ireland. Indeed, he gave me to understand that there must have been some mistake or misconception in the matter, for the Castle had never been attacked before; and he insists on saying that if you will stop here—I think he said ten years—you'll not see another such occurrence."

"It's rather a hard way to test the problem, though."

"What's more, he included me in the experiment."

"And this title? Does he assume it, or expect it to be recognized?"

"I can scarcely tell you. The Greek girl 'my-lords' him occasionally; his daughter, never. The servants always do so; and I take it that people use their own discretion about it."

"Or do it in a sort of indolent courtesy, as they call Marsala, sherry, but take care at the same time to pass the decanter. I believe you telegraphed to his Excellency?"

"Yes; and he means to come over next week."

"Any news of Lady Maude?"

"Only that she comes with him, and I'm sorry for it."

"So am I—deuced sorry! In a gossiping town like Dublin there will surely be some story afloat about these handsome girls here. She saw the Greek, too, at the Duke of Riguti's ball at Rome, and she never forgets a name or a face. A pleasant trait in a wife."

"Of course the best plan will be to get removed, and be safely installed in our old quarters at the Castle before they arrive."

"We must hear what the doctor says."

"He'll say no, naturally, for he'll not like to lose his patient. He will have to convey you to town, and we'll try and make him believe it will be the making of him. Don't you agree with me, Cecil, it's the thing to do?"

"I have not thought it over yet. I will to-day. By-the-way, I know it's the thing to do," repeated he, with an air of determination. "There will be all manner of reports, scandals, and falsehoods to go and about this business here; and when Lady Maude learns, as she is sure to learn, that the 'Greek girl' is in the story, I can not measure the mischief that may come of it."

"Break off the match, eh?"

"That is certainly 'on the cards.'"

"I suspect even that wouldn't break your heart."

"I don't say it would, but it would prove very inconvenient in many ways. Danesbury has great claims on his party. He came here as Viceroy dead against his will, and, depend upon it, he made his terms. Then if these people go out, and the Tories want to coalbd them, Danesbury could take—ay, and would take—office under them."

"I can not follow all that. All I know is, I like the old boy himself, though he is a bit pompous now and then, and fancies he's Emperor of Russia."

"I wish his niece didn't imagine she was an imperial princess."

"That she does! I think she is the haughtiest girl I ever met. To be sure, she was a great beauty."

"Was, Harry! What do you mean by 'was?' Lady Maude is not eight-and-twenty."

"Ain't she, though? Will you have a ten-pound note on it that she's not over thirty-one; and I can tell you who could decide the wager?"

"A delicate thought!—a fellow betting on the age of the girl he's going to marry!"

"Ten o'clock—nearly half past ten!" said Lockwood, rising from his chair. "I must go and have some breakfast. I meant to have been down in time to-day, and breakfasted with the old fellow and his daughter; for coming late brings one to a tête-à-tête with the Greek damsel, and it isn't jolly, I assure you."

"Don't you speak?"

"Never a word! She's generally reading a newspaper when I go in. She lays it down; but after remarking that she fears I'll find the coffee cold, she goes on with her breakfast, kisses her Maltese terrier, asks him a few questions about his health, and whether he would like to be in a warmer climate, and then sails away."

"And how she walks!"

"Is she bored here?"

"She says not."

"She can scarcely like these people: they're not the sort of thing she has ever been used to."

"She tells me she likes them; they certainly like her."

"Well," said Lockwood, with a sigh, "she's the most beautiful woman, certainly, I've ever seen; and at this moment I'd rather eat a crust with a glass of beer under a hedge, than I'd go down and sit at breakfast with her."

"I'll be shot if I'll not tell her that speech the first day I'm down again."

"So you may, for by that time I shall have seen her for the last time." And with this he strolled out of the room and down the stairs toward the breakfast parlor.

SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

LATE advices from Professor HAYDEN'S expedition announced that he was to leave Ogden, Utah, on the 5th of June for Virginia City and Fort Ellis, in Montana, a distance of about 430 miles, with the special object of proceeding from the last-mentioned place to the exploration of the Yellow Stone Lake and its immediate vicinity. It is an interesting fact that the head waters of tributaries of the Columbia, the Colorado, the Missouri, and the Yellow Stone rivers rise within a short distance of each other in this mysterious region; which, in addition, is characterized by an extraordinary development of hot springs, spouting geysers, mud volcanoes, extensive beds of sulphur, gypsum, the silicates, etc.

The party, as at present organized, embraces thirty-two persons, including specialists in all branches of science, and accompanied by several artists, who take advantage of Dr. HAYDEN'S protection to visit the interesting region referred to. The party carries materials for a boat, which is to be launched on the Yellow Stone Lake, and used in a thorough hydrographical and topographical survey of it. As the expedition will probably remain in that vicinity during the summer, we may hope for a complete solution of all the remaining questions in regard to its physical features and natural history. A competent photographer with the expedition expects to make instantaneous views of the spouting geysers, so as to enable those who can not visit the locality to have a correct idea of their character.

A company of cavalry will escort the expedition into the Yellow Stone Lake region, although no trouble from the Indians is anticipated. In the course of the journey from Ogden to Fort Ellis it is proposed to make an accurate map of a belt fifty miles wide, so as to furnish a basis for reference in subsequent explorations.

According to Captain KOLDEWAY, of the Germania steamer, the glaciers of Spitzbergen differ especially from those of Switzerland in stretching down into the sea, where they end in a perpendicular wall, and in having the upper surface somewhat polished, and free from all roughness and ice blocks. In the glaciers examined at Augusta Bay and William Island there were no crevasses. Moraines, however, occurred, those of the great glacier of the former locality consisting of limestone and basalt.

Dr. FRANKLAND, in a late number of *Nature*, makes an unfavorable comparison between the scientific activity of Great Britain and Germany so far as chemistry is concerned. He remarks that in 1866 there were published 1273 papers on one discoveries, by 805 chemists—an average of 1.58 to each investigator. Of these Germany contributed 445 authors and 777 papers, being considerably more than one-half, or 1.75 to each author. France furnished 170 authors and 245 papers, or 1.44 to each author, while the United Kingdom supplied only 97 authors and 127 papers, or 1.31 papers to each author, the proportion from all other countries consisting of 93 authors and 124 papers, or 1.33 to each author. It is not stated what number of these were Americans. He furthermore remarks that the showing is still worse when we bear in mind the fact that a large number of papers credited to the United Kingdom are really the work of chemists born and educated in Germany. The causes of this low condition of chemical activity, shared also by other branches of science, he finds to be in the want of suitable buildings and apparatus for the prosecution of chemical investigations, and in the non-recognition of experimental research by any of the English universities.

In the monthly report of the Department of Agriculture for March and April of the present year we find a valuable paper upon the cultivation of the cinchona in Jamaica, by Dr. C. C. PARRY, the botanist of the Department, who accompanied the San Domingo investigating committee, and in returning spent some time in Jamaica. As the general result of his inquiries in regard to the cultivation of this plant, and the possibility of introducing it into any portion of the United States, he states, first, that the peculiar conditions of soil and climate suitable for the growth of the best varieties of cinchona plants can not be found within the present limits of the United States, where no suitable elevations possessing an equable, moist, cool climate, free from frost, can be met with; second, that the island of San Domingo, located within the tropics, and traversed by extensive mountain ranges attaining elevations of over 8000 feet above the sea, presents a larger scope of country especially adapted to the growth of cinchonas than any other insular region in the western hemisphere; third, that the existence of successful cinchona plantations in Jamaica, within two days' sail from San Domingo, would afford the material for stocking new plantations in the latter island at the least possible expense of time and labor.

It is reported that, in boring for salt at Sperenberg, near Berlin, Prussia, they have penetrated to the enormous depth of 5500 feet—the greatest depth ever reached either by mining or boring—3390 feet of this being in a bed of solid salt, which has not yet been pierced through. It is thought probable that this stratum of salt, originally horizontal, has been uplifted by some catastrophe and brought into a more or less inclined or even a vertical position. Further researches will prove or disprove the truth of this explanation.

Among the latest novelties in industrial operations appears to be a method devised in South America for loosening the skin of dead cattle, by the insertion of a pipe at some point between the skin and carcass, through which air is forced. The distention produced by the air separates the entire skin in a very short time from the subjacent fat and flesh, so that the hide can be taken off, and the whole operation completed, according to one informant, in the space of one minute. It is not impossible that some such application as this may be employed to advantage by the taxidermist for the purpose of more readily removing the skin from mammals and birds. Some species, at least, would be susceptible of this treatment, although in others the adhesion would probably be too great to admit of it.

The Chamber of Commerce and Industry of Passau, Lower Bavaria, has recently taken steps toward the organization of a potter's school, to be connected with the collection of patterns and models in Landshut. It was maintained that such an institution is an absolute necessity for the promotion of the potter's industry in Lower Bavaria.

At the recent annual dinner of the Royal Academy of England Professor HUXLEY, in returning thanks for the Royal Society, stated that he was at last able to present a tangible distinction between men and animals. The old differences so constantly relied upon have one by one proved to be unsatisfactory. Thus other species besides man walk on two legs, and have no feathers; caterpillars make themselves clothes, while kangaroos have pockets; the dog reasons and loves much as one's neighbors do; parrots, again, utter what deserves the name of sense as much as a great deal of that which it would be rude to call nonsense, and beavers and ants engineer as well as the members of the noblest of professions. After all, however, man alone can draw, or make unto himself a likeness. This, then, should be considered the great distinction of humanity, and the most pre-eminently human of creatures are those that possess this distinction in the highest degree. Consequently the most eminent of the artists of the day is to be considered the highest specimen of mankind!

A patent has lately been taken out by Messrs. MAUDSLAY & BAILEY for a method of preserving meat by means of bisulphite of lime. For this purpose one gallon of the solution of this salt, of the specific gravity of 1.06, is combined with one half a pound of common salt and four gallons of water. This, it is asserted, will preserve meat perfectly well for months, or even years. If this statement be substantiated by experiment, it will furnish a means for utilizing an immense quantity of flesh that now goes to waste, as it seems from the statement that this meat when cooked is not appreciably different from that which is perfectly fresh, and is without any taste of chemical substances.

Professor LEIDY lately exhibited before the Academy of Natural Sciences of Philadelphia the foot of a horse in which one of the usual splint-like rudiments at the side of the common bone had undergone development to such a degree as to give rise to an additional toe provided with two phalanges, of which the last one is incased in a hoof. He remarked that if the corresponding rudiment on the other side of the foot had been developed in the same manner, the specimen would have represented the condition of the extinct three-toed horses of the genus *Hipparion*.

Mr. VARLEY has lately expressed the belief that many earthquakes are due to the action of magnetic currents through the body of the earth, basing this impression upon the frequent coincidence of violent disturbances of the magnetic needle with earthquake shocks. This view is corroborated by a recent communication of Professor STRUMBART, an eminent naturalist residing in Mexico, who expresses the opinion that it will not be far from the truth to state that the majority of earthquakes experienced in Mexico are due to magnetic agencies rather than volcanic, the concurrent deviation of the magnetic needle, the sudden heating of the atmosphere, etc., seeming to point to magnetic action.

Dr. CARPENTER, in a late communication to *Nature*, calls attention to the neglect, in the late discussions upon the ocean currents, of published observations made upon the influence of variations of barometric pressure upon the sea level. In this connection he remarks that, according to one author, a fall of one inch in the barometer is pretty uniformly accompanied by a rise of the sea level to about thirteen times this amount, or thirteen inches, and another makes the ratio to be about one to thirteen and a half inches, this being subsequently corrected to about twelve and three fourths inches. Dr. CARPENTER thinks that this relationship of barometric pressure to the height of the tides may serve to explain a number of anomalous phenomena that have perplexed observers, especially with reference to unusual rises of tides, and their retention at a high level longer than customary.

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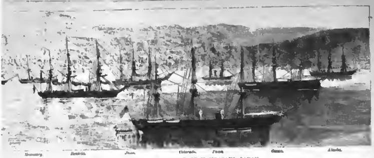
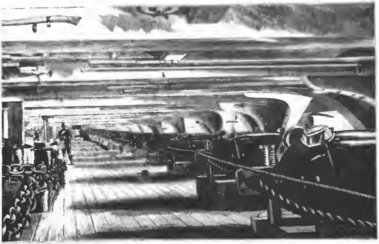


THE SQUADRON AT ANCHOR IN THE HARBOR OF NANGASAKI, JAPAN.

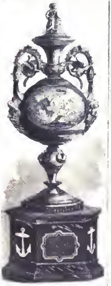
THE COREAN SAILORS RESCUED FROM A SINKING JUNK.

China. Several European vessels joined the expedition. With the fleet were five Coreans who had been rescued from a sinking junk. They were dressed up by the sailors in easy suits, and christened "Tar-pot," "Main Tack," "Tom Bowline," "Fore Tack," and "Jib Sheet." Their portraits are given on this page. It was while returning these men to their native country that the Americans and Europeans were fired upon by the Coreans. Full details of the engagement have not yet been received, but the punishment inflicted upon the Coreans was, it is intimated, severe, and the fight was to be renewed the following day. It is to be hoped that this severe lesson will not be lost upon them.

The upper illustration on this page shows the squadron at anchor in the harbor of Nangasaki, Japan, whence it sailed for Corea. It comprised the *Colorado* (flag-ship), the *Benicia*, the *Alaska*, the *Monocacy* (double-ender), and the *Palos* (steam-tender). The lower illustration gives a view of the gun-deck of the *Colorado*.


THE GUN-DECK OF THE FLAG-SHIP "COLORADO."

THE UNITED STATES NAVAL AND DIPLOMATIC EXPEDITION TO COREA.



No. 1.—The Commodore's Challenge Cup for Sloops.

No. 2.—Water-Pitcher.

No. 3.—Vase.

No. 4.—Cigar-Stand.

No. 5.—Punch-Bowl.

No. 6.—Punch-Bowl.

No. 7.—The Commodore's Challenge Cup for Schooners.

NEW YORK YACHT CLUB REGATTA PRIZES.—Photographed by Rockwood.—[See Page 627.]

THE GLORIOUS FOURTH—THE FIRST GUN—TIME, 3 A.M.—[See Page 627.]

didn't like to hunt hares, for they never turned on their assailants.

John sent frequent letters and remittances, and came himself during the summer months to finish up the sketches made during the winter, and also to add to the contents of his port-folio.

In later years, when his health gave way and he was able to do but little with his brush, he bought himself a home in this quiet retreat, and Dora was installed as housekeeper.

As months and years went by, leaving him a still more confirmed invalid, and drawing heavily on the purse he was incompetent to supply, they were forced to let out the lower part of the cottage, and confine themselves to rooms on the upper floor.

Here, surrounded with her few evidences of wealth or refinement, John Lacy breathed his last, grieving only that he could not see his genius reflected in his offspring, nor leave her any better heritage than his untarnished name.

To live for herself was not in Dora's nature; so, after straightening the furniture, and adapting her wardrobe to meet the exigencies of the occasion, she set about looking for a sphere of action. According to her father's idea, no woman had any right to a sphere who had neither beauty nor brains; but she had no time to consider the disadvantages of her position, nor inclination to hide behind them.

But first she must consult Mrs. Fletcher, her foster-mother.

"Do!" said the good old lady in response to Dora's question. "You poor child, what can you do? You'd better bring your duds here and live with me, and trust luck to having a better home offered you."

"I don't want any better home," said Dora; "and if you mean marriage, I never want to think of that."

"No, of course not; it comes without thinking, if it comes at all. But I don't like the idea of your being off all alone when you've got my house to come to."

"Oh, but, auntie, your house is full, and running over, and you neither need my help nor my company, and I'm never lonely."

But Mrs. Fletcher had nothing better to propose. Moriches was not an enterprising village, and all available places for women were already occupied. Tailoresses, seamstresses, and housekeepers were out of proportion to the demand for them; and as for women doing any thing but what their hands could find to do, it was out of the question, unless it was teaching, and one district school neither offered advantages in one way or the other.

So when Dora turned her back on Mrs. Fletcher's home and hospitality she felt as though she had indeed severed the segment of the circle by which she was bound to Moriches, and there was no sphere for her there, at all events.

You may think that, being a woman, she went to her little room and had a good refreshing cry, and then sat immediately down to writing a novel, in which Dora Lacy would appear as the persecuted heroine.

No such thing. She went home with her mind made up to seek a place and position in the city, where her father had found it possible to obtain them. She had not made up her mind as to what she could do, but she felt confident that some field would offer itself to the combined forces of youth, hope, and energy.

She laid off her bonnet with a sigh, for sighs are natural to the human heart, and started as she saw on the table a small triangular bit of paper addressed to her.

There were no outstanding debts that she knew of; but if this should be one, would the creditors wait until she could earn some money? She seized it desperately, for the suspense was terrible to her, and she read aloud, for she seemed to require the aid of all her senses,

"If Dora Lacy wants employment, let her call on Sylvester Prime."

Yet Prime! All Moriches knew him, and his reputation as an enthusiast, visionary, antiquarian, and encyclopedia of useful and curious information had even gone beyond the precincts of the village that had been his home long before Dora Lacy was received into it.

It was still early in the afternoon, so she put on her bonnet again, and started for the lane, at the end of which Hope stood with her beacon of encouragement. I don't know that she thought of what might be wanted of her, indifferent as she was to the kind of work in which she engaged, so that it was honorable. Certain it is that she hummed a cheerful song as she went, and plucked golden-rod, buttercups, and other wild flowers that called to her out of the stillness and the shadows. For to her every blossom had a voice of its own.

There was a small gate at the end of the lane, and as she reached this she paused, more to collect her thoughts and prepare for the meeting than to question the propriety of going any farther.

Dora Lacy's courage never would have led her thus far to play her false. She might not have come of her own accord, but she had been sent for; and though the old house looked worn and dilapidated, and village gossip had said all manner of queer things concerning the occupant, that was no concern of hers, and should not prove a barrier between her and prosperity. She might be nearer heaven than she knew, and certainly no one ever reached Canaan without taking a step in that direction.

The upper half of the front-door was open, and she knocked gently. There was no response, so Dora passed through into the narrow hall, and knocked first at the door on the right, and then at the door on the left. Only the echo of her own demand broke the stillness of the place, so she pushed open the nearest door and let the daylight in—on what?

She gave an involuntary scream as her eyes became accustomed to the darkness, and she saw into what a den of devils she had entered. The odor almost made her faint, and she stood holding back the door with one hand and shading her eyes with the other, looking as though she had seen emblazoned on the walls those terrible words, "Who enters here leaves hope behind!"

As she stood in this attitude a door opened at the further end of the room, and a bent, distorted form approached Dora Lacy, who became petrified with horror.

"Is this Dora Lacy?" he asked, hobbling slowly through the chamber of horrors, himself as strange and weird as any thing there.

"It is," said Dora, coming out of the swoon of surprise at the metallic ring of his voice.

"I meant to receive you better than this, but my housekeeper is away. Come into my study."

Dora mechanically followed his lead, pity overcoming all fear or repugnance; and though she started as some reptile glared upon her out of the darkness, curiosity did much toward sustaining her fortitude. The room they entered was small but cosy; books and papers were scattered about the floor and on the table, while the walls were ornamented with bugs of every known and unknown variety, at sight of which Dora could not conceal a look of disgust.

"These are my pictures," said Mr. Prime, noticing the expression of Dora's face, "painted by the hand of the Great Artist. Are they not beautiful?"

"Beautiful to look at, perhaps," said Dora, "but horrible to handle."

"Oh no," he said, with a voice that seemed to embrace all God's creatures. "If you could only see them under the microscope!"

He took down one of the impaled insects as tenderly as if it had been a child, and, putting it under the glass, signed to Dora to come nearer.

Dorah looked, and was fascinated. She had stepped out of the narrow circle in which she had walked, and entered a world of whose existence she had scarcely known.

The shadows gathered closer and closer around the old house, but Dora never noticed them, never thought of the walk she must take in order to reach her home; the enchanter had woven his spell about her, and she was powerless to escape.

Bit after bit of wonderful workmanship was brought within the range of her intensified vision, and when a voice broke the silence it was as though she had been suddenly thrown down a mighty precipice from whose height she had entered the land of visions.

"It is growing dark, and you have some distance to go—alone," he added, after a pause full of sadness. "I would like your services as amanuensis. Mr. Medway spoke of you as being well fitted for the work. You see what it is, 'beautiful to look at, but horrible to handle,'" he said, quoting her own words. "Will you undertake to help me?"

"I will, indeed," said Dora, still keeping her eye on the microscope.

"Then I may expect you—when?"

"To-morrow morning;" and as their eyes met they smiled at each other's enthusiasm.

Dora went back through the lane, but she had no eyes or ears for the many blossoms that touched her with a good-night whisper as she passed them by.

She had entered a new world; she had crossed the threshold of a new existence; and who could tell into what labyrinths of beauty her feet might henceforth lead her?

"Well, if I ever!" exclaimed Mrs. Fletcher, to whom Dora immediately imparted her business engagement.

"Who would have thought of your going to such a bugbear as Sylvester Prime?"

"That comes of being neither a beauty nor a genius," said Dora, laughing heartily at Mrs. Fletcher's unconscious pun.

"And you are going there every day?" she inquired.

"Every day," said Dora.

"Well, I don't see as there's any great luck in it; but I do say you look almost as delighted as if there were."

"And so there is," said Dora, "lots of luck; and if I don't line my pockets with pence, I shall most assuredly fill my head with wisdom."

"I suppose I may tell the parson about it?" said good Mrs. Fletcher, who didn't propose taking a step in this world or the next without the parson's advice.

"Yes, if he hasn't told you himself."

"Does he know any thing about it?" asked the astonished woman.

"Far more than I do," said Dora, kissing her, and passing out into the darkness that had settled out-of-doors; leaving Mrs. Fletcher somewhat bewildered, though less concerned about the respectability of the undertaking since she was assured that Parson Medway had the management of the whole affair.

With an eagerness and interest that belonged to her practical nature Dora Lacy entered upon her new duties, and every day found herself entering some new field of knowledge.

Sitting in his easy-chair, Sylvester Prime would dictate the material for his pen, which was furnished so freely by the microscope; and occasionally, as some new wonder would cause an exclamation of surprise from the scholar, Dora's pen would drop from her hand, that with her own eyes she might behold what she was describing on paper.

She was as much in love with the work as was Mr. Prime himself, and already in imagination saw the neatly bound volumes that would give to the public such amazing evidence of God's skill and man's interpretation of it.

But in proportion as Dora's courage and determination increased by the glowing interest she felt in the work, Sylvester Prime was conscious, on his part, of a restlessness, and indifference to insect life.

His walks and talks had been for years with these soulless creatures, and both had been somewhat controlled by the condition of things. Bugs and creeping things had been sent to him from every quarter of the globe, until his collection had become quite an extensive museum, and the study of their habits and peculiarities the end and aim of his circumscribed life.

Mrs. Mathewson, the housekeeper, had expressed very little sympathy for his pursuits, there being a direct antagonism between bugs and brooms, and the latter was her specialty. They never met except at meals, when Mrs. Mathewson would retail the gossip of the village—tell who had been to see her and where she had visited last, who proposed matrimony and who contemplated going on a sea voyage.

If Dora was conscious of any change in the scholar whose wisdom she was inclined to reverence, it did not affect her pen, or fill her with that suspicious shyness in which our modern maidens are apt to indulge in the presence of gentlemen. She had learned to pity and endure, but she was hardly ready yet to embrace.

And he, knowing how he must appear to her—old and disfigured as he was—suffered more acutely, because hopelessly.

Sometimes, when his hand rested on hers, he thought he must break down the barrier and declare himself, even though she should reject him with scorn. The suppressed passion was consuming him.

One look, however, at her unconscious face would decide him, and he would resume his dictation with a sigh. There were pauses in the work, also, when he read from the poets or prose writers, with such a wonderfully magnetic voice that Dora was for the nonce among the scenes portrayed, and breathed an atmosphere of wondrous purity and enchantment.

"I will speak to-morrow," whispered Sylvester's heart, as he stood in the door-way, watching for Dora's good-night wave of the hand as she closed the gate and entered the leafy-curtained lane—"I will speak to-morrow;" but to-morrow seemed to be the goal still further away; and Dora's utter unconsciousness and imperturbability gave him an excuse for breaking the seal of silence.

Dora's walk home one afternoon was through fields and lanes that the poet's fancy had tricked out with indescribable beauty. One picture after another floated before her waking vision, and even gave some coloring to her dreams.

Toward morning she was suddenly aroused to the consciousness of unwonted excitement in the house and an unusual illumination out-of-doors; and before she was fairly awake Mrs. Fletcher's voice outside the door, exclaiming, "Dora! Dora! Mr. Prime's house is on fire!" aroused her to immediate action. Hastily dressing herself, and with but one thought prominent in her mind—the inevitable ruin of the manuscripts—she hurried with Mrs. Fletcher to the scene of the conflagration.

The house was old, and did not burn easily; so that by the time they reached the place the flames were subdued, and the neighbors returned to their early morning avocations.

While Mrs. Fletcher and Mrs. Mathewson went over the details of the occurrence, as they assisted each other in restoring order out of the chaos, Dora found her way to the study, and stood horror-struck at the desolation. Here had the flames done their most fiery work; the holocaust was complete. Not a vestige of the manuscripts could she find; and those wonderful creations that had been to her as a revelation were scattered to the four winds of heaven.

Tears filled her eyes at the sight, and, half blinded, she found her way to the summer-house, there to pour out her feelings of sympathy and regret.

"What will he do? what will he do?" she would exclaim at intervals, as she glanced toward the house whose roof was yet smoking. "It was cruel—too cruel!"

She had not thought to inquire about Mr. Prime, taking it for granted that he escaped untouched. In her absorbed state of mind the man was less than his master-piece; and when she felt the old familiar pressure of her hand, as it lay upon the rustic table, she screamed aloud, as if some ghost had seized upon her.

"I am so sorry!" she said, as soon as she could find voice to speak. "What will we do?"

"Nothing." And there was an ocean of despair in the tone.

"Nothing, Mr. Prime? Can you see the labor of years annihilated in a few moments, and not feel that something must be done? Perhaps I can recall most of the text—I know I can considerable—and the loss may not be so great after all," said Dora, more hopefully, and making room for him to sit beside her.

"I shall not trouble you, Dora; certainly not very soon," he replied. "The work could never give me the same interest it once did—"

"But your friends from abroad will still continue to send you specimens," she interrupted.

"Yes," he said, abstractedly, fixing his large, lustrous eyes on Dora's face, all animation and eager interest.

"Then my term of service ends with to-day?" she said, with a sigh and a sudden change of expression, as the thought of what would be shut out of her life by such a procedure.

"Yes," said Mr. Prime; "there will be nothing for you to do. But may I not be your friend all the same?"

"Certainly," said Dora, looking up frankly and honestly in the face of her benefactor, and starting to find it shadowed with tears.

"Mr. Prime, were you injured by the fire? What is the matter?" her heart keenly alive to his suffering, though unconscious of the cause.

"Those not womanly tears, Dora, that pride

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has done her best to keep back. It pains me to see the labor of years destroyed much less than it grieves me to know that I am shut out from future happiness."

"Of what sort?" asked Dora, full of sympathetic interest.

"Of the sort that comes with reciprocated affection; of the sort that will never, never come to me!" and he leaned his head upon the table in an agony of tears that was absolutely terrifying to Dora.

There was silence for a few moments, unbroken by aught save the heavy sobs of the weeping man and the rapid heart-beats of the questioning woman.

Suddenly there flashed across Dora's comprehension one of those gleams of revelation that afford an easy solution to the most difficult problem; and all that had seemed to her mysterious and strange became as clear as a landscape at noonday.

She thought of all that she owed to this man, and of her intense admiration of his genius, and it was not gratitude alone that occupied her heart.

"Dear friend," she said, laying her hand upon the bowed head before her—"dear friend, if this fire that has interrupted our work should be the means of strengthening our friendship, would that comfort you?"

Her heart had found its voice at last!

"Dora!"—and he showered passionate kisses on the hand whose touch had been to him like a benediction—"it would be Heaven's own recompense!"

And in the light of that October morning, and in the midst of the desolation and destruction of those household gods, was erected a new altar, where Love alone presided; and the two, whose souls had met in blissful recognition, had no speech so eloquent as their silence.

YACHTING PRIZES.

The annual regatta of the New York Yacht Club took place on the 22d of June. The day was perfect, and the scene on the bay, when the yachts and other craft were clustered there together, one of extreme beauty and interest. It would be a hopeless task to describe the race itself. The most interesting part of it was the run up the bay, when the yachts spread all the canvas they could carry. The *Sappho's* white hull was almost lost under the white pyramid that rose above her deck, and the *Wanderer* attracted universal attention by the enormous quantity of sail she displayed. No more beautiful sight can be seen in any waters than was afforded by the long line of gleaming sails.

It was stated, and very generally believed, at the close of the race, that the leading yachts had passed around the wrong buoy at the Southwest Spit, and that, in consequence, the apparent winners would not be entitled to the prizes. This, however, was settled by the regatta committee's decision, which, based on the opinion of competent United States authorities, declared that No. 8½ was the buoy on the Southwest Spit, and that the correct course had been sailed over by the claimants. We presume that this will give general satisfaction.

The view of the race at the light-house was very beautiful, so many of the yachts passing round in close proximity—so close, indeed, that it was in some instances difficult to decide which of two was leading. At the time that the sloops *Peerless* and *Gracie*, with the schooner *Palmer*, the latter leading, were passing the light-ship the scene was one long to be remembered; the one drawback—and there must always be a crumpled rose-leaf somewhere—was found in the shrill whistles of the steamers, which could, we imagine, easily be dispensed with.

It is difficult, and might seem invidious, to mention particular yachts where all were so beautiful; but as the *Wanderer* and the *Columbia* are new vessels, and may be termed, to use the language of the turf, "dark horses," it may be said that they excited universal admiration. The *Columbia*, which was only one and a half minutes behind the victor, looked like a large swan as she lightly skimmed over the water. Her owner, Mr. FRANK OSGOOD, may well be proud of his new boat, and has no reason to regret the *Magic*, in which he was victorious last year.

The prizes contested for are given on page 625, drawn from photographs by ROCKWOOD.

Numbers 2, 3, and 4, the regatta prizes, were sailed for according to the rules of the club, and were won by *Tidal Wave* (W. VOORHIS), *Addie* (W. M. LANGLEY), and *Breeze* (A. C. KINGSLAND, Jun.), respectively, the first of the schooners, and the others of the first and second class sloops. The two Challenge Cups, Numbers 1 and 7, presented by JAMES GORDON BENNETT, Jun., Commodore of the club, were won by *Tidal Wave* and *Addie*; the two Subscription Cups, Numbers 5 and 6, being won by the same schooner and sloop, these having beaten all the other yachts, both with and without allowance of time.

THE GLORIOUS FOURTH.

THERE is no use in protesting against the good old orthodox fashion of celebrating the Fourth of July with bonfires, cannon, guns, pistols, rockets, fire-crackers, snakes, Roman candles, fire-balloons, and every other possible contrivance for making a blaze and a noise. It has the sanction of antiquity, the approbation of the Revolutionary fathers, and the unqualified approval of Young America. Even if the elders of the nation were so wise as to desire a change, it is extremely doubtful if the rising generation could be brought to submit to any abridgment of the glorious privilege of making a whole day hideous with barbaric racket. We all know what attempts have been made to turn their hilarious patriotism into more sober and less disagreeable channels. But neither boys nor girls, young men nor maidens, take to them. Nothing will satisfy their hearts but cannon, guns and pistols, fire-crackers and torpedoes, all day, and the more brilliant fire-works at night. The country may as well submit, and make the best of it. Every year brings out a new string of protests. The police authorities issue new and more stringent regulations. But can any one say that the day grows any the less boisterous?

The night before the Fourth is generally one of intense excitement with the boys, and of anxiety to the mothers. The youngsters have their magazines of crackers and torpedoes in readiness to commence operations with the earliest streak of daylight. Those whose parents permit them to handle more dangerous toys have their pistols and miniature cannon in order. Country boys manufacture cannon from old gun-barrels, pieces of heavy lead pipe, and even wood. Their ingenuity in contriving ways to make a racket is one of the most conclusive evidences of the total depravity of boys. Their recklessness is something frightful. Nothing will teach them caution. Every year produces its long chapter of melancholy accidents, all the more sad because the greater number of sufferers are children, many of whom must go maimed or disfigured for the rest of their life. A little fellow whom the writer knew—a bright, active lad of ten—two years ago lost two fingers of his left hand by the premature explosion of a toy cannon. Last year he was again among the merriest of the merry, despite his maimed hand. "He wasn't going to lose his fun just for a couple of fingers!" This year, too, no doubt, he will be up among the earliest to salute the rising sun with the boom of miniature artillery; and if he manages to get through the day without losing the rest of his fingers, or his head, will finish up with the grand display in one of the parks or at the City Hall. He is a plucky little man, and has our best wishes for a safe delivery out of all the perils that environ him.

THE METHODIST BOOK CONCERN.

DR. LANAHAN, the Assistant Agent of the Methodist Book Concern, believing that he had discovered fraud and mismanagement in the affairs of that establishment, made his discoveries public, and called for some action on the part of the authorities of the Church. A partial investigation was undertaken by a committee, which presented a report that satisfied nobody. Further inquiries were then proposed, and Dr. LANAHAN undertook the collection of evidence to substantiate his charges. In the course of these proceedings the personal relations between the Assistant Agent and his immediate superior had naturally become unpleasant. Dr. LANAHAN was opposed at every step of his researches. He was denied access to the books, and driven to apply to the courts for a mandamus to compel the exhibition of accounts which it is natural to suppose the Concern ought to have been anxious to show in its own vindication. Hereupon the Book Committee, without ascertaining what foundation there was for Dr. LANAHAN'S charges, put him on trial for making them. He has been found guilty, and recommended to the bishops for removal from office.

The result of their action is obvious. No employé of the Book Concern who discovers any thing wrong hereafter will tell of it if he values his place. The cardinal rule of business in that establishment is to keep things quiet, and the worst offense that an agent or assistant agent can commit is to let any scandal get out. It seems to be the determination of the majority of the Committee that there shall be no genuine examination of the real question at issue, lest the result prove "detrimental to the Concern." There is a large body of laymen interested in the welfare of this great Methodist institution, and to them it appears that the Concern is suffering detriment not half so much from the charges of Dr. LANAHAN as from the attempt of the Committee to smother the charges instead of looking into them. —*New York Tribune.*

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

THE Fourth of July made its advent some weeks ago in the form of torpedoes and India crackers in the hands of enterprising "Young America." The snapping and sputtering, once commenced, will only end after the grand climax, which will soon burst upon us with all its joys and horrors—joys to the boys, who do love a great noise, and who possess a warm attachment to any thing which will "go off" with a flash and a flame; and horrors for the quiet and nervous people, whose ears prospectively ache at the mere mention of the "Glorious Fourth." It is expected that every body should be noisily patriotic in this country. Yet, considering the boasted freedom of our land, it is a pity that it contains no spot where a quiet-minded individual might breathe out his patriotism in undisturbed solitude or sociality. But there is no such spot—at least we never heard of a place where fire-crackers and torpedoes penetrated not on that day of days. So we may as well plug our unsympathetic ears and be resigned; and if we can rouse ourselves to be magnanimously enthusiastic, the young folks will appreciate our veneration for this national holiday.

Polar expeditions are becoming fashionable. There are three on foot. Besides Captain Hall's and the one from Sweden, Octave Pavy, a member of the French and American Geographical societies, believing that Captain Hall's proposed polar expedition is impracticable, purposes to make an attempt himself to reach the north pole by way of Behring Strait. He will leave San Francisco on the 15th of July for Petropaulovski, in Avatcha Bay, Kamtchatka. A party of eight accompany Pavy.

The Commissioners of Public Charities and Correction report that their experience leads them to the opinion that the punishment for habitual drunkenness is wholly inadequate. A large portion of the inmates of the work-house are common drunkards. They are sent up by the magistrates clothed in rags, covered with vermin, and broken down in health by their debauchery. They must be clothed at the expense of the city, and by the time they are discharged from the hands of the physician, and capable of labor, their term of imprisonment is ended, and they are released, to be in a few days sent back, their clothing destroyed, again to be re-clothed and assigned to the hospital. It would be difficult to devise a more expensive or ineffectual means of reformation than is by law established.

During the past year the Mercantile Library of New York has delivered at the residences of members 17,000 books, which indicates the popularity of this method of delivery. The circulation for the year was 200,000 volumes. The total number of volumes now in the library is 137,000. There are also 300 newspapers and 100 magazines kept on file in the reading-room.

The sublime and picturesque in nature appeal very differently to different minds. There is a story told of a journeyman tailor who traveled a long way to visit Niagara Falls. He went up into the Terrapin, and after gazing in silence at the immense body of water falling below him, exclaimed, with an impressive gesture, "What a place to sponge a coat!" A farmer, standing back of the Horseshoe Falls, upon the Canada side, was impressed with the feeling that the rushing water there afforded a "grand place to wash sheep." While a skilled machinist could only lament, "What a waste of water-power!" And we have all heard of the Englishman who, finding no English phrase to express his views of Niagara as a whole, borrowed an American slang phrase, and asserted that "it was a big thing!"

It is curious to notice the inclination of people to adopt the peculiar habits and method of living which, in any particular instance, have seemed to produce longevity. If a man has lived to be one hundred years old, and his usual beverage has been ale, scores of people think that therefore ale must be wholesome; if another reaches the same age, having been in the constant habit of rising early and practicing gymnastics a couple of hours before breakfast, they argue that gymnastics before breakfast are useful to all. Few persons are discriminating enough to fully understand that constitutions and temperaments are so different that while water is the best drink for one, tea, or coffee, or some other beverage may be useful to others; a vegetable diet may be just the thing for one man, while his neighbor may require meat, which may assist an invalid to digest the food he needs, and yet be a positive injury to the man of good digestion and full health. All are not cast in the same mould, and not only the natural constitution, but many other points must be taken into consideration in deciding what diet and habits of life shall be adopted. Consequently when we hear that there is a man living in the mountains of North Carolina who has reached the extraordinary age of one hundred and forty-three years, that he has always lived upon coarse vegetables, and drunk only spring water, that at twenty he had a wife and three children, and that, having lost his seventh wife about sixty years ago, he now begins to feel lonely, and wishes to marry again, we need not argue that we must follow his example in every particular if we desire to reach a like venerable age.

A great many wondrous things happen during the small hours of night in a large city like New York. For example: not long ago a gentleman was returning to his home about half past two o'clock in the morning, when, in passing along the west side of Union Square, he noticed that the statue of Lincoln was not standing upon its pedestal, but appeared as it to an easy sitting posture, with the right leg crossed over the left. The gentleman is willing to make his affidavit as to the correctness of this statement, but we presume his simple word of honor will be relied on just as much as his affidavit. We forgot to mention that the gentleman was returning from his club-house.

The veteran journalist, Mr. Thomas Gill, who recently died, possessed a keen sense of humor. He was an Englishman by birth, and one of the first professional reporters who went to America. On one occasion the Hon. Robert Rantoul, Jun., was delivering to an immense audience an oration at a celebration on Bunker Hill, in the course of which he described with great pathos and effect the famous battle which had occurred on the very spot where they were assembled. As he resumed his seat, Gill, who was seated near him, carelessly remarked, "My father was in that battle." Rantoul immediately sprang to his feet and announced the fact, whereupon there were vehement calls from the crowd for the son of the Revolutionary hero. Mr. Gill modestly rose, and, after acknowledging the vociferous cheers which greeted him, quietly informed his hearers that it was true that his father was in the battle of Bunker Hill, but—he was fighting on the other side! The scene that followed "beggared description."

Medical science has at last triumphed over leprosy, according to accounts which come from India. The civil surgeon at Khandora reports the case of a wretched old Jew who came to him from Bombay, having been abandoned by his friends because he had this terrible disease. He was treated with soap and water, and then with carbolic acid and oil, and was completely cured.

A Chicago paper records the following fact, which may be cited as a wonderful fulfillment of dreams. A man dreamed a dreadful dream—that his child was trampled to death. He took every precaution against such a catastrophe, but precisely in five weeks and two days after the dream the little boy was run over by a wagon, and escaped uninjured.

Western farming is on a magnificent scale, if a farm in Livingston County, Illinois, is a fair specimen. It is eight miles square, containing 40,960 acres—sixty-four sections, government survey. It is subdivided into thirty-two farms of 1280 acres each, these all being managed by special officers, who are under the general control of the owner. There are 18,000 acres under the plow, over 10,000 of which are in corn this season, which looks finely. This required 1000 bushels of corn for seed this year. The remainder of the farm is used for grazing, small grain, and grass. There are two hundred and fifty miles of hedge fence, besides other fences, one hundred and fifty miles of ditch for draining wet land. Two hundred men and four hundred work-horses and mules are used on this farm. There are employed, also, one surveyor, two book-keepers, four blacksmiths, and eight carpenters. An separate account is kept with each farm. The whole of this land was entered from government about twenty years since by its present owner at $1 25 per acre. The farm at this time, with the improvements made upon it and personal property connected with it, is worth about $1,000,000.

Most of the foreign residents of Yokohama are supplied with milk from the dairy of an American firm. The cows are all American or English stock, the most having been imported from San Francisco. The dairy occupies a space of about 70 by 170 feet, with a yard in the centre and tiled buildings on two sides, which contain about thirty-five cows.

It is very hard on Chicago—the report that it is proposed to abolish the light-house at the mouth of the Chicago River as an unnecessary expense, "the sense of smell of the pilots being all that is requisite to enable them to make the harbor."

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

A JOLLY AFFAIR WITH NOT A SINGLE PANG IN IT—Rheumatism.

A certain beadle had fancied the woman he would; but, at a loss for an opportunity to declare himself, one day—a Sunday—when his duties were ended, he looked sheepish, and said: "Mary, wad ye tak a turn, Mary?" He led her to the church-yard, and pointing with his finger, got out: "My folk lie there, Mary; wad ye like to lie there?" The grave hint was taken, and she became his wife; but does not yet lie there.

When the boy runs out, does it hop?

A young man says that there may have been such a thing as real true love in old times, but that now the notion is entirely obsolete; and if you ask a young lady nowadays to share your lot, she immediately wants to know how large that "lot" is.

The WORK OF TIME—Watch-making.

A Scottish minister, being one day engaged in visiting some members of his flock, came to the door of a house where his gentle tapping could not be heard for the noise of contention within. After waiting a little he opened the door and walked in, saying, with an authoritative voice, "I should like to know who is the head of this house?" "Weel, Sir," said the husband and father, "if ye sit down a wee, we'll maybe be able to tell ye, for we're just trying to settle that point."

A client remarked to his solicitor, "You are writing my bill on very rough paper, Sir." "Never mind," was the reply of the latter, "it has to be filed before it comes into court."

A lady had a favorite lap-dog, which she called Perchance. "A singular name," said somebody, "for a beautiful pet, madam. Where did you find it?" "Oh," drawled she, "it was named from Byron's dog. You remember where he says, 'Perchance my dog will howl.'"

One asked his friend why he married so little a wife. "Why," said he, "I thought you knew that of all evils we should choose the least."

The Turkish embassador was at a public dinner with some of the magnates of the land. The president gave as a toast, in compliment to his Excellency, "The Sublime Porte and the Turkish Embassador." The waiter echoed it down the table, "A supply of port for the Turkish embassador."

"INCIDENTS IN GREASE"—Candle-droppings on the carpet.

"How do you feel with such a shocking looking coat on?" said a young clerk at some pretentious tradesman's one morning. "I don't," said old Roger, looking at him steadily with one eye half closed, "I feel [illegible] which I have paid for. [illegible] think you will never experience."

[illegible] his father [illegible] he is partial to his pa, and [illegible] to his pa.

Why are young ladies fond of pastry-cooks' shops?—Because it is the place to find sweethearts (sweet tarts).

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E.

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scarcely modeled after the London fashion. In time of war the Frenchwoman still more strongly asserts her prominence. Every regiment is accompanied by its *vivandières* and its *cantinières*, personages of a very different type to the Moll Flaggons who attend a British army in the field. During the Prussian siege of Paris the women, it can scarcely be denied, showed a more determined and undaunted spirit than the men, and it is not impossible that if Trochu had modified his plan of operations to the extent of allowing the Amazons of the Seine to march against the ene-

instead of incapables who spent their precious lease of power in denouncing and arresting each other? A woman of capacity would have obtained honorable terms from the hesitating government of Versailles, and Paris would have been spared the horrors to which she has been subjected.

We have no desire to extenuate the crimes of which many of the insurgent women in Paris had recently been guilty. La Pétroleuse (petroleum-thrower)! what a terrible significance has this newly invented name! Is it possible that

in the ranks of the National Guard, and was gradually converted into a lounging, dissipated idler. Meantime his wife waited day after day, in the frost and snow, for her scanty share of rations, and had the inexpressible grief to see her children die for want of the nourishment on which childhood thrives. The capitulation must have come as a bitter pang to one who had suffered so much. Can we not imagine that such a poor creature, demoralized by want of work, and with her brain weakened by slow starvation, would hail the establishment of the Commune as a sort

THE END OF THE COMMUNE—EXECUTION OF A PÉTROLEUSE.

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my, some of the old fervor of 1792 would have been revived, and the besiegers would have been discomfited. During the siege, however, the women of Paris got no chance of showing their true mettle, and this is probably the reason why, when the revolution of the 18th March took place, they sided with rouge rather than tricolor. Here we can not help asking how it is that the Salic law should prevail in such a country as France, where the women are the working bees, and the men are, comparatively speaking, the drones of the hive? Why was not a woman placed at the head of the Communal insurrection,

those who belong to what is emphatically styled the gentler sex can perpetrate such atrocities? It is possible; and as no one becomes utterly wicked all at once, it may be worth while to trace the probable history of some such hopeless wretch as she who appears in our picture about to receive her doom at the hands of an infuriated soldiery. We do not believe the Versailles libelers who assert that all such criminals were the scum of Paris. Twelve months ago, probably enough, the Pétroleuse was an industrious, well-behaved woman, with a husband and children. Then came the siege—her husband lost his work, served

of millennium which would cure all her troubles, and would therefore burst into a fury of uncontrollable mania upon its violent suppression? Though the hand of this woman lighted the flame which burned some of the finest buildings of Paris, she is possibly not the most guilty author of the conflagration. Whose were the miserable jealousies and ambitions which within twelve months have converted her from a respectable woman into a Pétroleuse? Other people, who are among the loudest in condemning her, may have to answer this question some day before a tribunal at which all secrets will be made known.

SUMMARY EXECUTIONS IN PARIS—SHOOTING DOWN COMMUNIST PRISONERS.

BLOODSHED IN PARIS.

The capture of Paris by the troops of the Versailles government was marked by the most bloody scenes of vengeance ever witnessed in modern warfare. The troops of the Commune were shot down without mercy, and without even the form of trial, after all resistance had ceased, and it is estimated that nearly twenty thousand of them perished before the slaughter was suspended. Women, and even children, shared the fate of the men, and indeed generally brought it down upon themselves by the ferocity with which they took part in the fighting and in the terrible work of burning the city. The upper sketch on this page shows how the Communists were shot down by the infuriated troops. The lower sketch was taken at the corner of a street where Communist prisoners, captured while fighting, were ranged in rows and "fusilladed" as they stood. The centre figure in the front row was a noted Communist leader of the lowest and most degraded stamp. On his person, after his execution, was found the sum of [illegible] francs, in bank-notes, sewed under the lining of his trousers. Large sums of money were found upon other Communists, who had been prevented by the Prussians from escaping.

SUMMARY EXECUTIONS IN PARIS—ROWS OF DEAD COMMUNISTS.

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By authority of the Board of Directors of THE NEW YORK RAILWAY COMPANY, and in conformity with the terms of the Act of Incorporation in that respect, the undersigned Commissioners on Stock Subscriptions give public notice for and on behalf of the Directors, and of such Company, that Books of Subscription for the Capital Stock thereof will be opened on WEDNESDAY, the TWENTY-EIGHTH DAY OF JUNE instant, at the following places in this City, viz.:

At the Banking House of
DUNCAN, SHERMAN, & CO.,
No. 11 NASSAU ST.;

At the Banking House of the
BANK OF THE METROPOLIS,
No. 31 UNION SQUARE.

The Company is authorized to construct two Viaduct Railways or branches through the City of New York, on the east and west sides thereof, from a common starting-point at or near Chambers St., between Broadway and Chatham St.; also across the Harlem River and through Westchester County, with power to build additional lines of railway or branches, from time to time, in any part of the City or Westchester County. *The property acquired by the Company is exempted from taxes and assessments during the period allowed for the final completion of the railway in the City.* The Mayor, Aldermen, and Commonalty of New York are authorized and directed, with the approval of the Commissioners of the Sinking Fund, to subscribe for **five millions of dollars** of the stock of the Company, whenever one million of dollars thereof has been subscribed for by private parties. *This conditional amount of stock has been wholly subscribed for and taken by the Directors of the Company.* On the completion of either of the lines of railway to the line of Westchester County, the Supervisors of that County are authorized to issue the bonds of the County to such amount as the Supervisors shall deem expedient, to aid in the construction and extension of the railway in and through that County. For the proper equalization of the interest of shareholders who may subscribe and pay in moneys at different times, the Directors are authorized to issue scrip for interest on such payments, payable out of the earnings.

THE TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION will be as follows:

TEN PER CENT. of the amount of Stock subscribed for to be paid in cash at the time of subscription. The residue to be paid as called for by the Board of Directors on a notice of thirty days, but no call at any one time to exceed ten per cent.

Scrip for interest at the rate of seven per cent. per annum will be issued by the Company, payable out of the first earnings of the Railway, on all installments paid on Stock subscribed for within thirty days after the Subscription Books shall be opened.

The Company reserves the right to close the Subscription Books at any time after the twenty-ninth day of July, 1871.

By order of the Board of Directors,

Alexander T. Stewart, }
John Jacob Astor, } Commissioners on behalf of the Company.
Levi P. Morton, }

New York, June 16, 1871.

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The Treasury Department having already received subscriptions to the amount of $67,000,000 to the first two hundred millions of the New Loans authorized by the Act of Congress of July 14, 1870, for refunding the Public Debt, bearing five per cent. per annum interest, now offers to popular subscription the remaining $133,000,000 of this particular Loan, and is prepared to promptly deliver the Coupon Bonds or Registered Certificates in exchange, dollar for dollar, for any of the United States six per cent. Bonds or Registered Stocks known as *Five-Twenties*, or for Gold Coin at the par value of the New Loan and accrued Interest from the first of May. When this amount, to which preference is given, is taken up, the remainder of the Five per Cents, $300,000,000, embraced in the Act will be offered in connection with $300,000,000 Four and One-Half per Cents, and any part of $700,000,000 of Four per Cents, the one running fifteen years and the other thirty years.

The following is a copy of the New Five per Cent. Bond, under and pursuant to the Act of Congress:

FORM OF FIVE PER CENT. BOND.

INTEREST | FUNDED LOAN OF 1881. | FIVE CENTS.

UNITED STATES OF AMERICA

ARE INDEBTED TO THE BEARER IN THE SUM OF

.... DOLLARS.

THIS BOND is issued in accordance with the provisions of an Act of Congress entitled "An Act to authorize the Refunding of the National Debt," approved July 14, 1870, amended by an Act approved Jan. 20, 1871, and is redeemable at the pleasure of the United States, after the 1st day of May, A. D. 1881, in Coin of the standard value of the United States on said July 14, 1870, with interest in such Coin, from the day of the date hereof, at the rate of FIVE PER CENTUM per annum, payable quarterly, on the 1st day of February, May, August, and November, in each year. The principal and interest are exempt from the payment of all Taxes or Duties of the United States, as well as from taxation in any form, by or under State, municipal, or local authority.

WASHINGTON, ..., 18...

Entered .... Recorded ....

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Register of the Treasury.

Registered Bonds will be issued of the denominations of $50, $100, $500, $1,000, $5,000, $10,000, and coupon bonds of each denomination except the last two. The interest will be payable in the United States at the office of the Treasurer, any Assistant Treasurer, or designated depository of the Government, quarterly, on the first days of February, May, August, and November, in each year.

The interest on the Registered Stock of this Loan, as is determined by the Treasury Department, will be paid by Gold Check for the Quarterly Interest, to the Post-Office address of every holder, free of trouble or expense, dispensing with attendance, in person or by proxy, at the Treasury, for the purpose of receipting for and drawing such interest.

The whole proceeds of the New Loan will be applied to the payment or redemption and cancellation of the 5-20 years six per cent. bonds; and in addition to these proceeds, the 5-20's are being reduced by purchases, averaging, for two years past, about $10,000,000 per month.

The entire effect, therefore, of the New Loan, in connection with the existing Sinking Fund process of the Treasury, is to reduce both Principal and Interest of the Public Debt of the United States. *The Loan creates no additional supply of Government Stocks*, while the application of the surplus revenue is constantly lessening the Funded Stocks bearing six per cent. Gold Interest.

The policy of the Government since the close of the War in 1865, which left a debt upon the country of $2,750,000,000, and an annual taxation of $311,000,000, has been to reduce steadily both Debt and Taxes: to reduce the Principal of the Debt by actual payments, and to lessen the annual burden of Interest, and thereby the burden of Taxation, not only through such payments, but by funding the debt at the cheapest rates of interest practicable from time to time, until it is now felt that the very cheapest rates are due to the high Credit, unblemished Public Faith, and vast and growing resources of the country. From $2,750,000,000, the Principal of the Debt has been reduced to $2,300,000,000—both sums exclusive of accrued interest—and from the heavy burden of $151,832,000 per annum the interest charge has been reduced to $112,768,000 per annum; while the annual taxation, under the Internal Revenue system, which the necessities of the War, and the Debt thereby created, rendered necessary for at least a short series of years, has been reduced from $311,000,000 in 1865-66 to about $174,000,000 per year in 1870-71 (estimating for the highest probable collections in the current month, the last of the Fiscal year), or less than one-half the first-named sum. And in the year 1871-72 a further reduction of $50,000,000 will come in under the Act of July, 1870, so as to give only $120,000,000 for the year, or about two-fifths the maximum of 1865-66.

By the successful refunding of the Public Debt at moderate rates of Interest, and by continued economies in the expenditures of the Government—which in two years, from March 4, 1869, to March 4, 1871, amounted to $136,391,843, or an average saving per year of $68,300,000—it is believed that nearly the entire system of Internal Taxes can be dispensed with in a few years, at so much of it as requires the machinery of District Assessors and Collectors.

The Secretary of the Treasury has just published the Monthly Schedule of the Public Debt to June 1, from which it appears that he has further reduced the total of Funded Gold-bearing Debt since May 1 by the sum of $6,400,000, by purchase of United States 5-20's for the Sinking Fund, and reduced the 5-20's by the further sum of $9,117,000 by conversion into the New 5 per Cents. The whole Funded Debt now stands $1,904,126,150, as against $2,107,940,150 two years ago, when the present Administration came into office. Adding to these sums the net Circulation of the Treasury (that is, in Greenbacks and Greenback Certificates, after deducting Gold and Currency on hand), the following is the comparison of Debt of all kinds, at present, and at the close of the War, and in 1869:

	July, 1865.	March, 1869.	June, 1871.
U. S. Stocks,	$2,150,784,118	$2,107,940,150	$1,904,126,150
Circulation,	605,571,155	353,649,754	366,933,478
Total,	$2,756,355,273	$2,461,590,000	$2,271,061,628

The following table affords a classification of the Funded Stock (in Gold) of the United States, as at present outstanding:

Date.	Coupon.	Registered.	Total.
5-20's, 1862	$302,830,700	$163,872,000	$466,702,700
5-20's, 1864	44,509,000	88,094,100	132,603,100
5-20's, 1865	142,680,150	34,506,100	177,186,250
5-20's, 1865 (n.)	178,789,300	71,385,450	250,174,750
5-20's, 1867	241,640,800	91,289,500	332,930,300
5-20's, 1868	26,949,350	11,663,350	38,612,700
Total 5-20's	$937,399,300	$460,810,500	$1,398,209,800
Sixes, 1881	93,900,950	189,117,700	283,018,650
Fives, 10-40's	81,713,650	112,853,000	194,566,650
Fives, 1874	13,952,000	6,048,000	20,000,000
New fives, '81	8,115,700	0,515,400	8,631,100
Total	$1,135,081,600	$769,344,600	$1,904,426,200
Total March 4, 1869			2,107,940,150
Reduction of Funded Debt			$203,513,950
Yearly Gold Interest charge, 1869			$124,856,000
Present yearly charge			113,419,963
Reduction in Interest charge			$11,436,037

The proposed further reduction of the annual interest charge upon the Public Debt by refunding is as follows:

By exchange of $500,000,000 United States six per cents for new five per cents of 1881	$5,000,000
By exchange of $300,000,000 United States six per cents for four and a half per cents of 1886	4,500,000
By exchange of $700,000,000 United States six per cents for four per cents of 1901	14,000,000
Total saving per annum by refunding	$23,500,000

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THE REISSUE OF

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

Vol. XV.—No. 759.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JULY 15, 1871. [WITH A SUPPLEMENT PRICE TEN CENTS.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1871, by Harper & Brothers, in the Office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington.

FARM BALLADS.—By Will M. Carleton.

[Written for Harper's Weekly.]

GONE WITH A HANDSOMER MAN.

JOHN.

I've worked in the field all day, a-plowin' the "stony streak;"
I've scolded my team till I'm hoarse; I've tramped till my legs are weak;
I've choked a dozen swears (so's not to tell Jane fibs)
When the plow-p'int struck a stone and the handles punched my ribs.

I've put my team in the barn, and rubbed their sweaty coats;
I've fed 'em a heap of hay and half a bushel of oats;
And to see the way they eat makes me like eatin' feel,
And Jane won't say to-night that I don't make out a meal.

Well said! the door is locked! but here she's left the key,
Under the step, in a place known only to her and me;
I wonder who's dyin' or dead, that she's hustled off pell-mell:
But here on the table's a note, and probably this will tell.

Good God! my wife is gone! my wife is gone astray!
The letter it says, "Good-by, for I'm a-going away;
I've lived with you six months, John, and so far I've been true;
But I'm going away to-day with a handsomer man than you."

A han'somer man than me! Why, that ain't much to say;
There's han'somer men than me go past here every day.
There's han'somer men than me—I ain't of the han'some kind;
But a lovin'er man than I was I guess she'll never find.

Curse her! curse her! I say, and give my curses wings!
May the words of love I've spoke be changed to scorpion stings!
Oh, she filled my heart with joy, she emptied my heart of doubt,
And now, with a scratch of a pen, she lets my heart's blood out!

Curse her! curse her! say I; she'll some time rue this day;
She'll some time learn that hate is a game that two can play;
And long before she dies she'll grieve she ever was born;
And I'll plow her grave with hate, and seed it down to scorn!

"CURSE HER! CURSE HER! SAY I; SHE'LL SOME TIME RUE THIS DAY!"

"WHY, JOHN, WHAT A LITTER HERE! YOU'VE THROWN THINGS ALL AROUND!"

As sure as the world goes on, there'll come a time when she
Will read the devilish heart of that han'somer man than me;
And there'll be a time when he will find, as others do,
That she who is false to one can be the same with two.

And when her face grows pale, and when her eyes grow dim,
And when he is tired of her and she is tired of him,
She'll do what she ought to have done, and coolly count the cost;
And then she'll see things clear, and know what she has lost.

And thoughts that are now asleep will wake up in her mind,
And she will mourn and cry for what she has left behind;
And maybe she'll sometimes long for me—for me—but no!
I've blotted her out of my heart, and I will not have it so.

And yet in her girlish heart there was somethin' or other she had
That fastened a man to her, and wasn't entirely bad;
And she loved me a little I think, although it didn't last;
But I mustn't think of these things—I've buried 'em in the past.

I'll take my hard words back, nor make a bad matter worse;
She'll have trouble enough; she shall not have my curse;
But I'll live a life so square—and I well know that I can—
That she always will sorry be that she went with that han'somer man.

Ah, here is her kitchen dress! it makes my poor eyes blur;
It seems, when I look at that, as if 'twas holdin' her.
And here are her week-day shoes, and there is her week-day hat,
And yonder's her weddin' gown: I wonder she didn't take that.

'Twas only this mornin' she came and called me her "dearest dear,"
And said I was makin' for her a regular paradise here;
O God! if you want a man to sense the pains of hell,
Before you pitch him in just keep him in heaven a spell!

Good-by! I wish that Death had severed us two apart.
You've lost a worshiper here—you've crushed a lovin' heart.
I'll worship no woman again; but I guess I'll learn to pray,
And kneel as you used to kneel before you run away.

And if I thought I could bring my words on heaven to bear,
And if I thought I had some little influence there,
I would pray that I might be, if it only could be so,
As happy and gay as I was a half an hour ago.

JANE (entering).

Why, John, what a litter here! you've thrown things all around!
Come, what's the matter now? and what 've you lost or found?
And here's my father here, a-waiting for supper, too;
I've been a-riding with him—he's that "handsomer man than you."

Ha! ha! Pa, take a seat, while I put the kettle on,
And get things ready for tea, and kiss my dear old John.
Why, John, you look so strange! Come, what has crossed your track?
I was only a-joking, you know; I'm willing to take it back.

JOHN (aside).

Well, now, if this ain't a joke, with rather a bitter cream!
It seems as if I'd woke from a mighty ticklish dream;
And I think she "smells a rat," for she smiles at me so queer,
I hope she don't; good Lord! I hope that they didn't hear!

'Twas one of her practical drives—she thought I'd understand;
But I'll never break sod again till I get the lay of the land.
But one thing's settled with me—to appreciate heaven well,
'Tis good for a man to have some fifteen minutes of hell.

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is the typical organization the party of honesty and economy of administration?

Is it any reply to such questions to say that a great many Democrats wish by-gones to be by-gones, and that free trade is the real issue? Issues are not made by the professions of party leaders; they grow out of the principles, tendencies, and feelings of the people. The Democratic party is the name of a certain spirit and purpose upon the part of certain citizens of this country; and to oppose it as if it were merely a free-trade party, but in all other respects trust-worthy, or to support it because of doubts of Republican Ku-Klux legislation—as if an questionable legislation ever had been, or was ever likely to be, the work of the Democratic party—would be merely absurd. Indeed, nothing is more amusing than to see the party which, by its traditions and teachings, produced a rebellion to overthrow the Constitution in order to save slavery now in such a fine frenzy of horror at what it calls unconstitutional legislation to protect liberty.

Let us not be mistaken. Unconstitutional Republican legislation, when proved, is not to be palliated by the attempted Democratic destruction of the Constitution itself. We are now exposing the absurdity of the Democratic claim to greater respect for the Constitution, and the ludicrous folly of supposing that Republican unconstitutionality could be remedied by resorting to Democratic supremacy. Nor do we agree with those who say that the people do not discriminate, and that if they are dissatisfied with the party in power they will sustain the opposition. People do not lose their wits when they deal with political questions. One of the silliest assertions ever made was that the election of Mr. HORATIO SEYMOUR as Governor of New York in 1862 was a rebuke of the dilatory conduct of the war by the President. Would the election of General M'CLELLAN as President have been a similar rebuke? In times of strong feeling the people prefer, or rather they make, the party which will do what they wish done. When there is no overshadowing issue, and the people are generally dissatisfied, from whatever cause, the party in power will very often be made a scape-goat. And this explains the present situation. If the people believed that the great war questions were settled beyond disturbance they might think that a change of party ascendency would be a benefit; at least they might take the chance. Some of the Democratic leaders, therefore, diligently try to persuade them that such is the fact. But others deny it; and while they deny it it is certainly not the fact.

Thus, however agreeable it might be to conduct the campaign of 1872 upon wholly new issues, it is simply impossible, because the old, although settled as a final result, are not yet accomplished. Unless we take leave of common-sense we must continue to use some of "the jargon of a dead rebellion," because it expresses some living truths. And one of those simple and evident truths is that the success of the Democratic party would necessarily encourage and foster and renew all the heresies and hates from which the rebellion sprang.

THE GLORIOUS FOURTH.

THE Fourth of July finds the country in a condition which makes every American prouder of his land and of his national name. And this is not due merely to the contrast with other countries in which he may indulge his imagination. It is the result of our own development and real progress. For with all the weakness which a sagacious eye may find in our system, and with such clouds as may fleck the horizon of the future, what we had done and what we are doing may properly make us both grateful and proud. It is curious, indeed, to recur to an oration delivered twelve years ago upon this day, in Boston, by Mr. EVERETT, in which he set forth the success of the republic. Its remarkable defect was that he did not see, or forbore to state, that the test was yet to come. Our apparent prosperity was founded upon a condition incompatible with republican permanence, and on the very day on which he spoke the fundamental rights of a republican system, as we understand it, were denied to half the republic. The contest down to that time was verbal only, but it was truly irrepressible, as the orator soon saw.

But now not only in certain States, but throughout the Union, the personal and political rights of every man are guaranteed by law, and their protection is assured. In all the States that constitute the republic the equal rights of men are acknowledged; the enemies of those rights and the skeptics of our republican system no longer control the national government; we are at peace with the world, and never so much respected; and there is a greater general comfort than in any other great nation. These glorious results are due to the supremacy of real republican principles. Under those which had long controlled the government, down to the election of 1860, it was impossible that the fundamental law of a republic, the law of liberty, should ever prevail. The old tendency was, indeed, so intrenched that it could be removed only by a tremendous war. But that the perception of the loyal people was so clear, and their hearts so steady, in the triumphant end was the strongest possible proof of the power of the principles which won the victory, and which have transformed the United States from a nominal to an actual republic.

This day also sees the great party which has hitherto strenuously denied the fundamental principle of the Declaration of Independence surrendering to the faith in that principle which has maintained and cemented the Union. If to-day every man who breathes in the United States is a free man, if he is an equal citizen, if laws foully unjust have disappeared, and the national flag, wherever it floats, is the symbol of freedom, it is not because of the success, but of the defeat, of the Democratic party. The American principle has been fully recognized in American law, because that party has fallen. In the greatest glory, in the highest honor, of our history that party has no share but that of futile hostility. Now, at last, because it no longer controls the country, the country has become what it was not when the words were written, "the land of the free," as well as the home of the brave.

A MASK REMOVED.

THE *Catholic World*, which is the chief Roman Catholic organ in this country, says that, "while the State has rights, she has them only in virtue and by permission of the superior authority, and that authority can only be expressed through the Church." This is the unqualified assertion of the supreme political authority of the Church, the doctrine of GREGORY, and of the midnight of the Middle Ages. Such a declaration explains the hostility of the European statesmen, even of those attached to the Roman faith, to the doctrine of papal infallibility, and it justifies the jealous suspicion with which the political advances of that Church are regarded in this country. Those who have thought that to oppose these advances is to persecute a certain Church will now understand that it is not the religious faith of that Church which has been assailed, but its political purposes which have been exposed.

It is, indeed, part of the craft of ecclesiastical managers to blend as far as possible the religious and the political character and aspect of their Church, so that when the one is satirized the other may seem to be ridiculed. Thus the figure of the Pope symbolizes both the spiritual character and the temporal assumptions of the Roman Church; and when Mr. NAST or any other artist exposes the worldly designs of the hierarchy, under the typical figure of the Pope, he is accused of deriding a bishop dear to millions of Christians. Yet it is not the bishop, it is the king that would be, that he scourges; and if the Pope were content to be a bishop, like those of other churches, subordinate to the laws of the land, and not assuming to be superior to them, he would be no more a proper subject of political criticism and satire than any other clergyman. It is the priests of any Church seeking the supremacy of ecclesiastical authority in civil affairs that we oppose, and not we only, but the very genius of American liberty opposes them. When they declare, as in this article of the *Catholic World*, that the state exists only in virtue of the superior authority expressed through the Church, we reply that the declaration is a total denial of the fundamental American principle that the state exists only in virtue of the superior authority of the whole people. Governments justly exist not by the consent of any Church whatever, but by that of the people.

The astounding insolence of this assertion at this time, and in this country, is surpassed only by its folly. It is repugnant to every tradition and every conviction of the dominant race in the United States, the only race which has ever comprehended and developed constitutional freedom, and which, by reason of that capacity and tendency, early resisted, and long since abolished, ecclesiastical political supremacy. If Father HECKER is correct in his reported expectation that, by the end of the century, the Roman ecclesiasticism will be supreme in this country, it will only be because the dominant race will have entirely changed, and because all the great traditions and monuments of civil liberty will have been forgotten and relinquished. Such a result would be a relapse to political barbarism.

This can be seen in an illustration. A few days since the twenty-fifth anniversary of the pontificate of the Pope was celebrated by the members of his Church in this country wherever and in whatever manner they chose. And the members of any Church have always the same liberty. It is of the very essence of our political system. But while in this prosperous and intelligent and truly civilized country such is the principle and the practice, a few years since, in the city of Rome, the capital and seat of the Roman ecclesiasticism, the ordinary Protestant services were not allowed within the walls. The ignorance, the squalor, the stagnation, the hopelessness, the superstition, of the city of Rome were the necessary result of the doctrine of the *Catholic World*, that the state exists by consent of the Church. The intelligence, the prosperity, the happiness, the progressive civilization, the civil and religious liberty, of the United States are the necessary result of the absolute and stern separation of church and state. Should the epoch foretold by Father HECKER—if the report be true—ever arrive, any such demonstration as that in which the members of the Roman Church have recently been indulging in this country, with the free consent of all other denominations, who are numerically to the Roman as ten to one, would be forbidden by that Church to every other Christian body. Father HECKER is mistaken; but let no American mistake the sure result of the political aims of a Church which declares that governments rightfully exist only by its permission.

POPGUNS.

THE character of many of the attacks upon the President is fatal to the cause of those who make them. If the most striking and continuous assaults are absurdly trivial, or plainly refuted by facts, the inevitable inference is that there are few serious grounds of complaint. With the return of summer return the gibes at the desertion of duty implied in not remaining at the seat of government. The country, however, will hardly grudge the President his residence by the sea during the hot weather; nor will it curiously count the number of cigars he smokes, nor of the drives that he takes, as evidence of his official negligence. In fact, one of the most agreeable traits in the President is his contempt for all the cheap arts of popularity which are so sedulously cultivated by many small politicians in large offices. If it could be shown that he seriously neglected the duties of his office there would be just reason for dissatisfaction. But that is not attempted. The effort is not to tell the truth, but to create a prejudice.

A ready humor can easily ridicule whatever it touches, and a daily sneer at any man or at any subject would not be without effect. But the most zealous student of the ridicule directed at the Administration by its enemies could not avoid asking himself at last, "If the Administration be as insane and imbecile as these wits represent, how are such undeniable good results produced?" Mr. LINCOLN, according to the familiar story, inquired anxiously about the brand of the whisky which it was alleged that General GRANT drank, that he might send some to certain other generals. And if insanity and imbecility diminish the debt, reduce taxation, settle quarrels honorably, and maintain the national peace and honor upon all sides, would it not be well either to try more of the same, or to ascertain whether they are terms which accurately describe the facts?

There is, however, one solemn charge which we see renewed in some of the Democratic papers. "It would suit the desperate and unscrupulous men who hold executive positions," says a paper of the party which, in the same kind of rhetoric, used to call Mr. LINCOLN a gorilla and a third-rate country lawyer, to "drug and benumb" the country into the conviction "that better a bad government than a change." And it proceeds to declare what it is pleased to call its "honest conviction" that Power (with a capital P) is industriously weaving filaments to "bind a giant of stronger thews than ours in permanent subjection." All this was much more directly and plainly said by General FRANK BLAIR before the election of General GRANT, when he told us that he would probably make himself emperor, and hold the White House against all comers.

It is difficult not to call this kind of remark drivel. And when this is gravely urged in respectable papers as a reason for restoring the Democratic party to power, it is plain enough that on that day the writer had no argument whatever to present against the continued dominance of the Republican party. There have been several military Presidents: Generals WASHINGTON, JACKSON, HARRISON, TAYLOR, and now General GRANT. The latter was elected, as it were, from the field, and with little comparative acquaintance with political parties and civilians; and he naturally kept immediately around him certain officers whom he had professionally known and proved, for the same reason that General JACKSON brought with him to Washington as private secretary his relation Major DONELSON, whose death was recently announced. But there never was a President, whether taken from mili-

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tary as civil life, who has shown more personal simplicity and total freedom from unworthy personal objects in his high office, or who has been more faithfully subject to the law. There has been no act and no word upon the part of the President that has in any degree justified the prophecy made by General BLAIR, and which has been recently elaborately repeated. And the assertion was first made by the candidate for the Vice-Presidency, and is now repeated by organs of the party, many of whose leaders would unquestionably have regarded with complacency a *coup d'état* by General M'CLELLAN, which was vaguely hinted, and which had only sweet words for those who would destroy a free republic to found a slave empire.

This is the kind of aspersion which shows that arguments have failed, and which is made ridiculous by the character and career of the President.

DR. LANAHAN.

WHEN DR. LANAHAN made his charges in regard to certain transactions in the Methodist Book Concern there was but one simple and evident course to pursue. The charges were undoubtedly a scandal. If they were false, they were scandalous and most damaging to the author; if they were true, they were damaging to the management of the Concern. But in no case were they injurious to the Church, except as doubt of good management might stop the supplies; nor to religion, which, fortunately, is not harmed by the offenses of those who wear her mantle. And, indeed, to the most superficial view nothing could be as much a scandal to the Concern, to the Church, and to religion as any attempt to hush the matter up, or any seeming unwillingness even to open every door and book and invite the most searching scrutiny into every detail. The steady resistance to a thorough investigation, which has been evident from the first, has had no other effect than to publish and emphasize the charges every where, and to persuade the public that there is something wrong in the management of the Concern.

When DR. LANAHAN presented his charges he assumed the responsibility. It was plain that, if he failed in proving them, his character as a man and his position as a clergyman were very gravely compromised. The presumption, therefore, was in favor of the truth of his allegations. If the management of the Concern had replied that they were untrue, had immediately invoked the proper authority to conduct the most open investigation, and had offered every opportunity and every facility for it, the presumption of the truth of the charges would have been suspended. But there is one conclusion only to be drawn from the long and involved altercation. The Concern did not wish a frank and full examination, and for one of two reasons: either because it feared the result, or because it apprehended harm to the denomination. If the last be the real reason, the authorities have probably learned that under such circumstances there is but one course which will avoid the peril, and that is to turn on the light. They have failed to do this, and the result is that public opinion sustains DR. LANAHAN.

PERSONAL.

No representative of the United States at any foreign court has been complimented in any legislative body as was General SCHENCK, on the 12th, in the House of Lords, by Earl GRANVILLE, Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs. After thanking the Commissioners on both sides for the manner in which they had negotiated the new treaty, he concluded by this reference to General SCHENCK: "And if I may add one word in the hearing of one who may possibly be now present within these walls—of one who acted a distinguished part, and who, by his own influence and the influence of his countrymen, contributed largely to the happy conclusion of the labors of the Commission—one who has lately arrived among us, ostensibly on a mission of peace, I should like to be able to say, on the part of her Majesty's government, and I may add, of the country at large, that we do feel grateful to him and to the American government for the disposition they have shown in this matter. [Hear, hear.] I trust, as the debate goes on, and as he hears men of eminence speaking on both sides, he will observe that in this House we can take large, comprehensive, and one-party views of questions where great national and colonial interests are involved, and that it is not the desire of parties, unless supported by a very general feeling, to interpose embarrassment and difficulty when these can be avoided. I am sure he will see that your lordships are not behind any class of your countrymen in the honest and sincere desire to have these great questions settled in a fair and proper spirit, and in really genial feeling toward that great nation with whom we have been engaged in these important negotiations." (Loud cheers.) In the same debate Lord RUSSELL mentioned an interesting little biographical fact, viz.: he (Lord R.) submitted his foreign dispatches to Lord PALMERSTON, who sometimes wrote the whole dispatch over again.

—Mr. E. REMINGTON, one of the proprietors of the extensive gun manufactory at Ilion, New York, has given to the Syracuse University fifty thousand dollars. He had previously purchased and given the St. Charles Hotel, Syracuse, to the Methodist Church for a publishing establishment. The total of Mr. REMINGTON'S donations to Syracuse, thus far, amounts to one hundred and seventy thousand dollars. Central New York is coming up nobly in this sort of thing. CORNELL, of Ithaca; SIBLEY, of Rochester; HENRY WELLS, of Aurora; GERRIT SMITH, of Peterboro'; IRA DAVENPORT, of Bath; and now Mr. REMINGTON, have identified their names with some of the noblest institutions of the continent.

—Bishop WHITEHOUSE pauses before passing final sentence of degradation from the ministry on the Rev. Mr. CHENEY, and hesitates to take the legal steps necessary to evict him from the rectorship of Christ Church. It is understood that several prelates of distinction stand ready to receive Mr. CHENEY, in case Bishop WHITEHOUSE should take extreme action, and that others have fairly set before him the consequences likely to ensue. Among those who, from their antecedents, might be expected to ignore Bishop WHITEHOUSE'S action are Bishops SMITH and CUMMINS, of Kentucky; M'ILVAINE and BEDELL, of Ohio; LEE, of Delaware; JOHNS and WHIPPLE, of Virginia; and EASTBURN, of Massachusetts. A few, among whom may be named DAVIS, of South Carolina; LEE, of Iowa; and STEVENS, of Pennsylvania, would probably sympathize strongly with Mr. CHENEY, but might not deem it obligatory to take official action against their brother of Illinois. The whole matter will undoubtedly be thoroughly ventilated and made the topic of extended discussion in the Triennial Convention of the Episcopal Church, which meets in October next, in Baltimore.

—Southern editors, as well as Northern, have a playful way of alluding to those who sit in high places. The Savannah *News*, for example, says that Governor BULLOCK, of Georgia, is in New York, and wishes it could keep that item standing.

—Mr. VALLANDIGHAM is said to have written a complete autobiography, and that one of the things he had particularly determined to do was to deliver an oration at the centennial anniversary of American Independence, July 4, 1876, the preparation of which he had already commenced.

—The recent death of the Hon. RICHARD D. DAVIS has led to the publication of an incident of political history, in which the late SILAS WRIGHT was the principal figure. On the death of Mr. Justice THOMPSON, in 1843, there was some difficulty in filling the vacancy. President TYLER, who was then anxious to conciliate the Democratic party, sent for Mr. DAVIS, and requested him to offer the position to Mr. WRIGHT, which was done. Mr. W. was gratified, but somewhat embarrassed. After deliberating a few moments, he said: "My friend, you know I can not accept this generous offer. You know the Democratic party would not consent that I should withdraw from the political field. But I will say to you frankly that I never expected to be called upon to make so great a sacrifice of feeling to the interest of my party. It is the place of all others to suit my taste and habits. In fact it is the only office that I ever seriously desired. The strife and turmoil of political life, especially in high party times, is uncongenial to me; while the bench is precisely in accordance with my views and wishes." He added: "I think that by close application and constant study I might make myself equal to the duties of the place. I am rather rusty in the law now, having been so long in public life. But I am fond of the profession, and sometimes wish I had never left it. Express to the President my thanks for his kind offer, and tell him that circumstances prevent my acceptance of it." Upon this the President appointed Mr. Justice NELSON, in 1845, and he is now the senior justice in point of age, the next being Justice CLIFFORD, of Maine, who was appointed in 1858. Justice THOMPSON, by the way, was Secretary of the Navy under MONROE in 1818.

—It is stated in the papers that Mrs. SAMUEL COLT is about to erect a monument over the grave of the late ex-Governor THOMAS H. SEYMOUR, who died in 1868, and lies buried in the cemetery at Hartford. Governor SEYMOUR was one of the most widely respected of the men who have figured conspicuously in the politics of Connecticut during the past five-and-twenty years. A more modest, unassuming man we have seldom met. His little cottage in Hartford, where he dwelt with a sister, might have been taken for the abode of some person with an income of one or two thousand dollars a year; yet within all was indicative of culture and refinement. At St. Petersburg, while he was the United States minister to Russia, he was an especial personal favorite of the Czar NICHOLAS and his son, the present Emperor, who appreciated his simple, unpretending ways, his thorough manliness, his indifference to the pageantry of courts. When he left St. Petersburg he was presented with a superb copy of the pictorial description of the coronation and a magnificent table of malachite, which, by a special act of Congress, he was permitted to keep. The table is the only one of the kind in America, and was valued at $20,000.

—Colonel THOMAS A. SCOTT, vice-president and active manager of the Pennsylvania Railroad Company, which, with all its various connections, and especially its recent acquisition of the leading New Jersey roads, has become the leading railway corporation in the United States, is still a young man—only forty-six—and has been the artificer of his own fortune. He began life in a country store at a very low salary, and, after employment in the department of Public Works, was appointed to his present position in 1860. In 1861 he was summoned to Washington as Assistant-Secretary of War, and had especial charge of every thing relating to military transportation. It was noticeable to those who visited the War Department to see how quietly he met the leaders of armies and the leaders of Congress, and how uniformly unconstrained and self-poised he was. He never engaged in political discussion. He dispatches business with electric celerity, and has the happy faculty of dismissing it entirely from his mind the moment he leaves his office. In private life no man in Pennsylvania is more irreproachable or more highly esteemed than Colonel SCOTT.

—If any one had predicted, fifty years ago, that a notable organization would be formed in England in honor of the memory of a cotton spinner, and that noblemen, and honorables, and right honorables would be among its officers and guests, the aristocracy would not have permitted such a body to "come betwixt the wind and their nobility." Yet at the annual meeting of the Cobden Club, held a few days ago in London, the opening speech was delivered by Earl GRANVILLE, and the toast to "Our Foreign Guests" was replied to by Mr. HUGH M'CULLOCH, ex-Secretary of the United States Treasury, and now a member of the banking house of JAY COOKE, M'CULLOCH & Co.; and he in turn gave "The American Treaty, coupled with the name of the Marquis of Ripon." These little incidents, taken in connection with the effusion with which the nobility and gentry have rushed to General SCHENCK, and the disposition, hearty too, to make much of him and his family, show how rapid and complete has been the change of sentiment toward this country, and how steadily the march of thought in England tends toward a more thorough government of the people.

—GERRIT SMITH, in a conversation at Syracuse a few days since, is said to have announced his approval of the women's rights movement. Mr. SMITH is now seventy-four years old, and well preserved. A man of large fortune, fine culture, and accustomed always to the society of refined people, in public affairs he is a radical. In 1825 he joined the American Colonization Society, and contributed liberally to its treasury, but it was not radical enough, and in 1835 he withdrew and joined the Antislavery Society, of which he was a prominent member as long as necessity for that organization existed. One of his most remarkable acts—being at the time, if he is not now, the largest land-owner in the United States—was to testify, some years ago, his opposition to land monopoly by distributing 200,000 acres among institutions of learning, but mostly among poor black and white men in parcels of fifty acres. In 1852 he was elected to Congress, but resigned after the first session, disgusted with Congressional life. He is and has ever been a man of the highest probity and nicest sense of honor, and, although of a religious habit, is opposed to what is popularly termed the bondage of sect.

—Philadelphia has an unusual share of remarkable men still living between seventy and eighty, and a number even beyond that great age. They are thus described by our distinguished contemporary, Colonel FORNEY, who, though still himself on the sunny side of eighty, maintains the graceful port and Champagne-y bearing of vigorous middle age. "The posterity of the well-known merchant, DANIEL SMITH," says Colonel F., "presents a record rarely paralleled. The mother died in 1799, leaving seven children, five of whom are now living. The oldest brother, JAMES S., died in 1861, in his 91st year. FRANCIS GURNEY SMITH is still living, in his 88th year; also RICHARD S. SMITH, president of the Union Mutual Insurance Company, who will be 81 in August. DANIEL SMITH, Jun., was 80 last February, WILLIAM S. SMITH is 79, and CHARLES S. SMITH 72 in April. Mrs. POULSON—the sister—died last year, aged 76. The six brothers have lived over fifty years each with their wives. They have lived blameless, useful, and honorable careers as merchants, and as leaders in great public works. What is most delightful of all is that the wives of four of these gentlemen survive at nearly the same age as themselves. They have all celebrated their 'golden weddings.' It is not often that a single family can present such longevity and such sustained and even distinguished reputations. General ROBERT PATTERSON is the evergreen of his time—still vigorous in his 80th year. Prominent on every great occasion, ready of speech and wit, hospitable to his own home, patriotic and public-spirited, one of the most active cotton merchants in Philadelphia, rising with the lark, working at his counting-house without eating a morsel until his dinner hour at five in the afternoon, frequently closing the day as the most active and genial guest at a social gathering, he is a *rara avis*. WILLIAM D. LEWIS, former collector of the port, also in his 80th year, is one of the same school, preserving in his old age a youthful and generous heart and an undaunted spirit. He will tell you of St. Petersburg nearly sixty years ago, which he visited as a boy, regale you with incidents of Philadelphia in the olden time, and fill your memory with anecdotes of the good and great men whose confidence he shared."

—Lord BROUGHAM never went but once to the House of Commons after he was raised to the peerage, and that was only a few years before he died. Leaning on the arm of a friend, the old athlete stood just within the door, and for a moment gazed on the stirring scene. The tears welled up in his eyes, and he murmured to his friend, with deep emotion, "Take me away! take me away! There is not a face here that I can recognize. And he moved slowly away, murmuring as he went, "Dead! dead! All gone."

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

THE Navy Department has received a letter from Commodore RODGERS, giving a detailed account of the capture and destruction of several Corean forts, and over 400 guns. The Coreans lost about 300 in killed and wounded, and our side three killed and seven wounded. Lieutenant M'KEE was among the killed. He was first in the fort, and received a bullet wound and a thrust from a spear.

The Secretary of the Treasury has appointed a committee of engravers from the Printing Bureau, as experts, to examine the bonds purchased and the bonds in the hands of the Register in trust calls by exchange, and they have been found to be genuine, every one. This course was taken in view of certain baseless rumors that bonds had been abstracted and sold in England, and their places supplied by counterfeits.

The British minister at Washington has informed the State Department that the instructions to the British naval officers at the fishing grounds are of the most liberal nature, and he has expressed the hope that Americans will aid in preventing collisions by refraining from encroachments.

At a recent "grand smoke," held at Fort Browning, in Montana, the Sioux and Assiniboin chiefs professed to be peaceful, but were exceedingly anxious to procure powder and lead to shoot game. There seems to be a general movement of Indians into Montana. Red Cloud's influence is said to be gone, as the savages doubt his accounts of what he saw while in the East, saying "bad medicine" was put in his eyes to make him see what the whites pleased.

A comparative statement from the Internal Revenue Bureau shows the decrease in the collections for the year ending June 30, 1871, as compared with the previous year, to be over $[illegible], and estimates the collections for 1872 at $[illegible].

FOREIGN NEWS.

On the 29th of June a grand review of the French army took place, and was entirely successful. Medals were conferred on Generals Vinoy and L'Admirault, and many promotions in the Legion of Honor were made. After the review President Thiers gave a state dinner, at which nearly every general and colonel in Paris was present. The *Official Journal*, commenting on the review, remarks: "We have shown Europe an army 100,000 strong, valorous and ably commanded, which has saved the cause of civilization. We have also called for two milliards of money, and been offered five milliards. The nation evidently recovers."

The work of restoring Paris is progressing rapidly. Over 40,000 masons are engaged in repairing the damaged buildings and erecting new ones.

A decree of the Emperor of Germany reorganizes the German troops in France under one commander, to be called the "Army of Occupation in France," with General Manteuffel as commander.

In reply to an address of sympathy from the French Catholics the Pope praises the zeal they exhibit in the cause of the Church and himself, and denounces liberal Catholicism as an evil as formidable as revolution or the Commune.

An amnesty for political and military offenses has been granted by the Emperor of Germany to the people of Alsace and Lorraine.

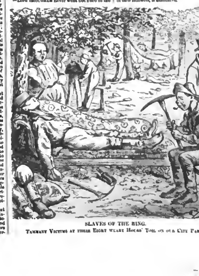
Terrible riots have lately occurred among the miners in Konigshutte, in Silesia. The Uhlans cleared the streets, killing seven of the miners, wounding thirty, and arresting sixty.

The ratifications of the Treaty of Washington were exchanged at London on the 17th of June. On the 12th a motion expressing regret that Queen Victoria had been advised to sign the treaty was made in the House of Lords, which, after considerable debate, was defeated without a division.

The city of Sheffield, England, is apprehensive that a subterranean fire, which is known to exist there in an old colliery which runs to the center of the city [illegible].

Nine thousand Welsh miners are now on a strike, and there appears to be no prospect of a settlement.

Colonel Charles Wesley, an American in the Cuban service, was killed recently. Valmaseda offers pardon and better pay to Spanish deserters who deliver up their present chiefs, dead or alive. He also offers a prize for conducting troops to surprise insurgent camps, or for aiding in the capture of insurgent leaders. The execution of Marmol is confirmed. The surrender of Generals Espinosa and Mendoza, with a party of their followers, is announced.



SLAVES OF THE RING.

TAMMANY VICTIMS AT THEIR EIGHT WEARY HOURS' TOIL ON A CITY PARK.

FAMILY LIFE IN PARIS DURING THE FIGHTING.—[See Page 646.]

[illegible]GS.

[illegible] present manu-[illegible] in both an [illegible] can be chosen. [illegible] He was born [illegible] All his [illegible] of journal-[illegible] varied or [illegible] school he went [illegible] was called [illegible] as well [illegible]

its pecuniary resources, and Mr. Cook conceived the idea that by lightening the ship he might make a more prosperous and speedy voyage. The London *Saturday Review*, says the *Scotsman*, in a biographical sketch of Mr. Cook, was the result of his cogitations; it was, in fact, a weekly edition of the *Morning Chronicle* with the news thrown overboard, or, rather, condensed into those brilliant editorial articles which have made the fame of that paper. Mr Cook had a keen appreciation of youthful talent. The best of the writers employed on the *Chronicle*, among whom was Mr. Jennings, [illegible] transferred to the *Saturday Review*. The [illegible] was a [illegible] one, and, in spite of [illegible] writing and energetic busin[illegible] ma[illegible]nt, three or four years elapsed before su[illegible] was assured.

Besides writing for the *Saturday Review*, Mr. Jennings was a frequent and valued contributor to the London *Spectator*. The tact [illegible] brilliancy of his writings, and his general facility in newspaper work, were highly appreciated in newspaper circles, and in 1863 he was selected to be sent out to India as editor in chief of the *Friend of India*, which for many years has been the leading paper of Bengal. Mr. Jennings also acted as correspondent for the London *Times* from that country, and his letters describing the festival of Juggernaut at Serampore, in which several persons were crushed under the wheels of the car, and the famous cyclone of 1864, attracted much attention. He subsequently wrote a more carefully elaborated paper on the great cyclone for the *Fortnightly Review*, under the editorship of Mr G. H. Lewes.

Upon his return to England from India, in 1865, Mr. Jennings was sent out to this country by the London *Times* to supersede Dr. Charles Mackay as its American correspondent. Although he had never been to this country, Mr Jennings had the good sense to see that Dr. Mackay's course was wrong and foolish, and that he had been misleading the English public through his letters in regard to the real progress of the war and its probabilities, as well as in regard to the popular feeling of the North toward England, and made it the condition of acceptance with the proprietor of the *Times* that he should be allowed to give a truthful account of events and public opinion. After some hesitation the proprietor consented to the terms. The change of tone in the letters was at once marked. Dr Mackay had not only followed to the letter the one-sided instructions of the London office, but did so with a relish. He had an old personal grudge to gratify. He could not forget that the Americans had failed to recognize his merits when, a few years before, he made a lecturing tour through the States, and was delighted with the opportunity to pay off old scores. In the hands of Mr. Jennings the correspondence took another tone. Wholly unprejudiced against Am[illegible]a, perhaps [illegible] then disposed to look fav[illegible] upon [illegible] institutions, he took a broad and comprehensive view of the situation in its military and political aspects, and [illegible]ceeded in placing before the English public a much fairer idea of American affairs than they had received from any of his predecessors. His serv[illegible] in this important work have received most flattering recognition from [illegible] on both sides of the Atlantic. They were even more important to the English than to the American public.

Of one of his early letters Mr. Raymond wrote

as follows in the *New York Times* of August 17, 1866:

"The London *Times* appears at last to find it to its interest to allow the publication of truthful reports in its columns respecting this country. The new correspondent, Mr. JENNINGS, has an admirable letter dated from Saratoga, in the issue of our London contemporary of the 4th inst. It requires a peculiar faculty, which we trust Mr. JENNINGS does not possess, to do the work assigned to his predecessor. A steady outpouring of the dullest kind of malignity was marketable six months ago which is not marketable to-day. Hence this agreeable change. Mr. JENNINGS will be listened to now by his great constituency on the other side of the water, even if he speaks the truth fully and frankly, in accordance with the tastes and instincts of a gentleman."

The London *Times* was at first inclined to rebel against the sudden and radical change of tone; but Mr. JENNINGS declared his purpose to resign unless permitted to write the truth, and events soon justified his course.

In 1866 Mr. JENNINGS was invited by the late Mr. RAYMOND, whose acquaintance he had made in Washington, to contribute to the New York *Times*; and he assisted in starting the "Minor Topics," which immediately became a very popular feature of the paper. Mr. RAYMOND took a special interest in this brilliant department of the *Times*. The idea was his own; but in order to secure variety, freshness, and vivacity he pressed into service the most brilliant minds in journalism. His own "Topics" were always sharp and sparkling, and those of his chief assistants, Mr. JOHN SWINTON and Mr. JENNINGS, were marked by similar qualities.

In 1867 and 1868, after his return to England, Mr. JENNINGS was one of the regular editorial staff of the London *Times*, and gained much valuable experience in the hard but useful work of that journal. He also wrote a series of very interesting letters from London to the New York *Times*, signed "L," besides contributing to that journal literary articles and reviews of important English publications. In the fall of 1868 he resigned his position on the London *Times*, finding it inconvenient, in consequence of domestic ties, to go upon the foreign service to which he had been assigned by that paper. He immediately became connected with the *Pall Mall Gazette*, to which paper he had been a contributor when it was first established. He remained at that work—writing occasionally for the *Quarterly Review* and other publications—until August, 1869, when he returned to this country to take a position on the New York *Times*. On the resignation of Mr. GEORGE SHEPARD he accepted the responsible post of managing editor, which he continues to fill with great ability.

Mr. JENNINGS is a fluent and forcible writer. His knowledge of American politics is thorough, and his sympathy with our form of government is based on intelligent conviction. Under his management the *Times* has maintained its high reputation for fairness and courtesy, and on all the great questions of the day, in municipal as well as national affairs, its course has been high-minded and courageous.

LOUIS J. JENNINGS.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY GURNEY.]

LORD KILGOBBIN.

BY CHARLES LEVER.

Author of "That Boy of Norcott's," "The Bramleighs of Bishop's Folly," "Sir Brooke Fossbrooke," "A Day's Ride," "One of Them," "Gerald Fitzgerald," etc., etc.

CHAPTER XIII.—(*Continued.*)

As he stood at the door he heard the sound of voices laughing and talking pleasantly. He entered, and Nina arose as he came forward, and said, "Let me present my cousin—Mr. Richard Kearney, Major Lockwood, his friend, Mr. Atlee."

The two young men stood up—Kearney stiff and haughty, and Atlee with a sort of easy assurance that seemed to suit his good-looking but certainly snobbish style. As for Lockwood, he was too much a gentleman to have more than one manner, and he received these two men as he would have received any other two of any rank any where.

"These gentlemen have been showing me some strange versions of our little incident here in the Dublin papers," said Nina to Lockwood. "I scarcely thought we should become so famous."

"I suppose they don't stickle much for truth," said Lockwood, as he broke his egg in leisurely fashion.

"They were scarcely able to provide a special correspondent for the event," said Atlee; "but I take it they give the main facts pretty accurately and fairly."

"Indeed!" said Lockwood, more struck by the manner than by the words of the speaker. "They mention, then, that my friend received a bad fracture of the forearm?"

"No, I don't think they do; at least, so far as I have seen. They speak of a night attack on Kilgobbin Castle, made by an armed party of six to seven men with faces blackened, and their complete repulse through the heroic conduct of a young lady."

"The main facts, then, include no mention of poor Walpole and his misfortune?"

"I don't think that we mere Irish attach any great importance to a broken arm, whether it came of a cricket-ball or gun; but we do interest ourselves deeply when an Irish girl displays feats of heroism and courage that men find it hard to rival."

"It was very fine," said Lockwood, gravely.

"Fine! I should think it was fine!" burst out Atlee. "It was so fine that had the deed been done on the other side of this narrow sea, the nation would not have been satisfied till your Poet Laureate had commemorated it in verse."

"Have they discovered any traces of the fellows?" said Lockwood, who declined to follow the discussion into this channel.

"My father has gone over to Moate to-day," said Kearney, now speaking for the first time, "to hear the examination of two fellows who have been taken up on suspicion."

"You have plenty of this sort of thing in your country," said Atlee to Nina.

"Where do you mean, when you say my country?"

"I mean Greece."

"But I have not seen Greece since I was a child, so high. I have lived always in Italy."

"Well, Italy has Calabria and the Terra di Lavoro."

"And how much do we in Rome know about either?"

"About as much," said Lockwood, "as Belgravia does of the Bog of Allen."

"You'll return to your friends in civilized life with almost the fame of an African traveler, Major Lockwood," said Atlee, pertly.

"If Africa can boast such hospitality, I certainly rather envy than compassionate Doctor Livingstone," said he, politely.

"Somebody," said Kearney, dryly, "calls hospitality the breeding of the savage."

"But I deny that we are savage," cried Atlee. "I contend for it that all our civilization is higher, and that, class for class, we are in a more advanced culture than the English; that your chawbacon is not so intelligent a being as our bogtrotter; that your petty shopkeeper is inferior to ours; that throughout our middle classes there is not only a higher morality but a higher refinement than with you."

"I read in one of the most accredited journals of England the other day that Ireland had never produced a poet, could not even show a second-rate humorist," said Kearney.

"Swift and Sterne were third-rate, or, perhaps, English," said Atlee.

"These are themes I'll not attempt to discuss," said Lockwood; "but I know one thing, it takes three times as much military force to govern the smaller island."

"That is to say, to govern the country after your fashion—but leave it to ourselves. Pack your portmanteaus and go away, and then see if we'll need this parade of horse, foot, and dragoons;

"HE ENTERED, AND NINA AROSE AS HE CAME FORWARD."

lawn. We'll have you out, Master Joe, and give you a field-day to-morrow," said the old man.

"I vote we do," cried Dick; "unless, better still, we could persuade Miss Betty to bring the dogs over and give us a cub-hunt."

"I want to see a cub-hunt," broke in Nina.

"Do you mean that you ride to hounds, Cousin Nina?" asked Dick.

"I should think that any one who has taken the ox-fences on the Roman Campagna, as I have, might venture to face your small stone walls here."

"That's plucky, anyhow; and I hope, Joe, it will put you on your mettle to show yourself worthy of your companionship. What is old Mathew looking so mysteriously about? What do you want?"

The old servant thus addressed had gone about the room with the air of one not fully decided to whom to speak, and at last he leaned over Miss Kearney's shoulder, and whispered a few words in her ear. "Of course not, Mat!" said she, and then turning to her father, "Mat has such an opinion of my medical skill, he wants me to see Mr. Walpole, who, it seems, has got up, and evidently increased his pain by it."

"Oh, but is there no doctor near us?" asked Nina, eagerly.

"I'd go to once," said Kate, frankly, "but my skill does not extend to surgery."

"I have some little knowledge in that way; I studied and walked the hospitals for a couple of years," broke out Joe. "Shall I go up to him?"

"By all means," cried several together, and Joe arose and followed Mathew up stairs.

"Oh, are you a medical man?" cried Lockwood, as the other entered.

"After a fashion, I may say I am. At least, I can tell you where my skill will come to its limit, and that is something."

"Look here, then—he would insist on getting up, and I fear he has displaced the position of the bones. You must be very gentle, for the pain is terrific."

"No; there's no great mischief done—the fractured parts are in a proper position. It is the mere pain of disturbance. Cover it all over with the ice again, and"—here he felt his pulse—"let him have some weak brandy-and water."

"That's sensible advice—I feel it. I am shivery all over," said Walpole.

"I'll go and make a brew for you," cried Joe, "and you shall have it as hot as you can drink it."

He had scarcely left the room, when he returned with the smoking compound.

"You're such a jolly doctor," said Walpole, "I feel sure you'd not refuse me a cigar?"

"Certainly not."

"Only think! that old barbarian who was here this morning said I was to have nothing but weak tea or iced lemonade."

Lockwood selected a mild-looking weed and handed it to his friend, and was about to offer one to Atlee, when he said:

"But we have taken you from your dinner—pray go back again."

"No, we were at dessert. I'll stay here and have a smoke, if you will let me. Will it bore you, though?"

"On the contrary," said Walpole, "your company will be a great favor to us; and as for myself, you have done me good already."

"What would you say, Major Lockwood, to taking my place below stairs? They are just sitting over their wine—some very pleasant claret, and the young ladies, I perceive here, give half an hour of their company before they leave the dining-room."

"Here goes, then," said Lockwood. "Now that you remind me of it, I do want a glass of wine."

Lockwood found the party below stairs eagerly discussing Joe Atlee's medical qualifications, and doubting whether, if it was a knowledge of civil engineering or marine gunnery had been required, he would not have been equally ready to offer himself for the emergency.

"I'll lay my life on it, if the real doctor arrives, Joe will take the lead in the consultation," cried Dick: "he is the most unabashable villain in Europe."

"Well, he has put Cecil all right," said Lockwood; "he has settled the arm most comfortably on the pillow, the pain is decreasing every moment, and by his pleasant and jolly talk he is making Walpole even forget it at times."

This was exactly what Atlee was doing. Watching carefully the sick man's face, he plied him with just that amount of amusement that he could bear without fatigue. He told him the absurd versions that had got abroad of the incident in the press; and cautiously feeling his way, went on to tell how Dick Kearney had started from town full of the most fiery intentions toward that visitor whom the newspapers called a "noted profligate" of London celebrity. "If you had not been shot before, we were to have managed it for you now," said he.

"Surely these fellows who wrote this had never heard of me."

"Of course they had not, farther than that you were on the Viceroy's staff; but is not that ample warranty for profligacy? Besides, the real intention was not to assail you, but the people here who admitted you." That talking, he led Walpole to own that he had an acquaintanceship with the Kearneys, that a mere passing curiosity to see the interesting house had provoked his request, to which the answer, coming from an old friend, led to his visit. Through this channel Atlee drew him on to the subject of the Greek girl and her parentage. As Walpole sketched the society of Rome, Atlee, who had cultivated the gift of listening fully as much as that of talking, knew where to seem interested by the views of life thrown out, and where to show a racy enjoyment of the little humoristic bits of description which the other was rather proud of his skill in deploying; and as Atlee always appeared as conversant with the family history of the people they were discussing, Walpole spoke with unbounded freedom and openness.

"You must have been astonished to meet the 'Titian girl' in Ireland?" said Joe, at last, for he had caught up the epithet dropped accidentally in the other's narrative, and kept it for use.

"Was I not! but, if my memory had been clearer, I should have remembered she had Irish connections. I had heard of Lord Kilgobbin on the other side of the Alps."

"I don't doubt that the title would meet a readier acceptance there than here."

"Ah, you think so!" cried Walpole. "What is the meaning of a rank that people acknowledge or deny at pleasure? Is this peculiar to Ireland?"

"If you had asked whether persons any where else would like to maintain such a strange pretension, I might perhaps have answered you."

"For the few minutes of his visit to me, I liked him; he seemed frank, hearty, and genial."

"I suppose he is, and I suspect this folly of the lordship is no fancy of his own."

"Not the daughter's, then, I'll be bound."

"No, the son, I take it, has all the ambition of the house."

"Do you know them well?"

"No; never saw them till yesterday. The son and I are chums; we live together, and have done so these three years."

"You like your visit here, however?"

"Yes. It's rather good fun, on the whole. I was afraid of the in-door life when I was coming down, but it's pleasanter than I looked for."

"When I asked you the question, it was not out of idle curiosity. I had a strong personal interest in your answer. In fact, it was another way of inquiring whether it would be a great sacrifice to tear yourself away from this."

"No, inasmuch as the tearing away process must take place in a couple of days—three at farthest."

"That makes what I have to propose all the easier. It is a matter of great urgency for me to reach Dublin at once. This unlucky incident has been so represented by the newspapers as to give considerable uneasiness to the Government, and they are even threatened with a discussion on it in the House. Now, I'd start to-morrow, if I thought I could travel with safety. You have so impressed me with your skill, that, if I dared, I'd ask you to convey me up. Of course I mean as my physician."

"But I'm not one, nor ever intend to be."

"You studied, however?"

"As I have done scores of things. I know a little bit of criminal law—have done some ship-building—rode *haute école* in Cooke's Circus—and, after M. Dumas, I am considered the best amateur macaroni-maker in Europe."

"And which of these careers do you intend to abide by?"

"None, not one of them. 'Financing' is the only pursuit that pays largely. I intend to go in for money."

"I should like to hear your ideas on that subject."

"So you shall, as we travel up to town."

"You accept my offer, then?"

"Of course I do. I am delighted to have so many hours in your company. I believe I can safely say I have that amount of skill to be of service to you. One begins his medical experience with fractures. They are the pot-hooks and hangers of surgery, and I have gone that far. Now what are your plans?"

"My plans are to leave this early to-morrow, so as to rest during the hot hours of the day, and reach Dublin by nightfall. Why do you smile?"

"I smile at your notion of climate; but I never knew any man who had been once in Italy able to disabuse himself of the idea that there were three or four hours every summer day to be passed with closed shutters and iced drinks."

"Well, I believe I was thinking of a fiercer sun and a hotter soil than these. To return to my project; we can find means of posting, carriage and horses, in the village. I forget its name."

"I'll take care of all that. At what hour will you start?"

"I should say by six or seven. I shall not sleep; and I shall be all impatience till we are away."

"Well, is there any thing else to be thought of?"

"There is—that is, I have something on my mind, and I am debating with myself how far, on a half-hour's acquaintance, I can make you a partner in it."

"I can not help you by any advice. I can only say that, if you like to trust me, I'll know how to respect the confidence."

Walpole looked steadily and steadfastly at him, and the examination seemed to satisfy him, for he said, "I will trust you, not that the matter is a secret in any sense that involves consequences; but it is a thing that needs a little tact and discretion, a slight exercise of a light hand, which is what my friend Lockwood fails in. Now you could do it."

"If I can, I will. What is it?"

"Well, the matter is this. I have written a few lines here, very illegibly and badly, as you may believe, for they were with my left hand; and besides having the letter conveyed to its address, I need a few words of explanation."

"The Titian girl," muttered Joe, as though thinking aloud.

"Why do you say so?"

"Oh, it was easy enough to see her greater anxiety and uneasiness about you. There was an actual flash of jealousy across her features when Miss Kearney proposed coming up to see you."

"And was this remarked, think you?"

"Only by me. *I* saw, and let her see I saw it, and we understood each other from that moment."

"I mustn't let you mistake me. You are not to suppose that there is any thing between Mademoiselle Kostalergi and myself. I knew a good deal about her father, and there were family circumstances in which I was once able to be of use; and I wished to let her know that if at any time she desired to communicate with me, I could procure an address, under which she could write with freedom."

"As for instance: 'J. Atlee, 48 Old Square, Trinity College, Dublin.'"

"Well, I did not think of that at the moment," said Walpole, smiling. "Now," continued he, "though I have written all this, it is so blotted and disgraceful generally—done with the left hand, and while in great pain—that I think it would be as well not to send the letter, but simply a message—"

Atlee nodded, and Walpole went on: "A message to say that I was wishing to write, but unable; and that if I had her permission, as soon as my fingers could hold a pen, to finish—yes, to finish that communication I had already begun, and if she felt there was no inconvenience in writing to me, under cover to your care, I should pledge myself to devote all my zeal and my best services to her interests."

"In fact, I am to lead her to suppose she ought to have the most implicit confidence in you, and to believe in me, because I say so."

"I do not exactly see that these are my instructions to you."

"Well, you certainly want to write to her."

"I don't know that I do."

"At all events, you want her to write to you."

"You are nearer the mark now."

"That ought not to be very difficult to arrange. I'll go down now and have a cup of tea, and I may, I hope, come up and see you again before bed-time?"

"Wait one moment," cried Walpole, as the other was about to leave the room. "Do you see a small tray on that table yonder, with some trinkets? Yes, that is it. Well, will you do me the favor to choose something among them as your fee? Come, come, you know you are my doctor now, and I insist on this. There's nothing of any value there, and you will have no misgivings."

"Am I to take it haphazard?" asked Atlee.

"Whatever you like," said the other, indolently.

"I have selected a ring," said Atlee, as he drew it on his finger.

"Not an opal?"

"Yes, it is an opal with brilliants round it."

"I'd rather you'd taken all the rest than that. Not that I ever wear it, but somehow it has a bit of memory attached to it."

"Do you know," said Atlee, gravely, "you are adding immensely to the value I desired to see in it? I wanted something as a souvenir of you—what the Germans call a *Denkmal*, and here is evidently what has some secret clew to your affections. It was not an old love-token?"

"No; or I should certainly not part with it."

"It did not belong to a friend now no more?"

"Nor that either," said he, smiling at the other's persistent curiosity.

"Then, if it be neither the gift of an old love nor a lost friend, I'll not relinquish it," cried Joe.

"Be it so," said Walpole, half carelessly. "Mine was a mere caprice, after all. It is linked with a reminiscence—there's the whole of it; but if you care for it, pray keep it."

"I do care for it, and I will keep it."

It was a very peculiar smile that curled Walpole's lip as he heard this speech, and there was an expression in his eyes that seemed to say, What manner of man is this, what sort of nature, new and strange to me, is he made of?

"By-by!" said Atlee, carelessly, and he strolled away.

THE SECOND SIEGE OF PARIS.

DESCRIBED BY AN EYE-WITNESS.

THE story of the second siege of Paris is a chapter full of horrors. On page 644, this week, we give an illustration which shows how families were driven into cellars, to save themselves from the shells that rained destruction and death over the whole of the fair capital of France; and one on page 653, which shows the hearty welcome extended to the troops of the line by the inhabitants whom they saved from the horrors of the most desperate civil war ever waged in France.

The following letter, written for *Harper's Weekly*, by a lady who remained in Paris through both sieges, and was an eye-witness of many of the scenes which she describes, will be read with profound interest:

I was present as an eye-witness at both the first and second sieges of Paris. The first has passed already into the domain of ancient history, and I have no intention of dwelling on it. A word, notwithstanding, on the subject. Certain German journals, ill-advisedly for their country's credit, have persisted, during the whole Parisian insurrection, in complacently enumerating all the advantages that would accrue from the said insurrection to Germany. There was no need of insisting on a fact so self-evident; on the contrary, they should have avoided calling attention to it, if not through modesty, at least through prudence. There is an old adage which says, "To find the criminal, ask who profits by the crime;" and without expatiating at present on the true origin of the movement which took for its mask municipal liberty under the name of the Commune, let us assure those who are rejoicing at the disasters of Paris that on one point, at least, their joy is premature and will be delusive. The second siege of Paris has caused the first to be forgotten. Yes, just as acute pain makes us forget chronic suffering; but as soon as the first disappears, the second resumes its sway. It was suspended, but not destroyed, and now that the French army has made that marvelous campaign in Paris, which

an army of Europe dared undertake—now that law and order again reign in Paris, we call to mind who were spies in time of peace and robbers in time of war.

My friends marveled greatly at the courage of which I gave proof by remaining in Paris, even during the reign of his Majesty Crapule. I am undeserving of their praises, for my courage sprang chiefly from ignorance and incredulity. I did not know the meaning of Socialism, the Commune, and the International Society; and, moreover, I did not believe in the possibility of crimes such as we have witnessed. From this time forth, I feel myself sufficiently well taught; and should I be so unfortunate as to live long enough ever to witness the re-appearance of the red flag, which is the symbol of blood, fire, pillage, and assassination, I will flee to the ends of the earth, were it among the cannibals, who, at least, if they robbed and killed me, would not pretend to do it for the sake of progress, and in the name of the new law of which they are at once the apostles, the law-givers, and the executioners.

The story of the two months which passed from the 18th of March to the 27th of May can not be told too often. It should be repeated again and again in all publications, to impress on the public the necessity of stifling in the germ those false theories which, if suffered to grow, will mature into the indescribable calamities which have just crushed unhappy Paris.

On March 18, 1871, a day of fatal memory, we learned with horror of the defection of sundry soldiers—rebels to their duty and traitors to their flag—who had been misled, let us hope, rather than perverted. An old friend who came that day to give me an account of what was passing, said with a pensive air, as he finished his story, "The results of this act will surpass any thing that I ever witnessed. This will be the most fatal day in the annals of France."

The facts are familiar to every one; I will sum them up in a few words. During the first siege the National Guard of Paris had purchased a few guns by subscription. By a strange and unhappy fatality these guns were posted in the very small district of Paris which the Germans insisted on occupying on their triumphal entry. The ringleaders of the so-called socialistic movement, who had been on the alert for two months past, seized the opportunity that was offered them to persuade the populace that these guns, which would be carried off by the Prussians, were their own private property, just as if they still retained the ownership of what they had given to the state. No matter; the spark kindled; and men, women, and children harnessed themselves to the guns, and dragged them to Montmartre—that is, the spot most remote from that which would be temporarily occupied by the Germans. Doubtless among those who aided in carrying off the guns many were moved by patriotic frenzy. Patriotism was one of the impulses of which the ringleaders availed themselves to carry out their designs, but which they never practiced on their own account.

From the moment that the guns were carried to Montmartre and placed there under the keeping of several battalions of the National Guard, an increasing effervescence manifested itself in Paris. No steps were taken to allay it. The red flag was raised at several points in Paris; it was suffered to remain. Multitudes flocked every night to the clubs to listen to orators whose absurdity was only equaled by their violence. They were let alone. Finally, two or three days before the 18th of March, the government conceived the idea that labor and public confidence were fettered by this irregular state of affairs, and attempted to put an end to it by measures which were not only ill judged, but marked by the most incredible short-sightedness. For instance, it dispatched battalions to Montmartre to retake the guns, which was accomplished without striking a blow; but it had neglected to send horses to take them away. The horses came at last, after four hours' delay. In the mean time the insurgents had collected in great numbers. The traitorous soldiers of the 88th regiment of the line fraternized with the mob; two generals were shot (LECOMTE and CLÉMENT THOMAS); and, fearing to add new strength to the insurrection by sending soldiers against it who might be demoralized by the socialistic doctrines, the government abandoned Paris.

At first the insurrection, or rather its leaders—disguised to this date under the name of the Central Committee of the National Guard, which name itself was the disguise of the International Society—attempted to reconcile what was essentially irreconcilable—rebellion against the law of the land and legality; and seemed to wish to remain within the limits of what were somewhat vaguely designated as the Commune and municipal liberties. But logic is implacable; it shakes off those who attempt to stop its course, and obliges them to pursue the road on which they have entered, should it end in crime. As a matter of course, every day and hour brought its quota of measures, first arbitrary and ridiculous, and then oppressive. Bedlam had fraternized with the galleys, and this monstrous union produced all the results that might have been expected from it. The signification of words was reversed, and thus, naturally and without effort, every thing was glorified that morality had taught us to condemn, and every thing was condemned that we had been taught to respect here below. The heroes were traitors to their country—the crosse-en-l'air, as they had been contemptuously styled by the army, from having crossed their muskets in the air before the mob at Montmartre who had assassinated their generals. The right side was that of the mob, and all France, represented by deputies freely elected, was the incarnation of usurpation. While in insurrection against the universal suffrage exercised by the whole of France, they undertook to force the whole country to respect the votes of the members of the Paris Commune—a vote which was as radically worthless in its origin as in its application. A handful of unknown individuals, and foreigners gathered from the scum of all nations, had manufactured here the most restricted suffrage that ever was seen, and baptizing it universal suffrage, proclaimed the lawfulness of the very principle which they denied.

But this was not the greatest difficulty. The point in question was to govern, which is less easy than to foment an insurrection. To seize the power is unhappily too often readily done in Paris; to keep it is another affair. When all the bonds have been broken that linked together the individuals of the great family that compose human society, one finds himself fettered by the fact that it was those very bonds which guaranteed the rights of the whole by defining the duties of each individual. Ridicule soon attached itself to these reformers who had so long set themselves up as apostles of a philosophy destined to insure the happiness of all humanity. They had theorized all their lives; now they had an opportunity to act. Suddenly brought from the obscurity which protected them into the broad daylight of public life, and subjected to the ordeal of ruling, each of their deeds proclaimed their radical incapacity, and the worthlessness of what they called doctrines, but what was only covetousness. To escape ridicule they courted odium; but their iniquity was only a mixture of the grotesque and the horrible. And here, too, the worthlessness of the individuals was strikingly revealed: the crimes which they committed were only plagiarisms; and vainly were these crimes gigantic—the perpetrators remained dwarfs. And why? Because this revolution was not waged, like its predecessors, in behalf of an idea, but only in that of private interests, for there was nothing about it that was not stamped with the imprint of the grossest materialism. As they attempted to begin anew a work which was already done they were only imbecile copyists. They undertook to destroy things which had no existence—among others, mortmain property, and strove to reproduce the atrocities of the past, which were thought to be forever buried with their authors. It was thus that they pillaged the churches, and even the charitable institutions devoted to the service of the poor, in the name of fraternity, and imprisoned the priests and nuns in the name of liberty.

Paris daily became more empty and more lifeless. The revolution, made in the name and for the interests of the working man, had for its immediate result the cessation of all labor. The few workshops which remained open were closed by order of the Commune. The aspect of the city became more and more gloomy. The inconceivable law compelling the Parisians to fight against their country's army, in order to defend the strangers who had taken possession of their city, induced the emigration of all who possessed money enough to enable them to await outside of Paris the end of this sinister parody. Some attempted to conceal themselves; but they were styled refractory, sought out, incorporated into the insurgent army, or shot. All the population of Paris tremblingly awaited the coming of their saviors—that is, of the army of France. Deliverance came at last, but at what a fearful cost!

On Monday morning, May 22, we heard the blessed news, "The army is in Paris!" On Tuesday the fighting began in my quarter, the Ninth Arrondissement. About noon the troops of the line appeared in our street, and were welcomed by shouts of joy from all the inhabitants. The windows were filled with applauding citizens, and the cry resounded from all sides, "*Vive la ligne! vive l'armée!*" Every one hastened to bring wine, coffee, and tobacco; and no one who witnessed the scene will ever forget the perfect discipline and good conduct of the brave soldiers—those gens-d'armes styled assassins on the placards which had been distributed every where through Paris during the last two months. At two o'clock we learned that the army was in possession of Montmartre, a position which had been considered impregnable, and which threatened our quarter with the greatest dangers—dangers the magnitude of which we were far as yet from conceiving. That day we felt a sort of comparative tranquillity, thinking that Paris would soon be free, and order restored.

Very early on Wednesday morning I fancied that a violent storm was impending. Thick, reddish-gray clouds lowered in the distance, the air was hot and heavy, and the whole sky was covered in appearance with clouds bursting with electric fires. Alas, it was fire indeed! And we heard, one after another, of the burning of the Tuileries, the Palais Royal, the Hôtel de Ville, the Palais de Justice, the Préfecture de Police, the Caisse des Dépôts et Consignations du Conseil d'État, the Palais de la Légion d'Honneur, and the Ministère des Finances. Then came more of those atrocious deeds which future generations will refuse to believe—the sewers of Paris undermined, with electric wires attached to torpedoes, and concentrated in the quarters still in the power of this horde of bandits—all Paris, with more than a million of inhabitants, devoted to destruction! Then came the total ruin of innumerable families; and, to crown this monstrous work, the assassination of the Archbishop, Abbé DEGUERRY, the worthy M. BONJEAN, and the priests, nuns, and gens-d'armes, whom these ruffians styled *hostages*.

Yes, we have witnessed all these scenes, every one of which is indelibly imprinted on my memory. I can not, nor do I wish to, forget them. Every one, indeed, should keep these [illegible] in his mind, and guard them in h[illegible]ance. Their lurid light should illumine a[illegible]ghts and acts, and show him the result [illegible]cialistic ideas which have inflamed the in[illegible]ation of the populace, and been the flaming [illegible] which have involved in a common ruin t[illegible] palaces of sovereigns, the monuments of history, the homes of hard-working citizens, and even the tools by which the working man earns his daily bread.

But we must be just, even in the face of all these iniquities, and place the responsibility where it rightly belongs. Many causes have concurred in producing the results I have just described. It is impossible to mention them all: this would take volumes; but we can at least be true, if we have not time to tell the whole truth. In the first place, let us separate the followers from the leaders, the chiefs from the soldiers. Every one knows, and the thought is consoling, that the insurrection was not French. Both leaders and soldiers of the mob were, in great part, foreigners, as statistics prove by figures that can not be refuted. Paris was not the author, but the victim, of an international revolution.

Another fact, which should have been cited first, is that even in the worst excesses the men, when most resembling brutes, defended their acts by the idea of the right. All that we have seen done was done in the name of the right, only words had changed their meaning; and however appalling this perversion of the intellect and conscience may be to the observer, the moralist sees in it a gleam of hope. And the responsibility of this perversion falls directly on the ambitious publicists, such as LOUIS BLANC, who have flattered the envy of the populace in order to lead them, and have rendered this envy legitimate in their sight. The masses, hearing continually that they were preyed upon by capitalists, believed it. Those who had not been industrious or economical enough to save any thing learned with joy that the savings of others belonged to them by right. LOUIS BLANC formerly terrified peaceful men by proclaiming the right to labor; to-day, as a logical result, we have witnessed the proclamation of the right to idleness. The insurgent Parisians could make nothing at all of the socialistic doctrines, which was not surprising; but they remembered a few sentences which had been thrown out to them as bait, and acted on them. They had no idea of sharing with the rich, but simply intended to take their place. "Every one must have his turn; they have had theirs," were the words which were heard at every street corner and in every public vehicle. And, without knowing it, they were more logical than their leaders.

What is the meaning, indeed, of that emancipation of the lower classes with which the hearts of the populace have been fired? Whatever may be the form of government in France, a man of the people can attain to competence or fortune according to the disposition or capacity with which he is endowed; he can attain to celebrity and honors if he but talent: in a word, to an individual all paths are open to him. As to caste, that is another affair; for this involves not the emancipation of some, but the subjugation of all who do not practice manual labor. There will be no science, no art, no thought in this new society, and we shall relapse, in the name of progress, to the condition of the brutes. A man's savings being confiscated and interdicted, he can no longer support his aged parents, but must send them to the asylum. As the parents must follow mere manual labor, they can no longer bring up and take care of their children, but must send them to the asylum. And all individuals having the same wants, the same tastes, and the same habits, the world will be simply a vast prison, where the hours of sleeping, rising, and eating will be subject to inflexible rules. But I forget: to have a prison there must be jailers, and where shall we find them? and who would obey them when found? The jailers of the new era would probably be taken from the leaders of the International Society.

Thus, because a fraction of humanity endures sufferings largely due to its defects or vices, to improvidence or drunkenness, all humanity must be condemned to the same sufferings. Is this progress? We blush to discuss such mad theories, but the necessity is forced upon us, for it was just such mad theories as these that gave rise to the burning of Paris.

It was through belief in this new idea of right, this reconstruction of privilege in their favor, that many of the Parisians obeyed the International Society. Others, not less grossly deceived, had a nobler motive, and with these the second siege may be said to have been the result of the first. For five months their heroism was kept on the stretch; they were told that it was noble and grand to defend the ramparts against the enemy, to build barricades, to devote themselves to death to retard the enemy's progress, and to do him all the harm possible. They were told that they must defend Paris like Saragossa of old, and be buried, if need were, beneath its ruins. And they would have done so, only the Germans did not expose themselves to this kind of battle, and the Parisians expended their pent-up bravery on those who were pointed out to them as their enemies—that is to say, alas! on the army of France. The leaders of the insurrection devoted themselves to this execrable work; the most atrocious insults and calumnies were daily placarded about Paris against those who were styled "the enemy." If the troubled minds of the people had had an instant of repose they would have seen that their only enemy was the International Society, and would have returned to their allegiance.

As to the leaders of the insurrection, after setting aside those who were utterly mad (and there were several such), and the foreigners, who were numerous, we have left a few individuals who have the revolution as others have the gout or the leprosy, as a chronic malady which death alone can end — the PYATS, DELESCLUZES, and BLANQUIS—individuals obedient not to an idea, or even a conviction, but to an imperious necessity, the result of moral disease. None of them will ever be able to tell why the insurrection took place, or what end it proposed to attain. Negations and declamations formed the substance of their speeches and proclamations; contempt of law and justice under every form, and the substitution of the most shameless and absurd arbitrary rules for the code of civilized nations—such was the programme of all their acts.

In short, the insurrection of the 18th of March may be summed up in this wise:

It was made by unknown men for an unknown cause, and under the sway of influences unknown, but contained in the answer to the question, In the existing state of affairs, who was most interested in the exhaustion and ruin of France?

The worst of all foes is he who has done you the most harm, and who can not consequently forgive you the injury he has done. The robber plunders his victim, and then murders him that he may not bear testimony to the robbery. After plundering France, her foes sought to kill her by blowing up Paris.   EMMELINE RAYMOND.

THE "LIVONIA."

THIS new schooner-yacht, of which we give a sketch on page 649, was recently built for Mr. JAMES ASHBURY, the owner of the *Cambria*. Her sailing qualities, tested in one or two matches, are said to be very satisfactory. The *Livonia* is a fine vessel, and Americans are especially interested in her performances, from the fact that she was built expressly to compete with the yachts of the New York Yacht Club in the regatta arranged for next fall, when Mr. ASHBURY hopes to regain the cup won by the *America* in 1851. She is furnished with a magnificent suit of American cotton sails, and her dimensions are as follows: Builder's measurement, 280 tons; length over all, 127 feet; length on load line, 106 feet 6 inches; breadth of beam, 23 feet 6 inches; and depth, 12 feet. The height of the mainmast is 88 feet; and the length of the mainboom is 70 feet. The displacement is equal to 207 tons.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

SOME clever fellow has invented a new kind of ink, called "love-letter ink." It is a sure preventive against all unwanted "breach of promise," as the ink fades away and leaves the sheet blank in about four weeks after being written upon.

An artist, showing his pictures to a customer, received the following short retort: "Well, I don't think much of this," holding up the picture before him. "Don't think much of it? Why, that's a very rare print—a very rare print indeed, Sir." "Rare! I've no doubt it is *rare*. It certainly is not well done."

"Sam, how many legs have you mended, eh?" "Why, ma'am, when I've got this and three others done I'll have mended four."

When do appearances lead you to suppose that a cane runs the risk of being burned to death?—When it's smoken.

What invitation would be dangerous and disloyal to a soldier?—One asking him to dinner and desert.

"Once on a time," says history, "a Scotch pedestrian was attacked by three thieves. He defended himself well, but was overcome, when the thieves, much to their astonishment, found that he owned only the small sum of sixpence. 'The de'il's in the fellow,' said one, 'to fight thus for a sixpence. Why, if he'd a shilling he'd ha' killed us all.'"

When is a solicitor like a deed?—When he's engrossed.

The man who "couldn't stand it any longer" has taken a seat, and now feels quite comfortable.

Old Deacon Sharp never told a lie; but he used to relate this: He was standing one day before a frog-pond, and saw a large garter-snake make an attack upon an enormous bull-frog. The snake seized on the frog's hind legs, and the frog, to be on a par with his snakeship, caught him by the tail, and both commenced swallowing one another, and continued this carnivorous operation until nothing was left of them.

Josh Billings says: "When a man ain't good for any thing else, I like to see him carry a gold-headed cane. If he can't buy a cane, let him part his hair in the middle."

TURN UP.—When it rains, an umbrella.

Some of the questions proposed for discussion at a meeting of a Western debating club were these: "Is it necessary that females should receive a thorough literary education? Ought females to take part in polytics?"

In a case of assault and battery, where a stone had been thrown by the defendant, the following clear and conclusive evidence was drawn out of a Yorkshire man: "Did you see the defendant throw the stone?" "I saw a stone, and I'm pretty sure the defendant throwed it." "Was it a large stone?" "I should say it was a largish stone." "What was its size?" "I should say a sizeable stone." "Can't you answer definitely how big it was?" "I should say it was a stone of some bigness." "Can you give the jury some idea of the stone?" "Why, as near as I recollect, it was something of a stone." "Can't you compare it to some other object?" "Why, if I was to compare it, so as to give some notion of the stone, I should say it was as large as a lump of chalk!"

An Irish student was once asked what was meant by posthumous works. "They are such works," says Paddy, "as a man writes after he is dead."

A SEVERE ARREST.—The book-keeper watched by a detective.

A Western exchange varies the monotonous style of its list of marriages by presenting it in this novel way:

WEDDINGS SOUTH WHO BEGAN AS ONE.

Pepper.	*Pepper.*
John S. M. Orm..................	Cordell J. Culbertson.
James Collins	Annie Murphy.
Jacob Stagner..................	Josela Becom.

Sheriff Hall, of Pittsfield, was about to commit a prisoner to the lock-up the other day, and had just unlocked the door, when the prisoner ran away. The sheriff started in pursuit, taking no notice of a boy at the lock-up. The lad, seeing the door open, thought he might as well leave as to be hanging around there, and away he started. Hall, however, was too nimble for the boy, and when he felt the iron grip of the sheriff on his collar he wilted at once. "What are you doing out here, you young rascal?" said the sheriff. "Doing? doing?" said the boy, trembling with fright at the stern officer; "I hain't doing nothing. I come out to help you catch that fellow. Which way did he go?"

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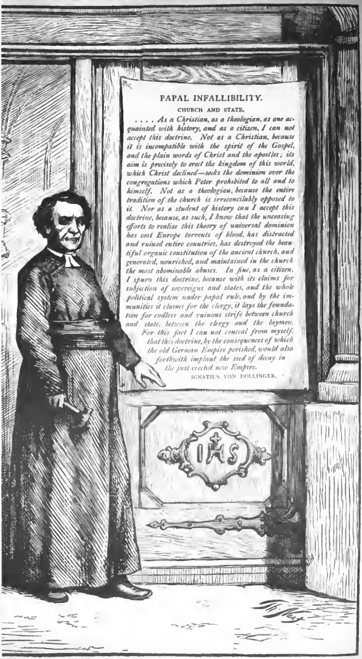

THE LUTHER OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.—[SEE PAGE 650.]

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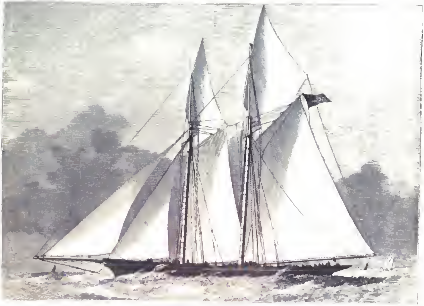

THE "LIVONIA."—[See Page 647.]

YACHTING—AT THE HELM.—[See Poem on Page 650.]

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top. By-the-way, I have observed that in our family aunties are not of much account. They seldom extract a fish hook with neatness and dispatch when it has caught the wrong fish—or, in other words, got itself entangled in Bob's fingers. They can't just run over to mamma and tell her how it happened, "to save Tom a well-deserved whipping." They don't know how to make a jib-sail, or hem half a dozen pocket-handkerchiefs. They are not up to the mystery of tears that grow in well cultivated jackets, or rents that are due on seats almost before they are occupied. In fact, they are not aunts, but uncles—which fact is favorable to the uncles, rather.

I have a weakness for girls. There is nothing quite so pretty in this wicked world as a little touch-me-not of a darling, with long curls and blue eyes. I sometimes wish all my nephews were girls—except Clem. I have two relatives of that gender, but one of them is teething, and the other sits in her high chair still. I have sometimes coveted the grown-up nieces of other aunts.

Miss Olive, a friend of mine, always has a niece with her, and wouldn't be without one, as she privately informs me.

"It's a great convenience, my dear," she said one day, "you can put 'em in your old clothes so comfortably, and nobody the wiser. Brother Bob has three girls, and Bob is poor, you know. One or other of the girls is with me nearly all the time, and it's a saving to Bob. I don't call to mind just now how many quilts they've made me, off and on, and they know they've always got a stent to do when they come here. Nephews is an nuisance," she added, pensively, "but nieces is a blessing."

Just then Hetty Saunders came in—one of Miss Olive's nieces—a delicate quiet girl, who gave me the impression of being too hardly worked. Instead of bringing all out-doors with her, as any one of my sturdy, brawny nephews will, she seemed to bear about with her an atmosphere of repression.

"Hetty dear, you're just in time to help me," exclaimed my Olive, her thin mouth widening to a grim smile. "I've got a frame set up; we'll have an early tea, and get through half the quilt, I shouldn't wonder, before bed-time."

Hetty smiled—a gentle yet spiritless smile it was—as she took off her faded bonnet and said,

"Certainly, Aunt Olive."

The idea of one of my boys saying "Certainly, Aunt Sue," with that lackadaisical face! It's always, "No you don't!" or "I'm off fishing!" or "Shoo fly, don't bodder me!" when I propose a light or useful job. But then—give a certain person his due—I often find my wood nicely chopped, or an unexpected treat in my larder, and no grand excursion or home-party is ever complete without Aunt Sue.

I was watching Hetty's face, curiously, when all at once I saw it light into positive beauty. The gray eyes flashed, and deepened in warmth and color, the delicately outlined cheek took on the rosy hue of a ripe peach; even the sensitive lips seemed to tremble into crimson.

Following her quickly withdrawn glance, I saw—I knew it—a man, broad of shoulders, blithe of motion, his broadcloth-incased arms swinging lustily at every step with that careless abandon that bespeaks hoarded strength and unspent vigor.

"Curiously like Clem," thought I.

Now Clem was my oldest nephew, and my idol. He had always been a ward of brother Grimshawe's—who I wish had a more civilized name—but how can I help it? Clem's mother was my eldest sister. She had died when the lad was a baby. Poor fellow! he lost his father before he had learned to lisp his name. Though Clem had always lived with my brother James, and seemed indeed quite one of his family, yet brother Grim was in reality a father to the boy, inasmuch as he paid all his bills, gave him all his spending-money, and intended making him his heir.

And such a superb fellow as Clem was, to be sure! I could not help feeling prouder of him than the rest, though I endeavored not to show it. Straight as an arrow, with the grace and inches of Apollo himself, his sparkling face already browned and goldened by a charming growth of whiskers, and the more than shadow of a lovely mustache, I often wondered for what pure and beautiful creature my idol was destined, speculating upon his chance of being led captive by a fright, or a dowdy, or a—shall I say it?—fashionable fool.

Clement had already disappointed my brother Grimshawe. Grim said, "Be a doctor." Clem replied, "I prefer the law, Sir;" whereupon the stocky old gentleman's ire rose.

But Clem conquered, in spite of coaxing and threats. He wanted his uncle's good-will and money; there could be no doubt of that, for he never made a secret of it.

I could not count up the coveted treasures I was to have when Clem should be a rich man. But I am wandering from my subject.

Was it Clem whose glance caused such a flutter and color in Miss Olive's pale, pretty niece?

"Don't get enough to eat at home, my dear, I'm afraid," whispered Miss Olive, in the midst of my musings. "Her father was always a dreadful ne'er-do-well. We never wanted Lina Mary to marry him. Lina Mary was the flower of our little flock, my dear—you know that; pretty as a picture—now wasn't she? Hetty would look just as she used to, if she was kept decently. Thank heaven! she always finds a good table here."

"And earns her board," thought I, as the delicate girl bent over the parti-colored fabric, for Miss Olive always had quilt "set up!"

Miss Olive had said truly.

Lina Mary was the beauty in a family of average-looking sisters. I remember her—have cause to—for brother Grimshawe nearly went mad for her thirty years before. I thought her refusal would kill him. And when she married shiftless Bob Saunders—the dear Lord knows what magic the man used—I never pitied mortal in my life as I pitied Grimshawe Moultop. It wouldn't be believed, perhaps, if I said he tore his hair out by the roots; and the queerness of it is, that he is bald exactly in that spot.

Of course Grim hated Bob Saunders. I don't suppose he saw him for a year that he wasn't tempted to kill him. His name never since then has "touched his tongue," as my latest "help" has a habit of saying; he never hears it to this day without shutting his lips and growing white; for he always thought that in some dishonorable way Bob had tricked him.

Now wouldn't it be particularly nice if Clem had fallen in love with this little faded girl, and she with him? It made me creep to think of it.

I was sitting opposite Hetty. I can see her at this moment, with a little top-knot of blue gleaming in her silken, golden locks. Her hair was like her mother's, so were her eyes; so would her cheeks have been if rounded by proper nourishment. Her fingers were flying, her delicate lips, eloquent in silence, quivered slightly now and then. I never saw a needle glitter in and out so swiftly on its mission before.

Miss Olive was getting down her best china—seventy years old, with a thin, filmy line of gold like a hazy sunbeam circling the rare porcelain rim, a shadow of blue melting into it. She always used that particular set out of compliment to me when I took tea with her.

Presently the quaint clawed round table was ready, and pretty enough, too, to be painted. Catch the flickering red of the western sun playing through the vines to the window, and rippling all over the snow-white table-cloth, touching the silver, goldening the honey, making the delicate brown loaf daintier, and the broad red slices of tongue with their veining of white seem too beautiful to be disturbed on their bed of rare old china, and I think an artist might go far and find a less desirable subject.

"That makes twice!" said Miss Olive, looking up from the bread she was cutting.

I followed her eyes; what Hetty did I don't know, but in an instant she was diving for a thimble or something, under the quilting frame.

"He don't usually go by here," resumed Miss Olive, with a thoughtful expression. "I ought have called him in."

"Who?" I queried.

"Why, Clem—your nephew."

"Oh!" and I looked at Miss Hetty with my eyes beyond her. You can see people without gazing directly at their faces. I know every trick of expression our rector has, though I mostly fix my gaze on the back of the pulpit.

That pretty crimson had crept down as well as up, and the throat, on each side of the thread-bare velvet ribbon, the chin and cheeks, were crimson. I wouldn't have met that girl's eyes for the world, for I knew then just what this miserable Clem had been up to, and thinks I, "If it is for his sport merely, I'll never forgive him—never."

And if it is any thing serious, said another voice in my heart, somebody else will never forgive him, and that's my brother Grimshawe. He would see him a beggar rather than married to the daughter of the woman who refused him—of the man who boasted and triumphed over him.

It was pretty evident that I might expect more trouble, and all along of having nephews. Clem had always come to me in his troubles; would he now? I studied the girl as I thought.

Freedom from care, ease, and plenty would be sure to develop beauty in her of no mean order. Her education had not been totally neglected, as I knew from the little conversation that passed between us.

"She has taught herself music," said Miss Olive, with a touch of genuine pride, "and I let her practice on my old piano.—Hetty, my dear, give us a song before Miss Sue goes home."

"Hetty my dear" played and sang. She had a voice that set all the dumb power in me vibrating; the sweetest song she sang made me turn away my head and cry.

You see, I have my tender memories now and then—but he died and was buried years ago—years ago. Grim and I have constant hearts; we can love but once—only once and forever.

Curiously enough, it happened as Miss Hetty and I stood on the door-step of Miss Olive's house—I feeling a new tenderness for the child, and a little savage toward Clem—though why should I?—brother Grimshawe came up. He looked at Miss Hetty, and then at me, and he shrugged his shoulders a little as his countenance altered.

"If you're going home," said he, with a sharp nod that meant, "I'll go along too!" So we parted—Hetty and I; I rather think there was something like an understanding between us—a little fearful, on her part.

"Who's that girl?" asked Grim, as he stalked along.

"A—a—Miss Saunders;" and I couldn't possibly keep my voice straight; it seemed to drop, word by word, to the pavement.

"Saunders!" he said, in a quick, harsh way, and I dared not look up to the strong, gray face that I had seen so distorted with suffering long ago.

It was as much as I could do to keep pace with him after that, and he struck the walk vigorously with his heavy cane as he marched. I knew who he was thinking of, and how his stern mouth was working; he wasn't one that could forget.

"Poor Clement!" thought I; that is, should there be any thing serious.

Next day Clement came in, half filling my little parlor with his magnificent presence.

"I say, aunty, what do you think of her?" was the saucy fellow's first daring question.

"Clement Morgan! who?" I was almost indignant.

"Come, now; don't play incredulous. I saw you in Miss Olive's big west room yesterday, and she was there. By Jove! I'd a mind to come in and see how she looked in that setting. You ought to see that poor old parlor of Bob Saunders's—he'll always be Bob, you know—with its twenty-year-old carpet, all frayed into suffering threads—and the hair-cloth to match (I often run my fingers in the rents like a child), with one-legged chairs, and tables that nod if you look at them. Poor girl! poor Hetty! and, by Jove! a fine creature, and a genius to boot. I took her to the theatre a few nights ago. The girls among them scraped up a decent wardrobe, with a ring or two, and some old things in that line that poor faded Mrs. Saunders had saved, and, by Jove! when the orchestra began and fairy-land opened, the girl was transfigured. I tell you I looked more at her than I did at the play; and I think it—ahem—sort o' finished the business."

"Oh, Clem!"

"Best of Aunt Sues, you look as lackadaisical now as if you were in love," he laughed, trying to tap my chin, which I held resolutely down.

"You don't mean, Clem—oh dear, your uncle Grimshawe!"

"And what of Uncle Grimshawe? I'm not a piece of putty, Aunt Sue, to be shaped by him, kind as he is. Good gracious!" he drew back. "It's come to me all of a sudden—Uncle Grim was disappointed in love—and—Bob Saunders married—her. By Jove! that is a fix," he soliloquized.

"She is poor, you know," said I, "and there are so many of them."

"Hang all but her!" said Clem, sharply. "If she marries me, I'll cut every one. She don't belong to them, any way; she's a little fine lady by herself. Why, to me the dainty ways she has, and the delicate perceptions—well, but—good Lord! I'm in a quandary now," he groaned, desperately.

"You had better give her up, Clem," said I; "your uncle will never consent."

"Aunt Sue, did you ever love any body?" and he looked into my face with his great, tender, brown eyes till I felt one coal of fire, and mean in the bargain.

"I'll see Uncle Grimshawe Moultop in—Russia first!" putting his lips together in his uncle's own way; "and if you weren't here, Aunt Sue, I'd emphasize it with a strong word or two."

"He will never, never consent," I said.

"He be—blessed!" growled Clem, angrily.

"He will cut you off, my dear boy. I know how he feels on that point. He couldn't leave you his money to spend on the child of a man he hates with such bitter hatred."

"Then his money perish with him! I'll marry her if I have to live on patched ingrain and hair-cloth, and support the whole thriftless lot. So now you tell him so. I've strong hands, thank God, and a modicum of brains." He raised his head grandly.

"No one shall drive me to the wall, Aunt Sue, in that fashion. I love little Hetty, God bless her! I never knew how much, till now I find myself ready to suffer for and with her."

Clem went his way. I managed to get up courage sufficient to talk with my brother. The man was like a rock. He turned so pale that I thought he was dying, and begged him to forgive me. It is no light thing to witness a strong man's agony and passion.

I told Clem so. Did it change his purpose? Not a whit. We never knew what his plans were—only that he seldom met my brother, and he toiled like a slave. He grew more noble in his bearing—handsomer, steadier, graver. When Grimshawe was out, he sometimes came to see me, and one day he nearly knocked the breath out of my body with an announcement.

"Keep my secret, dear old aunty: I was married yesterday. Nobody knows it—not even the girls. You see, I was afraid, somehow, that Uncle Grim might come between us. We are both mum. She's at her father's—I'm home. There, now! there's proof of my confidence in the best of aunties. Give me a kiss."

I kissed him, though I had hardly strength enough left to do even that.

"You dear, willful, blessed, wicked boy!" I sobbed. "You've ruined yourself."

"We shall see," was his reply.

It was about this time that the people were startled by a new and successful crime—that of garroting. I shuddered every time Grim went out after nightfall, because he always carried a deal of money about him, confiding in his burly form and great strength for protection.

But one night, when there was a sweet, soft moonlight too, he happened to be in a peculiarly secluded street, and a brace of ruffians met him. Quicker than thought the knot was twisted into his throat by one, while the other commenced searching his pockets. Suddenly a woman's voice sounded near.

"Let that gentleman alone, or you are dead men!" Startled, they looked up. A small, shining revolver pointed by a delicate hand stared them in the face. With the usual cowardice of thieves when confronted with real danger, the ruffians let their victim go and ran up the street.

The half-choked man regained his breath.

"My God!" he said, looking down—"and you saved my life!"

"I saved your money, Sir."

"I say you saved my life. Those scoundrels! But, you wonderful little woman that you are, why do you go armed?"

"I always do when I go out alone—and, to tell you the truth, the pistol isn't loaded. What difference does it make? They didn't know it."

"Who are you?" he asked, as the sweet face shone clearly in the moonlight. "By Heaven!" He started back.

"I'm Clement Morgan's wife," she said, clear

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and sweet, though her voice had a quiver in it. "Please forgive him; and we, Sir—we—we loved each other so much!"

"Aye, you did; great God! I believe you. Love him? why shouldn't you, and be happy, too? See here, little woman, tell Clement to bring you up to-morrow. He's a lucky dog, the rascal!"

It is needless to say how the matter terminated. Clem got his uncle's fortune, and his little wife became the light of the old man's eyes.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

SAN DOMINGO, fascinating as it has been represented in point of scenery and climate, seems to be not without some entomological objections as a place of summer resort. A recent writer feelingly calls upon inhabitants of temperate climes to congratulate themselves that winter kills off a portion of the insect tribe, which increase to a terrific extent in such a favorable latitude as Dominica. Exposure to mosquitoes there develops an apparent attack of scarlatina. The chigoe, a horrid insect of the flea family, pierces the skin of the toe beneath the nail, and therein deposits its eggs. No pain gives warning to the victim until the mischief is done. At length comes a slight itching; then a red spot, which increases to a tumor. If the insect, which is itself buried under the skin, can be extracted, no further harm follows; but if not, a whole colony of chigoes will be developed in the foot, making dwellings for themselves beneath the skin, and often causing such suffering that amputation is necessary. Deliver us from the chigoe! Then there are ticks which cling tenaciously to the flesh; scorpions which attack ferociously, though not fatally; centipedes, hideous with multitudinous arms and legs; the giant tarantula; cockroaches from one to three inches long; ants whose ravages will undermine a house; and other similar pests, which are sufficient to prevent this far-famed island from being exactly a terrestrial paradise. There are compensations for all these things; but it is well enough to understand the matter thoroughly before we migrate to San Domingo.

The gown which the Archbishop of Paris wore at his execution has been cut into small pieces, and distributed among the Parisian clergy. A portion of it was deposited in Notre Dame, where there are also relics of Archbishops Affre and Sibour.

The chalet which was occupied by the late M. De Lamartine, now the property of his niece, is said to be the only building standing in Passy. It was spared, though all surrounding buildings have been destroyed.

The stores of wine in Paris were carefully estimated by the Parisians at the commencement of the siege. At its close it was found that the wine had been consumed at the enormous rate of nearly eight million gallons per month. Under the reign of the Commune the consumption was even larger.

According to the classified returns of the Census Bureau, New York city has a population of 942,292, of whom 13,000 are colored. Of foreign white citizens, 201,000 were born in Ireland and 151,424 in Germany.

The Saratogians are as wide awake as to their interest in the "season" as the hotel-keepers themselves are. Since last summer about two hundred new houses have been built in the town, a new town-hall is nearly completed, and they have gone so far as to lay the corner-stone of a new church.

The new drive at Newport, leading around Miantonomi Hill to Coddington's Cove, is three miles in length and sixty feet wide. By this road a new tract of country has been brought into notice, and more villa lots brought into market.

This year June 4 was the Fourth of July of Italy—the great national holiday. Twenty-three years ago Charles Albert, of Piedmont, gave to the kingdom now called Italian the Statute of the Constitution, and in 1861 a law was passed establishing a national holiday in honor of the statute and union of Italy, which holiday was to take place the first Sunday of June in every year. This was celebrated in Rome for the first time this year. Military reviews formed the chief feature of the day.

A West Point cadet is expected to be immaculately clean in respect to all his clothing. And surely there is no reason why he should not be so when his weekly allowance of white trousers is twenty pairs, with a margin of five or ten extra pairs to fall back upon in case of accidents.

Heroism is found among the very children of France. A story is told of a boy of thirteen who was found fighting in Paris, and was about to be shot. He did not seem frightened, but, taking a silver watch from his pocket, said:

"Captain, do let me take this first to a friend across the street; I borrowed it."

"Oh, you scamp!" said the officer. "I understand—you want to run off."

"My word of honor, I will come back again," said the boy; and the captain, seeing it was a child, was only too glad to be rid of him. In ten minutes the boy came back, and took his stand with his face to the wall. "Here I am—fire!"

Does Roman history tell us any thing braver? The captain boxed the little hero's ears, and ordered him never to show his face there again. They could not fire on him.

In the interesting memoirs of Charles Mayne Young, the tragedian, we find this entry: "July 26, 1848.—Went to a lunar of Lady Susan Harcourt's. The Queen and the Prince Consort were there. Heard a charming story of one of the royal children, which I hope is true. When last the Queen was about to be confined, the Prince Consort said to one of his little boys, 'I think it very likely, my dear, that the Queen will soon present you with a little brother or sister. Which of the two would you prefer?' The child, pausing—'Well, I think, if it be the same to mamma, I should prefer a pony!'"

It is too probable that many innocent people suffered in the summary executions that followed the entry of the regular troops into Paris. A newspaper correspondent relates this incident: A few days after the overthrow of the Commune, a member of the National Assembly had the curiosity to go to see some of the female captives of Paris confined at Versailles. Shortly after entering a yard in which two or three hundred of them were assembled, one of them, in dirty garments, caught him by the arm, and cried, "You shall not leave me, M. ——." He tried to shake her off, but she clung tighter, and said, "Do not leave me, for God's sake! Look at me!" He looked at her, and exclaimed, to astonishment, "Gracious Heavens! Madame ——. You here?" He recognized in her a friend, a lady of wealth in Paris. She burst into tears and told her tale. On Thursday, the 25th of May, fighting having ceased in her quarter, she went out, and called at the shop of a dyer to inquire about some things she had given to be dyed. On leaving, she found herself among several women who were flying before a band of soldiers, crying, "Stop them, they are petroleuses!" The women were surrounded, and she with them; and she, in spite of her earnest remonstrances, was with them and many others sent to Versailles. They were made to go on foot, and what she suffered from fatigue and thirst and agony of mind no one, she says, can imagine. At Versailles all her efforts to communicate with her friends and family were vain, for no one would believe that she was a lady and not an incendiary. The M.P. of course hastened to get her released. But for him she might have been sent with her fellow-prisoners to a penitentiary colony, or, like some of them, shot.

At the White Mountains workmen are putting together a new mountain locomotive, called the "Atlas," and new cars are being fitted up for the coming season.

The diary and note-books of Nathaniel Hawthorne contain frequent laments against the necessity of solitary dinners. For instance: "I am ashamed to eat alone. It becomes the mere gratification of animal appetite—the tribute which we are compelled to pay to our grosser nature; whereas, in the company of another, it is refined and moralized and spiritualized, and over our earthly victuals is diffused a sauce of lofty and tender thoughts, and tough meat is mollified with tender feelings. But oh! these solitary meals are the dismalest part of my present experience." Yet on other pages of his journal he appears to regard "dining out" as a necessity from which he is happy to escape. Not he doubts that between dining out and dining alone there was to him a golden mean, and that was the home companionship of one, or even two, all to himself and all his own. On the other hand, Charles Lamb, as a dyspeptic, wrote feelingly: "We can not concert our food with interruptions. Our chief meal, to be nutritive, must be solitary. With difficulty we can eat before a guest, and never understood what the relish of public feasting means. Meats have no savor, nor digestion fair play, in a crowd. The unexpected coming in of a visitant stops the machine."

Newburyport, Massachusetts, lays claim to a resident most commendably economical, but sadly deficient in the elements of mathematical science. The other day he applied at the post-office for ten cents' worth of six-cent postage stamps, and when told that he must pay two cents more if he wanted two, he looked disappointed, and replied, "Well, I s'pose I must have 'em, anyhow; but seems to me they're dreadful dear."

There is nothing like fitness of names. An editor of Wild Cat, Arkansas, has named his new paper the *Howling Catamount*.

A movement is being made by the undertakers of London to abolish funerals on Sunday. The matter has been brought to the attention of the trustees of the various metropolitan cemeteries by a committee representing all branches of trade. The object in view is twofold—to prevent the indecorous scenes which now frequently occur on the roads to and from the cemeteries, and to secure a day of rest to a large class of people who are now compelled to labor on Sunday.

From the eleventh annual report of the Commissioners of Public Charities and Correction, in this city, we learn something of the ambulance system established in 1869. Six ambulances have been provided, and, under the rules established, horses stand harnessed day and night, ready to be attached, for the conveyance of persons wounded or taken ill in the public streets. The ambulances are equipped with surgical instruments, bandages, restoratives, etc.; and on notice by telegraph from a police station of the occurrence of a casualty, an ambulance is dispatched, in charge of a surgeon, who applies such remedies as may be required, and determines, from the condition of the patient, whether he may be safely removed to his home, or to Bellevue, or to the Reception Hospital. During the past year there have been 1491 patients thus removed, of whom 1166 were received from the several police precinct stations, 287 transferred from the Reception Hospital to Bellevue Hospital, and thirty-eight from private residences.

The following account of the destruction of a great library is given in *Galignani*: "When the insurgents who burned down the library of the Louvre arrived to perform their odious task they ordered the concierge to spread the petroleum about. He refused, saying that he preferred to be shot to destroying the riches confided to his care, and he was supported in his declaration by his wife. The wretches then locked the two up in their lodge, and then set the building on fire. However, the porter afterward contrived to force the lock and escaped. The library was entirely consumed. More than a hundred thousand volumes were destroyed, comprising manuscripts, historical documents, rare editions, missals still more precious—all the French or foreign works presented to the Louvre or the Tuileries, or for which the court had subscribed—port-folios of engravings, collections of photographs of the various public or private galleries, and other works of great value."

A correspondent of the *Evening Post* recommends those who desire to flee from the city during the heats of summer to take refuge on Cape Cod, where board ranges from three to six dollars a week, where there is an abundance of fish, flesh, fowl, and vegetables, a smooth, sandy beach, and sweet pine groves. Milk, to be sure, "is eight cents a quart, but 'tis cream." The writer believes in telling both sides of a story—or he candidly says: "There are flies here; I've just caught a fine fat fellow, smaller than an ox, but perhaps large enough to make a pair of Indian rubber boots for Titania. That is only one, and they never appear in larger form, as they do in some far more expensive places. There are also mosquitoes here—the mild, reasonable sort—not the striped and furred fellows they have in the scrub-oak swamps and the beautiful city of Vineland. Any body who could stand the ticks and mosquitoes of Vineland three days could stand all there are on Cape Cod for forty years, though there bite a little, and, what is worse, they sing, being, as Artemus Ward has it, 'cheerful little cusses.'"

SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

We have kept our readers informed, from time to time, of the progress of the very laudable experiment, on the part of some gentlemen in Philadelphia, with reference to the stocking of the Delaware River with salmon, the indications of success at the last accounts having become quite favorable. We regret to learn, however, that, owing to an unanticipated casualty, the greater number of the fry were destroyed, leaving scarcely enough to test the question the present season. The eggs, as anticipated, were hatched out successfully, and on the 27th of May were placed in cans, to be transported to the Delaware River from the hatching house of Mr. Chalmers, on the Hudson. It is supposed that some foreign substance in the cans imparted noxious qualities to the water, as by the time they reached the Bushkill, the tributary of the Delaware, in which they were to be placed, only about two thousand survived. These were placed in the water, and it is possible that something may be heard from them. The gentlemen concerned in the effort, however, we understand, intend to renew the trial another season, and we hope with more satisfactory results.

A report upon the geology of Jamaica, by Mr. JAMES G. SAWKINS, has recently been published by the British government, and, in the interest attaching to the West Indies at the present time, furnishes an important addition to our means of obtaining a thorough acquaintance with that region. The physical geology and the special structure of the island are given in considerable detail in this work, which is accompanied by a large map of the island, suitably colored, to show the different geological formations. Several appendices are given in the volume, one of them being a complete classification of the organic remains of the island, by Mr. ETHERIDGE, who refers them respectively to their equivalents in the cretaceous and tertiary deposits of Europe. According to Sir RODERICK MURCHISON, the practical conclusions to be reached from the report of Mr. SAWKINS and the appendix of Mr. ETHERIDGE are that, in Jamaica, as in most of the West India Islands, the principal geological deposits are almost exclusively of the miocene age of the tertiary series, the only exceptions being in Trinidad and Jamaica, where eocene and cretaceous formations occur. Hence it follows that the igneous rocks which are associated with such deposits are for the most part either of the miocene age or posterior to that era, some of them, indeed, having been recently erupted.

In a recent report of the governor of the province of Leon to the general government of Ecuador, it is stated that in February, 1871, noises were heard on the mountains of the Western Cordilleras in the vicinity of Cotopaxi, and that immense masses of earth and rock were thrown out, while springs of water burst forth in such quantity that the rivers were overflowed and much damage done, the phenomena being unaccompanied, however, by earthquakes. The climate, too, seemed to have become much hotter than previously, many kinds of plants having flowered that had never done so before, and the sugar-cane being fit to cut in twenty-four months instead of thirty. Since 1869 the springs have all dried up, and the volcano has become inactive, and from these indications it is feared that a new disturbance is breeding which may produce great damage on breaking out.

According to *Nature*, advices have been received from Dr. HOOKER, in Mogador, bringing the date of his journey down to April 28, at which time the party had visited Ceuta, Gibraltar, and Casa Blanca, without having met with any thing of special note.

Professor LEIDY has lately announced to the Philadelphia Academy of Natural Sciences the existence of some new fossil mammals from the tertiary formations of Wyoming Territory. One was a lower jaw, discovered by Dr. J. VAN A. CARTER in the vicinity of Fort Bridger. The animal to which it belonged was as large as a hog, but was more nearly allied to the rhinoceros or tapirs. It was especially remarkable for the possession of a large pair of front teeth, resembling, both in form and construction, the incisors of the beaver. The name proposed for it was *Trogosus castoridens*, or the beaver-toothed gnawing hog. Another of the fossils indicates a carnivorous animal, a contemporary of the former, and about the size of the gray fox. The animal was related to the weasel and canine families, and was called *Sinopa rapax*, the former name being that applied by the Blackfoot Indians to a small fox.

Professor LEIDY also exhibited photographs of the lower jaw of the American mastodon, recently received from Professor W. C. KERR, State Geologist of North Carolina. The jaw was found in Lenoir County of that State. It belonged to a mature male, and was of special interest from its retaining both tusks, as well as the molar teeth.

In a recent communication to the Academy of Natural Sciences, by Professor LEIDY, attention was invited to certain teeth of fossil mammals forwarded to him for examination by Professor WHITNEY. One of these was a fragment belonging to the *Mastodon americanus*, obtained from a depth of eighty feet beneath the basaltic lava of Table Mountain, Tuolumne County, California, where it was found associated with the remains of human art. There was also a molar of a large fossil horse, found sixteen feet below the surface on Gordon Gulch. Two other teeth, somewhat similar in character, were determined as belonging to the species of *Protohippus*. In other specimens Dr. LEIDY found evidence of the existence of a gigantic animal of the camel tribe, allied to the llama.

Among objects of great ethnological import are the aboriginal inscriptions or carvings upon rocks, which are met with in North America and elsewhere, and are sometimes of a very remarkable character. Ordinary copies of such inscriptions, unless they be photographs, are rarely of sufficient accuracy to be of much value, and those of our readers who are likely to come across such inscriptions may like to know a method by which an absolutely perfect fac-simile can be made. This process has been applied with much success in copying carvings in Egypt and other places, and it will be equally serviceable in our own country. For this purpose the inscription is to be first well cleaned from dust or mud by means of a hard, stiff brush; stout, unsized paper is then to be wetted rapidly, but uniformly, in a tub of water, and applied to the inscription, and forced into the irregularities by repeated and forcible strokes with a hard brush—an ordinary clothes brush being as good as any for the purpose. If the stone be clear of dust the paper adheres, and, when dry, falls off, forming a perfect mould of the inscription. If the carving be deep or broad it is sometimes advisable to apply several sheets of paper, one after the other, brushing over the surface of one with glue or gum before applying the next, so as to obtain, when dry, a firm body. By making a plaster cast of the paper relief thus prepared a fac-simile of the inscription will be obtained.

Nothing strikes the visitor to San Francisco more forcibly than the high price of fish in that market, in view of their great abundance and variety in San Francisco Bay and vicinity. This is said, however, to be due to the existence of very powerful combinations among the fishermen, to maintain prices at such a figure as suits them best, and to prevent fish from coming into the market excepting under arrangements made by themselves. In the latest quotations of retail prices before us, flounders are given 20 cents a pound, soles 20 cents, smelts 40 cents, halibut 40 cents, and tomcod 10 cents. The lowest prices are 12 cents per pound for fresh salmon, 8 for smelts, 8 for anchovies, and 5 for sturgeon. The prices of other articles in that market appear to be more reasonable; as, for instance, 20 cents a pound for turkeys, 75 cents each for ducks, $2 per pair for geese, 25 cents each for rabbits, and 12 for squirrels. Clams are 50 cents per hundred, California butter 25 cents per pound, eggs 35 cents per dozen, California hams 18 cents per pound, and strawberries 4 to 10 cents per pound, etc.

The present year seems to be marked for a great deal of activity and enterprise in researches connected with the natural history and physics of the deep seas, especially on the coast of America. We have already referred to the enterprise proposed by the Coast Survey, of sending a steamer, especially adapted to this purpose, around Cape Horn to the California coast, on a ten-months' journey, to be accompanied by Professor AGASSIZ and Count POURTALES, and a corps of assistants—all prepared to make observations and collections on the most perfect scale. The expense of the scientific work will, it is understood, to the amount of $15,000, be defrayed by Mr. THAYER (the same gentleman who supplied the funds for Professor AGASSIZ's expedition to Brazil), a sum which will probably enable Professor AGASSIZ to accomplish his object in the most perfect manner.

Professor VERRILL and party, from Yale College, will also, it is expected, prosecute an exhaustive research into the deep-sea and littoral fauna of the Vineyard Sound and the adjacent waters, in connection with the inquiries of the United States Commission of Fish and Fisheries relative to the decrease of the food fishes of our coast. Corresponding researches will also be carried on in the deeper waters of Lake Michigan, where, it may be remembered, the interesting discovery was made last year of crustaceans and fish of marine types at a depth of three hundred feet and over. The inquiries this year will be under the immediate direction of Dr. STIMPSON and Mr. MILNER, in a still deeper part of the lake, and it is not at all improbable that discoveries of the highest interest will be made.

In the Gulf of St. Lawrence Mr. J. F. WHITEAVES, of Montreal, will, it is understood, continue the researches in which he has been engaged for two previous seasons in the way of dredging in the deep waters of the Lower St. Lawrence; and, by the help of the government cruisers, he expects to have the opportunity of dredging in the deepest parts of the gulf. Of this expedition we shall give a fuller notice hereafter.

The Arctic expedition of Captain HALL will also undoubtedly do its part in the general work, as the naturalist of the party, Dr. EMIL BESSELS, has had large experience in such labors, and is practically conversant with the fauna of the arctic seas, from his connection with the Spitzbergen expedition of 1869.

At the June meeting of the California Academy of Sciences the subject of inviting the American Association for the Advancement of Science to meet in San Francisco in 1872 was discussed, and the secretary was instructed to call upon the trustees, and to solicit the co-operation of the Chamber of Commerce in taking measures toward this object. The meeting for the present year will be held in August next in Indianapolis, and a large attendance is expected, especially of Western members, to whom the places of meeting in the East have generally proved too remote to suit their convenience.

The Panama papers report, with great satisfaction, the resumption of travel of the French Transatlantic Steamship Company's line between Aspinwall and St. Nazaire, which had been interrupted for several months past in consequence of the war. The pioneer vessel of the restored line arrived at Aspinwall on the morning of the 27th of May.

Advantage has recently been taken of the borings in the Mont Cenis Tunnel to ascertain the interior temperature of the earth, the experiments being instituted at a point in the tunnel which was situated 5400 feet from the surface. Here special borings were made to a depth of ten feet in lateral excavations, which were closed for a considerable period of time after the instruments were inserted. The temperature observed at this point was a little over 85°, Fahrenheit.

According to Capt. FRITSCH, the times of simultaneous flowering of plants lie from five to ten degrees further south in North America than in Europe, elevation above the sea level seeming to have comparatively little influence.

A recent number of *The Academy* contains a notice, quoted from a Spanish journal, of the discovery of some stone implements of great antiquity in the eastern part of Cuba. Nothing is said of their special form or condition other than that their material consists of serpentine and diorite.

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It is in him, and what he has to do is to bring it into harmony with his new state of existence. He takes a gun, perhaps, and goes duck-shooting, or steps into a boat and does a little quiet bottom fishing.

This latter is not the highest style of art. It can not compete with the glories of fly-fishing; but it has merits of its own, and there is even a certain pleasure in catching nothing—in the delightful idleness of watching the colored cork—

FISHING IN THE COUNTRY.

in the delightful idleness of the whole thing. Of course the charm is greatly heightened by a good day's sport; and there are enthusiasts in the art who are fanatically strict in following its rules, and they prefer to fish in a solitary state, or with their favorite man, who knows all their crotchets. The enthusiast is generally a man of middle age, in the commercial line. He takes a holiday now and then for a day's fishing, and spends the preceding evening in overhauling his tackle, an occupation in which he much delights. He has generally a "killing" bait of his own invention, which is a profound secret; he knows all the best places in the river, and has a great store of anecdotes about big fish which he has taken in former times; he knows all about guts, hair lines, and fish-hooks, and loses his temper if he catches nothing, which is very often the case. He makes a most serious business of his pleasure, looks with contempt upon those who take theirs lightly, and is especially sarcastic upon fishing parties where there are ladies and children, who of course will talk.

These fishing parties, indeed, have nothing of the sedateness and calm about them upon which IZAAK WALTON would discourse; they make no pretense to philosophic ease, but are simply parties of pleasure, fishing picnics, and very delightful in their way. It is merely playing at sport, and those who indulge in it have, for the time, no sympathy with the solitary angler whom we have sketched. But we think the true enjoyment of this kind of fishing is to be found in a middle course between these extremes of soberness and gayety. The party should be a small and well-chosen one; the day should be neither too warm nor too cold, just cool enough to give the fish an appetite, and no more; the punt should be moored in some quiet reach of a stream, the tackle should be good, the ground-bait plentiful, the luncheon appetizing; and then, with agreeable companions, who, not afraid to speak above a whisper, as though they stood in awe of the little fishes, can be merry without being boisterous, the time passes quickly enough, and makes us long for many more such days, particularly if, as we are poled slowly home in the evening, the well is stocked with red-eyed perch and little silver gudgeon, which latter will be excellent fried at the morrow's breakfast.

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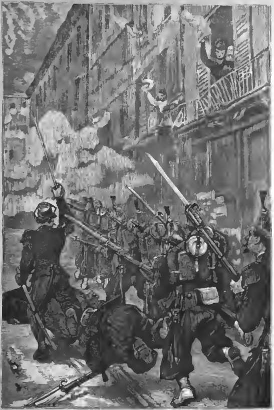

STREET FIGHTING IN PARIS—"VIVE LA LIGNE!"—[See Page 646.]

THE LATE ARCHBISHOP DARBOY.

During the reign of the present pontiff three Archbishops of Paris have died violent deaths. Mgr Sibour fell a victim to the private revenge of a renegade priest. Mgr Affre was shot during the insurrection of June, 1848, by a blood-thirsty mob whom he was endeavoring to address in words of peace and quietness; while Mgr Darboy has been murdered in a still more barbarous and dastardly manner. He was seized in the latter part of last March by the Communists, and shut up in the Mazas prison, with other hostages. Here he was very rigorously treated. He was confined in a cell six feet by ten, lighted by one small window, and containing a wooden chair, wooden table, and a prison bed. Till Mr. Washburne visited him, on the 23d of April, he had seen no one since his capture, nor was he allowed to receive intelligence of passing events.

A month later, when the capture of Paris by the Versailles troops appeared certain, the hostages were removed from Mazas to the prison of La Roquette, and on the 24th of May, at half past seven in the evening, one Lefrançais, the director of the prison, and an ex-convict, ascended at the head of fifty Federals to the gallery where the principal prisoners were confined. An official summoned the prisoners from their respective cells, the Archbishop being taken first. They were marched down to the road running round the prison, which was lined with National Guards, who received them with insults and abuse. The prisoners were then taken [illegible] court-yard, where they found a firing party awaiting them. Mgr Darboy stepped forward, and addressing his assassins, uttered a few words of pardon. Two of the men were touched; they knelt and besought his forgiveness. For this conduct they were attacked with reproaches by their comrades. Then the Federals loaded their weapons. Father Allard was placed against the wall, and was the first to be shot down. Then Mgr Darboy in his turn fell. The bodies were then placed in a cart requisitioned from a railway company, carried to Père la Chaise, and deposited in the last trench of the "Fosse Commune." They were afterward exhumed by the victorious Versaillists, and the body of the Archbishop was exhibited to the public for several days, clad in ecclesiastical robes, but bearing the marks of the ghastly wounds which caused his death. Since then it has received an honorable funeral.

Georges Darboy was born at Fayl-Billot (Haute Marne) in 1813, was educated at the Ecclesiastical Seminary at Langres, was ordained priest in 1836, and soon after appointed curé of St. Dizier, near Vassy. Then for about ten years he was Professor of Philosophy and Theology in the Langres Seminary. In 1846 Archbishop Affre summoned him to Paris, appointed him Almoner of the College of Henry IV., and an honorary canon of Notre Dame. In 1846 he accompanied the then Archbishop of Paris (Sibour) to Rome, in 1859 he became Bishop of Nancy, and in 1863 suc-

THE LATE MONSEIGNEUR DARBOY, ARCHBISHOP OF PARIS.

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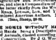

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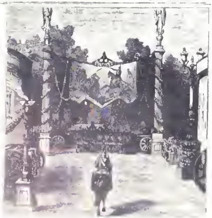

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ministration. It is alleged to be a total failure, and it is declared that there is universal party disappointment in its chief.

These are serious charges. But very many of them are personal, and we remind our readers that a President is estimated in two ways—by his personality and by his administration. It is, however, only a very few observers who estimate him by his personality, which can be really known to very few, while the country necessarily judges him by the results of his administration. We are now looking at the probability of a renomination, and that will be determined, it seems to us, not so much by personal considerations as by administrative results. To the great mass of voters the President, whoever he may be, is but a name. And there is undeniably a natural tendency, as government by laws and not by men becomes more firmly established, to be controlled less in questions of official preference by pure personality. It was, therefore, easy for the Democrats to elect Mr. POLK, who was unknown, and impossible for the Whigs to elect Mr. CLAY, who had an army of enthusiastic friends. And to the question, Are republics, then, ungrateful and hostile to greatness? the reply is, that in republics no man has a claim upon official distinction, while every man has the duty of public service.

The grounds, therefore, upon which General GRANT's renomination are probable are the results of his administration, to which may be added the evident difficulty of uniting his opponents in the party upon any candidate. The general feeling which will press for his renomination is that he is an honest man, who, whatever criticisms may be truthfully made in detail, sincerely wishes the public welfare and seeks it. Under his administration rights have been protected, burdens have been lifted, the most threatening questions have been settled, vital reforms have been begun, and the prosperity of the country assured by the consciousness that peace would be maintained—a consciousness which would vanish before Democratic success. Why should we change? will be the question of the party. Under whom should we have promise of more appreciable and valuable results? During this administration the purpose of the people has become so plain that the Democratic party abandons its positions, and confesses that its hopes of success rise in the degree that it becomes Republican. Is it not well, it will be asked, to maintain a situation in which the real opposition—the opposition of principle—dissolves?

Republican disaffection and defection there must be, because of the poison of patronage. Calumny and falsehood there must be, because of the bitterness of individual disappointment. "But there is a great deal of human nature in man," quaintly said the old preacher. And the good sense of the Republican party will probably hesitate long before it changes a situation which, upon the whole, carries the country happily forward in the direction which the principles and the results of the war indicated.

EASING THE SHIP.

IT is sometimes thought by sagacious foreign students of the political system of the United States that one of its most serious defects and dangers is the frequency of the Presidential elections. Scarcely is the President seated than the struggle for his successor begins—a struggle in which he is often prompted to take part. But the peril lies not so much in the contest as in the system which makes the contest so vital. In every free political community there is always a profound party feeling. As long as this can be kept latent or diffused, the system is comparatively safe. But whatever artificially intensifies party feeling and brings it to a head threatens the system itself. In the United States it is both intensified and constantly brought to a point, and the system itself is, therefore, always in danger.

Thus in the Presidential election, in which the question of administration virtually turns upon the election of a single person, all the hates and jealousies and passions of party spirit, instead of being eased and diffused as they are in a Congressional election, are brought into sharp and angry collision. Nor is the contest itself really reasonable, although apparently so—that is, it is not a deliberate appeal to the intelligent judgment of the country between two policies of administration so much as a conflict for the spoils. There are hundreds of millions of dollars to spend, and the real question to the mass of the most active politicians is, who shall spend them and enjoy the collateral advantages? It is this last consideration which embitters party spirit to a ferocious degree, while the decision by the election of a single person suggests frauds which would be impracticable in a Congressional election. As the spoils become larger, the country is therefore more and more exposed to the peril of a Presidential election palpably decided by fraud, as that of 1868 was in New York; and the consequences of such an event no man wishes to contemplate.

In England, which is the other constitutional country in the world, the perils of which we speak are avoided in two ways: first, by a permanent executive, which is expensive, awkward, and unnecessary; and second, by removing the spoils from the arena of party conflict. The result is that the party feeling of the country is never brought to a single personal point in no election, but is diffused among hundreds of candidates, while "the spoils" are safe from the issue. It is for this reason that many of the shrewdest republicans in England anticipate the practicability of a republican system in that country simpler and safer than ours: a system which shall have all the advantage of our experience, avoiding the defects which time has developed both in our theory and practice. Indeed, the British system is now only in name monarchical. The royal power is a faint shadow. The President of the United States is a potentate in comparison with the Queen of England. So absolutely annihilated is the power of the monarch that the Queen can not choose the ladies of her own bed-chamber except under sanction of the Prime Minister; and when Queen VICTORIA insisted upon her preference Sir ROBERT PEEL replied that he would listen to her wishes, but that the authority of the appointment must proceed from him; and with one or two exceptions he named the ladies.

So the House of Lords has an imposing place in the British system, and peers enjoy certain personal privileges. But if the Lords, as a separate estate or body, should undertake to obstruct legislation and to defeat the will of the Commons, the Commons would instantly reduce them to submission and acquiescence. The ministry is merely a committee of the House of Commons. The monarch acts only by their advice, and approves, without appeal, all that they recommend. If the Peers were obstinate, the ministers would recommend the monarch "to swamp" them—that is, to appoint as many new peers as would outvote them and carry the measure. Nor could the monarch refuse without a revolution. This was what King WILLIAM the Fourth was ready to do, under the advice of the GREY ministry, at the time of the passage of the great reform bill of 1832, if the Peers had not given way and allowed the bill to pass.

The political system of England, therefore, in some ways gives more immediate control of the government to the voters than our own, and, under the last reform bill, the suffrage is enormously extended, so that the voters as a body no longer belong to a certain class, but to all classes of the population. The majority of the representatives of the people is the government of the country. If that majority changes during a Parliament, the administration changes hands by the resignation of the ministry and the appointment of new ministers. But if the Parliament which defeats the Prime Minister was not called by him, he can dissolve it, and appeal directly to the people to know if he is sustained. If he is not, he resigns upon the evidence of that fact, as Mr. DISRAELI resigned, when in the choice of the present Parliament the country, to which he had appealed, decided against him.

Thus the British system is in many respects much more flexible than ours, yet with great foundations of permanence, which are never seriously disturbed. And if in this country we can devise a method of making the Presidential election a change of administration only, as it is constitutionally intended to be, and not a universal and furious scramble for booty, as it has become, we shall give to the foundations of our government one kind of firmness and security which they have unquestionably lost.

THE TREATY OF WASHINGTON AND MR. SUMNER.

THE happy coincidences of dates in connection with the Treaty of Washington have been remarked. But there is one other fact in relation to it which is also worthy of attention. When Mr. SUMNER, as chairman of the Senate Committee on Foreign Relations, reported in the Senate, under unanimous instruction, a resolution to reject the REVERDY JOHNSON treaty, he made his report in the form of a speech which excited universal attention. It was the most popular speech of his career. Thousands of persons who had always smiled or sneered at its author applauded with all their hearts. There was sharp criticism, indeed, in some quarters, and in England there were careful refusal to publish the speech, universal misapprehension, and violent condemnation. The truth was, as we attempted to show at the time, that it was a summing up of the case of America against England. It was a concentrated presentation of all the controlling facts. It was a serious expression of our deep sense of sorrow—sorrow deeper than any calculation of loss—and an emphatic statement of the real liabilities of England.

This speech of Mr. SUMNER's was generally accepted as the American view of the question. It is, therefore, a very interesting inquiry whether the American view has changed, or whether in applauding the Treaty of Washington the country is rejoicing that its view has prevailed. And it must not be forgotten that Mr. SUMNER made no demand whatever. In his statement of the case he may have left England liable for "consequential" or "sentimental" damages, but he asked for none. In the stress which he laid upon the concession of belligerent rights he insisted only upon that fact as the first point of evidence in the charge of unfriendly feeling, and presumptively, therefore, of unfriendly action. He began by declaring that he spoke in the interest of peace, and that the REVERDY JOHNSON treaty was not a settlement, but a snare. He then proceeded to found the argument for rejecting the treaty upon three grounds: first, that there was no word of regret for the events of which we complained; second, that there was no consideration of claims as a national demand; and third, that there was no rule of international law recognized as applicable in such cases, and therefore no gain for the future.

These were the three vital objections in the treaty. Mr. SUMNER enlarged, indeed, upon the prolongation of the war, the destruction of our commerce, the expense of the blockade, as prodigious items, the amount of which might be computed at the Navy Department; and he said that it would be for a wise statesmanship to determine how this fearful accumulation should be removed out of sight. These were what were called at the time "consequential" damages. This is always a liability, in our judgment, not to be discharged in money, but in some other way. The REVERDY JOHNSON treaty was rejected by the Senate, as it had already been by the country; and now the Treaty of Washington has been negotiated amidst universal congratulation, and the Senate gladly ratified what the country had warmly approved. Honorable concessions have been made upon both sides. Yet it will be seen that the substantial points for which Mr. SUMNER contended have been gained. Very possibly not so much has been obtained in his own direction as he might desire. But those who think him factious and selfish in his hostility to the administration should certainly remark that although he offered an amendment to the treaty to avoid the very objection which has since been raised in regard to the interpretation of a rule of law, yet he forbore to press it to the possible disadvantage of the settlement in opening the way to amendments; and in no manner did he withstand the signal triumph of the administration.

The Treaty of Washington speaks the word of regret, treats the claims question as national, and lays down rules of international law for the future, thus satisfying the cardinal conditions of a proper treaty as Mr. SUMNER had stated them. He doubtless wishes that there might have been a provision, for instance, for the safety of private property at sea. Nor is it at all improbable that, in view of such a concession, the mere money question, whether of amounts computed at the Navy Department or elsewhere, would seem to him comparatively unimportant. But if the Commissioners had been guided by his speech as by a chart laying down the currents and soundings of American sentiment, they could hardly have steered more sagaciously; and certainly it may be asked with great force whether the United States would probably have obtained a settlement so satisfactory except for the powerful presentation of their case made by Mr. SUMNER, which was so cordially and generally sustained by the American people. It showed our English friends exactly the depth and the character and the reason of our feeling; and in this, as in so many other famous instances, the bold way was the best way.

TRICKS AT TAMMANY.

To any one who is in any degree familiar with the history of this country during the last fifteen years the performance at Tammany Hall on the Fourth of July was exquisitely comical. Mr. WILLIAM M. TWEED announced that the Democratic party, whose chief leaders for four years desperately struggled to destroy the government, now propose "to wrest it from the hands of those who, in our opinion, are betraying it." Mr. TWEED may take heart. The hands that hold the government are those that saved it. The hands that tried to betray it were not, we believe, those of General GRANT nor of the Republican party. Mr. TWEED proceeds to remark that he and his party friends hope also to take the government from "those who are trying to crush out all principles of equality, liberty, and toleration." Now as

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MR. TWEED and his friends are Democrats, and as his party has always shown its regard for equality by bitterly opposing the equal rights of people who were of colored skins, and its devotion to liberty by justifying human slavery and struggling to perpetuate it forever, and its fidelity to toleration by mobbing and scourging and hanging those who asserted liberty and equal rights, he will, perhaps, pardon the American people, who remember ten years, if they decline to undertake the saving of liberty and equality by Democratic hands.

The gentleman who made the Erie bill law—Mr. TWEED'S Governor HOFFMAN—also sent a letter upon the subject of government, his idea of good government and the duties of an executive chief being illustrated, probably, by the same Erie bill. The object of the letter seemed to be to show that in this country we need a strong people and not a strong government, and that the Republican party is centralizing power. Now to this country we have a strong people, and therefore we have a strong government. The technical phrase, strong government, is derived from purely monarchical countries, where the people are not consulted. But here, where the people are the immediate source of power—where, therefore, as is often and not untruly said, they are the government—there can not be that opposition between the government and the people which often exists elsewhere.

It is the policy of the school of politicians to which Mr. HOFFMAN belongs to decry what they call the central government, meaning the government of the United States. It has been their policy from the beginning, and that alone made the rebellion practicable. The Democratic dogma is distrust of the national government and exaltation of the State governments. Now no political system like ours can be secure in which distrust of the general government is habitually taught by a great party. "A weak central government" would be no disastrous to this country as a collection of weak State governments. The doctrine of the necessity of a weak central government was inculcated for two generations by the Democratic party; and therefore when, encouraged by that doctrine and sustained by it, a fatal blow was aimed at the government, it proceeded naturally from that party. It must, therefore, be distrusted as necessarily disorganizing.

The truth is that there is no antagonism between the State and the national systems, and it is so wrong to suspect the one as to be jealous of the other. The tendency, indeed, in a race like ours, and with our political traditions, will always be to the aggrandizement of the State government. And experience has fatally demonstrated that the centrifugal force has been only overcome by a desperate contest. The man who can not contemplate the national government with so much pride and confidence as that of a State is not truly an American. And this is to be further observed—nor will its significance be forgotten—that the cry of centralization is raised most lustily when the question is of the protection by the national government of the unfortunate people whom the national government under Democratic control constantly strove to thrust back into slavery.

SAMUEL J. MAY.

THERE are probably thousands of persons in this country who, when they heard that SAMUEL J. MAY was dead, felt that the best man they knew was gone. Whatever his abilities, and they were admirable, and whatever the services of his long life, consecrated to humanity, the profoundest impression that he always made was that of goodness. His temperament was cheerful, his conversation was flowing and humorous, his preaching was pointed and fervid; but wherever he was, and whatever the occasion, those who had been with him felt that it was good to have been there. Yet, while he was one of the gentlest of men, he was also one of the most heroic. He freely and even gladly encountered such martyrdom as modern society provides for those who differ from the general opinion. But he maintained his cause with such sweetness and reason, such a direct appeal to the human nature of his antagonist, that the common asperity of debate often disappeared, and a truth which was so unselfishly urged was tolerated if not adopted.

His career was a signal illustration of the conquest of character over differences of opinion. Mr. MAY was a Unitarian, an abolitionist, a woman's rights man, as it is called; and in all his views upon moral and political questions he was most radical. Nor did he ever conceal his opinions. Indeed, he was peculiarly identified with them. But he made friends, and not enemies. His neighbors respected and loved him, and his name was a chief ornament of all the good causes to which he was devoted. He had lived for many years in Syracuse, in New York, where he was the pastor of a church. During and after the war he was a most faithful and tireless laborer in the sanitary work and the Freedman's Association. But in later years he had somewhat withdrawn from his pulpit, and lived happily and peacefully among his friends and kindred. Among them, also, peacefully and happily he died, his memory remaining like a benediction with all who knew him.

PERSONAL.

THERE are a few offices, or rather a few fountains of corruption, in the city of New York that are equaled by similar positions abroad. The Earl of Ellenborough, for instance, now eighty-one years of age, was, when a school-boy, appointed by his father, then Chief Justice of England, to the joint Chief Clerkship of Pleas in the Court of Queen's Bench, and has ever since that time drawn annually about $40,000 in salary and fees without performing any of the duties of the office. The office of Sheriff of New York is worth from $75,000 to $100,000 per annum; County Clerk, $80,000; Register, $70,000; Comptroller, $100,000; City Chamberlain, $100,000. Of course these are not the nominal salaries, but the figures are not understated. The offices of Collector, Surveyor, and Naval Officer of the port of New York are worth from $40,000 to $75,000 per annum each, according to seizures (and seizures, and seizures), while the position of United States Marshal is worth quite as much more. The difference between the earl and our officials is that the latter have only about four years of fat things, while the former has enjoyed his place upward of sixty years, and received over two and a half millions of dollars.

—The little ripple of trouble in the Episcopal Theological Seminary between some of the faculty and Dr. FORBES, the Dean, calls to mind the fact that the clerical career of the latter has been not more conspicuous than erratic. When he left the Episcopal for the Roman Church, in 1849, he had been a clergyman for twenty years, and was twice a delegate to the General Convention. At the time of his leaving, his assistant at St. Luke's Church in this city was the Rev. Mr. PRESTON, who followed Dr. F., and when Dr. F. became pastor of St. Ann's R. C. church, Mr. PRESTON became his assistant, succeeding him as pastor when Dr. F. recanted and re-entered the Episcopal Church. Soon after Dr. F. became a Roman Catholic he was appointed theologian of the Bishop of Charleston at a General Council of R. C. archbishops and bishops held in Baltimore (1852). In 1854 he was theologian to Bishop FITZPATRICK, of Boston, in a Provincial Council. Subsequently he received from PIUS IX. the degree of Doctor of Sacred Theology at the same time with Drs. NEWMAN and MANNING, of England, and was sent by Archbishop HUGHES on a special mission to Rome to aid in establishing there the American College for Priests, with the intimation that he might remain, if he wished it, to preside over that institution. On returning to the Episcopal Church, in 1859, he was put in nomination for Provost in the University of Pennsylvania, being recommended by the President and some of the professors of Harvard, the professors of Columbia College, the professors of the General Theological Seminary, and such men as Judge CURTIS, then of the United States Supreme Court, Judge REDFIELD, of Vermont, HAMILTON FISH, REVERDY JOHNSON, JOHN P. KENNEDY, General DIX, Bishops POTTER, WHITTINGHAM, and COXE. Among Catholics the eloquence of Dr. FORBES in favor of the dogma of the Immaculate Conception, at the time it was promulgated, is well remembered.

—About these days politicians become anxious as to who shall be who in the approaching nominations of the Tammany party. A nomination is deemed equivalent to an election. The Ring are therefore cogitating as to who shall be the man. The most important of the county offices to be filled are the judges—especially so now, as those to be elected will hold office for fourteen years. In reference to the Superior Court, where two are to be chosen, and the Common Pleas, the "slate" is already arranged. Judges SPENCER and JONES and Chief Justice DALY are to be renominated. These nominations will be generally acceptable to the bar and the public. For the Supreme Court there are several gentlemen who would not regard it as imperative to decline a nomination. Among them may be mentioned Judge GARVIN, Recorder HACKETT, and THOMAS T. C. BUCKLEY, Esq. When the day arrives, however, it will be found that Judge CARDOZO will be the man, the understanding being that he is to resign his present seat, and be re-elected for the long term. This would give the Governor power to fill the vacancy to November, the appointee being agreed upon, and thus put in position for the succession. That is the programme.

—Will the Methodist Book Concern be considerate enough to withdraw for a short time from the public gaze? If it declines to take itself out of sight, will not the Associated Press buy it up and turn it into a shooting-gallery, an insane asylum, or some quiet institution of the sort? At a most careful and conservative estimate, the newspapers of the country have been at the expense of ten million dollars for printing the daily bulletin of the Methodist Book Concern quarrel, that is of no interest whatever to any body. The name of LANAHAN has become as familiar as that of BISMARCK. Let his inquisitors once hang him for exposing theft, and the public will feel very much relieved.—*Chicago Evening Post.*

—Not long since young Mr. PRYOR, a son of General ROGER A. PRYOR, carried off one of the honors of Cambridge University, England. To another young American, GEORGE LOCKHART RIVES, has just been awarded the first prize at Trinity College, in the same university, for English declamation and composition, the second and third prizes being awarded to Hon. C. H. STRUTT and Lord MONTEAGLE.

—There are whisperings of a revolt against Tammany. A gathering is said to have recently been held in Albany, at which several of the prominent Democratic country leaders were present—among them the Hon. DELOS DE WOLF, of Oswego, Hon. C. F. NORTON, of Plattsburg, Senator HARDENBERGH, Senator LORD, Hon. CALVERT COMSTOCK, General GEORGE J. MAGEE, Hon. ISAIAH FULLER, WILLIAM W. WRIGHT, Judge GEORGE J. COMSTOCK, and others. These gentlemen are understood to be the friends of Governor HOFFMAN and Chief Justice CHURCH rather than friends of Tammany. They are experienced, wary, long-headed politicians, and may give the Fourteenth Street saint some trouble.

—It was once stated in rhyme by a poetical but somewhat irregular "exciseman and gauger"—ROBERT BURNS, in his "Address to a Mouse"—that

> "The best-laid schemes o' mice an' men
> Gang aft a-gley,
> An' lea'e us nought but grief an' pain
> For promised joy."

And so the scheme by which Mr. BRET HARTE was to tickle the auricles of the savans of New England by something in the "Truthful James" vein was brought to naught by a curious variety of misinformation as to the particular season of the year at which the Commencement solemnities at Harvard usually take place. Having a vague notion, perhaps, that it occurred sometime during the hot season, he betook himself to the seclusion of rural Newport to incubate the poem. But either the weather, or haste to get up the divine afflatus, or oblivion—as to the "wing of time"—which will occasionally "moult a feather"—combined against him, and, instead of something rich and racy, he placed some old lyrics in his portmanteau, and started for the Hub. On arrival he "put up" at one of those Boston hotels of the prima facie class, inserted himself in tidy apparel, and "asked somebody where Cambridge was, and how he could get there." Somebody told him where Cambridge was and how he could get there, specifying the route and the ordinary style of "shay" by which he could travel. He traveled there, and arrived just as the excited people of that country were "going for the meeting-house," and drifted into church with a crowd of thin-faced people, mostly wearing glasses. He stood up like a man, read his lines "as loudly as he could,"

> "Then quietly slipped out of a little private door,
> And the subsequent proceedings interested him no more."

—The Hon. ASA PACKER, who ranks, if not the richest, as one of the richest men of Pennsylvania, has made another princely donation to "Lehigh University," which he founded in 1866 by a gift of $500,000. He now proposes to the Board of Trustees that the institution shall be under the auspices of the Episcopal Church, the tuition to be absolutely free to all the regular classes. The original endowment is to be increased by $250,000 as soon as the trustees raise $125,000. A second gift of $250,000 will be bestowed when a second $125,000 is raised by the Board; and until this is raised Mr. PACKER will give $25,000 a year toward the incidental expenses. Mr. PACKER is a native of Connecticut, and was in Congress from Pennsylvania from 1853 to 1857. How paltry this honor compared to the splendor of his benevolence!

—Hon. J. M. ALLYN, owner of the Allyn House, Hartford, has emulated in a modest, gentlemanly way the munificence of Mr. PACKER, by offering to the Young Men's Institute $40,000 to establish a free library and art gallery, and a clear title to the hall story of Allyn Hall building, to be fitted up for that purpose. The latter is worth over $100,000. He desires that the library shall be kept open Sundays, but this is not a condition of the gift.

—In a recent number of the *Weekly* we gave some personal recollections of the late THADDEUS STEVENS. The following anecdote gives another instance of the grim humor of the old gentleman. When he discovered that there was a clause in the charters of the several cemeteries prohibiting the burial of any but white persons in them, he declined to take any of the lots, and went to SHREINER'S private cemetery, where no such prohibition existed. He purchased two adjoining lots. One of his friends, in view of the fact that there was no one but himself to be buried in them, asked him why he secured so much ground. "Well," he replied, in his inimitable, humorous way, "some poor devil may come along one of these days who will have no place to go to. He can turn in with me."

—Mr. JOAQUIN MILLER, who is mentioned in the papers as the "new Californian poet," is in London, and has been dining with Archbishop TRENCH, ROBERT BROWNING, and other literary people, and been creating a new sensation by appearing at an evening party in top boots. The most fastidious of London *littérateurs* believe in him, and he has become a lion of great size.

—It is mooted in the upper political circles of Wisconsin that Mr. HORACE RUBLEE, now minister of the United States to Switzerland, and late editor of the Madison (Wisconsin) *State Journal*, is to return to take charge, as editor, of the Milwaukee *Sentinel*, and that R. D. HOLTON, a banker, politician, and railroad man of that State, is to succeed him in the mission.

—General NOYES, the Republican candidate for Governor of Ohio, is the artificer of his own fortune. He is now thirty-nine years of age. In early boyhood he was left an orphan, and at thirteen entered the office of the Dover (New Hampshire) *Morning Star* as an apprentice. After four years' work as a type he prepared to enter Dartmouth College, from which, in 1857, he graduated fourth in the class. At the outbreak of the war he marched with the Thirty-ninth Ohio, and served with conspicuous ability and gallantry with POPE and SHERMAN, losing a limb at Kenesaw Mountain. He is a brilliant speaker and thorough gentleman.

—The election of the Rev. ELIPHALET NOTT POTTER, D.D., to the presidency of Union College, gives occasion to mention that he is the youngest man, with a single exception, who has ever been chosen to such a position in this country, as probably in the Old World—being only thirty-three years of age. He graduated at Union in 1861, and was ordained in Troy in June, 1862. His first parish was at Bethlehem, Pennsylvania, where he built a church, and where he remained until the fall of 1869, when he became rector of St. Paul's Church, Troy. The exception alluded to was that of his grandfather, the late Rev. Dr. ELIPHALET NOTT, who was chosen President of the same college in 1804, at the age of thirty-one, and continued in that position until his death, in 1866—a period of sixty-two years. When Dr. NOTT took the presidency the college was in its infancy, its corporate existence dating from 1795, when it was without funds and in debt. In 1814 the Legislature, through his efforts, passed a lottery law for the benefit of the college, that sort of thing being then deemed quite unexceptionable. During his long incumbency upward of 4000 young men graduated from the college, and shortly before his death he endowed it with property worth $600,000. The father of the president-elect, the Right Rev. ALONZO POTTER, D.D., late bishop of Pennsylvania, son-in-law of Dr. NOTT, was graduated at Union in 1818, became a tutor in 1819, and professor in 1821. In 1831 he became Vice-President and Professor of Moral Philosophy, and was consecrated Bishop of Pennsylvania in 1845. The sons of Bishop POTTER, with one exception, graduates of Union College; and it is seldom that six brothers have at so early a period in life attained to positions so distinguished. The eldest, Hon. CLARKSON N. POTTER, aged forty-six, is a lawyer of eminence, and the present representative in Congress from the district composed of Westchester, Rockland, and Putnam Counties; Mr. HOWARD POTTER is a partner in the opulent banking house of BROWN, BROTHERS, & Co.; General ROBERT B. POTTER, also a lawyer, went into the war as Major of the Fifty-first New York Volunteers, was twice shot through the body, and attained to the rank of Major-General and commander of the Ninth Army Corps. Mr. EDWARD TUCKERMAN POTTER is a prominent architect of this city. The Rev. Dr. H. C. POTTER, rector of Grace Church, in this city, was ordained in '57, in '59 was called to St. John's Church, Troy; in '63, when but twenty-eight years of age, was tendered the presidency of Kenyon College, Ohio, and, in the same year, the rectorship of St. Paul's, Albany, both of which he declined. In 1866 he became "assistant minister of Trinity Church, Boston, on the Greene Foundation," where he remained until 1868, when he was called to the rectorship of Grace Church, in this city—one of the largest, most opulent, and, under his charge, one of the most influential, zealous, and successful parishes in the Church. The youngest of this remarkable family, who has just been chosen to a position of the highest honor and responsibility—Dr. ELIPHALET NOTT POTTER, worthily closes the family record of his distinguished father. He carries with him the hearty God-speed of all the sons of Union, the best wishes of his brethren in the ministry, and the highest hopes of those who see in the infusion of young blood into the direction of the institution no earnest of grand results.

Mr. CHARLES LANMAN, author of that very useful biographical work, the "Dictionary of Congress," has been commissioned by the Japanese government to prepare, as a sort of text-book for the people of Japan, a descriptive and historical work on the United States, to be translated by Minister ARINORI MORI, and published in that country.

—There are little incidents connected with the Treaty of Washington that must have given a little quiet satisfaction to Mr. SCHENCK during his first days in London. The first was the pleasant fact of the ratification of the treaty in London on the 17th of June, the anniversary of the battle of Bunker. The second was that the President officially announced that fact by proclamation on the 4th of July, the anniversary of the Declaration of Independence. Probably neither of these incidents was planned beforehand. Let them be taken, therefore, as auspicious omens for the future.

—The Rev. Dr. EDWARD M'GLYNN, pastor of St. Stephen's Church, in this city, has been named in connection with the diocese of Cleveland, Ohio, and also with the new diocese recently set off from the diocese of Albany. Whether reports are true assigning to him the crosier, or whether he would be willing to leave St. Stephen's—one of the largest and wealthiest Roman Catholic churches in the United States—we are unable to state. Dr. M'GLYNN is still young—under forty—a gentleman of superior ability, high culture, an able preacher, and a faithful, industrious, and beloved minister of his Church. It would be difficult to select a more excellent or efficient gentleman for the high duties of the episcopate.

—Some wag, taking a comprehensive view of the political complications of the day, and animated by a laudable desire to harmonize the various conflicting elements, proposes a "new departure" by nominating PETER COOPER, "the friend of man," for President and HENRY BERGH, "the friend of the brute," for Vice-President.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

The ratifications of the Treaty of Washington were exchanged at London on the 17th of June, the anniversary of the battle of Bunker Hill, and it was proclaimed at Washington on the 4th of July, the anniversary of American Independence.

The Civil Service Commission now in session at Washington has under consideration the practicability of the system of open competitive examinations. The Commission has received from England a number of documents relating to the civil service in that country, and also reports from several of the Departments in Washington relative to the number of employés in the civil service under each respectively, with details as to the present methods of examination, etc.

The Hon. C. C. BOWEN, recently convicted at Washington of bigamy, has been pardoned by the President.

Judge Pratt, of Brooklyn, has granted a writ of error in the case of Foster, convicted of the murder of Mr. Putnam. Foster was to be executed on the 14th inst., but the action of Judge Pratt gives him a reprieve till October.

Over two hundred Mormon immigrants, mostly English, were landed in this city on the 3d inst., and were immediately sent Westward.

FOREIGN NEWS.

THE recent elections in France have resulted in the complete success of the Republicans. Out of 114 deputies chosen, between eighty and ninety are supporters of President Thiers. Among the successful candidates are Gambetta, Victor Hugo, Duvergier, and General Faidherbe.

It is reported that Gambetta is to publish a paper, with General Faidherbe as military editor. The former has written a letter rejoicing over the results of the election, and advising moderation and patience.

The reorganization of the French army has been completed, and its effective strength is 300,000 men.

The Comte de Chambord has issued a proclamation to the people of France, asserting his claims to the throne. It is generally condemned by the European press as tending to increase agitation.

Victor Emanuel reached Rome on the 2d of July, and was enthusiastically received by the people. The representatives of Germany, Sweden, Turkey, Holland, Russia, Spain, and the United States at the Italian court have also repaired to Rome.

The course of Minister Washburne during the recent troubles in Paris is completely vindicated in a letter recently published in the London *Times*.

THE GLORIOUS FOURTH.

ADDRESS OF GRAND SACHEM TWEED AT THE TAMMANY WIGWAM.—[ILLUSTRATED BY NAST.]

ONE AND

those rules which have made all countries powerful which have followed them. We propose that the

ALL.

interests of one shall be the interests of all. We propose to carry on a strict government. We propose to

THE ELECTORS.

recognize the rights of those who elect persons to high official stations, and to call them to personal

account for the manner in which they have conducted themselves and performed their duties. We propose

ON TO WASHINGTON.

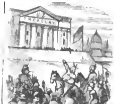
to wrest, if possible, the government from the hands

of those who now, in our opinion, are betraying it; from those who are trying to crush out all principles of equality, liberty, and toleration. (Applause.) We

propose to recognize the rights of the governed to ... We propose to

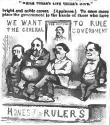
"LET BY-GONES BE BY-GONES."

let the issues of the past die: to strike forward into a



"WHILE THERE'S LIFE THERE'S HOPE."

bright and noble career. (Applause.) To once more place the government in the hands of those who have



FOR EXAMPLE.

always conducted the general government in a manner

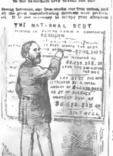
PATRIOTISM.

satisfactory to the country. From the formation of the government, except for a brief time, the Demo-

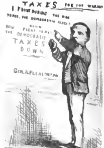
cratic party have been in the ascendancy; what was the result? Commerce thrived, ship-yards were filled with working-men; our ships, built by Americans, commanded by American captains, and manned by American sailors, covered the ocean. Our manufac-

TO THE DEMOCRATS GIVE THANKS FOR THIS

turing interests, our iron-works our iron mines, and all the great manufacturing interests were protected. It is not necessary to occupy your attention



longer, further than to say that the present condition of these interests is the result of the action of those



GENERAL PLEASONTON: "MR. TWEED, DO THOU GO AND DO LIKEWISE."

who now govern us. Commerce is paralyzed. Where before the ocean was studded with ships of American build, sailed by American captains, and owned by American owners, what now does the register show? No increase—none whatever; a falling off, a great

diminution. We propose to take the government from the hands of those who now hold it, and to go forward

MR. TWEED'S NEXT CASTLE.

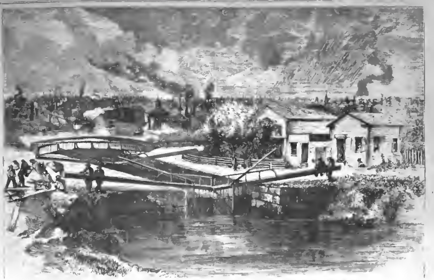
as we did before, steadily advancing, steadily prosecu-

ting, steadily increasing the welfare and prosperity of all. (Applause.) I would be pleased and happy to talk all day to you, but I am to be followed by speakers who have made politics their study, and I presume you, gentlemen, would be much better pleased to hear them than me. That being the case, in the name of the Tammany Society I again thank you for this manifestation of your approval of the determination which the society have endeavored to carry out, the princi-

WITH AN EYE TO THE NEXT ...

ples they have always enunciated, and we will now go on with the programme drawn up by the Committee of ...

THE PROGRAMME.



TURNING THE WATERS OF LAKE MICHIGAN INTO THE GULF OF MEXICO.—Drawn by Theo. R. Davis.—[See Page 671.]

LORD KILGOBBIN.

By CHARLES LEVER,

Author of "That Boy of Norcott's," "The Bramleighs of Bishop's Folly," "Sir Brooke Fossbrooke," "A Day's Ride," "One of Them," "Gerald Fitzgerald," etc., etc.

CHAPTER XV.

IN THE GARDEN AT DUSK.

When Atlee quitted Walpole's room he was far too full of doubt and speculation to wish to join the company in the drawing-room. He had need of time to collect his thoughts, too, and arrange his plans. That sudden departure of his would, he well knew, displease Kearney. It would savor of a degree of impertinence, in treating their hospitality so cavalierly, that Dick was certain to resent, and not less certain to attribute to a toft-hunting weakness on Atlee's part, of which he had frequently declared he detected signs in Joe's character.

"Be it so. I'll only say you'll not see me cultivate 'swells' for the pleasure of their society, or even the charms of their cookery. If I turn them to no better uses than display, Master Dick, you may sneer freely at me. I have long wanted to make acquaintance with one of these fellows, and luck has now given me the chance. Let us see if I know how to profit by it." And thus muttering to himself, he took his way to the farm-yard to find a messenger to dispatch to Kilbeggan for post-horses.

The fact that he was not the owner of a half-crown in the world very painfully impressed itself on a negotiation which, to be prompt, should be prepaid, and which he was endeavoring to explain to two or three very idle but very incredulous listeners—not one of whom could be induced to accept a ten miles' tramp of a drizzling night without the prepaying of a tip in advance.

"It's every step of eight miles," cried one.

"No, but it's ten," remonstrated another, with energy, "by rayson that you must go by the road. There's nobody would venture across the bog in the dark."

"Wid five shillings in my hand—"

"And five more when ye come back," continued another, who was terrified at the low estimate so rashly ventured.

"If one had even a shilling or two, to pay for a drink when he got in to Kilbeggan wet through and shivering—"

The speaker was not permitted to finish his ignominiously low proposal, and a low growl of disapprobation smothered his words.

"Do you mean to tell me," said Joe, angrily, "that there's not a man here will step over to the town to order a chaise and post-horses?"

"And if yer honor will put his hand in his pocket, and tempt us with a couple of crown pieces, there's no saying what we wouldn't do," said a little bandy old fellow, who was washing his face at a pump.

"And are crown pieces so plentiful with you down here that you can earn them so easily?" said Atlee, with a sneer.

"Be my sowle, yer honor, it's thinkin' that they're not so aisy to come at as that we're as lazy this evening," said a ragged fellow, with a grin, which was quickly followed by a hearty laugh from those around him.

Something that sounded like a titter above his head made Atlee look up, and there, exactly over where he stood, was Nina, leaning over a little stone balcony in front of a window, an amused witness of the scene beneath.

"I have two words for yourself," cried he to her, in Italian. "Will you come down to the garden for one moment?"

"Can not the two words be said in the drawing-room?" asked she, half archly, in the same language.

"No; they can not be said in the drawing-room," continued he, sternly.

"It's dropping rain. I should get wet."

"Take an umbrella, then, but come. Mind me, Signora Nina, I am the bearer of a message for you."

There was something almost disdainful in the toss of her head as she heard these words, and she hastily retired from the balcony and entered the room.

Atlee watched her, by no means certain what her gesture might portend. Was she indignant with him for the liberty he had taken? or was she about to comply with his request, and meet him? He knew too little of her to determine which was the more likely; and he could not help feeling that, had he even known her longer, his doubt might have been just as great. Her mind, thought he, is perhaps like my own: it has many crossings, and she's never very certain which one of them she will follow. Somehow, this imputed willfulness gave her, in his eyes, a charm scarcely second to that of her exceeding beauty. And what beauty it was! The very perfection of symmetry in every feature when at rest, while the varied expressions of her face as she spoke, or smiled, or listened, imparted a fascination which only needed the charm of her low liquid voice to be irresistible.

How she vulgarizes that pretty girl, her cousin, by mere contrast! What subtle essence is it, apart from hair, and eyes, and skin, that spreads an atmosphere of conquest over these women? and how is it that men have no more to say of this sort—nothing that imparts to them a superiority the sense that worship of them is in itself an ecstasy?

"Take my message into town," said he, to a fellow near, "and you shall have a message when you come back with the horses," and with this he strolled away across a little paddock and entered the garden. It was a large, ill cultivated space, more orchard than garden, with patches of smooth turf, through which daffodils and lilies were scattered, and little clusters of carnations occasionally showed where flower-beds had once existed. "What would I not give," thought he, as he strolled along the velvety sward, over which a clear moonlight had painted the fret-work of many a straggling branch—"What would I not give to be the son of a house like this, with an old

"'YOU ARE RIGHT, I SEE IT ALL;' AND NOW HE SEIZED HER HAND AND KISSED IT."

"You see right. I see it all." And now he seized her hand and kissed it as though he had won the right to that rapturous enjoyment.

She drew her hand away, but so slowly and so gently as to convey nothing of rebuke or displeasure. "And so you are going away?" said she, softly.

"Yes; Walpole has some pressing reason to be at once in Dublin. He is afraid to make the journey without a doctor; but rather than risk delay in sending for one, he is willing to take me as his body surgeon, and I have accepted the charge."

The frankness with which he said this seemed to influence her in his favor, and she said, with a tone of like candor: "You are right. His family are people of influence, and will not readily forget such a service."

Though he winced under the words, and showed that it was not exactly the mode in which he wished his courtesy to be regarded, she took no account of the passing irritation, but went on:

"If you fancy you know something about me, Mr. Atlee, *I* know far more about you. Your chum, Dick Kearney, has been so outspoken as to his friend, that my cousin Kate and I have been accustomed to discuss you like a near acquaintance—what am I saying?—I mean like an old friend."

"I am very grateful for this interest; but will you kindly say what is the version my friend Dick has given of me? what are the lights that have fallen upon my humble character?"

"Do you fancy that either of us have time at this moment to open so large a question? Would not the estimate of Mr. Joseph Atlee be another mode of discussing the times we live in, and the young gentlemen more or less ambitious, who want to influence them? would not the question embrace every thing, from the difficulties of Ireland to the puzzling embarrassments of a clever young man who has every thing in his favor in life, except the only thing that makes life worth living for?"

"You mean fortune—money?"

"Of course I mean money. What is so powerless as poverty? Do I not know it—not of yesterday, or the day before, but for many a long year? What so helpless, what so jarring to temper, so dangerous to all principle, and so subversive of all dignity? I can afford to say these things, and you can afford to hear them, for there is a sort of brotherhood between us. We claim the same land for our origin. Whatever our birth-place, we are both Bohemians!"

She held out her hand as she spoke, and with such an air of cordiality and frankness that Joe caught the spirit of the action at once, and bending over, pressed his lips to it, as he said, "I seal the bargain."

"And swear to it?"

"I swear to it," cried he.

"There, that is enough. Let us go back, or rather, let me go back alone. I will tell them I have met you, and heard of your approaching departure."

CHAPTER XVI.

THE TWO "KEARNEYS."

A visit to his father was not usually one of those things that young Kearney either speculated on with pleasure beforehand, or much enjoyed when it came. Certain measures of decorum, and some still more pressing necessities of economy, required that he should pass some months of every year at home; but they were always seasons looked forward to with a mild terror, and, when the time drew nigh, met with a species of dogged fierce resolution that certainly did not serve to lighten the burden of the infliction; and though Kate's experience of this temper was not varied by any exceptions, she would still go on looking with pleasure for the time of his visit, and plotting innumerable little schemes for enjoyment while he should remain. The first day or two after his arrival usually went over pleasantly enough. Dick came back full of his town life and its amusements, and Kate was quite satisfied to accept gayety at second-hand. He had so much to say of balls, and picnics, and charming rides in the Phœnix, of garden-parties in the beautiful environs of Dublin, or more pretentious entertainments that took the shape of excursions to Bray or Killiney. She came at last to learn all his friends and acquaintances by name, and never confounded the stately beauties that he worshiped afar off with the "awfully jolly girls" whom he flirted with quite irresponsibly. She knew, too, all about his male companions, from the dash young fellow-commoner from Downshire, who had a saddle-horse and a mounted groom waiting for him every day after morning lecture, down to that scampish Joe Atlee, with whose scrapes and eccentricities he filled many an idle hour.

Independently of her gift as a good listener, Kate would very willingly have heard all Dick's adventures and descriptions not only once but twice told: just as the child listens with unwearied attention to the fairy tale whose end he is well aware of, but still likes the little detail falling fresh upon his ear, so would this young girl make him go over some narrative she knew by heart, and would not suffer him to omit the slightest incident or most trifling circumstance that heightened the interest of the story.

As to Dick, however, the dull monotony of the daily life, the small and vulgar interests of the house or the farm, which formed the only topics, the undergrowl of economy that ran through every conversation, as though parsimoniousness was the great object of existence—but, perhaps, more than all these together, the early hours—so overcame him that he at first became low-spirited, and then sulky, seldom appearing save at meal-times, and certainly contributing little to the pleasure of the meeting: so that at last, though she might not easily have been brought to the confession, Kate Kearney saw the time of Dick's departure approach without regret, and was actually glad to be relieved from that terror of a rupture between her father and her brother of which not a day passed without a menace.

Like all men who aspire to something in Ireland, Kearney desired to see his son a barrister: for great as are the rewards of that high career, they are not the fascinations which appeal most strongly to the squirearchy, who love to think that a country gentleman may know a little law and be never the richer for it—may have acquired a profession, and yet never known what was a client or what a fee.

That Kearney of Kilgobbin Castle should be reduced to tramping his way down the Bachelors' Walk to the Four Courts, with a stuff bag carried behind him, was not to be thought of; but there were so many positions in life, so many situations for which that gifted creature the barrister of six years' standing was alone eligible, that Kearney was very anxious his son should be qualified to accept that £1000 or £1500 a year which a gentleman could hold without any shadow upon his capacity, or the slightest reflection on his industry.

Dick Kearney, however, had not only been living a very gay life in town, but, to avail himself of a variety of those flattering attentions which this interested world bestows by preference on men of some pretension, had let it be believed that he was the heir to a very considerable estate, and, by great probability, also to a title. To have admitted that he thought it necessary to follow any career at all would have been to abdicate these pretensions, and so he evaded that question of the law in all discussions with his father, sometimes affecting to say he had not made up his mind, or that he had scruples of conscience about a barrister's calling, or that he doubted whether the Bar of Ireland was not, like most high institutions, going to be abolished by Act of Parliament, and all the litigation of the land be done by deputy in Westminster Hall.

On the morning after the visitors took their departure from Kilgobbin, old Kearney, who usually relapsed from any exercise of hospitality into a more than ordinary amount of parsimony, sat thinking over the various economies by which the domestic budget could be squared, and after a very long séance with old Gill, in which the question of raising some rents and diminishing certain bounties was discussed, he sent up the steward to Mr. Richard's room to say he wanted to speak to him.

Dick at the time of the message was stretched full length on a sofa, smoking a meerschaum, and speculating how it was that the "swells" took to Joe Atlee, and what they saw in that confounded snob, instead of himself. Having in a degree satisfied himself that Atlee's success was all owing to his intense and outrageous flattery, he was startled from his reverie by the servant's entrance.

"How is he this morning, Tim?" asked he, with a knowing look. "Is he fierce—is there any thing up—have the heifers been passing the night in the wheat, or has any one come over from Moate with a bill?"

"No, Sir, none of them; but his blood's up about something. Ould Gill is gone down the stair, swearing like mad, and Miss Kate is down the road, with a face like a turkey-cock."

"I think you'd better say I was not, Tim—that you couldn't find me in my room."

"I daren't, Sir. He saw that little Skye terrier of yours below, and he said to me, 'Mr. Dick is sure to be at home; tell him I want him immediately.'"

"But if I had a bad headache, and couldn't leave my bed, wouldn't that be excuse enough?"

"It would make him come here. And if I was you, Sir, I'd go where I could get away myself, and not where he could stay as long as he liked."

"There's something in that. I'll go, Tim. Say I'll be down in a minute."

Very careful to attire himself in the humblest costume of his wardrobe, and specially mindful that neither studs nor watch-chain should offer offensive matter of comment, he took his way toward the dreary little den, which, filled with old top-boots, driving-whips, garden implements, and fishing-tackle, was known as "the lord's study," but whose sole literary ornament was a shelf of antiquated almanacs. There was a strange grimness about his father's aspect which struck young Kearney as he crossed the threshold. His face wore the peculiar sardonic expression of one who had not only hit upon an expedient, but achieved a surprise, as he held an open letter in one hand and motioned with the other to a seat.

"I've been waiting till these people were gone, Dick—till we had a quiet house of it—to say a few words to you. I suppose your friend Atlee is not coming back here?"

"I suppose not, Sir."

"I don't like him, Dick; and I'm much mistaken if he is a good fellow."

"I don't think he is actually a bad fellow, Sir. He is often terribly hard up and has to do scores of shifty things, but I never found him out in any thing dishonorable or false."

"That's a matter of taste, perhaps. Maybe you and I might differ about what was honorable or what was false. At all events, he was under our roof here, and if these nobs—or swells, I believe you call them—were like to be of use to any of us, we, the people that were entertaining them, were the first to be thought of; but your pleasant friend thought differently, and made such good use of his time that he cut you out altogether, Dick—he left you nowhere."

"Really, Sir, it never occurred to me till now to take that view of the situation."

"Well, take that view of it now, and see how you'll like it! you have your way to work in life as well as Mr. Atlee. From all I can judge, you're scarcely as well calculated to do it as he is. You have not his smartness, you have not his brains, and you have not his impudence—and faith, I'm much mistaken but it's the best of the three!"

"I don't perceive, Sir, that we are necessarily pitted against each other at all."

"Don't you? Well, so much the worse for you if you don't see that every fellow that has nothing in the world is the rival of every other fellow that's in the same plight. See every one that swims, ten, at least, sink."

"Perhaps, Sir, to begin, I never fully realized the first condition. I was not exactly aware that I was without any thing in the world."

"I'm coming to that, if you'll have a little patience. Here is a letter from Tom M'Keown, of Abbey Street. I wrote to him about raising a few hundreds on mortgage, to clear off some of our debts, and have a trifle in hand for drainage and to buy stock, and he tells me that there's no use in going to any of the money-lenders so long as your extravagance continues to be the talk of the town. Ay, you needn't grow red nor frown that way. The letter was a private one to myself, and I'm only telling it to you in confidence. Hear what he says: 'You have a right to make your son a fellow-commoner if you like, and he has a right, by his father's own showing, to behave like a man of fortune; but neither of you have a right to believe that men who advance money will accept these pretensions as good security, or think any thing but the worse of you both for your extravagance.'"

"And you don't mean to horsewhip him, Sir?" burst out Dick.

"Not, at any rate, till I pay off two thousand pounds that I owe him, and two years' interest at six per cent., that he has suffered me to become his debtor for."

"Lame as he is, I'll kick him before twenty-four hours are over."

"If you do, he'll shoot you like a dog, and it wouldn't be the first time he handled a pistol. No, no, Master Dick. Whether for better or worse, I can't tell, but the world is not what it was when I was your age. There's no provoking a man to a duel nowadays; nor no posting him when he won't fight. Whether it's your fortune is damaged or your feelings hurt, you must look to the law to redress you; and to take your cause into your own hands is to have the whole world against you."

"And this insult is then to be submitted to?"

"It is, first of all, to be ignored. It's the same as if you never heard it. Just get it out of your head, and listen to what he says. Tom M'Keown is one of the keenest fellows I know: and he has business with men who know not only what's doing in Downing Street, but what's going to be done there. Now here's two things that are about to take place: one is the same as done, for it's all ready prepared—the taking away the landlord's right, and making the State determine what rent the tenant shall pay, and how long his tenure will be. The second won't come for two seasons after, but it will be law all the same. There's to be no primogeniture class at all, no entail on land, but a subdivision, like in America, and, I believe, in France."

"I don't believe it, Sir. That would amount to a revolution."

"Well, and why not? Ain't we always going through a sort of mild revolution? What's parliamentary government but revolution, weakened, if you like, like watered grog, but the spirit is there all the same. Don't fancy that, because you can give it a hard name, you can destroy it. But hear what Tom is coming to. 'Be early,' says he; 'take time by the forelock; get rid of your entail, and get rid of your land. Don't wait till the Government does both for you, and have to accept whatever condition the law will saddle you with, but be before them! Get your son to join you in docking the entail; petition before the court for a sale, yourself or somebody for you; and wash your hands clean of it all. It's bad property, in a very ticklish country,' says Tom—and he dashes the words—'bad property, in a very ticklish country; and, if you take my advice, you'll get clear of both.' You shall read it all yourself by-and-by; I am only giving you the substance of it, and none of the reasons."

"This is a question for very grave consideration, to say the least of it. It is a bold proposal."

"So it is, and so says Tom himself; but he adds, 'There's no time to be lost; for once it gets about how Gladstone's going to deal with land, and what Bright has in his head for eldest sons, you might as well whistle as try to dispose of that property.' To be sure, he says," added he, after a pause—"he says, 'If you insist on holding on, if you cling to the dirty acres because they were your father's and your great-grandfather's, and if you think that being Kearney of Kilgobbin is a sort of title, in the name of God stay where you are, but keep down your expenses. Give up some of your useless servants, reduce your saddle-horses'—my saddle-horses, Dick! 'Try if you can live without fox-hunting.'—Fox-hunting! 'Make your daughter know that she needn't dress like a duchess'—poor Kitty's very like a duchess; 'and, above all, persuade your lazy, idle, and very self-sufficient son to take to some respectable line of life to gain his living. I wouldn't say that he mightn't be an apothecary; but if he liked law better than physic, I might be able to do something for him in my own office.'"

"Have you done, Sir?" said Dick, hastily, as his father wiped his spectacles, and seemed to prepare for another heat.

"He goes on to say that he always requires one hundred and fifty guineas fee with a young man; 'but we are old friends, Maurice Kearney,' says he, 'and we'll make it pounds.'"

"To fit me to be an attorney!" said Dick, articulating each word with a slow and almost savage determination.

"Faith! it would have been well for us if one of the family had been an attorney before

now. We'd never have gone into that action about the mill-race, nor had to pay those heavy damages for breaking Moore's barn. A little law would have saved us from evicting those blackguards at Muffenalick, or kicking Mr. Hall's bailiff before witnesses."

To arrest his father's recollection of the various occasions on which his illegality had betrayed him into loss and damage, Dick blurted out, "I'd rather break stones on the road than I'd be an attorney."

"Well, you'll not have to go far for employment, for they're just laying down new metal this moment, and you needn't lose time over it," said Kearney, with a wave of his hand, to show that the audience was over and the conference ended.

"There's just one favor I would ask, Sir," said Dick, with his hand on the lock.

"You want a hammer, I suppose," said his father, with a grin—"isn't that it?"

With something that, had it been uttered aloud, sounded very like a bitter malediction, Dick rushed from the room, slamming the door violently after him as he went.

"That's the temper that helps a man to get on in life," said the old man, as he turned once more to his accounts, and set to work to see where he had blundered in his figures.

A GRAND ENTERPRISE.

The city of Chicago has grown up on the banks of a river forking into North and South Branches, the chief peculiarity of which was that it rarely knew which way to run. With a strong freshet from up-country it would pursue a feeble course toward the lake; but at other times it exhibited the most piggish obstinacy and sluggishness, and refused to move either way. Being the receptacle of the city drainage, the river was a terrible nuisance during the hot weather. Its waters were as black and slimy as the current of a sewer, and the most offensive and pestilential odors arose from them, so that the air of the city and country in the direction of the wind was unendurable.

MAP SHOWING CONNECTIONS OF LAKE MICHIGAN WITH DES PLAINES RIVER.

To remedy this evil enormous pumping engines were made to lift the waters of the South Branch into the Illinois and Michigan Canal, which connects with a branch of the Mississippi. But this proved to be as expensive as well as only a partial remedy. Another plan was then projected and carried out. This was nothing less than cutting down the summit level of the canal, so as to establish a natural flow backward from Lake Michigan to the Mississippi. This great work has been successfully accomplished, and by the time this paper is issued the clear, sweet waters of the lake will pour through the city and take their course toward the Mississippi and the Gulf of Mexico. The map which accompanies this article shows the course of the canal from Chicago to Joliet, on the Des Plaines River, a distance of thirty miles, with a gradual fall of twenty feet. The depth of water in the canal varies from seven and a half to nine feet. The flow of the current will be about three-quarters of a mile per hour. The engraving on page 669 shows the cutting away of one of the old locks which were necessary before the change of current.

SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

A recent number of *The Academy* contains a notice, by Keith Johnston, Jun., of a collection of essays by Oscar Peschel, composed of a series of articles published in *Ausland*, a weekly journal of geography and anthropology, of which Dr. Peschel was editor until quite recently, when he was succeeded by Dr. Rochholtz. The subjects discussed in these essays consist of certain problems in comparative geography, in this instance restricted more to the purely physical conditions of the earth than is the case in the well known work of Carl Ritter, which Peschel thinks should be entitled "Geographical Theology; or, an Attempt to Penetrate the Design of the Creator from a Study of His Works." Various subjects are treated of in this series, among the more noteworthy of which, according to Mr. Johnston, may be mentioned that on the formation of fiords, which are deep and precipitous cuttings into a steep coast, generally at a high angle, and are usually aggregated together considerably wherever they occur. They are found only on the coasts of Europe and America, and mostly on west or north coasts, being confined in Europe to regions north of the fifty-first parallel; on the east coast of America to the forty-fourth, and on the west coast to above the forty-eighth degree. In the southern hemisphere no fiords occur within a limit of forty-one degrees from the equator. On a careful examination of these fiords, their bounds are found to agree with the winter isothermal lines, none of them occurring in any warmer zone than that shut off by a yearly temperature of 50° Fahr. Within this space, however, they never fail to appear where a steep coast-line and heavy rain-fall are seen to exist together. In general they are either channels through which glaciers find their way to present to the sea, or show marks of having been formerly occupied by them.

In answer to the question whether these physical features may not have been produced by glaciers, Dr. Peschel responds that they mark the outlines of a former and now retreating glacial covering, which has protected these remains of still earlier upheavals from the weathering and degradation which has befallen any such raised and broken surfaces in warmer regions.

In another essay Dr. Peschel opposes the theory of the existence of mountains and valleys in the sea bed corresponding to the inequalities of this character observed on the land, and maintains that every island is either the unsubmerged height of a sinking portion of the continent nearest to which it lies, identifiable as a former portion of the main land by its geological structure, its fauna, or its flora, or else that it has been independently raised by volcanic force or by the labors of the coral insect.

In another chapter Dr. Peschel opposes the idea that the mountain ranges have been formed by outbursts of incandescent lava; but finds in chemistry the power needed for the result, especially in the combinations of carbonic acid and silica, which produce a chemical change resulting in a reduction in the specific gravity, and a considerable increase in the volume of the mass.

From a careful study of the subject, Dr. Peschel thinks he can show that since the tertiary period the continents have tended to add to their extent northward and westward, and to lose by submergence to the south and east, the gain in the one case being exactly counterbalanced by the loss in the other, the proportions of land and water remaining the same. He also considers it to be a popular fallacy that the destruction of forests reduces the rain-fall on the land, and thinks it useless to attempt planting in those countries in which woods have not flourished naturally in historic times. This idea, however, Mr. Johnston very sensibly opposes as being entirely contrary to well-established facts.

Whether owing to increased importations, or to the use of machines for making ice artificially, the London papers advertise this substance at what they consider the extraordinarily low rate of about $1 40 per hundred pounds. This, however, would not be considered a low figure in our country, especially at the present time, when it can be purchased in New England at about from ten to fifteen cents for the same quantity.

Although no formal action has been taken in regard to supplying the Connecticut River with black bass, as has been the case with the Delaware, Schuylkill, Potomac, and other streams, this result has been accomplished by an accident, several gentlemen having stocked certain fish-ponds with this valuable fish, which were emptied (by a flood, several years ago), with their contents, into the Connecticut. Since then the young fish have made their appearance in the river in large quantity, and it is likely that before long the supply will be abundant.

According to the *Scientific Review*, the London International Exhibition of 1871, which opened on the 1st of May last, has proved a decided failure, far from realizing the expectations of its projectors. The only portion worthy of inspection even, according to the above journal, is the pottery department, and most of this is monopolized by one or two manufacturers whose wares are of no great variety. Little attempt is made to explain any of the machinery or of the articles exhibited, and, as a whole, the exhibition contains little or nothing that is not perfectly familiar to the industrial or technical community.

Owing to various climatological causes, a remarkable decrease in the lower borders of the Swiss glaciers took place during the past year, and careful trigonometrical measurements of their summits revealed a corresponding depression. One ice peak in the Tyrolese Alps, which formerly was a little over 11,000 Vienna feet in height, has been reduced, within a few years past, to the extent of eighteen and a half English feet, leaving only three, instead of four, points in these Alps reaching the former altitude.

According to *Nature*, the Paris Academy of Inscriptions and Belles Lettres has held no regular sittings for some time, although the meetings of the Academy of Science have, we believe, not been interrupted at any time. A special commission has been given to Mr. Renan to inspect the ruins of the Parisian monuments which have been destroyed by the Communists. A commission has also been appointed by the Academy of Science to study the different processes used by the insurgents for burning the Tuileries, etc. Petroleum seems to have been generally employed, either soaked up in hay or placed in canisters. It was stated that petroleum had been thrown from fire-engines and then ignited, but this is believed to be incorrect.

A great demand for the English sparrow in various parts of the United States has induced their importation from England and Germany in large numbers, but in many instances where this has been done in large cages, most of the birds have died on the passage. In one instance in our recollection, where four hundred were placed in two cages, only seven were safely landed in New York. Persons who have given this subject their attention advise that the importations be made in long low cages, known as store cages, which are two or three feet long, about nine inches high, and twelve from back to front, with perches within two inches of the bottom. In a cage of this kind three or four dozen can, it is said, be readily transported, provided they be supplied with proper food, as well as with sand and fine gravel and plenty of water.

Professor Marsh, of Yale College, has just started out on a second expedition for scientific exploration and discovery in the far West, which we trust will be still more fruitful in interesting results than the first one, which brought to light so many extraordinary forms of fossil animals, that have been briefly described by him in the *American Journal of Science*, and referred to from time to time in our pages. His party for the present season will consist of thirteen besides himself, embracing quite a number of his companions of last year, and it is his intention to spend five or six months in searching the cretaceous and tertiary strata of the Rocky Mountain region and the Pacific coast for vertebrate fossil remains. With the experience of the past year and ample facilities, he expects to make very extensive collections.

The New York Commissioners of Fish and Fisheries seem unwearied in their efforts to stock the waters of the State with the best varieties of fish. Among other results obtained by them has been the hatching out during the past season of 8,000,000 shad eggs, or three times the total catch of the Hudson River. They have also bred several millions of white-fish, and a million of salmon trout, while of such fish as black bass, pike, perch, and other varieties, they have supplied large numbers to those who would take and protect them. The period of their appointment will expire in the course of a year, but by that time, even if the commission should not be renewed, they will have made a most important impression upon the subject of the production of the fresh-water food supply.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

Is there in nature a cure for every ill to which flesh is heir? And will medical investigation or some fortuitous circumstance finally discover one and all of them? Since cundurango has been found to be a remedy for hitherto incurable cancer, the medical profession may hopefully expect other equally important curative discoveries. Cundurango is a plant which grows in Ecuador, being found only on the highest peaks of the mountains. It is a large, bushy shrub, bearing a poisonous fruit. An Indian woman of Ecuador, wishing to poison her husband, who was suffering greatly from cancer, made a decoction of the wood—the fruit being out of season—and administered it to him. Strange to say, the man recovered from the disease. The remarkable cure excited the attention of physicians, and finally of the government of Ecuador, and a few pounds were sent to the State Department at Washington about three months ago. Experiments indicate that the article is a genuine specific for the dreaded and dreadful cancer. But the supply was small and soon exhausted, and applicants became clamorous for more. Dr. Bliss, of Washington, sent an order for five hundred pounds of cundurango to a business house in Guayaquil. But the plant was not an article of commerce, and it was found to be impossible to obtain it by the ordinary commercial methods. Consequently a special agent has been dispatched to obtain a supply. It is, however, a difficult task to obtain the cundurango. The roads of the Loja district, where it grows, are rough and unfrequented, and the natives are suspicious of foreigners, and disposed to throw every obstacle in their way. Moreover, the rainy season is not yet over, and the streams are swollen and dangerous to cross. Notwithstanding all these difficulties, a large supply is expected to be gathered in season to reach New York by the Aspinwall steamers which are due on the 1st and 15th of August.

There is likely to be no lack of peaches this year. The recent estimate of the Peach Growers Association, which met at Dover, Delaware, was 3,315,000 baskets. As they made an estimate last year, and, though the crop was afterward damaged, the actual amount forwarded by rail was not less than 80,000 baskets more than the estimate, we may expect an abundance of this luscious fruit from the peninsula.

A caricature of the Commune, vivid and vigorous in delineation, has just been brought out by Mr. George Cruikshank, whose etchings have become classical. A fiend with hoofs and horns, in a blood-stained cap of liberty, with a flask of brandy on one side of his belt and a flask of petroleum on the other, brandishing a dripping dagger and a flag surmounted by a death's-head, is depicted dancing with infernal glee among the mangled bodies and smoking cinders of the burning city. This is the "leader of the Parisian Blood-Red Republic," and the flag bears this inscription: "Liberty, Equality, Fraternity; Atheism, or a disbelief in God; seizure of all property; and death to all who oppose the Red Republic." The cartoon is headed, "An awful lesson to the world for all time to come;" and below is a suggestion for the suppression of "Red Republicans" in England.

It is announced in England that the Queen's second son, the Duke of Edinburgh, is to be married to a daughter of the King of Denmark, a sister of the Princess of Wales. As the young lady, though of royal blood, has no dowry, the Duke, who is a life pensioner on the British nation to the amount of $75,000 a year, will doubtless expect an increase of his pension when he is married. The Queen will probably apply to Parliament for a dowry, her own little private fortune of something like $15,000,000 being too small to be touched on such an occasion. Intense dissatisfaction among the working classes is anticipated.

A little eight-year-old girl settled the question of the propriety of wearing ear-rings the other day by declaring that if it had not been "wicked" to wear them "God would have made holes in our ears."

The Bombay journals believe that Dr. Livingstone will be in great danger, on his return journey, from the Arab traders, and they advocate sending an expedition to Lake Tanganyika in search of him.

One of the brightest pupils at the institution for the deaf and dumb at Raleigh, North Carolina, is a daughter of one of the Siamese Twins.

The "oldest woman" in Maine, Mrs. Bertha Foster, is over 107 years of age. Since her one-hundredth birthday she has both spun and knit. For one pair of stockings knit since that time she has received $5. She has been able to read until within a few years, and to walk quite well until very recently, when she fell, and has since been obliged to keep her bed. She still retains her mental faculties to a remarkable degree.

We do not suppose that there will be one less fire-cracker or pistol fired next Fourth of July from any publicity which might be given to the disasters which happened this year. Yet it may possibly lead a few to exercise more care in the use of explosives to reflect upon the long list of lacerated arms and legs, the disfigured faces, and the deaths by accidents which the "Glorious Fourth" produced. The number of hands mutilated on that occasion affords subject for serious reflection, and will not be soon forgotten by sundry children and parents.

The following incident is told in connection with Napias-Piquet, one of the most remarkable men of the Paris insurrection: Piquet was placed in the delicate and dangerous position of mayor at Passy during the latter days of the insurrection. He had, however, not only power there, but was of much weight in the Commune councils. To him was largely due the financial promptness of the insurrectionary leaders. He could find money, by legitimate or violent means, when no one else could. He was also extremely violent in his devices for an attack on property, and formed the plan of burning all the papers of the various credit societies, the notaries, and the great corporations, that the Paris world might start anew. One day, after his plan for burning all these immensely valuable papers had been mentioned in the Commune, a well-known French gentleman having no sympathy with the insurrection, but to whom Piquet was deeply indebted for past services, went to see the fiery attacker of property. He was accompanied by an American, to give character to his visit, which he feared might result in his arrest and incarceration as a hostage. Piquet received them with the most friendly cordiality. In the course of conversation the Communist said, "Yes, we intend to burn every paper in every important business establishment, public and private, all archives, and every record which has any value to the rich and those who have been powerful." The Frenchman delicately interposed the thought that the Commune would do much better to carefully put its seals upon all buildings containing these papers and to preserve the records of past iniquities, and then to publish to the world all the documentary evidence of what he (Piquet) asserted. To this the socialist did not at first listen; but he finally said he would consider it, and until day seals were placed on offices of various public and private corporations. Then came the crushing stroke of M'Mahon's entry, and the Frenchman who had reasoned with Piquet had, by a little stroke of finesse, saved to Paris the destruction of paper involving interests of thousands of millions of francs. Had he attempted to threaten Piquet he would have incurred the greatest danger, but he simply forced him to procrastination. Piquet was among the first to fall under the bullets of the Versailles soldiery.

The obituary record of the past six months will place Philadelphia among the places remarkable for the longevity of its inhabitants. Since January, 1871, there have appeared in the columns of the *Public Ledger* the notices of the death of no less than 200 persons who had lived to or beyond the advanced age of eighty years. Of these forty-nine reached the age of ninety or more, and five lived to over one hundred years. Two persons—a man, native of Ireland, and a Scotchwoman—could count their one hundred and five years.

An old Vermont farmer has just completed a musical calendar clock, the work of his spare hours during the last eight years. It is really a wonderful piece of mechanism, and has attracted visitors from far and near. It is an eight-day clock. The dial marks the second, minute, hour, day of the week, day of the month, month, and year; a thermometer rests against its pendulum, giving the state of temperature; the ball of the pendulum contains a miniature time-piece, which derives its motive power solely from its vibrations, and keeps accurate time. There is also a cylinder musical attachment, which may be set to play any one of seven airs at the end of each hour. In this last feature it can be so adjusted—and such was the intention of the maker—as to play "Old Hundred" at the end of each hour on Sunday, and "Old Folks at Home," "Swiss Waltz," "Star-Spangled Banner," "Hail Columbia," "Yankee Doodle," and "Sweet Home," respectively, on each succeeding day of the week. The entire mechanism is placed in a black-walnut case, which measures ten feet high, twenty inches wide, and ten inches deep. The case is highly polished, and its front bears the inscription in raised letters, "Our Union Forever, U.S."

The Kentucky giant, Captain Martin Van Buren Bates, and the Nova Scotia giantess, Miss Anna Hanan Swan, were recently "made one" in London. Their united height is about seventeen feet—the bridegroom, unfortunately, being only eight feet, which made it necessary for the shrinking bride to stoop for the nuptial kiss. Of course the captain did not feel quite at his ease under the circumstances, and looked up to the lady for aid and support during the ceremony. The officiating clergyman was only six feet three inches.

The great altar in the church of Notre Dame de Lorette is mutilated, and the bronze group which surmounted it, and which cost 80,000 francs, has been thrown down and broken. It consisted of a *Mater Dolorosa* supporting the body of Christ, and two kneeling angels. Two marble figures were also pulled down with cords, and greatly injured.

All physicians, as well as all other intelligent persons who have ever thought about the matter, agree in believing that the common custom of rapid eating is injurious to health. One of the most pleasant and effectual remedies for this evil is to make the breakfast, dinner, and tea hour the time for cheerful, genial, social chat. Business affairs should be excluded from table in general, and light, agreeable topics introduced. Cheerful chatting is an excellent digestive.

The central and southern provinces of Persia are in a state of destitution and misery, caused by the drought of last year. People are dying of hunger even in the streets of the capital, and this is but a small part of the terrible calamity. Parents are selling their children as slaves to keep them alive; the wretched sufferers try to support life on grass and roots; and men have been seized in the act of digging up corpses to serve as food to their starving families.

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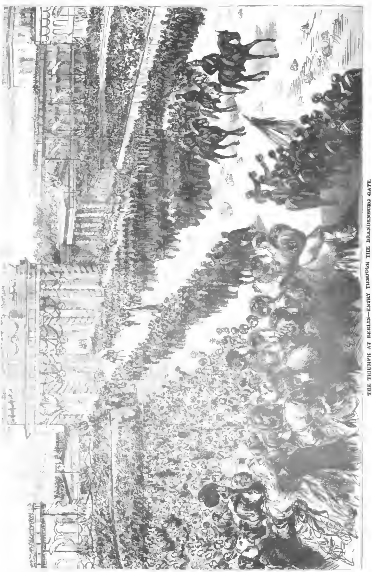
superb public buildings, with their noble Greek pillars and porches, the Museum, the Library, the University, the Opera-house, the Palace—their sculptured gods and goddesses, muses and festal processions, all radiant with the joy of their god, whose chariot ascends in the east; and far away I see another city, one year ago the fairest of the earth, sitting amid the desolation, the blackened ruins, the crowded dungeons which make the drear counterpart of the gladness that reigns in Berlin to-day. The first sound I hear of the awakening city is a strain of "The Watch on the Rhine," sung by a chorus of young men's voices, and wafted now from among the lindens. I have come far, and journeyed day and night to see the final tableau of a great historic drama, in whose dread overture, as performed by the roar of artillery and the shrieks of dying men, I listened last summer in France, and I must not waste a sunbeam of my day.

A few steps bring me to Unter den Linden, with its beautiful avenue of trees, and along it the vast crowd is even now beginning to move. The birds seem to share in the general delight, and the lindens are vocal with their songs. I start on a long walk through the whole extent of Unter den Linden, turning to the left, and passing along the Queen Augusta Street. All this way is bordered with French guns. On each is written the name of the place where it was captured—Metz, Sedan, Paris, etc.; each is wreathed with evergreens. On each, too, is engraved some pretty name, such as the French love to give even to instruments of death—the Emerald, the Zephyr, the Sylph. The police being not yet fairly at their work, the youngsters of Berlin are having a fine time riding these guns as horses; and I wish they could never come to any worse use than that to which the little Arabs are putting them. In Unter den Linden there is a long line of mitrailleuses, and they furnish objects of endless curiosity to the country people. That rustic brother there, whose festival waistcoat has colors enough to be a contribution to the river decorations, has spent ten minutes investigating a mitrailleuse. One after the other he has peered down each of the twenty-five holes which perforate its mouth, believing, apparently, that through some one of them he must surely behold a dead Turco or a



THE TRIUMPH AT BERLIN—ENTRY THROUGH THE BRANDENBURG GATE.

captured emperor. Then he examines the other end. Undaunted, he puts the next mitrailleuse through the same course, and I leave him at his curious task. At the Potsdam Gate stood three colossal statues, one representing Germania, with sword in one hand and olive-branch in the other, and the others, I imagine, Metz and Strasburg. The Germania was near twenty feet high, and on a wide pedestal or platform as high again. These three statues were as white and beautiful as if carved by some master from marble. They were really composed of straw chopped fine, covered with linen, and then plastered thinly over. There were at many points of the city allegorical statues, all effective, and all made in the same way, while the busts of the King and of the royal family were so numerous that one would say they must be turned out by machines.

Very effective were the evergreen decorations. For many miles—in fact, along every street in Berlin—the festoons hung in graceful pendants; a large one generally covered by a small, so as to make them outline an interminable succession of shields; and they covered the houses from the ground to the roof—no small distance in a Berlin house. Mingled with these evergreen strands were frequently flowers, and nearly always either flags, ensigns, or carpets and rugs. This last feature of a festal decoration was quite new to me, and although the rugs and carpet patterns were of brilliant colors, being used chiefly on the lower walls of fine houses, they did give them an oddly commercial appearance.

All along the route by which the procession was to pass there had been arranged seats wherever it was possible. Wherever a house stood a little back of the street the intervening space was filled with ascending tiers of seats. Every street that crossed Unter den Linden had arches over its points of contact, and these were covered with seats. Then the larger squares around the Potsdam Gate, the Brandenburg Gate, the Pariser Platz, the University, the Opera house, and the Schloss—all had arrangements for thousands of spectators. These places were called "tribunes," and the seats in them were all numbered and sold by ticket. The prices on Unter den Linden were very high. It is said that Dr. Russell, of the London *Times*, secured a place in a certain balcony commanding several views for a hundred guineas; but he did not arrive to enjoy it, having missed a train from Charing Cross. I can not vouch for the truth of that rumor, but I can vouch for many outrageous extortions having been practiced, the worst being the case of an American lady who was made to pay 112 thalers for her room for three days, because it overlooked the great street. The tribunes all along the streets were covered with crimson, and admirably adorned with evergreens; and with long lines of soldiery on the pavements in front of them, and parterres of gayly dressed ladies seated on them, the effect was simply magnificent.

The soldiers had a march of some ten English miles before reaching the city, which, the day being hot, was unfortunate. When they entered

THE TRIUMPH AT BERLIN—VICTORS OFF DUTY.

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licans who have passed some time in the Old World can appreciate that one hears the many and cordial expressions of eminent Germans concerning him. "Your minister," said Professor Lepsius, "has not only won all our hearts by his good will, and the honors of our Academy by his learning, but his presence has made a new era in our estimate of America. The King, Moltke, Bismarck, Von Roon, all our greatest men, I have heard speak of him with even enthusiasm." Mr. Bancroft's beautiful home on Regentan Strasse is the centre of a large hospitality, which must be very inadequately supported by any salary he has received, but the honor and position of the United States are by him held far above all private interests or considerations.

Taking my seat on the University tribune, I overlook the tremendous crowd. The great buildings, as far as the eye can see, are covered with human beings. The grand Opera-house, the Crown Prince's palace, the Library, the Palace, blossom with banners, and the gayly dressed masses seem like some great efflorescence under a tropical breath. Music fills the air at every moment. We have some time to wait here, and we pass it in watching the perpetual struggle of the mounted police to keep the main course clear. The crowd, pent up on one side or the other, now and then overflows, and a hundred or two rush wildly across the broad space, hoping to find a better foot-hold. They are received by a long line of police on foot, who send them back again. When they get back there is no place for them, and for some minutes they oscillate from one side to the other, the horsemen dashing among them to an extent that calls forth frantic screams from the frightened women. Once the crowd that broke its levees and poured across was so considerable that the police could not resist it. So two of them surrounded and captured a single aged man, dressed in a droll overcoat which almost reached the ground, and marched him back again to the place from which he had endeavored to escape with the rest. His captors had the air of men who though unable to right every wrong in the universe, had at least succeeded in reforming one small point of chaos. A great deal of enthusiasm was called forth by a young girl who alone left the front of the Opera-house, and walked slowly and coolly across the cleared space. There were many speculations as to what she meant to do, and how the police on our side would treat this lovely creature, who seemed unconscious of her daring; and there was general pleasure and applause when, having quietly gone up to the chief of police, he conversed with her a moment, and then gave her a good standing-place. A venerable woman, with two daughters and a son, did not fare so well with her *coup d'état*. They all got over into some waiting seats of our tribune. The custodians assured her that each one there was owned, and that each cost five thalers. The matron argued that she had been there from a very early period, and ought to have good places for herself and family. This argument, though not convincing to our Cerberus, was so potent in her own mind that she utterly declined to move. Nor was it an easy thing to depose her by force, as it was six or seven feet to the pavement below, supposing her to be lifted over the railing. But our man was ingenious, and gently taking the youngest of her children, gave him into the arms of a confederate below, who deposited the weeping child on the ground. A storm of tears and outcries from the rest of the unhappy family attended this stratagem; but, as may be imagined, the custodians very soon had the pleasure of assisting the descent of the whole party.

But now there is a hush over the vast multitude; then the clangor of martial music. Soon the myriad eyes catch the gleam of long lines of helmets, flashing in the light to pure gold. Before these advance the great officers on their splendidly caparisoned steeds. They came in separate groups of about thirty, forty, fifty. Each advancing hero enjoys his ovation. The enthusiasm was at no time greater than when at the head of the front cavalry appeared the veteran General Von Wrangel—over ninety years of age, but sitting his horse as erect as a sapling. How shall I describe the enthusiasm when the men appeared whose names have been for a year on every German's heart and tongue? Von Moltke, smooth-faced, lithe, and but for his gravity boyish in appearance; Bismarck, Von Roon, Blumenthal, riding stately and slow; the Crown Prince, Prince Frederick Carl, Prince Adelbert, the princes and dukes of all the royal houses; all these advanced at the head of gleaming cohorts, and the tribunes, balconies, windows, were alive with waving foam of white handkerchiefs, while cheer after cheer broke along the line, up and down, heard far beyond where the eye could reach. The old King marched up, his path strewn with evergreen and flowers all the way, looking young and glad. He took his place between the Crown Prince's palace and the Opera-house tribune, and beside him were all the magnates of the land, civic and military. The Queen sat in her carriage near by. They were almost opposite us, and we could see them with ease. The march past then took place. Forty thousand of the soldiers who had made the greatest chapter of German history came, rank on rank, two hundred abreast, and the whole space before us, just now vacant, was a waving sea of bright helmets, bayonets, and raised swords. When Queen Augusta's regiment was advancing, the King started from his place and rode swiftly several hundred yards to meet it, then rode before it until it came where the Queen was, who rose and stood up in her carriage while it passed. There were but a few mishaps. I saw half a dozen horses fall on the slippery pavement, and on one occasion a young lieutenant had a severe fall by the slipping of his horse. This officer, as I have just learned, died yesterday of the hurt he then received. He had been through the severest of the battles, always in the thick of them, and received no wound, until the fatal hour came amid the splendor of victory.

When the march past had taken place I left my tribune and hastened on to the space in front of the Museum, where the King was to unveil the statue of the late king, Frederick William III. This occasion was very brilliant, all the court and the generals gathering around. The veil was withdrawn amid the thunders of cannon. It was a fair enough looking equestrian statue, but it seemed to me very little like the authentic portraits we have of the late king. Moreover, I trust the time will arrive when the statues added to Berlin will be those of better men than William III. It must be confessed that a stranger could hardly discover from the statues in Berlin that Germany ever had any great men other than soldiers.

M. D. CONWAY.

LOCHINVAR AT SALT LAKE.

BY JUSTIN McCARTHY.

RESTING on this hill-side, look around and below, and say whether you have ever before seen a sight more beautiful. Beneath you spreads a green valley, girt by a perfect cincture of mountains, as exquisite in their outlines as any thing Greece itself can show, and crowned with snowy peaks which dazzle the eye as they pierce into the intensely blue heavens and flash back the brilliant sunlight. Far off on the right that sunlight glitters on the edge of a lake. In the middle of the valley is a city nestling among groves and rich in gardens. Amidst and over the white walls and the prodigal luxuriance of the foliage rises a huge dark-colored oblong dome—if such a phrase be correct—a vast roof, looking like the back of some prodigious turtle. One might fancy himself looking down upon some Syrian scene as he gazes on that town, with its groves, its gardens, its white walls, its flat roofs, and its one vast dome. From this enchantment-lending distance the spectator might well imagine that there, on the bosom of the loveliest valley, ramparted by the most glorious mountains in the world, stands the most picturesque city reared by human hands.

It is almost a pity that the traveler should ever have to descend into the town itself; for when once he gets there the illusion vanishes. His imagined Damascus turns into a mean and shabby little country town built upon a swamp. One long and straggling street, two or three small cross streets, and some decent suburbs, with substantial residences, make up the whole concern. In the principal thoroughfare there are perhaps half a dozen respectable shops; the rest are wretched shanties. One or two drapers' shops; one or two gun-makers', with a huge wooden gun projecting as a sign; several tobacconists'; a couple of chemists'; these, with the post office, the news-agents, and the hotels, make up the trade and commerce of the community. Nothing could well be more shabby, squalid, commonplace. Yet this is a famous city, over the picturesqueness and architectural splendor of which English travelers have written themselves and their readers into sensational raptures. For it is the City of the Salt Lake, the chief town of Utah, the residence and the capital of the prophet Brigham Young, whose house, surmounted by its gilded bee-hive, is one of the objects which attract the eye and excite the curiosity of the stranger on his first arrival.

Disappointment—and what Blanche Amory calls "disillusion"—fell heavily on the mind and the spirits of an English traveler—Mr. Leslie Sandon—who had lately arrived in the city. Having had his head filled with Hepworth Dixon, he was cruelly disconcerted by the utterly commonplace aspect, the dirt and dismalness, of every thing. It seemed a camp of the joyless. Pigs nuzzled among the heaps of vegetable refuse that lay on the foot-paths. There was no sewerage but such as was given by runnels of water that coursed down the side of each street—rivers rather than gutters, spanned at intervals by little bridges of plank. There was no gas, and at night the town had no other light than that which blinked out of the little lamps in the wretched shops. Our traveler tried to roam the streets at night, but found that he had to creep along in the most cautious manner, and listen every now and then for the roar of the torrent, lest he should tumble into one of the dirty, refuse-bearing streams. He visited the theatre—a large, dreary, dingy, comfortless barn, where the few spectators tried to see the stage by the light of a few kerosene lamps. He thought this temple of amusement rather sadder than even the outer world, and he went forth into the dismal streets again. Even in the day there are not many people about the streets, and a woman is rarely seen there. At night they are deserted. The roar of the torrents, and the wind sweeping through the wild passes of the majestic mountains, are the only sounds one hears—except, indeed, the never-ceasing wail of the crying babes.

"Am I awake—am I in my right senses?" our traveler frequently asked himself. "Is this the picturesque, delightful city, the triumph of man's labor and genius over reluctant Nature, which I was bidden to come forth and admire? Truly the valley is delightful to look upon, and the mountains are peerless in their beauty of outline; but this metropolis of Mormonism—what a place is that! Why, this wretched, vulgar little tenth-class town might just as well have been planted among the Essex marshes for any thing that is picturesque or even remarkable about it!" Our Englishman had arrived in the evening by the jolting old stage-coach which rumbled last year across the mountains from the Pacific Railway station; and his first impression, as he got into the seedy, rickety little country town, was that he must have gone astray somehow, and that this could not be Salt Lake City at all. Even the two or three groups of Indians straggling about here and there did not lend any artistic effect to the scene; for they were only filthy beggars wrapped in old rugs. You might have seen more picturesque beggary in Whitechapel or in Dublin.

Mr. Sandon was especially disappointed, for he had traveled to Salt Lake City in search of a new sensation. He was thirty-five years old, had some property and much culture; had sat in Parliament as an independent member, had spoken there with considerable success, and had been defeated at the general election. He was still young enough to arraign the decrees of Providence, and to think the whole scheme of the world was warped, and Destiny grievously to blame because things had gone wrong with him. So he became misanthropic; the sourness of the grapes he could not reach set his teeth on edge; he felt disposed to profess a Carlylean contempt for constitutional government and parliamentary institutions; he was weary of London, the Reform Club, the Opera, the Star and Garter Richmond, and the Ship Greenwich. The New World promised new sensations, and he went there; saw New York, Boston, Philadelphia, Washington, Chicago; and, when the Pacific Railway was opened, started for San Francisco, diverging to Salt Lake City on his way. Here, then, he is—an intelligent, honorable, manly Englishman, weary for a fresh sensation, and much disappointed because here he fails as yet to find one.

He presents no letters of introduction, and, in American phrase, merely "lounges round." He begins to be a little interested, and to feel that, after all, he is not in Essex, when the Sunday comes; and he goes to hear the service and sermon in the vast Tabernacle, where eight thousand men, women, and babies are gathered under one roof, and the divine necessity and sanctity of polygamy is preached as a Christian doctrine. But he soon forgot Mormonism, Brigham Young, and every such subject in the delight of listening to a voice that thrilled his ears and seemed to pierce his heart.

The Tabernacle boasted of a choir, and hymns were sung. The faces of the singers were not visible to our hero where he sat; but the principal voice, that of a woman, was so pure, fresh, and exquisite that new pulses of pleasure seemed to waken in the organization of our weary London opera-goer. Sweet, sad, plaintive, passionate, that voice seemed as though, if possible, to soar to the very heaven and cleave it with prayer. The sorrow of a St. Cecilia might thus have poured forth its glorious agony. For to Leslie Sandon it seemed that the voice expressed not rapture of worship, but utter anguish of remonstrance: the wild appeal of a grief which would presently change into despair. Perhaps our Londoner was in a fanciful mood; but he could not help, while he listened, imagining that he heard some captive, given over by man to the power of her enemies, raising her last pathetic, impassioned appeal to Heaven. A Christian martyr might have sung in that strain, he thought, while the chains were on her wrists, and the fire was being made ready for her body.

As if to lend a positive justice to his fanciful imagining, the voice of the singer suddenly faltered and trembled, then gave a wild cry, then stopped; and there was a little commotion and stir among the choir, and Mr. Sandon presently learned that one of the singers had fainted. He could not learn who she was—people did not seem to know, or would not tell him. The Mormons men are very free generally in volunteering information to strangers, but slow in answering questions.

Sandon walked thoughtfully homeward. This little incident made somehow a deep impression on him.

This is his second day in Salt Lake City. He begins to think that, perhaps, after all his disappointment, the town is not wholly commonplace, more especially when he learns that the proprietor of the hotel where he is staying—and where he pays five dollars a day!—has four wives, and that two or three of these habitually wait upon the guests, and are not too proud to hand the plates, and fan away the swarming flies which ever interpose in Salt Lake City between the cup and the lip of the traveler.

The attendants in the hotel are all women, and Mr. Sandon is especially attracted by the quiet grace and beauty of one tall, fair-haired, slender girl, whose countenance expresses intelligence and melancholy. He observes this girl closely from the first, and becomes more and more impressed by her natural grace and her sadness. As he looks up into her blue eyes he seems sometimes to see them swimming in tears. She hardly ever speaks of her own accord; but she has to last to answer a question, and then Leslie Sandon at once observes that she speaks with an English accent.

"You are English?" he says, looking up at her as she stands near his chair and hands him a cup of tea.

"Ah, yes!" is the sad reply.

"I am from England too," said Sandon.

"I know it," the girl replied. "I knew it when I heard you speak. I have kept near you whenever I could, because—because it was so pleasant to hear the accent."

"What part of England do you come from?"

"From Barnes, in Surrey."

"Why, I too am from Surrey!" exclaimed our Briton, with delicious memories of green hills and daisied fields, and the winding silver Thames and Wimbledon plains, pouring in upon him.

"I thought you came from Surrey," said the girl. "Oh, what a sweet place it is! and how I love it!" Her voice trembled, and tears now visibly stood in her eyes.

"Have you been long here?" asked Sandon.

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"Only three months—and I wish I was in my grave! Oh, hush, please; don't say any more."

One of the wives approached, and the English damsel disappeared. Our hero was deeply interested and touched. This pretty, graceful English girl, so young and sad. How had she come here? Who would not pity her?

That first conversation took place one morning at breakfast. He saw her again that day at dinner, and at tea, and each time he contrived to have a few words of conversation with her. He lingered day after day at the hotel, growing more and more deeply interested in this girl, and he came gradually to know her whole story. Her father and mother had been well-to-do in farming, and she had received a good education. Both parents died, and left her to the care of her brother, who converted what property there was into money and emigrated to the United States; while she, Esther Lyne, was sent to make a living as assistant in a London shop. Lately her brother sent her money, and peremptorily ordered her to accompany some friends who were coming out to America to settle, as he had done, in Utah. Esther was delighted to come. A lonely life of monotonous work in London was growing almost unbearable; and although she knew her brother had settled in Utah, she had no idea whatever of his having become a Mormon. So she traveled out across the Atlantic and across the Plains; and she found her brother the proprietor of the hotel in which she was acting as an attendant, and the husband of four wives. She found, too, that of all the fanatical Mormons in the town he was the most fanatical and ruthless, and that he had already made arrangements for her marriage with one of the influential elders of Salt Lake City, who desired to increase his consideration with his people by taking a seventh wife, but was anxious to please himself by choosing one who should be young and pretty. In vain the poor girl pleaded, begged, and wept; her brother knew no pity, and man's guardianship over woman is absolute in Utah. To be a slave and live with the barbarous Turk is to be more free than to be a woman in a Mormon household. There was added to the common slavery of womanhood there this bitter special agony in Esther's case, that the girl detested the whole system, in its doctrines as well as in its practices, and would have welcomed death rather than accept either. So all the power of argument, persuasion, harshness, menace—the menace even of vague and nameless dangers and punishments—was brought constantly to bear on the poor young woman in order to force her into Mormonism. She was there alone, thousands and thousands of miles away from the land of her birth. Locked in by that awful cincture of mountain peaks, beyond which lay the desert; pressed amidst a community which spares no man to woman, but is zealous even to slaying; with those who ought to have been her protectors most rigidly set against her—is it any wonder that fate seemed inexorable to her, that she sometimes gazed despairingly into the pure azure of the glorious sky, and thought that Providence no longer looked downward on the earth? Every strong pressure of threat and suasion, every petty, paltry weapon of meanness and fanatical malignity, were all employed at once to conquer the sad, steady heart of that one poor child. What wonder that the kindly expressions and the genial sympathies of the English traveler touched her very soul? that she watched and waited and prayed for the chance of a word from him? that she looked to his departure as to the closing of the heavens against her? The very day of his arrival she had made up her mind to kill herself. She had said to her own soul that man could not help her, that Heaven would not, and that she had a right to end the agony of the present and escape the shame of the future by a suicide's death.

Does this seem an exaggerated picture? It is true to the life of certain sufferers in Salt Lake City. No one who knows any thing of that place, and is prepared to speak the truth, will venture to deny it. There are women there who pray for death, who have as little hope or chance of an escape into freedom as a prisoner in the heart of Siberia. At least this was so before the railway crossed the Plains. Let us hope that at the sound of the steam-engine's shrill trumpet the walls of that detested Jericho are destined to fall.

"If no promise comes from Heaven this day," said poor Esther to herself on the morning of Sandon's arrival, "I will kill myself to-night."

That day came Mr. Sandon, and he spoke his kindly words, and the fountains of her heart were unsealed. That night she knelt beside her bed and fervently thanked Heaven for having sent her a promise, and prayed to be pardoned for her evil resolve, and to be endowed with strength, hope, and courage.

There were a good many persons staying in the hotel; but they only assembled at meal-times, in the regular American fashion, and during the intervals the place was usually empty of all but the proprietor, his wives, and his attendants. One day our Englishman remained in his room to write some letters, and was congratulating himself on the quiet of the house, when, from a room below, he heard a sound which, if it disturbed, likewise delighted him. It was the voice of a woman singing, and the first note made him spring from his chair.

"I should know that voice among ten thousand," he said. "It is the voice I heard in the Tabernacle on Sunday. Come what will, I will find out who the singer is. Pray Heaven she be not fat and ugly, as one of mine host's wives!"

He followed the voice down stairs, and it led him to the "ladies' parlor." He stood on the threshold a moment and listened in delight. Then he opened the door softly and looked in. There was only one person in the room, a girl, who sat at the piano. At the sound of the opening door she turned round, and Mr. Sandon saw that it was Esther Lyne.

Surprise, a little alarm, and something like gladness lighted up the girl's eyes and steeped her cheeks in crimson. Leslie Sandon went boldly into the room and stood beside her.

"I thought every body was out," she murmured. "I sing sometimes—to please myself—when the house is free."

"Then it was you who sang in the Tabernacle on Sunday?"

"Oh yes! And I am so much ashamed—I could not help breaking down. I always sang in our little church at home; and my brother insisted that I must take part in the choir here. I never did until last Sunday, and then I tried my best to please him; but as I sang I thought of our old dear home, where I was so happy, and which I shall never, never see any more; and I broke down. And oh, I am so wretched!"

Esther lost all control over herself, and covered her face with her hands and burst into tears.

What could Sandon do? How could he avoid taking one of her hands gently in his, and trying to cheer and console her? Only his sincere respect for her womanhood, her situation, her beauty, and her sorrow kept him from putting his arm round her waist, and drawing her to him and kissing her.

"Can nothing be done to save you—to take you from this place?" he asked.

She shook her head sadly.

"Nothing can be done. No one—I mean no woman—situated as I am, can escape. If I could escape, I have no place to go to. I have no longer any home. I think I could even bring myself to endure this life, and remain here and work for my brother and his—his family" (she could not induce herself to say "his wives"), "if only they would leave me to my misery, and would not force me—"

She stopped; but Sandon knew how to finish the sentence.

"You shall not be forced to marry that scoundrel!" exclaimed our impetuous Englishman. "I will go myself to the Federal camp—I will claim the protection of the United States officials for you. You shall leave this detestable place to-morrow, if you choose!"

Esther's cheek glowed once more; but she drooped again, and said, very quietly:

"They will not interfere; they could not. Their position here is very difficult and dangerous, and they could do nothing for me. My brother will tell them that he is my natural guardian; that I was left in his care by my father; that I am under age. All that is true; but oh, if my poor father could only have known to what guardianship, to what a fate, he was leaving me! But the Federal officers here can do nothing. There is only one way by which I can save myself from this marriage; and if all else fails—if they will force me to it—I will try that!"

She rose from her seat and stood erect, with a wild light glittering in her eyes, and the attitude of one who finds courage and confidence in very despair.

Leslie Sandon was perplexed in the extreme. The girl was so beautiful, so sweet, her fate was so cruel, her grief was evidently so genuine, that the heart of the Englishman was torn with compassion for her. Let us do him the justice to say that he would have striven earnestly to save her had she been plain, awkward, and ignorant. But he should have been much more or much less than man had not her grace and her beauty given him a new impulse to aid her. She was a lover of music, and her voice, when she sang, was music itself. Added to all this, there was something romantic and even mysterious about the circumstances which had brought them together—the influence wrought on him by her voice in the Tabernacle; the impression produced upon her by the first accents of his English tongue.

The wearied Londoner had found a new sensation. He rushed at once to the office of the judge appointed over that region by the United States government. As he went along he observed with a new and sharpened interest the aspects of the houses and the people. He had to go a little way out of the town to reach the residence of the official; and he noted that in many, many instances the houses of Mormons well-to-do in the world had grown up by successive additions and agglomerations, the owner now adding a wing on this side, and then a wing on that, and then building a sort of *succursale* at the rear, and clapping on a kind of shed somewhere else, until the whole establishment became an ungainly cluster of incongruous buildings. Sandon knew now what that meant. Each addition to the house meant another wife—a new cage for each new bird: rather, perhaps, in most cases, the original and best cage was for the newest bird; dispossessed and half-discarded favorites were relegated to the newer and ruder rooms. As he passed along, too, our Briton saw many haggard, weary, slatternly women, with lack-lustre eyes and wan, shapeless faces, hanging listlessly over their gates, or sitting idly in the sunlight, perhaps nursing their yelling babies—all such women looking alike depressed, degraded, miserable, hopeless, soulless. He had been in the cretin villages of Switzerland; and on the whole he thought the aspect of womanhood there, as, goitrous and ghastly, it gibbered and made mouths to the air and the clouds, was rather less disheartening and debased than that of womanhood in Salt Lake City. The glory of the sunset, the beauty of the mountains, the lustrous purity of the blue heavens were lost on him—appealed to his saddened eyes in vain. He saw nothing before him, around him, but human wretchedness and debasement.

"That sweet girl," he vowed to himself, "shall never suffer such a fate—never live a life of such accursed slavery—never!"

The Federal judge heard the impassioned appeal and the energetic statement of our Englishman; but he could do nothing. On Sandon's own showing, the girl was under the legitimate guardianship of her brother. No States official could interfere; and it would be a mere waste of time to apply to the Federal officer in command of the little force at Camp Douglas. There was nothing to be done. Esther's story was the story of many other girls: such things happened in Salt Lake City every day.

"Will these scoundrels be allowed with impunity actually to force this girl into marriage?" asked Sandon.

"They will not probably chain her or scourge her," said the judge; "but she is virtually a prisoner, and they will break down her spirit by a mental and moral torture which she can not long resist. These people, Sir, act pitiless, because they are fanatics, and they think they act doing right."

"Can she not escape?"

"I see no possible chance to hope. She will be constantly watched."

"But she is sometimes allowed to go out."

"Yes, because they are satisfied that she can not get away. That rampart of mountains, Sir, has not many outlets, and Utah is a large Territory. No; for a girl like her, under a guardianship apparently legitimate, there is practically no escape."

Sandon went away in grief and rage. But he soon contrived to have several stolen interviews with Esther. Lest her health should break down, her brother sometimes allowed her to go out, and our hero managed to meet her, and broached to her many futile plans for her escape. He thus lingered days and weeks in Salt Lake City, which had now become to him the most interesting place in all the world. For his new sensation had become something very unexpected indeed, and the fashionable Londoner had actually fallen in love with the poor girl from Surrey. Despite her poverty, her humble position—despite all the natural prejudices of caste and rank and habit, so dear to even the most independent Briton—the beauty, the grace, the intelligence, the goodness of this girl had unwittingly conquered him; and Esther Lyne, who hardly dared to acknowledge to her own secret heart that she loved him passionately, was one day startled, bewildered, to hear from his own lips the declaration that he passionately loved her.

Then there were some quiet confidential conferences with the Federal judge and his wife, and with one or two other "*Gentiles*" of the place; and Esther was so long a time absent one day when her brother permitted her to go out that she received a stern rebuke on her return, and was told that she must not leave the house alone any more.

Mr. Sandon could not remain all his life in Salt Lake City. Already the watchful and jealous rulers of the place were wondering at his stay, and looking askant at him as he lounged through the streets. He announced one day that he was resolved to resume his westward journey next morning. He had hired a private carriage to convey him over the thirty miles or so of frightful mountain road that divide, or did then divide, the City of the Saints from the nearest station of the Union Pacific Railway. The carriage was to leave at a very early hour in the morning.

The hour came; the carriage was at the door. It was hardly dawn; the town was silent and dark. Except in the hotel not even the blink of a kerosene lamp was any where visible. There were no loungers at the door; but, early as it was, the United States judge and two or three of the officers from the camp had kindly come to take leave of the English traveler.

The traveler paid his bills, said farewell to his friends and to the sullen landlord. Suddenly there came down stairs and appeared upon the scene Esther herself, looking very flushed and handsome, wearing her hat and shawl, and quite prepared for traveling.

"Now, Esther, it is time to go," said Mr. Sandon, taking her hand. "Say farewell to your brother, and let me lead you to the carriage."

"What the angels" (let us say) "is the meaning of this?" shouted the brother, utterly bewildered, and yet seeing, to all his amazement and anger, a smile on the faces of the judge and the officers.

"It only means," replied Sandon, calmly, "that Esther is my wife; that she was married to me in all due form yesterday; that I am taking her away from your tyranny, and from the old brute you proposed to force upon her as a husband; and that any one who dares to interpose, or tries to prevent me from taking my wife out of this place, is pretty sure to receive a bullet from this revolver."

"Don't let us talk about revolvers," said the judge, pleasantly; "there is no need of any thing of the kind. It is all right enough, Mr. Lyne; your sister is properly married to this gentleman: I am a witness to that. You can't do any thing in the matter now; even if you should feel inclined to try any appeal to the courts, that would not warrant you in attempting to detain her. Dry up; it's no use making any noise. If there is any resistance, I shall be compelled to call for the interference of these gentlemen here, the officers from the camp.—Good-by, Mr. Sandon; good-by, Esther—and God bless you both."

So Esther bade farewell, not without emotion, to her selfish and sullen brother, who was still too much amazed to know quite clearly what he was doing or saying. And her husband put her into the carriage, and took his place beside her; and the Federal officers mounted their horses and gave them safe escort for many miles; and the newly-married pair caught the train at the nearest station, and journeyed safely westward to San Francisco and the Golden Gate.

Thus did this modern *Lochinvar* carry off his bride; and the marriage, though made in haste, will not be repented in leisure or otherwise. In Salt Lake City Leslie Sandon found a new sensation, saved a pure and noble life from wreck, and rewarded himself with a beautiful and loving wife.

ODIN,
THE NORTHERN GOD OF WAR.

The Scandinavian theory of creation is evidently inspired by the natural aspect of that world which the Northmen knew, and the account of chaos might be taken almost word for word as a description of the Northern regions where they dwelt. On the north, we are told, was the region of cold and fogs, to the south was that of warmth and light, and between the two lay the great Ginnunga Gap, where the cold and the warmth contended. Gradually the frost prevailed, and the gap was filled with ice; then the heat prevailed, the ice was melted, and from the warmth was generated a cow, to whom men and gods were indebted for existence. This cow, Audhumbla, licked the cold salt stones, and on the evening of the first day a man's hair appeared, on the second evening his head, on the third evening the complete man, strong, huge, and beautiful. He was named Buri, and had a son named Bör, who, intermarrying with the giants, had three children, the first of whom was Odin, the father of all other gods, the *Jupiter* of the North, but a grander, more godlike god than the *Jupiter* of the South.

This is the god as we see him in the drawing on page 676. The artist has presented him to us as we fancy the Norseman must have pictured him to his fancy. A grand muscular figure, with rugged brow, he tramps through the snow, a type of brute power and thought combined. The Ravens, Thought and Memory, which were wont to perch upon his shoulders and whisper in his ears, attend him, and his bowed figure and the expression in his face give a pathetic tone to the design. As described in Morris's "*Lovers of Gudrun*," we see him

> "An elder-paced, weary-faced, he went along,
> Anxious with all the tales of woe and wrong
> His Ravens, Thought and Memory, bring to him."

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

While a vendor of greens in Boston was endeavoring to dispose of his stock in trade the poor old nag balked, and refused to budge an inch. The driver finally commenced belaboring the animal with a stick, when an old lady thrust her head out of a window and exclaimed, "Have you no mercy?" "No, ma'am," replied the peddler; "nothin' but greens."

"Mr. Post-office-man, I want to pay the postage to this letter." "Single or double, miss?" "Double, Sir" (with a courtesy). "I was married last week."

A French artist having been asked to draw an allegorical figure of benevolence, carefully sketched a bit of India rubber. "This," said he, "is the true emblem of benevolence. It gives more than any other substance."

The Land of Cane—A sugar plantation.

A Connecticut paper tells this story of a new boy in one of the Sunday-schools. The precocious youth was asked who made the beautiful hills about them, and remarked that he did not know, as his parents only moved into town the day before.

> The pavement's are all blazing hot, the sky above is brazen,
> And every head's as good as dead the sun can set its rays on;
> The lean, lank-looking skeletons go stalking pale and gloomy;
> The fat, like red-hot frying pans, send hotter fancies through me.
> I wake from dreams of polar ice on which I've been a slider,
> Like fishes dreaming of the sea, and waking in the spider.

Did the horsemen who scoured the plain use soap?

A resident of Kalamazoo writes to a "school board" in Ohio that he will take a school, as he "has tought 3 terms school and I attended 1 colledge 4 yrs at detroit, michigan and am 30 yrs arage."

A man died at St. Louis recently, and in his will, after stating that he never forgot a favor, left $1000 to an individual who ten years before ran away with his wife.

Little Johnny's mother worked for him with her slipper the other evening for breaking the pitty, and after dusting the portion of his pantaloons that he sits on, she was surprised to hear him laugh over it, and demanded the cause of it. "I was thinking how I had fooled you. It was Carrie who broke the pitty."

> "What return," a porter cries,
> "I pen that writ Joe Smith's arrest?"
> The ready clerk at once replies,
> "The writ is on the writ one est."
> "Non est, indeed!" Imagine, if you can,
> Joe Smith's surprise when called an 'emest man!'"

A husband advertises thus: "My wife Maria has strayed or been stolen. Whoever returns her will get his head broke. As to trusting her, any body can do so if they see fit, for as I never pay my own debts, it's not likely I'll pay her'n."

> Would you buy,
> Things is high.
> Would you sell,
> Things has fell.

A Pretty Hoop—Childhood.

A More Extensive Hoop—Womanhood.

A gentleman having sent his man-servant to buy some lucifer-matches, said to him, when he came back, "I hope, John, these are better than the last, which were good for nothing." "Oh, these are excellent," replied John; "I have tried every one of them."

Fortune-tellers—Bank clerks.

A Western editor, who doesn't know much about farming anyway, suggests that for garden-making a cast-iron back, with a hinge in it, would be an improvement on the spinal column now in use.

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ODIN, THE NORTHERN GOD OF WAR.—[SEE PAGE 675.]

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PREPARING FOR CROQUET.

PREPARING FOR CROQUET.

Since battledoor and shuttlecock went out of fashion, croquet appears to be the only out-of-door game in which ladies can pleasantly engage; certainly it is the most attractive. Ladies have been known to play at cricket, but with doubtful success. They may do for bowlers, perhaps, having a fair capacity for taking aim at the hostile wickets; but their batting and their running are dreadfully embarrassed by their petticoats, and few of them have the nerve to stand the approach of a swift ball which might strike them a severe blow. The good old game of nine-pins, which was originally invented for their amusement in the time of Henry IV. of England, is better suited to their practice. But it can not be denied that croquet deserves the preference it has earned as a pastime for ladies, or for a party of both sexes. Hands, feet, and eyes are kept alert without strain or fatigue, while there is room to acquire and display, as in the more scientific game of billiards, a high degree of skill. The sport is said, also, to afford the most delightful opportunities for flirtations when the players [illegible] and perhaps this is just what makes [illegible] with the frequenters of fashionable [illegible] resorts.

The accompanying illustration will please every body who takes any enjoyment in the game. The workmen have come out with their scythes to mow the lawn into perfect smoothness, and make it as even as to tread the paths of the players may be through life.

GIANTS AND DWARFS.

From the universal records of mankind it is reduced to a moral certainty that six feet is about the highest measure of altitude attained by humanity. Beyond that the individual is regarded with surprise, simply because there is an instinctive impression on the mind of a spectator that it is an abnormal growth. There are far larger numbers of men in all countries falling below than those who exceed it. It is also a known fact that there are regions where men upon the average are taller than in other localities; but why they attain six feet in one place, and not in another, has not been fully ascertained. Kentucky and Tennessee are renowned for tall men beyond all other States of the Union.

Why there should be a deviation of the law of development in a family, raising one to seven or eight feet, which occasionally occurs as a marked phenomenon, is a physiological mystery. With respect to dwarfs, it is admitted that an arrest of growth is in consequence of the sudden suspension of the appropriation of nutrition to the tissues. Why it happens in any case is quite as much of a mystery on the other. Science has proposed no method for unclogging the vital wheels. The function of furnishing the cells with material elements for expansion is forever suspended, in some, while in others there is an infusion of vital force that carries on the enlargement of the whole body into gigantic proportions.

These two conditions constitute wonder points in the history of our race—the one being a dwarf,

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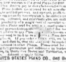

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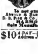

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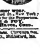

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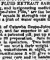

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It stands unrivaled for producing elegant, light, and nutritious
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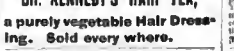
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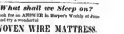
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TARRANT'S EFFERVESCENT SELTZER APERIENT,
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SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

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924 Chestnut St., Philadelphia, 535 Broadway, N. Y.,
Opticians, Mathematical and Philosophical Instrument Makers and Importers.
Spectacles, Microscopes, Opera Glasses, Drawing Instruments, Transits, Levels, Compasses, Tape Measures, Thermometers, Barometers, Magic Lanterns, Stereopticons, &c., &c.
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Ready made SHIRTS, six for $13 50. Fine quality, well made, and warranted to fit. The cash can be paid to Express company on receipt of goods.
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TWINES and NETTING,
MANUFACTURED BY
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Send for Price-List.] Baltimore, Md.

Our California Wines have received the only Gold Medal ever awarded to American wines.
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CALIFORNIA WINES,
14 & 16 Vesey St., New York;
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Hon. John G. Downey, late Governor of California, says: "I most cheerfully recommend your wines to all who desire a pure juice of the grape."

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18,000 of these Celebrated Instruments are now in use in this Country and Europe. They have been awarded 85 Gold and Silver Medals. Every Instrument fully warranted for five years.
WAREROOMS:
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THE REISSUE OF

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

VOL. XV.—No. 761.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JULY 29, 1871. [WITH A SUPPLEMENT. PRICE TEN CENTS.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1871, by Harper & Brothers, in the Office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington.

TRUCKLING TO THE MOB.

THE MAYOR TO THE ORANGEMEN.

JUST a week before the day appointed for the parade of the Orange societies Mayor HALL addressed the following letter to JOHN J. BOND, Esq., the head of the Orangemen. It foreshadows the order signed by Superintendent KELSO, which evidently proceeded from the same pen:

EXECUTIVE DEPARTMENT,
CITY HALL,
NEW YORK, July 5, 1871.

John J. Bond, Esq.,
G. M. L. O. I.:

DEAR SIR,—From your letter to the Superintendent of Police, from your explanations to me, and from a letter which you addressed to the Times I learn that an order or association of individuals, over which you are the chief, propose to celebrate by a street procession and public picnic the victory achieved in 1690 by WILLIAM III., one King of England, over JAMES II., another King. Similar public celebrations in the country wherein the events happened have always been attended by public disorders. Breaches of the peace have several times occurred in Canada and in the United States during celebrations of a like import. Last summer serious affrays in this city grew out of the public procession and picnic when participated in by your order. You seem to apprehend new disturbances this year on account of the proposed celebration, and I think I ... by your writ... [illegible] ... your own ... that public ... [illegible] ... commemoration. Moreover, ought not the feuds and animosities of old countries, from whence our adopted citizens come, be entirely merged in our citizenship? There is another danger, is there not, that collisions induced by their maintenance here would be taken advantage of by the dangerous classes, which always grow formidable by such opportunities? It has been said from the bench that no individuals ought ever to be permitted to publicly assemble with banners whose inscriptions would be calculated to inflame the passions of other men; and, in view of what took place last year, may it not be thought by even your well-wishers that a repeated participation by your organization would seem like a concerted effort to irritate the public peace? I would suggest more occasions for celebrating even American events which would result inevitably in producing public ill feeling and inviting public disorder. Suppose, for instance, that a considerable number of New York residents of Southern birth should propose to celebrate the battle of Bull Run, that occurred in this month, and should, by means of banners and music, succeed in arousing the bad temper of the hundreds of thousands who not only could never sympathize with the event, but, under much personal, sectional, or national feeling, deplore it; or suppose that, in view of recent events that have occurred in Europe, a body of French adopted citizens, furnished with banners and music distasteful in sight and sound to citizens of German birth, should march through sections of our city that are inhabited by the latter? I confine myself at present with simply outlining to you these very general considerations, and with asking you whether it would not be more patriotic for you and your friends to [illegible] any popular or public [illegible] of the event to which you and they attach so much importance. Very truly yours,

A. OAKEY HALL, Mayor of the City of New York.

GENERAL ORDER, NO. 57.

On discovering that the "glittering generalities" of his rhetoric had no effect upon the Orangemen, the Mayor directed Superintendent of Police KELSO to issue the following order prohibiting the parade:

OFFICE OF THE SUPERINTENDENT OF POLICE OF THE CITY OF NEW YORK,
300 MULBERRY ST., NEW YORK, July 10, 1871.

Captain ——, —— Precinct:

GENERAL ORDER, No. 57.—The Superintendent has been applied to by the Grand Master of the Orange Lodges in the United States to give police support to a celebration by a procession through principal streets and avenues of the city of New York on the 12th inst., in honor of the battle of the Boyne, and the surrender which was its consequence.

These several commemorative victories on the soil of Ireland by one English King over another one, nearly two centuries ago, engendered ... differences which have descended from generation to generation with increasing acrimony, and large bodies of citizens participating in these feelings form parts of our community.

The Superintendent has been legally advised he should not aid any street celebrations that involve feuds and animosities belonging solely to the history of other countries than our own, and which are pernicious to ... the public peace ... [illegible]

[illegible]

... able, receive escort and guard, because the authorities must discriminate that which is matter of right in the populace is to ever tenderly overawed. But legal decisions have settled that occupation of streets by processions is a mere custom of usage or toleration, and is always subject to police regulation and supervision. The surrender of thoroughfares to large organized bodies of men necessarily interferes with the individual rights of other citizens, and those thus engaged are, in the language of the law, permissible trespassers. The toleration of processions by citizens and authorities is perhaps due to the fact that street meetings and parades always represent some sentiment or occasion not at all calculated to provoke bad blood. In every subject matter for police discretionary ... mission the inconveniences of the few ought to be surrendered to the widest security for the prop[er]ty and

BRAVO! BRAVO!—NEW YORK, JULY 12, 1871

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person of the greatest number of citizens. And at all times the police should prevent occasion for disorder rather than wait to regulate or suppress it. It is very clear that if any one individual should undertake by himself to produce an occasion of irritation and excitement to others in the community, he would not be, in such an act, entitled to police protection. And surely what may not be done by one individual ought not to be attempted by the organized many, when the aggravation would be so much the greater.

Therefore you are ordered (in conformity to the private directions herewith promulgated, and which relate merely to details of discipline and arrangements for police action not expedient to be publicly announced) to prevent the formation or progression of the public street procession for the 12th inst. alluded to, and of all processions under pretense of target purposes. You will also on that day impartially keep all streets cleared from groups and assemblages of every class of citizens, whether sympathizing with or against the proposed procession, or whether they are lawlessly disposed or otherwise. You will also peremptorily arrest all persons of any description, who, in the thoroughfares, use threatening or disorderly language, inciting to breach of the peace, in contempt of the State statutes upon that subject.

James J. Kelso, *Superintendent.*

GOVERNOR HOFFMAN'S PROCLAMATION.

The foregoing order appeared in the papers of Tuesday, July 11. The storm of indignation that swept over the country when the disgraceful surrender was made known convinced the Tammany leaders that they had committed a gross blunder. Governor Hoffman hastened to the city, and in the papers of Wednesday, July 12, appeared the following proclamation:

Having been only this day apprised, while at the capital, of the actual condition of things here with reference to proposed processions to-morrow, and having, in the belief that my presence was needed, repaired hither immediately, I do make this proclamation:

The order heretofore issued by the police authorities in reference to said processions having been duly revoked, I hereby give notice that any and all bodies of men desiring to assemble and march in peaceable procession in this city to-morrow, the 12th instant, will be permitted to do so. They will be protected to the fullest extent possible by the military and police authorities. A military and police escort will be furnished to any body of men desiring it, on application to me at my head-quarters (which will be at Police Head-quarters, in this city), at any time during the day. I warn all persons to abstain from interference with any such assemblage or procession except by authority from me; and I give notice that all the power of my command, civil and military, will be used to preserve the public peace and to put down, at all hazards, every attempt at disturbance; and I call upon all citizens, of every race and religion, to unite with me and the local authorities in this determination to preserve the peace and honor of the city and State.

Dated at New York, this 11th day of July, A.D. 1871.

John T. Hoffman.

By the Governor:
John D. Van Buren, *Private Secretary.*

A full account of the tragic events that grew out of the shuffling, vacillating course of the authorities is given in another part of this paper.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

Saturday, July 29, 1871.

Circulation over 100,000 Copies.

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☞ *The Supplement sent out with this Number of Harper's Weekly will be found especially rich and attractive. It contains a fine dramatic Poem by Thomas Bailey; an admirable paper on*

JAMES FENIMORE COOPER,

with numerous illustrations; engravings of the Frankfort Statues to Goethe and Schiller, and many other features of interest.

GESSLER'S CAP IN NEW YORK.

The Democratic party formerly surrendered the American right of free speech at the command of the slave-masters; and now in the city of New York it surrenders the right of peaceful assembly at the command of a religious mob. A party bred in abject subservience to slavery has no conception of the principles of liberty or of the fundamental rights of freemen. While the Democratic newspapers affect to deny the existence of the Ku-Klux in the Southern States, the Democratic municipal authorities in the great city of the continent carefully foster a Ku-Klux to which they command American citizens to yield. The tyrant Gessler at Altorf put his cap upon a pole, and ordered the Swiss to bow before it. The Democratic authorities of New York elevate the Pope's tiara, and warn American citizens that they will refuse to honor it at their peril! And this is the party that beseeches the people of the United States to give it control of the national government!

The circumstances of the recent prohibition of the parade of the Orange or Protestant Irishmen in the city of New York will serve, perhaps, to show to the country two things: one is the absolute alliance of the Democratic city government with political Romanism; and the other is that, in consequence of that alliance, the indisputable rights of American citizens are deliberately sacrificed. The facts are very few and simple. The Orangemen resolved to celebrate the anniversary of the battle of the Boyne by a public parade in the streets of the city. Certain Roman Catholic associations thereupon resolved that they would attack them if they did; and as they did attack them last year, and killed several of the Orangemen, there was no doubt that they would keep their word. The Roman Catholic party having thus distinctly announced that they would make a riot if the procession took place, the city authorities surrendered, and forbade the procession. The surrender was made under the absurd pretext that processions in the streets are not matters of right, but of toleration, and that they may be forbidden when the peace is likely to be broken!

That is to say, that every public parade of peaceable citizens through the streets may rightfully be forbidden if a band of desperadoes and assassins announce that they do not choose to favor the procession, and will attack it if it appears. Upon this principle, if some French circle had declared that it would assault the Germans if they paraded on Easter Monday, the authorities might rightfully have prohibited the celebration! Of course, in the present instance, every body knows that if the circumstances had been reversed, and the Orangemen had declared that they would attack a Roman Catholic procession, they would have been sternly warned that their blood would be upon their own heads, and the Roman Catholic parade would not have been prohibited. Nor is the talk about the celebration of foreign events and the feuds and animosities of other lands less absurd. If there were Italians in New York who chose to perpetuate the strife of Guelfs and Ghibellines, and to parade in honor of their respective heroes and events, their right to do so would be indisputable, and equally indisputable would be the duty of the authorities to protect those Italians peaceably parading.

The principle laid down in this ridiculous proceeding is that the right of American citizens peaceably to assemble may be arbitrarily annulled by a police superintendent upon the threat of unlawful disturbance of the meeting. The truth is that the police and the whole military force of the State exist for the protection of that right and similar rights. In the very culmination of events before the war and in the week following the execution of John Brown a speech was announced in Philadelphia upon the then situation of the antislavery movement. The friends of slavery instantly resolved that it should not take place. They placarded the walls with virtual invitations to a riot. They appealed in the papers to the most inflamed passions. Large numbers of what were called respectable citizens waited upon the mayor and told him that the hall would be demolished and the streets would run with blood if he did not stop the speech. But the mayor—it was Alexander S. Henry—replied that although he deprecated the speech as much as any body, and wished with all his heart that it might not be delivered, yet that the right of the speaker was a fundamental right of an American citizen, and that he, the mayor, was officially bound under his oath to protect him to the last gasp, if it took all the police and all the militia at his command, and that he should certainly do his duty. There was a tremendous riot; but the mayor did his duty, and the rioters were conquered.

It is only necessary to compare this action of Mayor Henry in Philadelphia twelve years ago with that of Mayor Hall on the 11th of July in this year, to see the difference between a magistrate who masters the mob and one who is mastered by it. The feebleness of the note in which Mr. Hall sought to prevent the Orange parade did not conceal his evident consciousness of his duty. He knew as well as any body precisely what that was, and what the welfare of the community demanded; but he had neither the courage to do his duty nor to leave it undone. But even in this Tammany-ridden city the protest against the base surrender of the rights of a free people to a religious mob was so unanimous and indignant that the Tammany Ring was frightened, and the Governor was called in, as came in, to reverse the whole proceeding.

But the facts will not be forgotten. We have constantly said that the character of Democratic rule can best be studied in the city of New York, and the events of the recent Orange celebration illustrate it to the whole country. The most sacred rights of free assembly and of religious liberty were yielded by the most representative Democratic authority in the country to the mere threat of a religious riot; and only when driven to it by an overwhelming public indignation did the Democratic Governor interfere for the protection of peaceable citizens. Thus has it always been with the Democratic party. In the old days it mobbed American citizens peaceably assembling to plead the right of every innocent man to personal freedom. Now it disperses citizens peaceably assembling to celebrate the anniversary of an old Irish battle. And this last act it does to conciliate the votes of Roman Catholics. Does any sensible man think that such a party may be safely trusted with a government which rests upon civil and religious equality?

THE CIVIL SERVICE REFORM.

The reform of the civil service is a question which has for some time interested many thoughtful observers of our government; and Mr. Jenckes and Mr. Schurz in Congress have presented careful bills, which received scarcely decent attention, although Mr. Jenckes's able and interesting report upon the whole subject, with its copious information as to the foreign systems, had demonstrated the desirability and the necessity of some action. On the last night of the late session an amendment to the Miscellaneous Civil Appropriation bill was introduced by Mr. Trumbull in the Senate, and passed both Houses. It provided in substance that the President should prescribe such rules and regulations for admissions to the civil service as would promote its efficiency, and authorized him to advise with suitable persons upon the subject. The President consequently summoned three gentlemen employed in the government departments at Washington, and four other gentlemen, respectively from Georgia, New Jersey, Illinois, and New York, to consult upon the best method of promoting the efficiency of the civil service.

This Commission met in Washington at the end of June, and proceeded to a discussion of the subject. Its first duty was to ascertain, if possible, the root of the inefficiency which, if possible, was to be reformed. This inquiry was conducted with the utmost earnestness and tenacity. There were many views ingeniously urged; but there was a general agreement that political patronage was the source of the evil, because it tended to abolish all qualification except that of party service, often of the most unscrupulous kind. After a very thorough discussion, occupying some days, in which the whole subject was freshly and fairly viewed, the debate of the Commission was drawn to a point by the presentation of a resolution that admissions to the civil service, with certain exceptions, to be subsequently considered, should be determined by competitive examinations open to all applicants who should have satisfied certain preliminary inquiries in regard to age, health, character, etc., but excluding political or religious opinion.

This was, of course, a proposition to lay the axe against the root, and to put it beyond the power of any man to buy his seat in Congress or elsewhere with the promise of an office. It left the admission not to be decided by personal preference, but by proved fitness. A most interesting debate then began. The subject was considered with the most perfect good temper from every point of view. The expressions of the press upon the subject and the resolutions of party conventions were not forgotten. The compatibility of such a system with our form of government and with the genius of the people, the objections—and they were many and curious—that might be urged to its practical operation, were all fully considered, without the question of the desirability of undertaking a reform so radical being brought to a direct vote. The object of the Commission was to test the proposition by every objection that might, could, would, or should be brought against it; and at length the point was raised that the method proposed might be unconstitutional.

This point was suggested by one of the most radical and thoughtful of the friends of reform. Its scope was this, that Congress is authorized to vest the appointment of certain inferior officers in the President alone, in the courts of law, or in the heads of departments, and that it may undoubtedly regulate the exercise of that power. But if Congress, under the guise of a regulation, should create a Board wholly independent of the appointing power, whose duty it should be, in case of a vacancy, to determine by a competitive examination the single person who should fill it, the appointing power vested in the head of department would not be regulated, but annulled, and virtually given to a body unknown to the Constitution. Of course, if the appointing power itself chose to hold a competitive examination, or any other, there could be no objection. Plainly this point, if valid, implied another—namely, whether if a regulation, independent of the appointing power, could not constitutionally provide for the eligibility of a single person only, it could provide for that of a class. Congress may rightfully require, for instance, that only intelligent and competent men shall be appointed, but must it not leave the method of determining who are intelligent and competent to the appointing power?

The members of the Commission informally consulted the Attorney-General upon these points, and without elaborate consideration, and wholly as an impression upon the statement of the question, he was inclined to think the first objection valid. But if it were valid, the aspect and possibilities of the reform were so entirely changed that the Commission could not proceed until it was determined; and it addressed a letter to the President requesting him to obtain the official opinion of the Attorney-General. It was obviously impossible for the Commission to advise the President to frame regulations which were unconstitutional, or which it thought might be so; and as its preliminary investigations were ended, and the remainder of the work under the probable ruling of the Attorney-General was the elaboration of detail, the Commission, pending his consideration of the subject, adjourned to October in time to advise the President before the meeting of Congress.

The scope of the objection will be at once perceived by the friends of civil service reform, and it has not been so fully presented in the previous discussions of the subject. During the delivery of Senator Schurz's speech in support of his bill Senator Howard, of Michigan, asked various questions, which showed that his mind was upon the scent; but he did not pursue the trail to the end. In the debate in the House upon Mr. Jenckes's bill, in the spring of 1870, the same point was raised by Mr. Cox and Mr. Bingham, to whom Mr. Jenckes replied.

The weight of the objection is this, that a competitive examination has always been considered the simple, practicable method of destroying patronage. Every other kind of examination might be perhaps controlled by it. But if a competitive system, designating the best person as entitled to appointment, be unconstitutional, it is not immediately apparent how patronage is to be abolished. Meanwhile the friends of the reform must understand that the objection was not raised by its enemies, but by its sincerest supporters, who did not wish to leave to its enemies an opportunity both of overthrowing a projected system and of laughing at its architects. The objection was developed within the Commission, and we hope that nobody doubts that it clearly comprehends the importance and the magnitude of the task which has been committed to it.

PROCESSIONS.

The question of great processions, which blockade the chief thoroughfares, and often very injuriously delay honest people going about their business, has naturally excited much discussion since the 12th of July. But the sole ground upon which it can be properly argued that they should be forbidden is that of the public convenience, and not at all upon that of the character of the event which they commemorate. Some days and events which people wish to celebrate are often local, foolish, sectarian, sectional, and often also very distasteful, and even exasperating, to a great many other people. But if this is to be a reason for forbidding them, where shall we begin, and where shall we end?

No body of citizens has the right by its celebration of any event to obstruct the public streets against the lawful protest of the community, because the streets are for the general convenience. And, of course, no collection of people, more than an individual, has the right to break the peace. But when we begin to say that we will have Sunday-school processions but not political, or political but not religious, or that we will have processions to celebrate American events but not European events, we are infringing upon the fundamental right of the people peaceably to assemble and express their sentiments. Who is to be authorized to say that certain opinions are wrong, or that nobody ought to wish to commemorate this man's birthday or that battle?

There are those who wish to march in honor of Thomas Paine, perhaps; and if they do not exercise that right to the detriment of the equal rights of other people, who shall complain? There were those who wished to march in honor of the twenty-fifth year of the Pope's primacy; and very properly they did so, respecting all other rights, but very plainly expressing their delight in the Pope. There may be those who wish to march in honor of the restoration of Rome as the capital of Italy, and of the separation of the temporal from the ecclesiastical power of the Pope, and who shall say that such a parade may excite trouble, and that they must therefore stay at home?

The vital principle of American liberty is free speech, whether on banners or in books, or by word of mouth or in newspapers. If we don't like our neighbor's opinion, we must withstand its influence by the persuasive statement of our own. But when we strike at his freedom of speech, the very genius of America is wounded. It is asked if Orangemen and others who hold disagreeable political or religious opinions ought not, in the interests of public order, to keep quiet? Certainly not. If we are not strong enough to bear the expression of the most offensive opinions in a time of profound peace, we ought to know it, that we may become so. Let us not forbid processions

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on the ground that they are really the expression of opinions that we do not like, or tend to foster feuds that we think ought to be forgotten, until we are ready to authorize the magistrate to issue licenses for such public meetings only as he may approve.

It is a pity that Irish traditions of political and religious feuds should be cherished in this country. It is very natural that praise of "the pale" should offend and exasperate the ignorant descendants of those without the pale. But we must not burn down the house to singe a mouse. We must not surrender the great guarantees of liberty to avoid a little trouble. Our duty is not to tell Orangemen to hold their tongues, but to tell those who would molest them to hold their hands, and let their tongues wag as fast as they will. Certainly our system has just been nobly vindicated. And those who would prohibit processions because of hostility to the opinion or the cause which they commemorate merely propose to justify Mayor HALL'S surrender to the threat of a mob—a surrender which instinctively drew from the whole country a cry of shame and indignation.

THE FAILURE OF THE NEW DEPARTURE.

THE new departure of a political party can hardly be called successful if the whole party does not depart. A new departure is otherwise a mere schism; and such the movement of Mr. VALLANDIGHAM and his friends must now be considered. It has divided the party instead of uniting it. It has been nowhere, not even in Ohio, where it was proposed, received with unanimity and enthusiasm, while it has elicited the most positive protests from able leaders. At the Tammany performance it was, indeed, urged by Mr. JOHN QUINCY ADAMS, who is, however, a chartered libertine in the party which he has recently joined; and he is the same gay Mentor who, in one of his many epistles to the brethren, advised his new love, the Democratic party, to begin by being democratic, which was very much as if he had advised the Mississippi River to flow the other way. The Democratic party has never been democratic. It used to call itself the poor man's party and the working-man's party when it had its cruel heel planted upon the hearts of millions of poor working-men, to whom it denied even a right to their manhood and to common humanity. And even now the attempt to take a new departure by asserting the equal rights of men under the Constitution has produced serious differences in the party.

The difficulty is one that we have more than once ventured to suggest. A party is not measured by its professions merely, but by the probabilities of its performance arising from various considerations. If in the midst of the war, if at Chicago in 1864, instead of crying out for surrender to the rebellion, the Democratic party had pronounced for a vigorous prosecution of the war, the country or the Republican party would have replied, "Very well, fall in." But if the Democratic party had retorted that, having declared for the war, it ought to have control of the government, even SHERMAN and his men lost in Georgia would have heard the shout of derision that would have rung through the loyal land. While the leadership and general composition of a party remain unchanged, the profession of a different purpose is not very persuasive. What is the significance of advice to a party to begin by being democratic? Plainly that it is not democratic now. And when a new departure is demanded, what is it but a confession that the old position is untenable? When, therefore, we push the inquiry to the end, we find that those who have always sustained slavery and all the infamies that sprang from it, who wished to retain in reconstruction as much of the root of civil hate as possible, who wished to forbid equal suffrage and to perpetuate class privilege, who confessedly and aggressively asserted State sovereignty against national supremacy, who palliated and justified the rebellion, and derided and perplexed the government of the Union, have at last decided that they can not recover power by such cries and positions, and hope to acquire public confidence by departing from them.

Now as these are really the same people, with the same principles, they have found an insuperable difficulty: they can not persuade themselves, and they can not persuade the country. A platform, as these gentlemen all very well know, is usually considered to be a tub to the whale. Its object is to amuse, and possibly to deceive. It must say neither too much nor too little. It must not disappoint the advance nor dismay the rear. And, whatever the platform says, it derives all its significance from those who stand behind it. It is like the word of a man. If his character confirms what he says, it is enough. But it is also enough if it does not. The Democratic surrender platform at Chicago in 1864 was no exact expression of the party sentiment. The country knew that the party wished to surrender. The party character sustained the platform. But the same character does not sustain, in the same sense, the new departure platform. The utmost that it conveys is a shrug and a grimace that "we can't help ourselves, and so we acquiesce." What reason was there, if Mr. VALLANDIGHAM had lived, and had been nominated for Governor of Ohio upon his own platform, for any man who voted against him during the war to vote for him now? His position was not one of conviction, but of compulsion. And what was true of him is true of the attempted new attitude of his party. The question always remains, Why trust the men who were distrusted yesterday because they declare to-day that they will contend no longer? The change itself shows them to be less trustworthy.

The Democratic party, vainly trying to rally itself upon a new line, hopes to contest the election of 1872 upon the question of centralization. But let any sensible man ask himself this very practical question, "Is it safer to trust the Republican party, even with this centralizing tendency, or the Democratic party, with its State sovereignty dogmas?" And beyond and above all this, the question which honest people all over the land will ask themselves is, whether it is wise to abandon a party whose traditional policy is liberty, union, and fair play, which represents the political movement of the intelligence and the moral character and purpose of the country, which has the American conscience behind its professions, and to favor a party whose traditional policy is slavery and inequality, and which represents the ignorance, the prejudice, and the hostility to the Union that still exist in the country? An election is not a contest of fine professions. It is a choice between what are believed to be convictions; and they are sought and found not in the rhetoric of the Convention, but in the career of the party.

No sensible Republican asks a vote for his party upon the ground that it has been uniformly wise, that all its measures have been unexceptionable, or that all its conspicuous members have inspired respect or confidence. But he does ask it upon the ground that that party contains the great mass of loyal citizens who honestly believe in equal rights and would honorably maintain them, with the great multitude of intelligent and industrious people whose good sense assures them that those who tried to destroy the government ten years ago are not those who should control it now. And this is a multitude and a conviction which are not likely to be disturbed by the loudest vociferation of new policies and principles and departures upon the part of their opponents.

INNOCENT PERSONS.

WE see that allusion has been made to the "innocent persons" who were shot in the late riot. But in a mob there is, in a certain sense, no innocent person. Those who are not present as rioters can not be distinguished by bullets from those who are; and even if they were labeled as philosophic spectators they could not be secure. A military company marching in the street to suppress a riot is much more exposed than on the battle-field. It is attacked from every where at once—front, flank, rear, and above—and attacked often by an unseen enemy; and when the time comes to fire, those who have chosen to place themselves among the enemy and to take their chances have, of course, no reason to complain if they suffer.

Well-disposed citizens going out to view a riot, as they would a spectacle, serve the purpose of the mob, for they both multiply and conceal it. If such citizens were better disposed they would stay at home, unless they came out to help keep order as soldiers or policemen. There is nothing more conclusively proved than that in repressing a mob the promptest and sternest measures are the most humane and the most efficient. There must be no threatening, no blank cartridges, but point-blank broadsides; and as every body knows this, he is indeed "innocent" if he exposes himself to fire. It is impossible to foretell when or where the firing must begin; and however sad and bloody the consequences may be, all who fall, except among the policemen and the soldiers, have only themselves to blame. The defenders of order must necessarily suppose that all who are before them are the mob, and act accordingly.

If these simple facts were more generally remembered, and if every body who proposed to be merely a spectator of the trouble would consent to forego a curiosity which may easily cost him his life, we should hear of no innocent people shot or clubbed in suppressing riots.

PERSONAL.

HON. GEORGE H. PENDLETON is a candidate for United States Senator from Ohio, to succeed Senator SHERMAN, whose term will expire on the 3d of March, 1873. Mr. PENDLETON is in the prime of manhood—forty-six—and has already seen much of public life, having served in the Senate of Ohio in 1854 and 1855, and in Congress from 1857 to 1865. In 1864 he was nominated for Vice-President on the ticket with M'CLELLAN. He comes of good stock. His father, NATHANIEL GREENE PENDLETON, was an aid to General GAINES from 1813 to 1815, Senator in Ohio in 1825 and 1826, and member of Congress from 1841 to 1843, after which he voluntarily retired to private life. He was a man of uncommon ability and high character. *His* father, NATHANIEL PENDLETON, was an officer of the Revolutionary war, a judge, and second of General ALEXANDER HAMILTON in his duel with AARON BURR. Mr. GEORGE H. PENDLETON is a gentleman of ample fortune, high culture, a fine orator, and is very popular with his personal and political friends.

—It is intimated that the President will probably appoint Mr. RICHARD H. DANA to represent the United States at the Geneva Conference. The board is to consist of five members, representing the United States, Great Britain, Italy, Switzerland, and Brazil. Mr. DANA is quite competent for the position by his standing as a lawyer and scholar. He is now in the prime of life, being fifty-six years of age. Having been compelled in 1834 to leave college on account of an affection of the eyes, he made a voyage to California as a common sailor, and on his return wrote "Two Years Before the Mast." Subsequently he studied law with Judge STORY, and has attained eminence at the bar. He was one of the founders of the Free-Soil party.

—General VON MOLTKE, as we learn from an article of exceeding interest on "The Telegraph and the Storm," in the August number of *Harper's Magazine*, conducted the late operations of the German army on the battle-fields of France sitting in the rear, with his map before him, and his telegraphic operator at his side keeping him in communication with all parts of the field. It has been frequently said by distinguished military men that the telegraph will be one of the most effective weapons in any war that may now occur.

—After twenty-five years of faithful service, Dr. WOOLSEY (who, by-the-way, is a native of this city) has retired from the presidency of Yale College. He is now seventy. His administration has been notably successful. On his taking the presidency there were thirty-seven instructors; now there are sixty-five. Professors DANA, GILMAN, NEWTON, WHITNEY, HOPPIN, FISHER, BACON, HADLEY, and THACHER were then scarcely known; the library was nothing compared to its present 100,000 volumes. President WOOLSEY is best known to the public as a political philosopher. His treatise on International law is a masterpiece, and he is known for able papers on divorce laws, the *Alabama* question, etc. In English composition he has scarcely a superior for purity of style.

—Many of the men who have figured conspicuously in the recent French troubles are persons of small stature, as have been many of the heroes and reformers of the world. LOUIS BLANC is of diminutive figure, VICTOR HUGO insignificant in appearance, ROCHEFORT slight, delicate, and below the middle height, and VERMERSCH—the terrible—was often mistaken for a girl in boy's clothes, a leader of fashion, dainty in boots and gloves. In this country the small men have been conspicuous. JOHN ADAMS and JOHN QUINCY ADAMS were undersized, as is CHARLES FRANCIS ADAMS. AARON BURR, Dr. CHANNING, Bishop HOBART, STEPHEN A. DOUGLAS, HENRY J. RAYMOND, and many others we might name, were short. It is frequently the case that literary men are "short."

—JOAQUIN MILLER, the new California poet, who is just now one of the pet lions of the *littérateurs* of London, is a young gentleman whose career has been peculiarly Californian and Oregonian. His first notable act was to get into difficulty with, and take a shot at, the sheriff of Siskyou County. Next he ran a pony express and carried letters and papers a distance of two hundred miles over the mountains. His school education was of the meagrest sort. At the breaking out of the rebellion he edited the Eugene City (Oregon) *Review*, a Democratic paper, and soon afterward married Miss MINNIE MYRTLE, a young lady who had acquired some reputation as a writer of verses. He then went east of the Cascade Mountains, and settled in the gold mining camp of "Canyon City," commenced practicing law, was elected County Judge, remained there until the spring of 1870, accumulated considerable money, went to London, and published the poems he had printed in the California papers. He separated from his wife, but provided for her and her two children. He courted her after the early California fashion, viz.—finding another "gent" paying addresses to the MYRTLE, he entered the room, drew a revolver upon him, "persuaded" him to retire, married the belle, and instantly went off honey-mooning.

—People ask, naturally enough, especially New England people, "Who is Mr. CYRUS WAKEFIELD, that he should give, as he has just given, one hundred thousand dollars to Harvard College?" He had previously given largely for public and benevolent purposes at Wakefield, where he is spoken of as "the ratan manufacturer," but besides this, he is the largest importer of East India goods in New England, if not in the United States, it being stated that upward of seventeen cargoes consigned to him arrived at Boston the past year. Mr. WAKEFIELD commenced the ratan business in Boston nearly forty years ago, at first in a small way, making it a specialty, but by energy and remarkable ingenuity adapted it to a great variety of useful household articles, and built up a vast and profitable business. His establishment at Wakefield gives employment to nearly twelve hundred hands.

—We understand, from a source entitled to credit, that the Rev. EDWARD M'GLYNN, D.D., pastor of St. Stephen's Church, in this city, has been designated as Bishop of Cleveland, Ohio, and that the official documents authorizing his consecration, if not already in the hands of Archbishop M'CLOSKEY, are expected to be in a few days. Dr. M'GLYNN is one of the youngest and most eloquent of the clergy in charge of parishes in this city. His standing as a scholar may be inferred from the fact that, in conjunction with Father HECKER, he was chosen to prepare the address, in Latin, sent to Pius IX. from the Catholics of this archdiocese, and presented at the opening of the Œcumenical Council. We believe, moreover, that we state a fact that will soon be announced officially when we say that the Rev. Dr. M'NIERNY, secretary to the archbishop, will succeed Dr. M'GLYNN as pastor of St. Stephen's. Dr. M'NIERNY is a man of ability, polished in address, a good preacher, and speaks fluently five or six of the modern languages.

—SIMON CAMERON has announced his positive refusal to be a candidate for the Vice-Presidency—a wise thing in a man of seventy-two, which is Mr. C.'s age, though he is still active. It is just fifty years since Mr. CAMERON began to take part in public affairs—first as editor and publisher of a paper at Harrisburg, having previously learned the printer's trade, then as manager of the Middletown Bank, president of two railroads, and Adjutant-General of the State. He was elected United States Senator in 1845, and served for four years, was re-elected in 1857, and resigned in 1861 to become Secretary of War. In 1862 he went to Russia as United States minister. In 1867 he was again elected United States Senator for the term ending in 1873. Mr. CAMERON is one of the few public men of the country who, we believe, was never defeated in being chosen to any office to which he aspired.

—Minister WASHBURNE is about to take a brief vacation and visit home. During the Communist excitement some of the Paris journals criticised him severely, but have since apologized. Had the Versaillists listened to his advice the venerable Archbishop of Paris would not have been murdered.

—The old Duke de Broglie—he is now eighty-five—again rises to the surface in French politics, having been appointed Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs. He comes of an old and renowned family. His father was president of the National Convention in 1791 and 1792, and was executed by order of the Revolutionary Tribunal. The present duke married the only daughter of Madame De Staël in 1816, and in the same year became a member of the Chamber of Peers, in which he made a famous speech against the slave trade. After the revolution of 1830 the duke and his friend Guizot were chiefs of the party called *Doctrinaires*. In 1830 he was Minister of Public Instruction, and Minister of Foreign Affairs from 1832 to 1834. Since the coup d'état of 1851 he has lived mostly in retirement, and since 1856, when he was elected a member of the French Academy, has devoted himself solely to labors of a literary and philosophical character. His appointment as Foreign Secretary appears to be well received in France, and is especially acceptable to England.

—The journals of the country, irrespective of party, have done justice to the ability and character of the late EDWIN CROSWELL as a journalist and political leader. His private character is made the subject of an exceedingly interesting communication to the Albany *Argus*, from which we quote a single paragraph, to the entire justice and truthfulness of which the writer of this can testify: "The remembrance of Mr. CROSWELL'S private life calls up only associations of the pleasantest and tenderest nature. In the seclusion of his own home, as in wider circles, he was always the Christian gentleman, and his personal influence was eminently elevating and refining. His address was a delightful mingling of extreme gentleness and high-bred courtesy. To the high qualities of a richly endowed and cultivated mind were added those graces of heart which made him a beloved and honored husband and father, and a valued friend. He possessed in an eminent degree that 'charity' which thinketh no evil. He rarely allowed an uncharitable remark in his presence without a protest, being ever ready to find excuses for those against whom they were uttered. He was quick to discern and appreciate the estimable qualities of those around him, and his habitual courtesy, added to his natural kindness of heart, made him always ready to offer the pleasant word or delicate attention. Indeed, for this rare quality of courtesy Mr. CROSWELL was somewhat remarkable—it was unfailing, surviving even the power of speech, as those who were with him in his last hours bear abundant testimony."

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

A DETAILED account has been received in Washington of the first attack on the force composing the expedition of Minister Low to the Corea, and the prompt and effective response by our forces, in which the Corean forts were silenced. It appears that this is the attack for which an apology was refused by the Corean authorities, and which Admiral Rodgers on the following day, June 11, punished by the capture and demolition of the Corean stronghold and 481 cannon, and the killing of about 250 of the barbarous murderers of the General Sherman's crew. It was rumored at Yokohama that the British squadron had been ordered to co-operate with our navy.

The second son of the late President Lincoln, Thomas, familiarly known by Mr. Lincoln's nickname as "Tad," died in Chicago on the 15th of July, of dropsy of the heart, aged eighteen years. His illness dates from a few days after his return from Europe with Mrs. Lincoln.

In the case of Mrs. Fair, in San Francisco, under sentence of death, an appeal has been filed in the Supreme Court, and a writ of supersedeas issued. The appeal will be heard in October.

St. Joseph, Missouri, has been injured by a tornado to the extent of $50,000.

Duluth, on Lake Superior, has just been visited by a tidal wave, which did considerable damage.

FOREIGN NEWS.

THE reported letter of M. Thiers to the Pope, promising the aid of France in restoring the temporal power, is again officially pronounced a forgery. The *Univers*, however, says a vague letter has been written by M. Thiers to his Holiness, intimating that France will give a diplomatic support to the papacy if other powers will co-operate with her.

The first installment of the German indemnity was paid on the 15th of July, and the evacuation of the departments of the Seine-Inférieure, Eure, and Somme by the German forces has begun. The representatives from the occupied districts urge M. Thiers to anticipate the future payments of the indemnity. It is said negotiations to that end have been opened.

The murderer of Marshal Prim has been arrested.

There are fears of a negro insurrection in Jamaica, and the authorities are preparing to deal severely with any attempt at an uprising.

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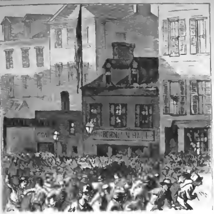
THE ATTACK ON THE PROCESSION, ON EIGHTH AVENUE, BETWEEN TWENTY-FOURTH AND TWENTY-FIFTH STREETS.—From a Sketch by our Special Artist.—[See Page 690.]



HIBERNIAN HALL.

ORANGE HEAD-QUARTERS, CORNER TWENTY-NINTH STREET AND EIGHTH AVENUE.

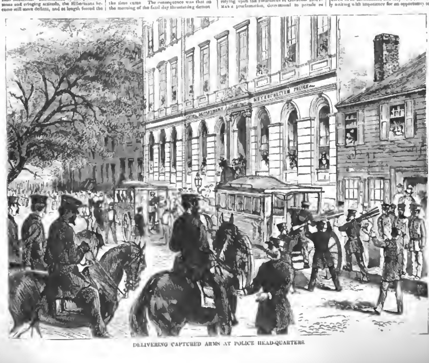
THE TAMMANY RIOT.

It is generally conceded that the riot of the 12th of July might have been prevented if the Tammany leaders had possessed the courage to perform their duty. For several weeks previous to the outbreak the Hibernian societies had met every night at their lodges for the purpose of drilling, and made no secret of their intention to attack the Orangemen if the parade took place. Instead of warning these men that their lawless designs would be prevented by force if necessary, the city authorities cowered before them, and endeavored to coax and wheedle them out of their intentions. Emboldened by this pusillanimous and cringing attitude, the Hibernians became still more defiant, and at length forced the Mayor and the police authorities into the disgraceful surrender to the mob, the story of which is told in the official documents printed on another page of this paper.

The storm of popular indignation which frightened Tammany, and compelled Governor HOFFMAN, at the eleventh hour, to rescind the infamous "General Order, No. 57," seems to have had no effect upon the rioters. They did not understand, perhaps, the panic which covered their friends in power with confusion; at any rate, it was not shared by them. For two weeks the Mayor had been giving them assurances that the parade would be prevented, and they would not believe he would "go back on them" when the time came. The consequence was that on the morning of the fatal day threatening demonstrations took place in those quarters of the city where the Irish reside in greatest numbers, and sullen groups of ferocious-looking men, most of them armed, gathered at the street corners in the threatened districts. Among these groups, eye-witnesses report, women were most conspicuous by the vehemence with which they denounced Orangemen, police, and soldiers alike; and children of both sexes gathered about them ignorant alike of their own danger and the desperate resolution of those about them.

In the course of the forenoon it became known that Gideon Lodge of Orangemen, which had intended to join the celebration in New Jersey, had made a change in their programme, and, relying upon the assurances of Governor HOFFMAN's proclamation, determined to parade in New York. They had sent notice of their intention to Governor HOFFMAN, and received from him a promise of protection to the utmost extent of the civil and military authorities. As an earnest of this protection, a strong force of police was immediately sent to their lodge-room at the corner of Twenty-ninth Street and Eighth Avenue. The military did not arrive there till afternoon.

While preparations for the parade were in progress within the hall an excited crowd gathered in the street, increasing rapidly in numbers until it overflowed into the adjoining streets, and extended half a dozen blocks either way on Eighth Avenue. The majority of this crowd appeared to be Kilkennymen, and they were evidently waiting with impatience for an opportunity to



DELIVERING CAPTURED ARMS AT POLICE HEAD-QUARTERS.

attack the Orangemen's procession. The rioters appeared to be entirely without organization or leadership. There was no concert of action among them. Separate gangs of ruffians, six to ten in number, prowled through the streets, eager for pillage, if not for fight. At the several rendezvouses of the Hibernians many bore rifles, regardless of the policemen on their beats, who made no attempt to disarm them. In the upper part of the city the rioters began to move southward at an early hour, compelling all workmen on their route to desist and join with them. In one or two instances movements were made against the houses of men who had protected the Orangemen during the riots of last year, but as the rioters were without leadership they gradually dispersed before carrying their threats into execution. Attacks were made by the rioters on one or two armories where arms are known to be stored, but the resistance of a few determined policemen cowed the mob. The rioters were vicious and fierce enough for any purpose, but it was plain they were without the organization they had boasted. Still their demonstrations were so threatening before ten o'clock that the police were compelled to enter Hibernia Hall, and General SHALER called for a regiment of troops from Brooklyn, where, as in Jersey City, all had been comparatively quiet.

About half past two o'clock the procession began to move. Before the command to march had been given paving-stones and bricks had been hurled among the troops, and one or two pistol-shots were fired at them. The police, who acted throughout the day with the greatest coolness, bravery, and prudence, charged upon the crowd whenever the pressure became threatening, and drove back the rioters. They returned, however, as soon as the police fell back, so that the relief was only temporary. The column was formed in the following manner: The Seventh Regiment came first, followed by a strong force of police; then came a body of press reporters; then the Orangemen, with the Eighty-fourth Regiment on their left and the Twenty-second on their right; the Sixth and Ninth followed; and a force of police brought up the rear. The Orangemen numbered only one hundred and sixty. When the column commenced moving down the avenue a few shots were fired at the troops; but nothing serious occurred until the head of the line had reached Twenty-third Street, and the Orangemen were nearly opposite Twenty-fourth Street. Here they were fired upon from a tenement-house on the corner of Twenty-fourth Street and Eighth Avenue. The forbearance of the military had perhaps been misinterpreted by the Ribbonmen, who now boldly made their appearance in third-story windows and on the roofs. Whole chimneys were torn down and the bricks hurled at the procession. Shots were fired from alleys and cellar-ways. A woman who waved a handkerchief to the procession was immediately shot dead; a little girl at her side shared the same fate. At length Private Page, of the Ninth, was shot through the head by a ruffian on horseback, who rode up to within a few yards of the ranks. He was immediately shot down, and fell riddled with bullets. The smoke was hardly blown away from his pistol before retribution overtook him. Other shots from the rioters followed, and then the Eighty-fourth, Sixth, and Ninth, without waiting for immediate orders, but in pursuance of a general order, opened fire upon the mob. The crowd broke wildly and fled down the side streets, seeking shelter in cellars, behind stoops, and in door-ways. The troops were excited, and for a few minutes fired rather wildly, the extreme rear of the Ninth sending a few shots up Eighth Avenue into the platoon of policemen who were stationed at Twenty-ninth Street. They soon recovered their coolness, however, and the procession moved on again, leaving a hundred or more dead and wounded men, women, and children behind them.

The mob made no further attempt to obstruct the march of the Orangemen and their escort. The riot was suppressed by one short fight. The most desperate of the mob slunk away and refused to resume the attack. It was a terrible but effective remedy; and in view of what might have happened had the mob been allowed to gather strength, it was also a merciful remedy. The procession traversed only a portion of the intended route, but made a short-cut to its destination at Fourth Avenue near Cooper Institute. The military masked the little band of Orangemen, who concealed their regalia, filed into No. 4 Fourth Avenue, made their way through an alley to another street, where there happened to be no crowd, separated, and disappeared from observation. There was no further disturbance during the day or night. So ended the great riot of 1871.

The casualties of the day were as follows: *Killed*—two soldiers (of the Ninth), one policeman, forty-four civilians; *Wounded*—seventeen soldiers, nine policemen, and sixty-seven civilians.

Of our illustrations, those on page 693 show the head-quarters of the Hibernian and Orange societies, and the transfer of captured arms to the Police Head-quarters in Mulberry Street. The larger illustration on page 692 will give the reader a capital idea of the scene of the firing at the corner of Eighth Avenue and Twenty-fourth Street. It was drawn from a sketch by our special artist, who is a member of the Seventh Regiment, and was on the spot at the time. The line of soldiers stretching across the picture in the foreground is the rear company of the Seventh. Behind them is visible the marshal of the Orange procession, conspicuous by being on horseback. The moment chosen by our artist was when the rioters were firing upon the procession from the windows, roofs, and awnings of adjacent houses, provoking the return fire of the troops. On one side the police are seen driving back the mob. One officer is tearing open the coat of a rioter to take away his revolver. On the left a company of soldiers fires over the heads of the procession upon rioters stationed on the roofs opposite.

The members of the Ninth Regiment who had fallen victims to the mob were buried on the following Sunday. The police regulations prevented any attempt at disturbance.

WHY LUCY ELLEN DID NOT MARRY.

WHY didn't Lucy Ellen Marigold git married? Hadn't any chances, eh? Now just you let me tell you how it was. Lucy Ellen was pretty enough; that wasn't the trouble; but you see them Marigolds, they're sort of queer. Now I don't go for ter say but she's as well off single or married; there's two sides ter every thing; according ter my thinking, I'd as soon be single and my own mistress, as like Miss Hollyhock, who's always a-lugging round a baby in one hand and a-doing of the work with t'other; or like Mrs Smilax—you've heern tell of young Smilax, how awful sweet he was on her while they were a-courting? Law, bless you, how natures do change after gitting themselves married! 'Twasn't more'n a fortnight afore he changed his tune; she'd no more darst ask him for sixpence than you darst put your head into a lion's mouth.

To be sure, it's different with a man; if he don't marry, who's ter mend and make for him? Who's ter cuddle him up, and flatter and encourage him like? Who's ter help him put the best foot forward, when things kind of hitch? If I was asked, I'd just advise all the men to marry, and all the women to stay single. However, that's nothing ter do with Lucy Ellen, that I see on, though ter be sure she's took my advice, but no credit to her, no more than if she'd took the castor-oil, when it was round. Maybe you've heerd of her gran'ther, Elder Marigold? The folks set a heap by the elder hereabouts, though he was the outspokenest man that ever preached. For instance, there was Deacon Thrift, used to live out on the turnpike; the deacon was mighty close-fisted, you see, and some folks went for ter say that it was worse'n that. However, the elder got wind of how the deacon hed sold six foot of wood to Widder Hood for a good cord, and the next Sabbath the elder he gits up in the pulpit and preaches about the widder and the fatherless—though mercy knows Mrs Hood hadn't no children, and was a sight better off than the deacon and elder put together; but that wasn't no kind of reason why she should be cheated out of her eye-teeth, which they were false; and so the elder he goes for ter say—a-leaning way out over the pulpit-cushing and pointing fust ter one place and then to another—"I don't care who it is, or where he sits—whether in the gallery or in the body of the meeting-house, or in *the deacons' seat*, the man that 'll sell six foot of wood for a good cord is worthy of fire and brimstone, and I'm afeerd he'll git his deserts." I've heerd on how the deacon made restitution; but that's nothing ter do with Lucy Ellen as I know of, only the elder was her gran'ther, and as likely a man as ever give out a psalm; however, she didn't inherit nothing from him, except a yoke of steers and some farming stuff. The fact was, the Marigolds might hev been somebodies instead of nobodies and nothings, if Marsh Marigold hadn't married as he did, instead of marrying as he ought to hev done, though it don't become me to say who he ought ter hev married. Marsh, you see, was named after his mother's family—the Marshes over the river yonder; they were fust cousins ter the Swamps and the Boggs, rich as mud could make 'em. Wa'al, you see, Marsh he spoiled it all by going and marrying the slickest piece of flesh and blood that ever handled a broom, just because she had a pretty face on ter her. Laws, the way she used for to cut up was a caution; she hed her sister Tildy ter live with her. Goodness, many's the times I've laughed till I hed a stitch in my side to hear old Dr. Heartsease tell about them highsterics of hern. You see one day she was took very bad so one: the fact was, it was about haying time, and there was plenty ter do, and she wanted ter shirk it and go off visiting her own folks and leave Tildy ter do the work, and she knew Marsh would send her if he thought she was poorly; so away she goes working herself into a highsterie, or convulsion or something, just as well as she knew how ter manufactur 'em: and she did know better'n most folks, for she'd been with a woman who'd hed 'em real. So Marsh he saddles up old Flyaway and brings Dr. Heartsease, and the doctor he takes a pinch of snuff deliberate like, and looks to her tongue, and feels her pulse, and finds out as how she's a-playing 'possum the worst kind; and says he to Tildy, says he,

"Just bring me up a big pitcher of b'iling water—*of b'iling water*; b'iling hot, remember—and a tin tunnel!"

"Whatever in the world are you going for ter do, doctor?" says Tildy.

"Never you mind, Tildy," says he. "I'm going ter cure her up; you just run and bring me a big pitcher of b'iling hot water and a tin tunnel." Then, while Tildy was gone for 'em, says he ter the patient: "Now, Miss Marigold, if you don't come out of that there fit of yourn" (and he spoke mighty stern like), "my treatment is, in such cases, ter pour the b'iling water down the patient's throat through the tin tunnel." And, bless you, she come right out of it afore the b'iling water and the tin tunnel got up stairs.

"I feel better now," says she, "but ain't that rather severe treatment, doctor?" for, you see, she believed he meant to do it.

"In severe cases," says he, "we use severe measures," and then he took another pinch of snuff and said good-by, and Marsh sent her over to see her folks that afternoon for fear she'd hev a relapse. You see, Lucy Ellen hadn't no chance ter grow up as she'd oughter; since she was a child she heerd her mother set out, and tell all sort of whim-whams—such as how Marsh wanted her ter hev help, and she herself wouldn't hear to it, nor be bothered with a servant about the house, a-putting their fingers inter the jam, and a-stealing of the clothes off one's back, when Lucy Ellen hed heerd her father say that he couldn't afford it noway; and how Mr Marigold wanted her to hev a Leghorn bonnet and French flowers, but, for her part, she thought it would be a wicked folly when so many heathen hadn't any thing but a fig leaf, when Marsh hed only said that she might hev her old straw whitened and pressed over, and Lucy knew that the heathen'd never git any thing better if they looked ter her; and then she'd tell how Marsh wanted ter buy another horse, when Lucy knew he hed ter sell Flyaway to pay off part of a mortgage. Oh, I tell you, they were the greatest cases for stretching of the stocking out of all kind of shape, so you'd hardly hev know'd what it was in the first place, and, of course, Lucy Ellen got ter be a chip of the old block. When she and her mother 'd get up their bonnets all by themselves, they'd make folks think they'd bought 'em over ter Shopville, and all that sort of decent. They used ter make as though they hed plum-cake for tea regular, and Damson preserves was common as dirt, and green tea was a drug, and loaf-sugar no great shakes. But, gracious, you couldn't hev got the young fellows ter believe a word of it ag'in Lucy Ellen; she'd just bewitched 'em out of their senses with her brown eyes and her blushes, and her airs and graces; they'd a kissed the ground she walked on, but she just amused herself, and then flung 'em over, as her mother did afore her. And she was a pretty piece, for all her silly notions; for, you see, she looked a sight higher than any of the neighbors' sons. Bless you, I doubt if there was a match ter please her in all the country round, she hed such a mind ter be a fine lady, and not bring the water ter wash her hands; she thought it was downright vulgar ter work for your living, or ter be seen doing it; and you might know when the Marigolds was house-cleaning, for there wasn't a blind left open; and washing-days you might have pulled to the bell till all was blue afore you'd raised any body, and they hung their clothes in the attic.

But one day she got her comeuppance. You see, every spring the court comes down here, and a heap of lawyers along with it—fine-looking gentlemen, with kid gloves on their hands, and a lot of notions in their heads, and bags full of papers and things. Wa'al, one morning there comes a young Mr. Barrister along with them, as handsome as a picture, and with manners like silk, and any number of cases ter look ter. The moment he clapped his eyes on Lucy Ellen he was a lost man. Law sakes, the pains he took ter git interduced to her! I heerd tell as how he lost several cases that term, and his clients was mighty cut up. But Lucy Ellen, she always seemed ter go upon the principle that the more bother she put a fellow ter the better he'd like her for it; and I guess she hed the rights of it. So she hung back like sixty, and just flirted with him all across the court-room, and on the street with her eyes, till, by-and-by, he cornered her one day, and got downright acquainted. It was all along of her being run away with by young Reuben Fleet's pony. You see, he was a-taking her out ter drive, and just got out ter the post-office for half a minute, when, whisk! off went the pony like mad. Mr. Barrister, he was just a-coming out of the court-house with a witness, and he seed his chance, and "went for that heathen Chinee" of a pony, and stopped him just as Lucy Ellen was on the p'int of losing her senses and being throwed out of the carriage. Wa'al, of course, after that they couldn't stand on ceremony no more; he'd saved her life, and sprained his own arm, and nothing ter do but he must come up to Pa Marigold's and be made much of, and Lucy Ellen bound up his arm in cold baths so tender as a sweetheart, and every day he hed ter go and report himself till the arm got all right. And then, after they'd got him into training, he went of his own will, just like a piece of machinery that hed once got an impetuous. He used ter slip out of court between the calling of his cases, and clip over ter Marigold's place, and hev a chat along with Lucy Ellen in the best parlor, that always made you sneeze ter go inter it, or out in the porch, where she was mostly sitting, sewing like a lady in her muslin gowns and curls and necklaces and whatnots that the other young fellows hed given her. Oh, I tell you, he was that much in love with her that the Marigolds thought it was a sure thing—though he'd never said nothing in particular; and I heerd tell as how Miss Marigold hed begun to stone the raisins for the wedding-cake, and looked at Swiss muslins and delusion lace over ter Shopville. But there's many a hole in the skimmer, and one of 'em was big enough for Lucy Ellen's beau ter slip through. It was enough ter make your heart big with envy and wish yourself young ag'in, with a blush in your cheek, and a fortune in your eyes, to see her and Mr Barrister together, a-walking to meeting, and a-loitering along the way, and a-hanging over the gate in the twilights, and a-sailing off at sunset on the river. Wa'al, we can't be young but once. How he used ter look at her, with his soul in them great eyes of his'n, and every word she said was law and gospel to his ears. Them was heydays for Lucy Ellen, and they might hev lapped over ter this time if she'd hed a proper respect for the truth, and not 'a tried to deceive and hoodwink him as was honest as daylight with her, and would hev thought all the better of her for being capable and doing her duty. But there, it was the way she was brought up: "as the twig is bent the tree's inclined." It was second natur for her ter make believe, and I don't know as she could help it, no more'n she could help looking like an apple blossom. Dear, dear! how every body was a-talking about what a handsome couple they'd be, and what a match it was for Lucy Ellen, and a-looking forward to the wedding fixings, and ter dressing of the wedding cake and a-planning it all out for her, as folks do! He used ter bring her books of verses, and read 'em sitting on the door-step at Lucy Ellen's feet, and she thinking of goodness knows what, for I doubt if she understood a word of 'em, though she made believe mighty natural and pretty: she knew how.

One day when he drove her over ter Shopville he asked what number of glove she wore.

"The last pair I bought," said she, "was sixes." And so they were. They'd got, by mistake, you see, in among the sevens, and she'd had to sell 'em ter Hitty Haven for half price. So Mr. Barrister he goes and buys the handsomest pair of sixes, the color of the lilac bushes, and all perfumed up, and Lucy Ellen she thanks him in her pretty, innocent way, and puts 'em out of sight; and soon as ever his back's turned, over she skips ter Shopville, by herself, and gits a pair of sevens; and when he comes ter walk ter meeting with her next Sunday, says she, smiling up at him sweet as musk,

"I shall never put on my beautiful gloves, Mr. Barrister, without thinking of you."

"I wish they might last forever, then," said he. And I'll be bound that Lucy Ellen's heart gave a great thrill of pain and delight, just as mine did when her father— But there; that's nothing to do with Lucy Ellen, only I'll be bound she thought he was going for ter say something worth hearing. But he never did say any thing nigher to it. She's got them lilack sixes laid away among her finery ter this day, dreadful witnesses of her folly. Perhaps she keeps 'em as a kind of reminder of her sins—as penance, you know—though, goodness knows, she's suffered for 'em. Wa'al, I sometimes think troubles is sent for one advantage, ter learn us things we wouldn't hev an idea of without 'em. Now if Lucy Ellen hed married Mr. Barrister, and things hed gone on smooth, and she'd 'a lived in grandeur all her days, like as not she'd 'a gone on deceiving and making believe to the end of the chapter, without ever seeing the harm or quite knowing what she was a-doing of; but one day comes along this here disappointment, and sort of stirs the soul up, and sets it ter wondering what it's all for, and she goes ter thinking and reflecting about herself, and the upshot is that Lucy Ellen Marigold isn't the same girl to-day as she was the last time she set eyes on Mr. Barrister. You see the term of court was drawing ter a close, and Mr Barrister he was as deep in love as ever, when, that last day, he went over to Marigold's place, round by Farmer Knowles's cider-mill, and up the lane where the wild roses grew, that led by Miss Marigold's kitchen windows; and going by, natural enough, he looked in, without a thought of doing any thing unhandsome, or peeking where he wasn't wanted ter, and there, with her sleeves rolled up over her white, round arms, with her cheeks like twin roses, eyes like jewels, stood Lucy Ellen, ironing away the week's washing for dear life, and humming a love-song. Of course she didn't see him, though he stood stock-still for a full minute, drinking in the loveliness and the deftness of her. Then he walked round ter the fore-door and pulled the bell. There was some delay in answering of the door, and then Miss Marigold herself opened it, smiling like summer.

"Wouldn't Mr. Barrister walk in? So glad to see him."

Mr Barrister went in, heart as light as a feather, and his mind made up, I don't doubt, ter ask Lucy Ellen to be his'n.

"Can I see Miss Lucy?" said he.

"Ahem!" said she, a-coloring and clearing her throat; "Lucy Ellen will be in presently, I guess; she stepped out a while ago ter make a call up at Squire Tendom's. I'm expecting her back any moment."

Can't you see the poor young man's face at such wonderful news, the eyes big with astonishment and pain? I wonder which he believed at that fust moment, his own ears or his own eyes?

"Miss Lucy hev gone out, hev she?" he said, taking up his hat and looking queer.

"Yes. Oh, don't be thinking of going, Mr. Barrister; she left word that she'd be back in a jiffy" (pushing open the blind), "and I was ter keep who called. There, I do believe she's coming now, no; but she'll be back afore long, depend on't." And then she fell ter telling him big stories about the Marshes and the Swamps, and a pot of gold that was said ter be buried on the place, nobody knew where, and it didn't matter; and Mr Barrister just answered "No," and "Yes," and "Ah," without hearing a word of it all, till Miss Marigold began for ter think him the miserablest company in the world, when, by-and-by, the fore-door opened, and in came my lady, Lucy Ellen, flushed and beaming, dressed in her good clothes, with her sunshade and her violet gloves.

"Oh, Mr. Barrister," she cried, "have you been here long? How glad I am ter see you!" And then she stopped and changed color at the strange, strange look in her lover's eyes—or the eyes that had been her lover's an hour ago—which had took on a terrible sadness.

"I am going away," said he then. "I wish ter bid you good-by and ter thank you for—for much pleasure and many—many hospitalities."

"But you will come this way ag'in, and come ter see us?" said Lucy Ellen, lighting up, thinking he only wanted a little encouragement. "We hev not lost you altogether?"

"No, Miss Lucy, I shall never come this way ag'in. You *hev* lost me altogether, if that is any thing; and I—I hev lost more than any one, I hev lost my faith in womanhood." And then he took up his hat ag'in and bowed himself out, and they never set eyes on him ag'in. And them's just the reasons why Lucy Ellen Marigold never got married.

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FESTAL DAYS IN BERLIN.

[FROM OUR SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT.]

BERLIN, June 19, 1871.

BEFORE passing to a description of the illumination let me add a few words to what I have written concerning the procession of the 16th. There were during the entire morning processions gathering from all parts of the city, and marching with fine bands—fine bands being plenty as blackberries in Berlin—to meet the troops. These processions were the guilds of laborers in all manner of work, and at their head some one marched with an ensign representing, by little images, their kind of work. Some of these ensigns were very fine, and most of them elaborately decorated. I witnessed an odd incident. Of all the mechanic guilds the needle-gun makers and weapon makers not unnaturally made the handsomest show, and they had ensigns glittering with brilliant military implements arranged in circles and shield-shapes. Just as they had entered Unter den Linden and were passing gayly on there entered and walked behind them the venerable guild of chimney-sweeps! Each chimney-sweep, though abnormally clean, bore his broom valiantly shouldered, and in front was an ensign with the strange device of a large hoop hung round with brooms. The crowd, which had gazed in silence upon the weapon makers, cheered the sweeps till they were hoarse. The two guilds, in singular conjuncture, passed on together the whole length of the crowd, which roared in delight with the chimney-sweeps, who, indeed, received the first ovation of the day.

The equestrian statue of Frederick the Great in the centre of Unter den Linden, just by the Library, is altogether, between the warrior's head and the ground, about fifty feet high. In the whole crowd the most conspicuous personage was a youth who, by some means that defied conjecture, had gained the summit of the statue, and was using Frederick's head for a seat. How he could have climbed the smooth side of the pedestal, the legs of the horse, etc., caused much speculation; but there he was, with the best outlook obtainable. Early in the morning boys had been on the trees thick as foliage, but the police had brought them down. They began a consultation about the man on Frederick's head, but at their first attempt to get him down the crowd growled, and the aspiring youth was left in the enjoyment of his position.

Behind several of the regiments marched the cantinière, dressed in bright uniform, like "the daughter of the regiment." The Germans did not, however, have these girls for the general services for which they are employed by the French. In the German camp they attended at sutlers' wagons, and after engagements worked for the wounded with ambulances. I recognized, as she passed before the University tribune, a girl whom I had seen at Remonville, where she sold me some bread and meat when I was almost starved: and yet another I remembered to have seen at Vionville ministering tenderly to a half-dead Frenchman. The amount of beneficent work done by women in the late war has not been rightly recorded. After the battles around Metz, every spot between that city and Germany to which wounded soldiers were brought witnessed the unwearied services, by day and night, of hundreds of young women—all of them respectable and many of high position—who bathed their wounds and nursed them as if they had been their brothers. The soldiers were always stripped when they were brought in, but mercy and innocence know no blush. The Germans had no female camp-followers of the base sort, and I never saw or heard of one of the women to whom I have referred being treated otherwise than with the utmost respect.

The twilight lasted long, and the illumination did not begin until fully nine o'clock. I then set out on my journey through the city. The War Department was the first to blaze out. Its ninety front windows were fringed with lights of every variety of color, its great door-way was an arch of fire, and on top of it were thirty-two large fires. The English embassy had been forbidden all participation in the festivities, out of respect to France; but it was permitted that their superb mansion should not constitute a dark break in the line of illumination, and so there were four candles in each window. At the American embassy more care was shown, each window holding lights well arranged in diamond shapes. The Foreign Affairs building had brilliant arches of light on doors and windows; but none of the public buildings of the Leipziger Strasse equaled the private houses in glory. The Potsdamer Gate statues were lit up with altars, temples, pillars of light; and a great electric light there and another at the Brandenburg Gate flooded the statues and the whole neighborhood with silvery light. Some of the windows had beautiful tableaux, brought out by lights behind them, which made an exquisite display, the finest effect of this kind being that of a large Vienna company, which had filled its seven lower show windows with admirable life-size copies of the very popular illustrated ballad of "Kutschke's Zig-Zag"—a thing that shows that Berlin has its Hans Breitmann. The first picture shows the terrible Kutschke parting from his wife, who weeps as she hands him his bottle of schnapps, and his two children, one of whom hands him his gun, the other his equally necessary and nearly as large pipe. The next picture shows Kutschke in the enemy's country. He discovers something (it is a fox) in the bushes, and says, "What is it crouching in the bushes there? I believe it is 'Napoleum' (Ich glaub it is Napolium). Nay, Louis, if I get hold of you I shall put you in the aquarium." Picture third shows Kutschke making a requisition on the live stock of an infuriated French beldam. He has a cock struggling in his belt, a duck and a hen led by strings attached to him behind, and drives a pig by the tail. In picture fourth we see him using a Zouave, held by his two legs, as a weapon to demolish a Turco and other Zouaves; we next see him devouring a huge sausage in bivouac; then entering Paris, with the Arc de Triomphe behind him, and tugging a Frenchman by the ear, to the dismay of a crowd of enemies around; and finally we see him home again, with wife and children receiving him from the train. The boys are now around Kutschke's hat; he bears a bouquet and the iron cross on his breast. One boy has shouldered his gun, the other presents a boot-jack; but all of these are inferior delights to that offered by Karline in the shape of a baby born while he was performing heroic exploits in France. He addresses Karline with "Bongschur, madame!"

The crowd that gathered around these window pictures was fearful, shrieks of the down-trodden being heard at that point at all hours of the night. Not far off the *Kladderadatsch* office had adorned its front with its favorites Schultz and Müller pictured in little gas jets, and with grand arches around them. They seemed to have just recognized each other amidst novel circumstances. Every where angels and eagles—angels and eagles; the angels bearing wreaths to crown the King or some other illustrious individual, the eagles considerably spread out, and oftentimes double-headed. In the space opposite the Reichstag there had been erected a large sheltered floor for free dancing; but the crowd there was so great that no dancing could possibly have taken place, unless it were on top of the people's heads. We merely pressed our way through the room, and then, looking up Leipziger Strasse, saw a great pyramid of fire. It proved to be the gable end of a church. Further on an ingenious gentleman had his house-top hovered over by little illuminated balloons. Turning a corner we come to the bank, which is spangled over with huge stars, and has the monogram of the King, W. R., put one side in deference to its own ancient monogram, F. R. Then passing the arsenal, which seems, from the fires on it, to be literally on fire (and I was not astonished to hear the alarm-bell during the night), we come on the shop of a famous dry-goods man, Gerson, the Stewart of Berlin; he has a fine illumination representing a Prussian shaking hands with a Bavarian and a Würtemberger.

"If you have taste for the beautiful, look there!" exclaims an ugly rough; but he must have had the soul of an artist in him, for what he pointed to us was a scene of unimaginable glory. From the region of the small craft on the canal—whose masts were lines of variegated flame—we beheld the whole burning, glowing, iridescent Unter den Linden. Had all the stars fallen to earth, and the sun and moon suddenly darted away to earth, to do honor to Germany? Oh, the great temples of azure fire! the thousand arches of red and gold, the Parthenons, Pantheons, all shimmering from crimson to silver, then creeping through violet, yellow—all the rainbow—making upon Berlin, as a foundation, as it were, another, a celestial gold-paved and jasper-walled city! The bronze forms of Frederick the Great and his horse seem to stand against a rising midnight sun. But, Heavens! what is this? Is Berlin to last on fire, and about to share in the moment of splendor the fate of Paris? The buildings become tipped with red flame, a burning, awful hue creeps from tower to tower, and the great roofs of the city seem to be flooded by a great red sea of fire. It is the Schloss! the Schloss! I truly thought with others that the King's Schloss had caught fire. But no; upon its dome had been reared another dome, and this was all one mass of red electric flame, by which the whole city, and the neighborhood for miles around, was made red like blood. In a few moments from the Potsdam Arch a pure white electric flame answered this, and the two electric lights struggled in the air, then mingled and made strange auroral flashes, until both were finally absorbed and lost in the purple of morning.

The theatres of Berlin have been furnishing a great deal of the interest of the festivities. There is no city in the world except Paris where the acting is so good as in Berlin, and on this occasion many of them had plays, comedies, or tableaux vivants adapted to the occasion. At Kroll's Summer Theatre—a beautiful establishment in a garden whose flowers are pendent lilies of light, and whose trees and fountains suggest the realm of Fairy—there was a drama called "From Berlin to Paris," where the fortunes of the soldier were drawn so vividly that the people now roared with laughter and anon dropped tears into their beer. I had the curiosity to go and see a tragedy at the Summer Theatre, Belle-Alliance, called "Der Herzog von Kurland," by Herr Bunge. The theme of the play is the notorious treachery by which Strasburg passed into the hands of the French. It was curiously intertwined with an affecting love story, and abounded in eloquent outbursts, uttered by those who perished to defend it from the clutches of Louis XIV., of the sure destiny that would recover the ancient city to Germany. When the last act closed with a hero torn away from his beloved one, and led out to execution—when the solemn single gun was heard behind the shut prison door—there was a glare upon the thousand men and women of the audience which made one feel how irresistible had been the sentiment in Germany about that ancient Strasburg. The tragedy had closed, but the people waited in dead silence. Then the curtain rose and showed a battle-field strewn thickly with graves—the graves marked by wooden crosses bearing the well-known inscription, "Here rests in God," etc. Faint, sad music accompanied this, and a beautiful woman read a noble poem. Then suddenly in the air above the dreary battle-field shone out a tableau, made of living women and children, showing Germania crowned with victory, so transfigured with light that the eye was dazzled, and around her—uplooking, radiant—all her states, her family, represented by maidens. Ah! what shouts rent the air when among these one was recognized as the genius of Strasburg? It was all under the open air, but the joy of earth hid the stars.

The most important theatrical exhibition, however, was that which may be termed the official one. It occurred on Saturday evening at the Royal Opera-house. No tickets were sold, the King having taken for the evening the whole house, and invited a distinguished assembly to be present. It was a most brilliant occasion. The Opera-house itself is one of the most resplendent buildings within and without, and the company connected with it had become somewhat associated with the war, no fewer than eighty-two members, actors and servants, of the vast establishment having left it to march to the war. The entire court, and all the great generals and the highest families and the diplomatic corps (excepting Lord Loftus), were present. The King sat with the Queen, and the princes and princesses around him, in the large box occupying the centre of the dress circle, opposite the stage. There was a splendid ovation awarded him as he entered. The performance consisted of a series of allegorical tableaux vivants. The first was called "Zur Heimkehr." After a grand overture by Eckert's noble orchestra, the curtain arose, revealing all the Arts, Graces, Muses, Morning, Noon, Evening, and the Four Seasons, with Justice and Peace as the centre. Justice, with a child holding her scales, and herself bearing a reversed sword, addresses Peace most fondly, welcoming her return; and Peace then calls in her army of maidens in white, each bearing an olive-branch. Beautiful Fräulein Erkhart, with a sweet voice, reads the prologue; and as she now refers to the dead, and now to the victory, softly plaintive as distant triumphal music accompanies her words. At the end there starts forth in the background a picture of the equestrian statue of William III., which the King had unveiled on the previous day.

The next performance was called "Barbarossa." The old red-bearded warrior-king (represented admirably by Herr Niemann) was seen seated in his deep grot in the mountain-side. By him is the cross and his sword. Sounds are heard, and, awakened from slumber, he sends a page, who has entered, to make inquiries as to the condition of his country. While the page is away the great scenes of German history pass as visions before him. These were all magnificent tableaux of living persons. First are seen a troop of Knights Templars bearing the banner of an angel thrusting his spear at a dragon underfoot—the origin of the legend of St. George. The moon rose softly above, and they sink to sleep. Jerusalem gleams in the distance. Peace comes and gently waves her olive-branch over them. Next comes a tableau of the great Kurfürst crossing the sea in a boat, with the ancient ensign of Germany floating over him. Then came Frederick the Great on horseback. Next William III., in the thick of the fight with France in the conflicts of sixty years ago. Then a Schleswig-Holstein allegory—an angel bearing a golden wreath to a prostrate warrior. Then we saw Germania, with a wreath of gold in her extended hand, standing on a pedestal whose pillars were soldiers, each in the uniform of some one of the now united German states. Then the page returns and tells Barbarossa that his time is at hand—that Germany is united and in danger. Barbarossa (with as fine a song as I ever heard) buckles on his armor, and then there shone out a radiant tableau—made by women so beautiful that one would say they had been picked from every region of Germany—representing all the states and districts of the Fatherland. Each bore the ancient ensign of the country she represented. Then finally the curtain rose upon a fine picture of the present King on horseback. This was a signal for an outburst of loyal enthusiasm and joy. The whole audience rose, hurrahing, and waving handkerchiefs and hats to the King, who bowed in return at first; but afterward his emotion overcame him, and there seemed to be on his flushed face an overpowering remembrance of all his country had passed through, and a recognition of the destiny it was just fulfilling; and he stood still, as one in a dream, as statuesque as the last vision which had just swept before the eyes of the fairly awakened and armed Barbarossa, under whom his first ancestor had enlisted seven hundred years before him.

The weather had all along been charming, but Sunday morning shone with even more of splendor than the preceding days. The great rush was to the cathedral, where it was understood that the King was to attend the festival service. Thither I went, wishing to hear the words, and having a good seat in the pew of the diplomatic corps. The crush was enormous, every standing-place being occupied, and many hundreds surrounding the doors as early as nine o'clock, unable to get in at all. The choir sang its finest anthems, and the people sang all their old German chorals of praise. Around the altar were pots from which grew every variety of evergreen known to Germany, and over the altar was a large palm. The Queen was present, but not the King. After listening to the first jubilant utterances of the preacher, President Hoffman, I slipped out to go elsewhere, for I had found that the King was attending the Garrison's Church. The sermon there was delivered by one who is, perhaps, the best preacher in Berlin, Dr. Fermel. It almost beggared, by its pictorial grandeur, the tableaux of the preceding evening at the Opera-house. It was Ernest Bunsen's "God in History" condensed, and illustrated by the tremendous events which the last year has witnessed. The great landmarks of German development arose one after the other, the great heroes who had arisen stood out almost visibly, and then the whole artillery of Heaven seemed to break forth to carry forward the destiny of civilization and humanity over desolated cities and the falling thrones of wrong. The immense throng was hushed to a breathless stillness. The bland and blonde face of the preacher seemed transfigured; his blue eyes now flashed the thunder-spark and now the unction; his lymph frame expanded to grandeur; he spoke as one inspired. Could it be the same man I met the next evening at a social gathering at the house of Professor Lepsius, singing merry and irresistibly droll songs, accompanied on the piano by his own hands, with a group of young men and happy maidens gathered around him? Yes, it was the same; and, as one present remarked, "Fermel is equal to any thing—fighting a battle, preaching a great sermon, singing a comic song, climbing Mont Blanc—any thing!" But I must end. The great guns, whose thunderous voices are heard as the King leaves the church, where his sincere thanksgivings have been offered to God, mark that the great Festival of Victory in Berlin has come to an end.

M. D. CONWAY.

SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

THE geological expedition under Professor HAYDEN, by last advices, had reached Fort Hall, in Utah, on the 21st of June, after a march from Ogden during which much of interest was obtained by the party. The heat was very great, reaching from 95° to 105° degrees in the shade during the day, with a difference of 25° to 35° between the wet and dry bulb thermometers. The party expected to pass Fort Ellis by the middle of July on its way to the basin of the Yellow Stone Lake, where it will probably spend the greater part of the season. Mr. THOMAS MORAN, of Philadelphia, and Mr. BIERSTADT, were to join the expedition before long for the purpose of making sketches for paintings.

In the August number of the *American Journal of Science* will be found a continuation of the important communications by Professor MARSH, of Yale College, in regard to the results of his expedition to the Rocky Mountains during the past year. In addition to a number of new fossil mammals allied to the woodchuck, the gopher, the squirrel, the dog, and the fox, he presents a notice of sundry new species of birds from the tertiary of the West. Among these, is an extinct species of eagle of large size, a turkey, and an owl.

MR. HUGGINS, in a recent communication to the Royal Society, reprinted by *Nature*, gives a figure of the spectrum of Uranus, which exhibits some remarkable peculiarities compared with the spectra of the other planets.

We have before us the annual report of the trustees of the Museum of Comparative Zoology in Cambridge, for the year 1870, containing interesting communications from Professor AGASSIZ, as the director, and his corps of able assistants. We are glad to learn that the temporary indisposition of the director (now happily past) has not crippled the efficiency of the establishment, and that so much progress has been made in arranging the immense stock of specimens which has been gathered within the walls of the museum from all quarters of the globe. The addition of a number of trained European naturalists, as Dr. STEINDACHNER, Dr. HAGEN, Dr. HAUER, etc., has given great strength to the scientific corps, and has enabled Professor AGASSIZ to do much toward realizing the magnificent plan that he has proposed, for the permanent arrangement and utilization of the collection.

We have referred, in a previous article upon American explorations into the fauna of the deep seas, to the proposed work, during the current season, of Mr. J. F. WHITEAVES, the accomplished secretary and curator of the Natural History Society of Montreal, and we now give a more detailed account of his expected movements. This gentleman has been in America for several years, bringing with him an excellent record as a zoological investigator. Soon after his arrival in this country he associated himself with the Montreal Society of Natural History, and has since that time been working zealously in its interest. In 1867 he spent a fortnight in Gaspé Bay, where he prosecuted an extended system of dredging, and revisited the same region in 1869, extending his labors to the gulf between Cape Rosier light-house and Shiphead. Large numbers of marine invertebrates were collected by him, among them two species of shell new to America, but no dredging was prosecuted at a greater depth than sixty fathoms.

The object of his expedition of the present year is to carry on work in deeper water, and for this purpose he expected to start in the schooner *La Canadienne* on the 5th of July, to cruise along the north shores of the gulf as far as Anticosti, or beyond. He goes prepared to prosecute his labors in the deep sea (two to three hundred fathoms) on each side of that island, and from his experience in such researches, and the information derived from the later American and English deep-sea explorations, we have reason to hope for many important discoveries.

It is announced officially by the Police Department of London that a lime-light will be displayed on the great clock tower of the new Palace of Westminster so long as the House of Commons is sitting. As this light is visible from every part of the metropolis, when it is extinguished it will be known thereby throughout the city that the labors of Parliament have been suspended. The arrangement for displaying the light is to be under the direction of Professor TYNDALL and Dr. PERCY.

A similar indication is given in Washington of the meetings of the Senate and the House of Representatives by the flying of a flag over the halls, this signal being easily seen from all parts of the city. As the sessions of our national Legislature are only exceptionally held at night, instead of this being the regular custom as in London, there is less necessity for any such indication as that above mentioned, especially as when the evening sessions of Congress are continued into the night the light inside of the dome gives due notice of that fact.

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HONOR TO WHOM HONOR IS DUE.

"CROPPIES LIE DOWN."

LIVE AND LET LIVE.

COLUMBIA SPEAKS.

What, coward band! hast come to this, that a mob can overawe
The guardians of my children's rights, my servants clothed with law?
That they should weakly truckle, when they should be most strong,
So recreant to the cause of right, and only brave in wrong?

Abject and weak! ye trembled when firm ye should have stood,
And linked your hands in those of men whose hands are swift to blood;
Your very slaves and tools in wrong your masters have become;
They raised the sword above your head, and you were meek and dumb!

Traitors to law and Me, arise, and to the rearward stand;
It is not fit that they should rule who fear a mob's command;
But first the lofty lesson learn that I am here to teach—
The rights of all my children shall be the rights of each!

The lowliest and the weakest have rights must be protected;
The rights of all within the law by all must be respected;
Columbia knows no difference of race, creed, or condition;
No chain upon the Conscience here of State or Inquisition!

But oh, my children, native here, or seeking here a home
From Old-World tyranny and wrong, wheresoe'er ye may come,
Can ye not learn to blend in peace, a free and happy nation,
And differ but as freemen may, with generous toleration?

The land is broad enough for all, the laws are framed to bless,
Strong to protect the rights of all, and never to oppress;
And if the rights of one may be by many trampled down,
We might as well go back to lords and rules with a crown.

And you, if still your craven hearts can feel a manly throb,
Learn toleration don't include submission to a mob;
Go, gather up your scattered wits, and ever, from this day,
Remember that my motto is, "Give each and all fair play."

THE SLAVES OF THE

SOMETHING THAT WILL NOT

PAT'S COMPLAINT.

Oh, have ye heard the [illegible] quite [illegible]
Our boasted rights and [illegible] to all [illegible]
The Orangemen parade the [illegible] with banners, drums, and guns,
To overawe ould Ireland and her poor, downtrodden sons.

Sure those noble-minded gentlemen, [illegible] and [illegible],
Had [illegible] them [illegible] they should [illegible] all,
[illegible] pride and [illegible]
And slaughter every Irishman they met upon their way.

It was, d'ye see, a splendid plan whereby [illegible] keep the peace,
Without the need of calling out the [illegible] and the police;
For if such coward Orangemen [illegible]
There'd be no provocation [illegible]

But now they'll go parading down [illegible]
With soldiers and policemen to guard [illegible] order;
And every son of Ireland must hide his [illegible] head,
And skulk away in cellars in terror and in dread.

Sure it's a shameful spectacle to see them [illegible] beats
Parading up and down all day and blockin' up the streets;
And to think that native citizens of Irish blood and birth
Must quail before these minions, the scum of all the earth!

But sure the worm will turn against the [illegible] which [illegible] crushed;
And shall the voice of Irishmen for evermore be hushed?
[illegible] these proud oppressors, who tread us down to-day,
Will find these goaded victims may turn at last at bay!

By a traitor's proclamation we're bid to stand aloof,
But I'll claim a freeman's privilege to climb upon some roof;
And I'll get behind a chimney, and from where I can't be seen,
Heave a brickbat at the Orange, in honor of the Green.

IVER."—July 11 and July 12, 1871.

THE ADVANCE-GUARD.

By JOHN HAY.

[READ AT THE SECOND TRIENNIAL REUNION OF THE ARMY OF THE JAMES, NEW YORK CITY, JULY 19, 1871.]

In the dream of the Northern poets
  The brave who in battle die
Fight on in shadowy phalanx
  In the field of the upper sky;
And as we read the sounding rhyme
  The reverent fancy hears
The ghostly ring of the viewless swords
  And the clash of the spectral spears.

We think with imperious questionings
  Of the brothers that we have lost,
And we strive to track in death's mystery
  The flight of each valiant ghost.
The Northern myth comes back to us,
  And we feel through our sorrow's night
That those young souls are striving still
  Somewhere for the truth and light.

It was not their time for rest and sleep;
  Their hearts beat high and strong;
In their fresh veins the blood of youth
  Was singing its hot, sweet song.
The open heaven bent over them;
  'Mid flowers their lithe feet trod;
Their lives lay vivid in light, and blest
  By the smiles of women and God.

Again they come! Again I hear
  The tread of that goodly band;
I know the flash of Ellsworth's eye,
  And the grasp of his hard, warm hand;
And Putnam, and Shaw, of the lion heart,
  And an eye like a Boston girl's;
And I see the light of heaven which shone
  On Ulric Dahlgren's curls.

There is no power in the gloom of hell
  To quench those spirits' fire;
There is no charm in the bliss of heaven
  To bid them not aspire;
But somewhere in the eternal plan
  That strength, that life survive,
And like the files on Lookout's crest,
  Above Death's clouds they strive.

A chosen corps—they are marching on
  In a wider field than ours;
Those bright battalions still fulfill
  The scheme of the heavenly powers;
And high, brave thoughts float down to us,
  The echoes of that far fight,
Like the flash of a distant picket's guns
  Through the shades of the severing night.

No fear for them! In our lower field
  Let us toil with arms unstained,
That at last we be worthy to stand with them
  On the shining heights they've gained.
We shall meet and greet in closing ranks,
  In Time's declining sun,
When the bugles of God shall sound recall,
  And the Battle of Life be won!

LORD KILGOBBIN.

By CHARLES LEVER,

Author of "That Boy of Norcott's," "The Bramleighs of Bishop's Folly," "Sir Brook Fossbrooke," "A Day's Ride," "One of Them," "Gerald Fitzgerald," etc., etc.

CHAPTER XVII.

DICK'S REVERIE.

When Dick Kearney left his father he walked from the house, and not knowing, or much caring, in what direction he went, turned into the garden. It was a wild, neglected sort of spot, more orchard than garden, with fruit trees of great size, long past bearing, and close under-wood in places that barred the passage. Here and there little patches of cultivation appeared, sometimes flowering plants, but oftener vegetables. One long alley, with tall hedges of box, had been preserved, which led to a little mound planted with laurels and arbutus, and known as "Laurel Hill;" here a little rustic summer-house had once stood, and still, though now in ruins, showed where, in former days, people came to taste the fresh breeze above the tree tops, and enjoy the wide range of a view that stretched to the Slieve-Bloom Mountains nearly thirty miles away.

Young Kearney reached this spot, and sat down, to gaze upon a scene every detail of which was well known to him, but of which he was utterly unconscious as he looked. "I am turned out to starve," cried he aloud, as though there was a sense of relief in thus proclaiming his sorrow to the winds. "I am told to go and work upon the roads—to live by my daily labor. Treated like a gentleman until I am bound to that condition by every tie of feeling and kindred, and then bid to know myself as an outcast. I have not even Joe Atlee's resource—I have not imbibed the instincts of the lower orders, so as to be able to give them back to them in fiction or in song. I can not either idealize rebellion, or make treason tuneful.

"It is not yet a week since that same Atlee envied me my position as the son and heir to this place, and owned to me that there was that in the sense of name and lineage that more than balanced personal success, and here I am now, a beggar! I can enlist, however—blessings on the noble nature that ignores character and defies capacity! I don't know that I'll bring much loyalty to her Majesty's cause, but I'll lend her the aid of as broad shoulders and tough sinews as my neighbors." And here his voice grew louder and harsher, and with a ring of defiance in it. "And as to cutting off the entail, my Lord Kilgobbin! no escape from that cruel necessity of an heir! I may carry my musket in the ranks, but I'll not surrender my birthright!"

The thought that he had at length determined on the path he should follow aroused his courage and made his heart lighter; and then there was that in the manner he was vindicating his station and his claim that seemed to savor of heroism. He began to fancy his comrades regarding him with a certain deference, and treating him with a respect that recognized his condition. "I know the shame my father will feel when he sees to what he has driven me. What an offense to his love of rank and station to behold his son in the coarse uniform of a private! An only son and heir, too! I can picture to myself his shock as he reads the letter in which I shall say good-by, and then turn to tell my sister that her brother is a common soldier, and in this way lost to her forever!

"And what is it all about? What terrible things have I done? What entanglements have I contracted? Where have I forged? Whose name have I stolen? whose daughter seduced? What is laid to my charge, beyond that I have lived like a gentleman, and striven to eat and drink and dress like one? And I'll wager my life that for one who will blame him there will be ten—no, sixteen, fifty—to condemn me. I had a kind, trustful, affectionate father, restricting himself in scores of ways to give me my education among the highest class of my contemporaries. I was largely supplied with means, indulged in every way, and if I turned my steps toward home, welcomed with love and affection."

"And fearfully spoiled by all the petting he met with," said a soft voice, leaning over his shoulder, while a pair of very liquid gray eyes gazed into his own.

"What, Nina!—Mademoiselle Nina, I mean," said he, "have you been long there?"

"Long enough to hear you make a very pitiful lamentation over a condition that I, in my ignorance, used to believe was only a little short of Paradise."

"You fancied that, did you?"

"Yes, I did so fancy it."

"Might I be bold enough to ask from what circumstance, though? I entreat you to tell me, what belongings of mine, what resources of luxury or pleasure, what incident of my daily life, suggested this impression of yours?"

"Perhaps, as a matter of strict reasoning, I have little to show for my conclusion, but if you ask me why I thought as I did, it was simply from contrasting your condition with my own, and seeing that in every thing where my lot has gloom and darkness, if not worse, yours, my ungrateful cousin, was all sunshine."

"Let us see a little of this sunshine, Cousin Nina. Sit down here beside me, and show me, I pray, some of those bright tints that I am longing to gaze on."

"There's not room for both of us on that bench."

"Ample room; we shall sit the closer."

"No, Cousin Dick; give me your arm and we'll take a stroll together."

"Which way shall it be?"

"You shall choose, cousin."

"If I have the choice, then, I'll carry you off, Nina, for I'm thinking of bidding good-by to the old house and all within it."

"I don't think I'll consent to that," said she, smiling. "I have had my experience of what it is to be without a home, or something very nearly that. I'll not willingly recall the sensation. But what has put such gloomy thoughts in your head? What, or rather who, is driving you to this?"

"My father, Nina, my father!"

"This is past my comprehending."

"I'll make it very intelligible. My father, by way of curbing my extravagance, tells me I must give up all pretension to the life of a gentleman, and go into an office as a clerk. I refuse. He insists, and tells me, moreover, a number of little pleasant traits of my unfitness to do any thing, so that I interrupt him by hinting that I might possibly break stones on the highway. He seizes the project with avidity, and offers to supply me with a hammer for my work. All fact, on my honor! I am neither adding to nor concealing. I am relating what occurred little more than an hour ago, and I have forgotten nothing of the interview. He, as I said, offers to give me a stone-hammer. And now I ask you, is it for me to accept this generous offer, or would it be better to wander over that bog yonder, and take my chance of a deep pool or the bleak world, where immersion and death are just as sure, though a little slower in coming?"

"Have you told Kate of this?"

"No. I have not seen her. I don't know, if I had seen her, that I should have told her. Kate has so grown to believe all my father's caprices to be absolute wisdom, that even his sudden gusts of passion seem to her like flashes of a bright intelligence, too quick and too brilliant for mere reason. She could give me no comfort, nor counsel either."

"I am not of your mind," said she, slowly. "She has the great gift of what people so mistakingly call common-sense."

"And she'd recommend me, perhaps, not to quarrel with my father, and to go and break the stones."

"Were you ever in love, Cousin Dick?" asked she, in a tone every accent of which betokened earnestness, and even gravity.

"Perhaps I might say never. I have spooned or flirted, or whatever the name of it might be, but I was never seriously attached to one girl, and unable to think of any thing but her. But what has your question to do with this?"

"Every thing. If you really loved a girl—that is, if she filled every corner of your heart, if she was first in every plan and project of your life, not alone her wishes and her likings, but her very words and the sound of her voice—if you saw her in every thing that was beautiful and heard her in every tune that delighted you—if to be moving in the air she breathed was ecstasy, and that heaven itself without her was cheerless—if—"

"Oh, don't go on, Nina. None of these ecstasies could ever be mine. I have no nature to be moved or moulded in this fashion. I might be very fond of a girl, but she'd never drive me mad if she left me for another."

"I hope she may, then, if it be with such false money you would buy her," said she, fiercely. "Do you know," added she, after a pause, "I was almost on the verge of saying, go and break the stones; the 'métier' is not much beneath you, after all!"

"This is scarcely civil, mademoiselle; see what my candor has brought upon me!"

"Be as candid as you like upon the faults of your nature. Tell every wickedness that you have done or dreamed of, but don't own to cold-heartedness. *For that* there is no sympathy!"

"Let us go back a bit, then," said he, "and let us suppose that I did love in the same fervent and insane manner you spoke of, what and how would it help me here?"

"Of course it would. Of all the ingenuity that plotters talk of, of all the imagination that poets dream, there is nothing to compare with love. To gain a plodding subsistence a man will do much. To win the girl he loves, to make her his own, he will do every thing; he will strive, and strain, and even starve, to win her. Poverty will have nothing mean if confronted for her, hardship have no suffering if endured for her sake. With her before him, all the world shows but one goal; without her, life is a mere dreary task, and himself a hired laborer."

"I confess, after all this, that I don't see how breaking stones would be more palatable to me because some pretty girl that I was fond of saw me hammering away at my limestone!"

"If you could have loved as I would wish you to love, your career had never fallen to this. The heart that loved would have stimulated the head that thought. Don't fancy that people are only better because they are in love, but they are greater, bolder, brighter, more daring in danger, and more ready in every emergency. So wonder-working is the real passion that even in the base mockery of Love men have risen to genius. Look what it made Petrarch, and I might say Byron too, though he never loved worthy of the name."

"And how came you to know all this, cousin mine? I'm really curious to know that."

"I was reared in Italy, Cousin Dick, and I have made a deep study of nature through French novels." Now there was a laughing devilry in her eye as she said this that terribly puzzled the young fellow, for just at the very moment her enthusiasm had begun to stir his breast her merry mockery wafted it away as with a storm-wind.

"I wish I knew if you were serious," said he, gravely.

"Just as serious as you were when you spoke of being ruined."

"I was so, I pledge my honor. The conversation I reported to you really took place, and when you joined me I was gravely deliberating with myself whether I should take a header into a deep pool or enlist as a soldier."

"Fie, fie! how ignoble all that is! You don't know the hundreds of thousands of things one can do in life. Do you speak French or Italian?"

"I can read them, but not freely; but how are they to help me?"

"You shall see: first of all, let me be your tutor. We shall take two hours, three if you like, every morning. Are you free now from all your college studies?"

"I can be after Wednesday next. I ought to go up for my term examination."

"Well, do so; but mind, don't bring down Mr. Atlee with you."

"My chum is no favorite of yours?"

"That's as it may be," said she, haughtily. "I have only said let us not have the embarrassment, or, if you like it, the pleasure of his company. I'll give you a list of books to bring down, and my life be on it but my course of study will surpass what you have been doing at Trinity. Is it agreed?"

"Give me till to-morrow to think of it, Nina."

"That does not sound like a very warm acceptance; but be it so: till to-morrow."

"Here are some of Kate's dogs," cried he, angrily. "Down, Fan, down! I say. I'll leave you now before she joins us. Mind, not a word of what I told you." And without another word he sprang over a low fence, and speedily disappeared in the copse beyond it.

"Wasn't that Dick I saw making his escape?" cried Kate, as she came up.

"Yes; we were taking a walk together, and he left me very abruptly."

"I wish I had not spoiled a *tête-à-tête*," said Kate, merrily.

"It is no great mischief: we can always renew it."

"Dear Nina," said the other, caressingly, as she drew her arm around her—"dear, dear Nina, do not, do not, I beseech you."

"Don't what, child?—you must not speak riddles."

"Don't make that poor boy in love with you. You yourself told me you could save him from it if you liked."

"And so I shall, Kate, if you don't dictate or order me. Leave me quiet to myself and I shall be most merciful."

CHAPTER XVIII.

MAURICE KEARNEY'S "STUDY."

Had Maurice Kearney but read the second sheet of his correspondent's letter, it is more than likely that Dick had not taken such a gloomy view of his condition. Mr. M'Keown's epistle continued in this fashion: "That ought to do for him, Maurice, as my name ain't Tom M'Keown. It is not that he is any worse or better than other young fellows of his own stamp, but he has the greatest scamp in Christendom for his daily associate. Atlee is deep in all the mischief that goes on in the national press. I believe he is a head-centre of the Fenians, and I know he has a correspondence with the French socialists, and the Rights-of-labor-knot of vagabonds who meet at Geneva. Your boy is not too wise to keep himself out of these scrapes, and he is just by name and station of consequence enough to make these fellows make up to and flatter him. Give him a sound fright, then, and when he is thoroughly alarmed about his failure, send him abroad for a short tour—let him go study at Halle or Heidelberg—any thing, in short, that will take him away from Ireland, and break off his intimacy with this Atlee and his companions. While he is with you at Kilgobbin, don't let him make acquaintance with those radical fellows in the country towns. Keep him down, Maurice, keep him down; and if you find that you can not do this, make him believe that you'll be one day lord of Kilgobbin, and the more he has to lose the more reluctant he'll be to risk it. If he'd take to farming, and marry some decent girl, even a little beneath him in life, it would save you all uneasiness; but he is just the thing now that brings all the misery on us in Ireland. He thinks he's a gentleman because he can do nothing; and to save himself from the disgrace of incapacity, he'd like to be a rebel."

If Mr. Tom M'Keown's reasonings were at times somewhat abstruse and hard of comprehension to his friend Kearney, it was not that he did not bestow on them due thought and reflection; and over this private and strictly confidential page he had now meditated for hours.

"Bad luck to me," cried he at last, "if I see what he's at. If I'm to tell the boy he is ruined to-day, and to-morrow to announce to him that he is a lord—if I'm to threaten him now with poverty, and the morning after I'm to send him to Halle or Hell, or wherever it is—I'll want to be out of my mind myself through bare confusion. As to having him 'down,' he's low enough; but so shall I be, too, if I keep him there. I'm not used to seeing my house uncomfortable, and I can not bear it."

Such were some of his reflections over the agent's advice; and it may be imagined that the Machiavellian Mr. M'Keown had fallen upon a very inept pupil.

It must be owned that Maurice Kearney was somewhat out of temper with his son even before the arrival of this letter. While the "swells," as he would persist in calling the two English visitors, were there, Dick took no trouble about them, nor, to all seeming, made any impression on them. As Maurice said, "He let Joe Atlee make all the running, and, signs on it! Joe Atlee was taken off to town as Walpole's companion, and Dick not as much as thought of. Joe, too, did the honors of the house as if it was his own, and talked to Lockwood about coming down for the partridge-shooting as if he was the head of the family. The fellow was a bad lot, and M'Keown was right so far—the less Dick saw of him the better."

The trouble and distress these reflections, and others like them, cost him would more than have recompensed Dick, had he been hard-hearted enough to desire a vengeance. "For a quarter of an hour, or maybe twenty minutes," said he, "I can be as angry as any man in Europe, and, if it was required of me during that time to do any thing desperate—downright wicked—I could be bound to do it; and what's more, I'd stand to it afterward if it cost me the gallows. But as for keeping up the same mind, as for being able to say to myself my heart is as hard as ever, I'm just as much bent on cruelty as I was yesterday—that's clean beyond me; and the reason, God help me, is no great comfort to me after all—for it's just this: that when I do a hard thing, whether distraining a creature out of his bit of ground, selling a widow's pig, or fining a fellow for shooting a hare, I lose my appetite and have no heart for my meals, and as sure as I go to sleep, I dream of all the misfortunes in life happening to me, and my guardian angel sitting laughing all the while and saying to me, 'Didn't you bring it on yourself, Maurice Kearney? couldn't you bear a little rub without trying to make a calamity of it? Must somebody be always punished when any thing goes wrong in life? Make up your mind to have six troubles every day of your life, and see how jolly you'll be the day you can only count five, or maybe four.'"

As Mr. Kearney sat brooding in this wise, Peter Gill made his entrance into the study with the formidable monthly lists and accounts, whose examination constituted a veritable doomsday to the unhappy master.

"Wouldn't next Saturday do, Peter?" asked Kearney, in a tone of almost entreaty.

"I'm afther ye since Tuesday last, and I don't think I'll be able to go on much longer."

Now as Mr. Gill meant by this speech to imply that he was obliged to trust entirely to his memory for all the details which would have been committed to writing by others, and to a notched stick for the manifold dates of a vast variety of events, it was not really a very unfair request he had made for a peremptory hearing.

"I vow to the Lord," sighed out Kearney, "I believe I'm the hardest-worked man in the three kingdoms."

"Maybe you are," muttered Gill, though certainly the concurrence scarcely sounded hearty, while he meanwhile arranged the books.

"Oh, I know well enough what you mean. If a man doesn't work with a spade or follow the plow, you won't believe that he works at all. He must drive, or dig, or drain, or mow. There's no labor but what strains a man's back, and makes him weary about the loins; but I'll tell you, Peter Gill, that it's here"—and he touched his forehead with his finger—"it's here is the real workshop. It's thinking and contriving; setting this

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against that; doing one thing that another may happen, and guessing what will come if we do this and don't do that; carrying every thing in your brain, and, whether you are sitting over a glass with a friend or taking a nap after dinner, thinking away all the time! What would you call that, Peter Gill—what would you call that?"

"Madness, begorra, or mighty near it!"

"No; it's just work—brain-work. As much above mere manual labor as the intellect, the faculty that raises us above the brutes, is above the —the—"

"Yes," said Gill, opening the large volume, and vaguely passing his hand over a page. "It's somewhere there about the Connors!"

"You're little better than a beast!" said Kearney, angrily.

"Maybe I am, and maybe I'm not. Let us finish this, now that we're about it."

And so saying, he deposited his other books and papers on the table, and then drew from his breast pocket a somewhat thick roll of exceedingly dirty bank-notes, fastened with a leather thong.

"I'm glad to see more money at last, Peter," cried Kearney, as his eye caught sight of the notes.

"Faix, then, it's little good they'll do ye," muttered the other, gruffly.

"What d'ye mean by that, Sir?" asked he, angrily.

"Just what I said, my lord, the divil a more nor less, and that the money you see here is no more yours nor it is mine. It belongs to the land it came from. Ay, ay, stamp away, and go red in the face: you must hear the truth, whether you like it or no. The place we're living in is going to rack and ruin out of sheer bad treatment. There's not a hedge on the estate; there isn't a gate that could be called a gate, the holes the people live in isn't good enough for badgers; there's no water for the mill at the cross-roads; and the Loch meadows is drowned with wet—we're dragging for the hay, like sea-weed! And you think you've a right to these"—and he actually shook the notes at him—"to go and squander them on them 'hapedint' Englishmen that was laughing at you! Didn't I hear them myself about the table-cloth, that one said was the sail of a boat?"

"Will you hold your tongue?" cried Kearney, wild with passion.

"I will not! I'll die on the floore but I'll speak my mind."

This was not only a favorite phrase of Mr. Gill's, but it was so far significant that it always indicated he was about to give notice to leave—a menace on his part of no unfrequent occurrence.

"Yes, going, are ye?" asked Kearney, jeeringly.

"I just am; and I'm come to give up the books, and to get my receipts and my character."

"It won't be hard to give the last, any way," said Kearney, with a grin.

"So much the better. It will save your honor much writing, with all that you have to do."

"Do you want me to kick you out of the office, Peter Gill?"

"No, my lord, I'm going quiet and peaceable. I'm only asking my rights."

"You're bidding hard to be kicked out, you are."

"Am I to leave them here, or will your honor go over the books with me?"

"Leave the notes, Sir, and go to the devil."

"I will, my lord, and one comfort at least I'll have—it won't be harder to put up with his temper."

Mr. Gill's head hardly escaped the heavy account-book which struck the door above him as he escaped from the room, and Maurice Kearney sat back in his chair and grasped the arms of it like one threatened with a fit.

"Where's Miss Kitty—where's my daughter?" cried he aloud, as though there was some one within hearing. "Taking the dogs a walk, I'll be bound," muttered he, "or gone to see somebody's child with the measles, devil fear her! She has plenty on her hands to do any where but at home. The place might be going to rack and ruin for her, if there was only a young colt to look at, or a new litter of pigs! And so you think to frighten me, Peter Gill! You've been doing the same thing every Easter, and every harvest, these five-and-twenty years! I can only say I wish you had kept your threat long ago, and the property wouldn't have as many tumble-down cabins and ruined fences as it has now, and my rent-roll, too, wouldn't have been the worse. I don't believe there's a man in Ireland more cruelly robbed than myself. There isn't an estate in the county has not risen in value except my own! There's not a landed gentleman hasn't laid by money in the barony but myself, and if you were to believe the newspapers, I'm the hardest landlord in the province of Leinster. Is that Mickey Doolan, there? Mickey!" cried he, opening the window, "did you see Miss Kearney any where about?"

"Yes, my lord. I see her coming up the Bog road with Miss O'Shea."

"The worse luck mine," muttered he, as he closed the window and leaned his head on his hand.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

The season for sea bathing has fairly come. Those who enjoy a dip, but are prevented from abiding on the sea-shore, refresh themselves on a sultry day by a sail to Long Branch, Coney Island, or some other convenient resort, and a plunge in the saline waters. Invigorating as a sea bath is to many, a reckless, unadvised use of it is often very injurious, especially in the case of invalids. Nor can we believe that any good can be accomplished by forcibly plunging delicate, terrified children into the surf, as is often done, amidst their distressing shrieks. If the terror of a little child can not be overcome by coaxing gentleness, a sponge bath of sea water had better be substituted. The sea air is often highly beneficial to those who are too delicate to venture into the water. Unless there is a proper amount of reaction in the system after coming out of the bath, it will prove injurious. But a genial glow and a general feeling of vigor indicate that it is wholesome. Those who have the care of invalids should note the effect produced upon them. The latter part of July is considered by physicians as the most suitable time to commence a course of sea bathing, because the sea water is then comfortably warm, and reaches its highest temperature in August. Bathing in tepid sea water is recommended as a preparation for invalids who desire to take cold sea baths when strong enough to do so. Undoubtedly many persons are seriously debilitated by remaining too long in the surf. Medical advice should be followed in regard to this point by those who hope to derive benefit from sea bathing.

That Ice Cave—situated somewhere in Iowa, we believe—must be a grand place to visit about this time. August is said to be the very best month in which to see the cave, for then it is the frostiest. In the winter this remarkable cave is warm and dry and free from ice, but when the "heated term" comes on, water leaks through the earth into the cave, and congelation begins. A cup of river water will skim with ice in twenty minutes, and freeze solid in an hour. When one emerges in midsummer from this ice cave into the outer world the sensation is like entering an oven in good baking order. For the benefit of all who desire to cool themselves off, we mention that this wonderful refrigerator is in the town of Decorah, on the Little Iowa River, twelve miles south of the Minnesota line.

Those who live where ice does not grow in summer, and who laid up no store of it last winter, may find useful a simple method of rendering water cold which is practiced in India and other tropical climes where ice can not be procured. Let the jar, pitcher, or vessel used for water be surrounded with one or more folds of coarse cotton, to be constantly kept wet. The evaporating of the water will carry off the heat from the inside and reduce it to the freezing-point.

It is the plan for the Viaduct Railway to run through the yards to the rear of houses and stores, so as to avoid the heavier cost of buying and destroying the buildings themselves. The road will be built on brick arches, supported by heavy iron lateral columns of elegant design, themselves supported on inverted arches of solid masonry built into the ground.

Shavings, paper, and fine kindling wood, with the aid of matches, are safe and proper materials for the lighting of fires. Kerosene oil is about as safe as gunpowder to kindle a fire with; yet foolish maids use it, and are not forbidden by their foolish employers. Consequently explosions follow. There would be fewer deaths in the course of a year if people would go back to the old fashions of kindling fires.

Physicians at the present day recognize a peculiar derangement in the power of speech, termed aphasia. It seems to be a mental or partially mental disease, analogous to the physical difficulty, stammering, or a vocal disorder, corresponding to the ocular infirmity known as color blindness. The manifestation consists in a tendency of the person affected to speak different sounds from those intended. Curious examples are given in a paper lately published upon these facts. One patient being desired to read the sentence, "It shall be in the power of the college to examine or not to examine any licentiate, previous to his admission to a fellowship, as they shall think fit," pronounced it as follows: "An the be what in the temother of the trothotodoo to majorum or that emidrate ein eikkrastrai mestreit to ketra totombreidei to re fromtreido asthat kekritest." This amount seems to indicate a difficulty in vocal organization. In another case recently narrated mental failure appears more probable. The patient could not remember the signal word to which he had lately set the lock of his travelling bag, though he could remember the contents, and suffered from singular though not easily described incapacity to retain words and numbers of other kinds. This case was the result of a violent accident, and was relieved by severe and systematic exercise in the open air.

At Newport the ladies' turn-outs are this year very graceful and pretty. Of course the lady handles the ribbons, gentlemen being mere passengers, and the Jehus sit with folded arms behind. Over eight hundred turn-outs are taken to Newport every summer. Report says that there are now in one villa three ladies, a retinue of twenty-three servants, nine horses, and three dogs, and that it took all the baggage men in town a day to deliver the trunks belonging to the household.

When sixty young ladies, daughters of the wealthiest citizens of Berlin, were selected to welcome the returning army at the Brandenburg Gate, the fair patriots resolved to reflect the German nationality in their dress—to ignore French fashions, particularly the chignon. Their attire was modeled after Margaret's, in Kaulbach's sketch of her first meeting with Faust. Their hair was arranged in two plaits hanging down the back, and they were pledged mutually and to the municipal authorities on no account to use false hair.

A mature visitor to Saratoga, aged four, was sitting in his high chair at the dining-table the other day. Of course he must order his dinner by the *carte*, and so his mother read it over. He listened with due gravity until she had finished the list of soups, fish, roast and boiled, and partly through the *entrées*. As she read off macaroni *au gratin* a familiar chord seemed to have been struck, and as she hesitated he spoke up:

"'Yankee Doodle came to town,
Riding on a pony;
Stuck a feather in his cap,
And called it macaroni.'

"Give me some Yankee Doodle."

As pears are coming into market, it may be interesting to recall the history of the Bartlett pear. Years ago Mr. Enoch Bartlett, owner of the Bartlett estate, on Boston Highlands, was President of the Massachusetts Horticultural Society. He once brought from this estate to one of the meetings a choice pear never before seen by the members. Mr. Bartlett and the members of the society supposed it to be a seedling pear, and it was named the "Bartlett Pear." But, in point of fact, this was an old English pear, well known there as "William's Good Christian," and had been imported by Mr. T. Brewer, who built the Bartlett house and laid out the grounds, some time about the year 1816. But the estate being after a few years sold, and passing into other hands, the history of the tree was not known until Mr. Bartlett's introduction of it to the Massachusetts Horticultural Society made it famous.

All overheated individuals, desirous of refreshing themselves by a glimpse of that patch of snow, more than an acre in extent, and eight feet deep, which can now be seen from the Glen House, had better start off at once, and it dwindle down to an imperceptible speck. It is on one of the northerly spurs of Mount Washington, not far from the carriage road.

On the fourth floor of A. T. Stewart's immense retail dry-goods store are about five hundred women engaged in various branches of cutting and fitting garments for sale. The majority of these employees are operators on sewing machines. The machines are ranged in rows, and are moved by steam. An operator can start or stop the running of a machine by the use of her foot on a pedal, which connects with a friction roller attached to a shaft which is worked by steam. By this ingenious invention working a machine is made very easy, the objection that the constant movement of the foot is injurious being thus removed.

We can not do as they do in Siberia—at least not in July. There they buy milk by the pound. It is carried in a bag, and the requisite quantity is chopped off with a hatchet. It is thawed as needed, and, of course, does not sour very easily.

How useless it is, by-the-way, to buy so much milk when, as an exchange remarks, "every man can have his own cow" so easily, according to the following recipe. We are convinced that the recipe is "all right," because a Springfield milk dealer, on selling out his business to a new hand recently, gave it to the purchaser, who found he had not milk enough to supply his customers. Here it is: "Take three table-spoonfuls of molasses, and [illegible] of saleratus, and three quarts of milk to twenty-two quarts of water. Add three pints to this mixture to each twelve-quart can of milk." Mind: not your milk if you doubt its genuineness.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

Power of Music.—When Handel once undertook, in a crowded church, to play the dismissal on a very fine organ there, the whole congregation became so entranced with delight that not an individual could stir, till at length the usual organist came impatiently forward and took his seat, saying, in a tone of acknowledged superiority, "You can not dismiss a congregation. See how soon I can disperse them."

A census-taker out West reports eight thousand colonels in his district. "There used to be more in that part of the country," he says, "but a large number of them have been raised to generals."

A Pleasure.—Do you wish to get up with the lark? Then go to bed without it.

What sport is like girls' gossip?—Dears-talking.

"Paddy, my boy," said a gentleman to a fellow whom he observed fishing away at a deep pool, "that must be a favorite stream for trout." "Faith, and sure it must be that same, for I have been standing here for full three hours, and not one of 'em will come out of it."

How to Keep Cool.—Go to Greenland, and stay there.

A young lady hearing that cashmere sacques were very much worn, said she was glad she was in the fashion, for hers had two or three holes in it.

A Hibernian gentleman, when told by his nephew that he had just entered college with a view to the Church, said, "I hope that I may live to hear you preach my funeral sermon."

Good Conductors.—The lawyers.

Summer Fashions.—Large checks are in demand for summer toilets. A check for $5000, presented to Miss Gunnysings by her father, has been much admired.

The Carson *Register* says: "One of the prettiest sights the human eye ever rested upon is gold in liquid state." The human eye in this vicinity would be satisfied if it could see any of the metal in a solid state.

New Mewses.—Kittens.

A Down-Easter lately came to New York, and took lodgings at one of the high houses. Telling the waiter he wished to be called in the morning for the boat, [illegible] till, having arrived at the eighth flight of stairs, [illegible] "Look here, stranger, if you intend to call me [illegible] o'clock in the morning, you might as well do it now, as I will be that time afore I can get down again."

Gone to Court.—Waiting on half a dozen girls at the same time.

Deeply were we affected on reading the other day of a young lady who, being told that her lover had been suddenly killed, cried, "Oh, that splendid gold watch of his! Give me that—give me something to remember him by." Touching simplicity!

"An attorney," said Sterne, "is the same thing to a barrister that an apothecary is to a physician, with this difference, that your attorney does not deal in scruples."

The Man who slipped up on an "Orange"-peel.

Mayor Hall "Legally Advised."—(See "*General Order, No. 37.*")

THE EMPEROR OF BRAZIL.

THE CITY OF BUENOS AYRES.—[SEE PAGE 702.]

THE BERLIN FESTIVITIES—CAPTURED CANNON IN UNTER DEN LINDEN.—[SEE PAGE 702.]

THE BERLIN FESTIVITIES—UNVEILING THE STATUE OF FREDERICK WILLIAM III.—[SEE PAGE 702.]

THE BERLIN FESTIVITIES.

THE crowning event in the triumph at Berlin on the 16th of June was the unveiling of the statue of FREDERICK WILLIAM III., of which we give an illustration on page 701. The statue stands in the middle of the Lust Garten, and is in bronze—bright golden bronze, such as made the statues at Munich so renowned when new. The inauguration ceremony was most imposing. A tent had been erected for the Empress and the ladies of the royal party, while round the statue were grouped the municipal authorities in their state uniforms, the Domchor in their red robes, and innumerable detachments of guards, cuirassiers, hussars, and Uhlans. No sooner does the Emperor drive up than the Domchor strikes up a choral which had been especially composed for the occasion. A benediction is then given by the presiding clergyman, Field-Chaplain THIELEN, Prince BISMARCK whispers a few words to the Emperor, a gesture of assent is given, and the curtain drops from the monument. A salvo of a hundred and one guns is then fired, and the bands burst forth into "Heil dir im Siegerkranz."

The Emperor then salutes the statue with his sword—an example followed by the officers present—then rides round it, speaking to several of the officials on his way, and notably to VON RENTZENSTEIN and VON BOYEN, two of the surviving officers of FREDERICK WILLIAM III. Numbers of veteran soldiers were posted upon the steps of the Museum, and lent a still greater interest to the scene by showing the singular contrasts in costume and decorations between the victors of Waterloo and the conquerors of Sedan.

During the day the whole magnificent avenue of "Unter den Linden" was lined, as shown in the upper sketch on page 701, with captured guns and mitrailleuses. The latter were the especial delight of the Berlin children, who would examine these singular weapons with the greatest curiosity, and found intense gratification in turning the handles backward and forward, doubtlessly fancying themselves in the field of battle mowing down thick ranks of the *Français*. Many would climb over them, others took their station on them to view the coming pageant, while a newspaper correspondent relates how one enterprising youth even essayed to stand on his head on the upper surface of a mitrailleuse barrel.

DOM PEDRO II.

THE Emperor of Brazil, now on a visit to Europe, from which it is possible he may return by way of the United States, was born the 2d of December, 1825. His grandfather, Dom PEDRO I., abdicated the throne in his favor in 1831, and retired to Portugal, leaving the infant Emperor in the charge of a regency. The regency lasted in Brazil until the 3d of July, 1840, when it was terminated by popular desire, and Dom PEDRO II., at the early age of fifteen, assumed the task of governing the empire, for the duties of which he had fortunately been carefully educated by the regency. His Majesty was crowned at Rio in July, 1841, and in September, 1843, married there the Princess THERESA CHRISTINA, daughter of FRANCIS I., King of the Two Sicilies.

Two sons were the issue of this marriage, but they died in infancy. There were also two daughters. The eldest, the Princess Imperial and heiress presumptive, Doña ISABEL, born July 29, 1846, was married on October 15, 1864, to Prince GASTON d'Orleans, Comte d'Eu, eldest son of the Duc de Nemours and the Princess VICTORIA, of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha. The second daughter, Doña LEOPOLDINA, who died at Vienna on the 7th of February last, was born on July 13, 1847, and was married on December 15, 1864, to Prince AUGUSTUS of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha, whose mother was the Princess CLEMENTINE d'Orleans. This princess left four sons, on whom will descend the imperial crown should the Imperial Princess continue to be childless.

Dom PEDRO is an expert horseman, and delights in athletic exercises. When at Rio he is constantly in public, receives twice a week his subjects and foreigners, is very courteous in his manners, and writes and speaks fluently English, French, German, Spanish, and Italian. He is strongly attached to literature, and liberally patronizes industrial enterprises by encouraging public works and perfecting the navigation of rivers. But his chief title to esteem is derived from his suppression of the slave-trade, which he chiefly accomplished by attracting European colonists to Brazil, and thus inducing the planters to prefer free to slave labor.

THE CITY OF BUENOS AYRES.

NATURE is very merciful and long suffering; but if her laws are systematically violated, she is apt to take a terrible revenge. A notable example of this truth has recently occurred in South America. Trusting to the healthiness of their climate, the inhabitants of the metropolis of the Argentine Republic totally neglected the drainage of their city. By degrees the soil on which the houses were built became no better than one vast cesspool. A dreadful pestilence was the result, which has caused a frightful destruction of human life, and has materially retarded the prosperity of a rapidly improving country.

The Argentine Republic contains fourteen provinces, with an area amounting to 1,200,000 square miles. The government is republican, and is modeled on our own. There is a President elected for six years; two chambers, the Senators and the Deputies; and each province has also its own Governor and Legislature. The established religion is Roman Catholic, but full toleration, under the treaty of 1825, is accorded to other creeds.

The city of Buenos Ayres, which, before the pestilence, possessed about 190,000 inhabitants, is situated in south latitude 34° 37', near the mouth of the great river La Plata. It covers a superficies of about 2000 acres. The streets, which intersect each other at right angles, are only thirty-six feet wide, carriages and carts being almost unknown in the time of the early Spaniards. The old houses are only one story high, but of late years many splendid houses of three or four stories have been built. The streets are badly paved, and the sidewalks narrow and irregular, while, owing to the want of drainage, the streets were frequently flooded during heavy rains. There is a good supply of gas and water, and numerous street railroads. The Protestant population amounted to 17,000 persons, chiefly English, Scotch, German, and American. Public buildings are numerous. Besides the cathedral there are fifteen churches, six chapels of ease, and four Protestant churches. Buenos Ayres is well supplied with hospitals, while the Beneficent Society, founded by some charitable ladies in 1822, has established seventy female free schools in town and country. There is also a very interesting museum, containing one of the richest collections of antediluvian fossil remains in the world. There is a university, national college, and two city model schools, while in the city and province there are 142 municipal and state schools. The public squares of Buenos Ayres are ten in number. In one of these—the Plaza Constitucion, which covers about twenty acres—all the bullock-carts, with the wool and hides from the south, encamp. There are six market places within the city, well supplied with provisions, three theatres, several clubs for the convenience of the several nationalities, and a number of good hotels.

The prosperity of Buenos Ayres is founded chiefly on the export of wool and hides. Sheep-farming has increased wonderfully. Thirty years ago there were very few sheep in the country, and they were kept by the natives for food. In 1852 there were 4,500,000 sheep in the province of Buenos Ayres; last year they had multiplied to 100,000,000. The climate is very healthy and exhilarating. During the three winter months the weather is usually bright and fair, with frequent night frosts; during the summer the heat seldom lasts long, being relieved by *pamperos*, or "southerly bursters," which are accompanied by floods of rain and a great fall of temperature.

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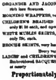

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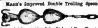

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THE REISSUE OF

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

VOL. XV.—No. 762.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, AUGUST 5, 1871. [WITH A SUPPLEMENT PRICE TEN CENTS.

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KIT CARSON'S RIDE.

By JOAQUIN MILLER.

Run? Now you bet you; I rather guess so.
But he's blind as a badger. Whoa, Pache, boy, whoa.
No, you wouldn't think so, to look at his eyes;
But he is badger-blind, and it happened this wise:
We lay in the grasses and the sunburnt clover,
That spread on the ground like a great brown cover;
Northward and southward and west, and away
To the Brazos, to where our lodges lay,
One broad and unbroken sea of brown,
Awaiting the curtains of night to come down
To cover us over and conceal our flight
With my brown bride, won from an Indian town
That lay in the rear the full ride of a night.

We lounged in the grasses—her eyes were on mine,
And her hands on my knee, and her hair was as wine
In its wealth and its flood, pouring on and all over
Her bosom wine-red, and pressed never by one,
And her touch was as warm as the tinge of the clover
Burned brown as it reached to the kiss of the sun;
And her words were as low as the lute-throated dove,
And as laden with love as the heart when it beats
In its hot eager answer to earliest love,
Or the bee hurried home by its burden of sweets.

We lay low in the grass on the broad plain levels,
Old Revels and I, and my stolen brown bride.
"Forty full miles if a foot to ride,
Forty full miles if a foot, and the devils
Of red Camanches are hot on the track
When once they strike it. Let the sun go down
Soon, very soon," muttered bearded old Revels,
As he peered at the sun, lying low on his back,
Holding fast to his lasso; then he jerked at his steed,
And sprung to his feet and glanced swiftly around,
And then dropped, as if shot, with his ear to the ground;

Then again to his feet and to me, to my bride,
While his eyes were like fire, his face like a shroud,
His form like a king, and his beard like a cloud,
And his voice loud and shrill, as if blown from a reed:
"Pull, pull in your lassoes, and bridle to steed,
And speed you if ever for life you would speed,
And ride for your lives—for your lives you must ride;
For the plain is aflame, the prairie on fire,
And feet of wild horses hard flying before,
I hear like a sea breaking high on the shore,
While the buffalo come like a surge of the sea,
Driven far by the flame, driving fast on us three,
As a hurricane comes, crushing palms in his ire."

We drew in the lassoes, seized saddle and rein,
Threw them on, cinched them on, cinched them over again,
And again drew the girth, cast aside the macheers,
Cut away tapideros, loosed the sash from its fold,
Cast aside the catenas red and spangled with gold,
And gold-mounted Colt's, true companions for years,
Cast the red silk serapes to the wind in a breath,
And so bared to the skin, sprung all haste to the horse,
As bare as when born—as when new from the hand
Of God—without word, or one word of command,
Turned head to the Brazos in a red race with death;
Turned head to the Brazos with a breath in the hair
Blowing hot from a king leaving death in his course;
Turned head to the Brazos with a sound in the air
Like the rush of an army, and a flash in the eye
Of a red wall of fire reaching up to the sky,
Stretching fierce in pursuit of a black rolling sea,
Rushing fast upon us as the wind sweeping free
And afar from the desert, bearing death and despair.

Not a word, not a wail, from a lip was let fall,
Not a kiss from my bride, not a look or low call
Of love-note or courage; but on o'er the plain
So steady and still, leaning low to the mane,
With the heel to the flank and the hand on the rein,

Rode we on, rode we three, rode we gray nose and nose,
Reaching long, breathing loud, like a creviced wind blows,
Yet we broke not a whisper, we breathed not a prayer—
There was work to be done, there was death in the air,
And the chance was as one to a thousand for all.

Gray nose to gray nose, and each steady mustang
Stretched neck and stretched nerve till the hollow earth rang,
And the foam from the flank and the croup and the neck
Flew around like the spray on a storm-driven deck.
Twenty miles! thirty miles! ... a dim distant speck...
Then a long-reaching line and the Brazos in sight,
And I rose in my seat with a shout of delight.
I stood in my stirrup and looked to my right,
But Revels was gone; I glanced by my shoulder
And saw his horse stagger; I saw his head drooping
Hard on his breast, and his naked breast stooping
Low down to the mane, as so swifter and bolder
Ran reaching out for us the red-footed fire;
To right and to left the black buffalo came,
In miles and in millions, rolling on in despair,
With their beards to the dust and black tails in the air,
As a terrible surf on a red sea of flame
Rushing on in the rear, reaching high, reaching higher.
And he rode neck to neck to a buffalo bull,
The monarch of millions, with shaggy mane full
Of smoke and of dust, and it shook with desire
Of battle, with rage and with bellowings loud
And unearthly, and up through its lowering cloud
Came the flash of his eyes like a half-hidden fire,
While his keen, crooked horns through the storm of his mane
Like black lances lifted and lifted again;
And I looked but this once, for the fire licked through,
And he fell and was lost as we rode two and two.

I looked to my left then, and nose, neck, and shoulder
Sank slowly, sank surely, till back to my thighs,
And up through the black, blowing veil of her hair
Did beam full in mine her two marvelous eyes

"AND UP THROUGH THE BLACK, BLOWING VEIL OF HER HAIR DID BEAM FULL IN MINE HER TWO MARVELOUS EYES."
[DRAWN BY SOL. EYTINGE, JUN.]

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With a longing and love, yet a look of despair,
And a pity for me as she felt the smoke fold her,
And flames reaching far for her glorious hair.
Her sinking steed faltered, his eager ears fell
To and fro and unsteady, and all the neck's swell
Did subside and recede, and the nerves fall as dead.
Then she saw that my own steed still lorded his head
With a look of delight; for this Pache, you see,
Was her father's, and once at the South Santafee
Had won a whole herd, sweeping every thing down
In a race where the world came to run for the crown.
And so when I won the true heart of my bride—
My neighbor's and deadliest enemy's child,
And child of the kingly war chief of his tribe—
She brought me this steed to the border the night
She met Revels and me in her perilous flight
From the lodge of the chief to the north Brazos side,
And said, so half guessing of ill as she smiled,
As if jesting, that I, and I only, should ride
The fleet-footed Pache, so if kin should pursue
I should surely escape without other ado
Than to ride, without blood, to the north Brazos side,
And await her—and wait till the next hollow moon
Hung her horn in the palms, when surely and soon
And swift she would join me, and all would be well,
Without bloodshed or word. And now as she fell
From the front, and went down in the ocean of fire,
The last that I saw was a look of delight
That I should escape—a love—a desire—
Yet never a word, not a look of appeal,
Lest I should reach hand, should stay hand or stay heel
One instant for her in my terrible flight.

Then the rushing of fire rose around me and under,
And the howling of beasts like the sound of thunder—
Beasts burning and blind, and forced onward and over,
As the passionate flame reached around them and wove her
Hands in their hair, and kissed hot till they died—
Till they died with a wild and a desolate moan,
As a sea heart-broken on the hard brown stone.
And into the Brazos . . I rode all alone—
All alone, save only a horse long-limbed,
And blind and bare and burned to the skin.
Then just as the terrible sea came in
And tumbled its thousands hot into the tide,
Till the tide blocked up, and the swift stream brimmed
In eddies, we struck on the opposite side.

* * * * * * *

Sell Pache—blind Pache? Now, mister, look here:
You have slept in my tent and partook of my cheer
Many days, many days, on this rugged frontier—
For the ways they were rough, and Comanches were near;
But you'd better pack up! Curse your dirty skin!
I couldn't have thought you so niggardly small.
Do you men that make books think us old mountaineers
On the rough border born but no tum-tum at all!
Sell Pache! You buy him! A bag full of gold!
You show him! Tell of him the tale I have told!
Why, he bore me through fire, and is blind, and is old!
Now pack up your papers, and git up and spin,
And never look back. Blast you and your tin!

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 5, 1871.

Circulation of Last Week's Paper, 186,000 Copies.

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☞ *The* SUPPLEMENT *to this Number of* HARPER'S WEEKLY *contains an admirable and exceedingly interesting account of*

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Celebrated Witch Trials,

sketches of quaint old Buildings, the birth-place of HAWTHORNE, *and other objects of interest.*

THE DEMOCRATIC PARTY AND AMERICAN LIBERTY.

THE circumstances of the recent riot in New York are of national interest and importance. They illustrate the inevitable consequences of pandering to ignorance and superstition for political purposes, and they challenge every thoughtful person in the country to reflect upon the character of a party which does not hesitate to destroy the very foundations of republican liberty. When the city of New York began its rapid and remarkable growth one of the most striking elements in its increase was the foreign immigration, and two things soon became apparent. One was that the foreign element would soon be the balance of voting power in the city; and the other was that the State would soon be politically controlled by the city. There were two other evident facts: that a very large part of the immigrants were ignorant; and that they belonged to the Church which has always and at every cost sought political power.

The results were not difficult to foresee. The Democratic party, in alliance with slavery, found in the ignorance of the foreign voters the best ground of appeal to selfish prejudice and to class hatred, without fear that the essential incompatibility of the American idea with slavery would be perceived. That party, therefore, devoted itself to inflaming the passions of ignorance; and there is no record more shameful than that of the political appeals of the Tammany party in the city of New York during the despotism of slavery in this country, culminating in the speech of HORATIO SEYMOUR at the Academy of Music on the 4th of July, 1863; a speech which was logically followed by the riots ten days afterward—riots which were virtually the breaking out of the rebellion in New York, and which were the legitimate results of the servility to ignorance, passion, and brute force which had characterized the Democratic party.

Meanwhile the other point of religious sympathy was not forgotten. In the United States all forms of religious faith are perfectly free and equal before the law. The State knows no Church, and defends every citizen in the peaceful pursuit of his religious preference. But this is a principle abhorrent to the Roman Church. That Church holds that the political power should be subservient to the ecclesiastical, and that the ecclesiastical power should be that of Rome. This is its unswerving, inexorable demand. Its peculiar discipline is such, and the general ignorance of its membership in the countries and among the population from which the American immigration proceeds is so profound, that its members in this country, as a class, are politically marshaled by its clergy. Of course, therefore, to favor the political demands of that Church is to secure the vote of its membership, and we consequently see that the Democratic policy in the city of New York has been one of constant obsequiousness to the purposes and the prejudices of that ecclesiastical organization. Enormous gifts have been made to its churches and charities; its members have been selected, and not by chance, for very many of the chief offices in the city; and its fatal designs upon the common-school system of the State, the very bulwark of our liberties, have been promoted by the Democratic party.

These facts have been conspicuous and notorious. They were not denied, for they were evident. But so long as gifts, however small, were also made to others, while offices were not exclusively filled by adherents of the political Church, and while the common-school system, however sorely assaulted, stood firm, the alliance of a great party with an ecclesiastical system whose supremacy is necessarily fatal to liberty was regarded with a shrug, as a fact indeed, but a fact greatly exaggerated and not alarming. The events of the 12th of July, 1871, however, have plainly revealed both the extreme gravity of the fact and its correct appreciation by the people when, at last, fully understood. The circumstances are now familiar. A body of Irishmen proposed to celebrate by a public procession the anniversary of the battle of the Boyne. This was a victory of the Protestant King WILLIAM the Third, Prince of Orange, over the Catholic STUART, King JAMES the Second, who was aiming to subvert the liberties of England. It is consequently a very bitter memory to the mass of Roman Catholic Irishmen; and a society of that kind in the city of New York declared their intention to attack the Orange procession.

Now processions for all kinds of celebrations constantly occur in New York. Every year, in March, the St. PATRICK'S procession obstructs the streets, and on Easter-Monday of this year the great and imposing German procession in honor of the peace in Europe occupied the streets for hours. So long as they are orderly and peaceful the public submits to the inconvenience; and if they are attacked by the disorderly, the duty of the city to keep the peace is evident. But when the threat of the Roman Catholic Irishmen to attack the peaceful parade of the Protestant Irishmen was made, the Democratic authorities of this city were brought to a formidable alternative. They must alienate the Roman Catholic vote, or they must surrender one of the vital conditions of American liberty. Apparently they scarcely hesitated. They cringed before the Roman Catholic threat, and betrayed liberty.

The response of the people was as swift and overwhelming as that of the country after the firing upon Sumter. The shred of sophistry with which the base action of the authorities was sought to be defended was annihilated by a contemptuous breath of American common-sense; and the fact remained and remains and will remain clear to the perception of the country that the acknowledged leaders of the Democratic party in their chief seat of power, in order to propitiate the Roman Catholic vote, deliberately sacrificed one of the fundamental securities of free popular government. Henceforth it is plain that they would buy power at any price whatever. The common-school system, the right of peaceful assembly and discussion, free speech, religious liberty, a free press, none of these are more cardinal and essential than the right which the Democratic authorities surrendered at the threat of a religious mob; and under the same pressure, and for the same reasons, they would equally abandon these and every other guarantee and principle of American freedom.

Nor is it surprising. Men who, like the Democratic leaders, have for a generation stultified themselves with the effort to justify human slavery, have, of course, lost all correct perception of the worth and conditions of political liberty. They know neither the sanctity nor the securities of freedom. Their politics consist of incessant pandering to ignorance and passion; and as formerly the final judgment against the Democratic party was that it instinctively allied itself with slavery, which by its nature must either rule or ruin the country, so now the fatal judgment against it is that, with the same instinct, it allies itself to the only political Church in the country—a Church whose principles are destructive of American liberty.

GENERAL BUTLER AT THE FRONT.

GENERAL BUTLER announces that he is a candidate for the chief magistracy of Massachusetts. He does this in a letter which explains what has hitherto been supposed to be his understanding with Dr. LORING, and which states his own political position. General BUTLER denies that he has had any understanding with Dr. LORING, and in a way which conclusively shows that if there had been any upon the Doctor's part it is now wholly at an end. General BUTLER'S platform is of four planks: radical republicanism, labor reform, woman suffrage, and prohibition. It is a comprehensive structure, and well designed to secure the favor not only of the regular but of the eccentric politicians in which Massachusetts is supposed to be so rich. Yet his letter is not received with favor by any of the party papers, however they differ upon other points. This, however, will not trouble the General. He encountered the opposition of the ablest papers in the State when he was a candidate for Congress, and as he succeeded then, he doubtless believes that he will be successful now.

Still the political career of General BUTLER can not be called successful. At one time during the war he was so conspicuous and so popular that he was supposed to be the man of the future. He managed Baltimore and New Orleans and New York, and he gave us the word "contraband." But the circumstances under which he acted required only what may be called revolutionary qualities. He was law, morality, and character to himself. As the war ended, however, and the arts of peace were to be cultivated, the General's star waned. It was no longer enough to be law and morality unto himself. That he was a clever man was known before the war. That he was also what is called unscrupulous had been sometimes asserted. And when he advocated a kind of repudiation, and maintained a kind of residence in another district of his State that he might be eligible as a member of Congress, there was the same smile upon the pleasant face of the public that there was when he announced himself to be no enemy of prohibition, and a friend of the labor reformer and of suffrage for women. Besides his tendencies toward repudiation, the smiling public saw the General seeking to kindle the animosity of the fishermen against Canada and of the country against England. In fact, as was natural in the representative of the Essex district, he seemed to be always anxious for a gale of wind.

Yet, with all his cleverness, General BUTLER never led the House; and, despite his activity and advocacy of measures that might be popular, he is not now, and has never been, a leader of the Republican party. No man understands better the arts of publicity. In repartee, and in a rough-and-tumble verbal skirmish, he is agile and generally amusing. But his serious advocacy of a policy has not weight proportioned to its ability. The key of the General's career would be found, probably, if we could understand that smile upon the pleasant face of the public of which we spoke. And what is the meaning of that but a want of confidence? There is a feeling that he believes the maxim of political success to be "all's fair in politics." Probably the labor reformers and the prohibitionists and the friends of woman suffrage do not feel that the General has any very profound convictions upon those subjects, but a very clear perception that they have, and that an appearance of interest is, therefore, useful to a candidate who would have their support.

If this is the quality which the Republicans of Massachusetts desire in a Governor, the General's chances of election are very good. But the men who made JOHN A. ANDREW Governor will not forget that this was not his qualification. It was the profoundest conviction, the utmost scorn of political pretense, the sincerest character, the consecration of great abilities to the service of a great faith, that made Governor ANDREW the efficient chief of his State in a tremendous crisis—a true leader of a party of the noblest patriotism and principle, and a man universally respected and beloved. These are still desirable qualities in a Governor, although there is no crisis; and if the Republican Convention of Massachusetts thinks that they characterize General BUTLER, he will unquestionably be nominated and elected. But if the Convention has doubts, it will naturally ask why a man so tried and true and satisfactory as the present Governor, CLAFLIN, should not continue to serve the State which respects and trusts him.

THE PRESS IN FRANCE.

WHILE the Democratic municipal authorities of New York, at the threat of a mob, are forbidding the peaceful assembly of the people, it is interesting to see that the provisional government of France is relaxing the stringency of the laws restricting the press. The government of the national defense, as it was called, repealed the law of LOUIS NAPOLEON requiring caution-money of the press—a fund paid in advance as security of fines that might be legally levied against the journals. Of course it was not to be expected that this repeal of the revolutionary government would stand, but the real temper of the present Assembly would be shown by the amount of the restored payment. Upon the motion to renew this system, LOUIS BLANC said that even if some measures of repression were necessary—an admission to which the reign of the Commune has probably persuaded him—yet preventive measures were unwise. The result of caution-money, he contended, was to forbid all but the rich to write; and he quoted Mr. MILL to show that to stifle or perplex the press is to rob the human race, because it tends to keep new ideas from those who are to be benefited by them. LOUIS BLANC also stated the good effect in England of relieving newspapers from taxes; for the penny papers are now altogether better than when their price was larger and their circulation less.

The good sense of this speech, and the influence which so sagacious an observer and student as LOUIS BLANC must necessarily exercise, had their effect, and the minister presently announced that the proposed caution-money had been reduced by one-half. It was curious that the extreme conservatives were opposed to the caution altogether. But the reason is that they fear the necessity of paying a thousand dollars in advance would destroy many of the legitimist and High-Church rural journals, and replace them by the Parisian papers. When the vote was taken the proposition was carried by three hundred and twenty-nine to two hundred and two. This fixed the caution-money for Paris at 24,000 francs instead of 50,000, and for provincial papers in towns of more than 50,000 inhabitants at 12,000 francs, and in smaller towns at 6000. But an amendment was suggested reducing these sums to 6000 and 3000 francs, to which the Assembly was favorably inclined.

The action of the Assembly shows a disposition, notwithstanding the exasperations of the war and the uncertainty of the situation, to remove the imperial chains upon the press. The Assembly is not yet ready to trust that perfect freedom which is the best security, but to this conclusion, for reasons of interest, as well as from a clearer perception of principle, it will constantly tend. Meanwhile what a prodigious assistance to every reactionary who would confirm the despotism of the empire is the conduct of the Democratic authorities in New York! "Free press!" every European Tory and monarchist will exclaim—"why, even in the city of New York, which calls itself the most Democratic city in the world, the right of peaceful assembly and procession is not acknowledged."

THE DUTY OF SOUTHERN REPUBLICANS.

WE observe that some Republican papers reproach Mr. GREELEY for denouncing certain "carpet-baggers" in the Southern States. But he very properly replies that he did not speak of all, but of a class only, and that what he said of the class is true. Of this there can be no question. The probability and the facts agree. That a vast train of bummers would follow the victorious army, and remain to improve every chance, was to be expected, as well as that a great many honest and enterprising men would go into a comparatively undeveloped country to settle and improve it. Of course, also, it was evident that the Democratic organs and orators would insist that the bummers were the only new Southern population, and would hold the Republican party every where responsible for the offenses of unscrupulous adventurers. It was, therefore, most desirable, and for every reason, that the Republicans should refuse to be identified with the worst

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elements of an immigration that is sure to follow such a war as that of the rebellion.

Mr. GREELEY described this company of adventurers. He called them thieving carpet-baggers. He said, and truly, that they crawled down to the South at a safe distance in the rear of our armies, bent upon plunder, and easily ingratiated themselves with the simple and confiding freedmen. Many of them were elected to office, and enriched themselves in a hundred nefarious ways. All this was unavoidable. There are always plenty of such people watching for their opportunity, and finding it. They would, of course, call themselves Republicans, because the Republican party was the friend of the negro and the emancipator of the South. And the Republican party would be compelled to bear the infamy of all who called themselves Republicans. This has happened; and, more than this, it is the conduct and reputation of the thieving carpet-baggers which have furnished the only pretense of a plea for the Ku-Klux. For it was said that against the rule of such men the laws were invalid, and there was no remedy but self-defense.

This was a pretense only; for the conduct of the Ku-Klux is evidence enough of its spirit and purpose. Its object is not to defend imperiled rights; it is to paralyze political opposition by a reign of terror. It beats and hangs negroes and not carpet-baggers. But this was another reason for the Republican party to purge itself of scoundrels. Undoubtedly large numbers of honest people in the Southern States have held aloof from the Republicans because of the bummers, whose influence and legislation were equally discreditable; and, surely, honest and industrious settlers from the North do not consider themselves insulted because the thieves are denounced! They must know as well as we that policy as well as principle teaches that the Republican party must not be held responsible for the knavery of those who would prefer to be Democrats driving slaves rather than nominal friends of liberty and equality. Mr. GREELEY merely repeats what thousands of Republicans have reported. And if the Southern States become Democratic, the responsibility will largely lie upon the Republicans in them who did not promptly and decisively repudiate the thieving carpet-baggers.

M. THIERS.

THE result of the French elections occasioned very general surprise. It was supposed that the monarchists of every kind would show themselves to be much more numerous. But while the monarchical vote was small, that for certain representative republicans or liberals was no less so. VICTOR HUGO, for instance, was left with a very small following; and the election showed only this, but this most plainly, that the government of M. THIERS is supported by the voting population of the country. It can not be called, therefore, a republican or a monarchical result; it is simply a THIERS result. Now M. THIERS is probably neither rigidly republican nor monarchist. He is in favor of that system which will best keep the peace. His great literary work is the glorification of the first emperor. His political ministry was as an Orleanist. Under the republic of 1848 he was reactionary. Under the empire of LOUIS NAPOLEON he was in the opposition. He denounced the war with Germany, and after the fall of France at Sedan he served diplomatically under the government of defense. Then followed the surrender of Paris, and the assembly of conservatives; and, as the executive chief, he suppressed the insurrection of the Commune.

Indeed, while M. THIERS is a man of great cleverness and accomplishment, he has never seemed to be governed by deep convictions of any kind. He is adroit, quick, fertile; in fact, he is of what is distinctively called a French nature, but controlled by gravity and large experience. And he occupies a very remarkable position. A great nation, overwhelmed in war, during which its government wholly disappears, is permitted by the conqueror to elect an Assembly to determine whether it will make peace, and empowered to make it, if it will. This Assembly, purely provisional, except as to the specific purpose of peace, organizes a government to hold the country together until it can elect a Constituent Assembly and determine its future political system. M. THIERS is placed at the head of the provisional organization, against which the Commune revolts. The revolt becomes a serious struggle, which ends in the victory of the provisional government; and an election held soon after indicates nothing whatever but that the majority of voters confides in the government so constituted, and at the head of which, by common consent, stands M. THIERS.

But this confidence, like his elevation, represents no principle. M. THIERS is undoubtedly a republican—provided that he thinks a republic has the best chance; and he is a monarchist—if he thinks that the really strongest system. He wants only the firmest government which is not actually reactionary, and he undoubtedly believes himself to be essential to any hopeful system. He is, therefore, a virtual and absolute dictator. If he should say that to his judgment it is not safe to attempt to elect a Constituent Assembly, and to open the whole question of political reorganization, he would be sustained by the country. But if he discovers that there is a strenuous and general desire to "consult the people," the judgment of the shrewd politician will incline to an Assembly. No single man upon the theatre of the world is playing a more important part than M. THIERS, who, it will be remarked, has now surrounded himself with an Orleanist cabinet.

THE CASE OF MRS. WHARTON.

ONE of the saddest considerations in the case of MRS. WHARTON, of Baltimore, who is accused of murder by poisoning, is that, even if wholly innocent, the cloud of so terrible a charge can never entirely pass away. Those who have been by mere casual association connected with great crimes, or the suspicion of them, are always a little tainted. There is a whisper, a look, a surmise, which forever attends them. Then, too, what may be called the laws of mental perversity operate against a person in the situation of MRS. WHARTON. The very improbability that a refined woman, in comfortable circumstances, and without apparent reason, should commit atrocious crimes, makes it, to one a contradiction, probable to certain minds. The reasoning is that the utter improbability makes escape so sure that temptation, upon the slightest suggestion, becomes resistless fascination. It is a distempered logic, but it is not unfamiliar to the students of crime.

In the present case the only ascertained fact pointing to guilt is the presentation by the Grand Jury. The evidence submitted to them was sufficient to persuade them that the deaths were violent and that the circumstances were suspicious. But statements to the newspapers, except as they are official reports, should be very carefully weighed. The thirst for sensations has become so morbid, and the competition in gratifying it is so intense, that it is really necessary to receive assertions and relations of apparent facts in the newspapers with the most skeptical reserve. It is not that there is any ill intention upon the reporter's part, but his living depends upon his success in sending the most news at the earliest moment. Here is a marvelous story; it is time to furnish copy; there is an opportunity for investigation; and some other paper will have it if his does not; so the story is published, and then it is not worth while to investigate. Rumor fattens upon the wind, and as very much that is reported is necessarily hearsay, a man who has read his paper is probably often no fuller of truth than one who has breakfasted upon the east wind is full of food.

A newspaper, however, may justly urge that it does not profess to furnish truth, but news, and news under certain conditions of time and space. It is bound to use all diligence in verifying news, but it is not bound to refrain from printing every thing that it has not proved. The consequence is that if there is not much absolute falsehood published as news, there is a great deal of misrepresentation and misconception. In many papers MRS. WHARTON is already called the poisoner, and the alliterative temptation to call her the "Baltimore BRINVILLIERS" is evidently very strong; yet she may be satisfactorily acquitted. Much that has been stated as fact may be proved to be mere rumor. In any case, she is only accused; she is not yet convicted; and of crimes so awful certainly every woman may be presumed to be innocent until proved to be guilty.

PERSONAL.

MR. CHARLES FRANCIS ADAMS gives his friends and the public distinctly to understand that under no circumstances can he be induced to mingle in the political affairs of the day, his time being wholly occupied preparing a biography of his father. It may be that he deems the present a rather inauspicious moment for re-entering the political arena, the more so as his son, JOHN QUINCY, is now a prominent figure in New England politics. One ADAMS at a time ought to satisfy.

—It has recently come to light how President GRANT happened to appoint Mr. AKERMAN Attorney-General. The first time the President saw him he was in Washington transacting some business as State agent of Georgia. After having finished some matter one morning in the Executive Chamber the President said, "I like that man, and as soon as the place is open in Georgia I mean to make him district-attorney." The time came, and the office was bestowed. In the pursuit of his new duties, the President heard that Mr. AKERMAN had been refused lodging in a Southern city because of his Republicanism, and that the court had to be adjourned in consequence. When Mr. HOAR resigned, Mr. AKERMAN was nominated, entirely without his knowledge, and was at his remote country home a week before the news reached him. Mr. AKERMAN was born in New Hampshire, and, long before the war, settled in North Carolina, and for a time taught school, but afterward pushed on into Georgia, where the rebellion found him.

—For the first time in this country, perhaps in any country, a negro has been appointed a college professor. The new educator is LAWRENCE MINOR, and the institution is Alcorn University, Mississippi, which was founded two years ago, and an endowment fund of $50,000 per annum appropriated for its support. This sum is to be paid annually for five years, after which it is expected to be self-supporting. Professor MINOR was born in Louisiana, the son of a rich bachelor, a planter. His mother had also another son and a daughter by the same person. The daughter is now living in Cleveland, and has a son who is private secretary to Lieutenant-Governor DUNN. Before the death of MINOR's father he was importuned by the female members of his family to give his children a thorough education, to which he consented, and engaged a private tutor for that purpose. Dying, he left a will manumitting the mother and children, and making provision for their education. LAWRENCE entered Oberlin College in 1856, and proved an apt scholar. In 1860 he went to New Orleans, taught school for four years, and was then obliged, in order to support his family, to become porter on one of the river steamers, where his conduct was excellent, and where he remained until this professorship was given to him, which insures him a salary of $2500 per annum. He is a strikingly handsome man for one of his color, tall, stout, and dignified; his conversation is fluent and pleasant, and by all who know him he is regarded as a remarkable man.

—The Cragie House—better known, perhaps, as the residence of the poet LONGFELLOW—is 113 years old, and one of the most spacious and elegant of its class in the country. The door is massive, and its ponderous fastenings and brasses the same as when WASHINGTON made it his home in the memorable winter of 1775. The hall, twelve feet in breadth, contains the broad, square staircase, with landings. The drawing-room is of great height for the period—twenty feet—wainscoted in panels elaborately carved. Across the entry from this apartment is the study, a bright, sunny room, and behind it the library, of noble proportions, thirty feet in length, with columns diversifying the longer side opposite the windows. For twenty-five years it has been the home of Mr. LONGFELLOW, and under its roof have been composed the finest productions of his genius. He is now sixty-four.

—It seems rather odd to an American, when reading of the new republican government of France, that M. THIERS is just now greatly embarrassed as to how he shall get along with the newspapers. One would suppose that in a free government there would be absolute liberty of the press. Such is not the fact, THIERS having re-enacted the law that "caution money" to the amount of $5000 shall be deposited as security for each journal published in a great town. That law, we opine, will have to be repealed, or the people will find it necessary to repeal M. THIERS.

—The ROTHSCHILDS are certainly a lucky family—as fortunate in avoiding bombs as in gaining bullion. No matter who is king, ROTHSCHILD reigns. Of the 144 splendid buildings owned by them in Paris not one was harmed by German shells during the siege, nor by the Communists during their internecine strife. All sides—Germans, Frenchmen, Versaillese, Communists—must have the cash. And of whom he got it but a ROTHSCHILD?

—Mr. E. B. MORGAN, of Aurora, New York, has recently purchased the shares in the New York *Times* attached to the RAYMOND estate, representing about one-third of the property. The price paid for these shares was $375,000, or upward of $11,000 for each. Mr. MORGAN was an original stockholder, and has been for some time past one of the managing partners of the paper, in conjunction with Mr. GEORGE JONES, another of the original proprietors. These two gentlemen now hold eighty-two out of the hundred shares of the stock in their own hands. In announcing the purchase of the RAYMOND shares, the proprietors assure the public that the *Times* "will not swerve from the policy which it has long pursued, but that it will hereafter be more persistent than ever in its efforts to bring about those political reforms which the people require and expect."

—The young gentleman who comes to Washington from the Japanese government as its first minister to this country is the youngest diplomatist ever accredited to the United States, being only twenty-four years of age. His name is GUGOI ARINORI MORI, and he is one of the hereditary princes. When eighteen he was sent to England for education, and remained there three years. On returning to Japan he took part in the legislative councils, and at the risk of assassination made the first proposition ever made in Japan to abolish the wearing of the two swords. For this he was advised to, and did, retire from public life; but at the end of a year public opinion had turned in his favor, and he was invited to re-enter the service of the government. He comes as minister much against his inclination (being, as he thinks, too young), and only at the command of his sovereign. He is a very active, busy man, full of native and acquired ability, determined to send from here every variety of information that can promote the prosperity and happiness of Japan.

—It is among the probabilities that the Prince DE LYNAR will be the successor of Baron GEROLT as the Prussian minister at Washington. He is the young gentleman who obtained permission from Kaiser WILLIAM to wed an American belle, the Emperor turning to him at a banquet and saying, "Prince DE LYNAR, I drink to the health of your American *fiancée*, and may we soon behold her at your side here in Germany!"

—Brunswick, Maine, has been convulsed by the necessity of choosing a new president of Bowdoin College. Following the example set by the governing powers of Cornell, Union, the University of New York, and other colleges, the choice has fallen on Governor CHAMBERLAIN, whose aspirations last year were toward a United States Senatorship. The new president has every requisite for the position. It is a conservative institution, having had but five presidents in seventy years. Among her graduates are the names of LONGFELLOW, HAWTHORNE, FESSENDEN, FRANKLIN PIERCE, J. S. C. ABBOTT, GEORGE B. CHEEVER, JOHN P. HALE, SEARGENT S. PRENTISS, and CALVIN E. STOWE.

—In a city where business changes are so rapid and little thought of as in New York it is quite unusual for a firm name to be continued in one place for over fifty years, as was the case with Mr. C. V. S. ROOSEVELT, who died last week at the age of seventy-eight. Mr. R. was born in Maiden Lane, where his father carried on business before him, and whose partner he became in 1818. He continued in business until 1866, when he retired, and was succeeded by his sons. It is now eighty years since the family first began to do business at No. 94 Maiden Lane. During the past twenty-five years he has resided at the corner of Broadway and Fourteenth Street. He had amassed a fortune of some millions, but he gave away the larger part of his income to benevolent objects. He leaves four sons—JAMES A. and THEODORE, who continue the business, ROBERT B., member of Congress, and CORNELIUS V. S., Jun.

—A granddaughter of DANIEL BOONE, the famous hunter and pioneer, is now the widow of ex-Governor BOGGS, and resides in Napa County, California, on the homestead where the family settled twenty-five years ago. The old, original BOONE was a curious person—a man of superior intellect, but loving the woods, passionately fond of hunting, and hating all the conventionalities of society. CHESTER HARDING, who painted the only portrait of him ever taken, which now hangs in the State-house of Kentucky, found him lying in his bunk in a cabin, engaged in cooking a venison steak on a ramrod. He died at the age of eighty-eight, having some years previously had the prudence to provide a coffin, which he kept under his bed, ready for immediate use when his carcass was called for. But he was a modest, honest, temperate, charitable old fellow, and beloved by the borderers.

—*Harper's Weekly* contains, in the last number, a striking collection of caricatures by NAST illustrating TWEED's "school talk" at the Tammany [illegible] on the Fourth. Mr. NAST is one of the boldest and most effective foes of the Ring. His assaults are appreciated by every body, learned or unlearned, and they hurt the rascals they are aimed at more than mere words can. Nor is the artist [illegible] for his tremendous influence. While his points are plain to the most casual observer, their subtle meaning will repay careful study. In the ingenuity with which he stamps the faces of our four dictators with varied expressions of effrontery, cunning, self-importance, and greed he is absolutely unrivaled. It may interest his thousands of admirers to know that on Wednesday Mr. NAST shouldered his musket and marched with the Seventh Regiment in defense of the cause he has so bravely upheld with his pencil, against the ruffians he has made so familiar to the readers of *Harper's*.—*N. Y. Times, July 15.*

—President THIERS, in calling the Duke de Broglie to the Secretaryship of Foreign Affairs, old man as he is, thought, doubtless, that age is no barrier to efficiency in affairs. THIERS himself is seventy-four. His father, who was a working lock-smith, lived to eighty. His grandfather, a Marseilles lawyer, died at eighty-four. His mother died at eighty-four. Two aunts died at Mentone, both over eighty, and his oldest living relation is a cousin now at Mentone, a lady, aged seventy-nine. The old statesman is therefore excusable from his point of view, for calling into his cabinet men ripe in years and experience. His first great work, however, was produced while he was young, the first volume of the "History of the French Revolution" having appeared when he was but twenty-six, and the tenth volume when he was thirty-two. At thirty-five he was appointed Minister of the Interior, and at thirty-nine he was President of the Council and Minister of Foreign Affairs.

—Hon. PETER M. DOX, M.C. from Alabama, and for many years a resident of that State, formerly resided in Ontario County, New York. He was a Democrat, a thorough-going party man, and had considerable local influence.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

A severe earthquake shock was felt throughout the New England States early on the morning of July 21. In Portsmouth and Concord, New Hampshire, it was quite severe, shaking the plastering from the walls of the [illegible] in the houses, and causing a church-bell to ring in the latter. The general direction of the shock was from south to north.

General Crook has taken the field against the Apaches, with five companies of cavalry, fifty picked Mexicans, and a large number of friendly scouts. He will act in conjunction with the Mexican authorities in Sonora.

General Parker has resigned the Commissionership of the Indian Bureau, on the ground that Congressional legislation has divested it of all its original importance, duties, and responsibility, and made the Commissioner a supernumerary officer, his principal duties being simply those of a clerk to a Board of Peace Commissioners operating wholly outside of and independent of the Indian Bureau.

Early on Saturday morning, July 22, an explosion occurred in the small magazine at the Washington Arsenal used for the preparation of rockets, lights, and shells for the Signal Corps. The explosion caused a serious conflagration, involving the destruction of about $[illegible] worth of government property.

FOREIGN NEWS.

On the 20th of July Mr. Gladstone announced in the House of Commons that the Queen had canceled the royal warrant legalizing the purchase of commissions in the army. The Tories denounced the arbitrary course of the government, but Mr. Gladstone was defiant, and challenged the opposition to move a vote of non-confidence. In the House of Lords the action of the government was announced by Earl Granville. The Lords were deeply moved, but [illegible] in their [illegible] remonstrances. The measure is generally approved by the press of England.

President Thiers declared in the French Assembly, on the 22d of July, that he would do all in his power to secure the independence of the Pope, but that it was impossible to take any step that would result in war with Italy.

The Archbishop of Tours has been appointed to the archbishopric of Paris.

The French paid 400,000,000 francs of the German indemnity on the 15th of July, and 80,000,000 since that date.

The German army of occupation has received orders to evacuate Amiens and Rouen and the departments of the Somme, Lower Seine, and Eure.

Prince Gortschakoff has expressed to the deputation of the American Evangelical Alliance the sympathy of the Czar with the advancement of the cause of religious liberty in Russia.

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Th: Nast.

SHAKSPEARE ON THE LATE RIOT.

RICHARD III.

Tweed, as King Richard (starting out of his dream).
Give me another horse [Mayor]—bind up my wounds—
Have mercy, Jesu!—Soft: I did but dream.
O coward conscience, how dost thou afflict me!—
The lights burn blue. It is now dead midnight.
Cold fearful drops stand on my trembling flesh.
What do I fear? myself? there's none else by:
Richard loves Richard; that is, I am I.
Then fly! What, from myself? Great reason: Why?
Lest I revenge. What? myself on myself?
I love myself. Wherefore? for any good
That I myself have done unto myself?
Oh no: alas, I rather hate myself
For hateful deeds committed by myself.
I am a villain: Yet I lie, I am not.
Fool, of thyself speak well:—Fool, do not flatter.
My conscience hath a thousand several tongues,
And every tongue brings in a several tale,
And every tale condemns me for a villain.
I shall despair. There is no creature loves me;
And, if I die, no soul will pity me.
Methought the souls of all that I had plundered
Came to my tent, and every one did threat
To-morrow's vengeance on the head of Richard.

FALSTAFF.

A. P., as Falstaff. I am a rogue if I were not at half sword with a dozen of them two hours together. I have 'scaped by miracle. I am eight times thrust through the doublet, four through the hose; my buckler cut through and through; my sword hacked like a handsaw, ecce signum. I never dealt better since I was a man; all would not do.

By-stander. What, fought ye with them all?

Falstaff. All? I know not what ye call all; but if I fought not with fifty of them, I am a bunch of radish: if there were not two or three and fifty upon poor old Jack, then I am no two-legged creature.

By-stander. Pray God, you have not murdered some of them.

Falstaff. Nay, that's past praying for, for I have peppered two of them—two, I am sure, I have paid.

By-stander. Mark, now, how plain a tale shall put you down. We two set on you four; and, Falstaff, you carried your guts away as nimbly, with as quick dexterity, and roared for mercy, and still ran and roared, as ever I heard bull-calf. What a slave art thou, to hack thy sword as thou hast done, and then say it was in fight! What trick, what device, what starting-hole canst thou now find out to hide thee from this open and apparent shame?

THE LAST HONORS.

The funeral of Samuel Wyatt and Henry C. Paige, of the Ninth Regiment, who were killed in the riot of July 12, took place the following Sunday afternoon at Calvary Church. Fears had been entertained—indeed, threats had been openly made—that the services would be interrupted by the friends of the rioters who had been shot down by the troops; but the police and military preparations were so thorough that no hostile demonstration was attempted.

By noon of Sunday the Ninth Regiment armory, in Twenty-sixth Street between Seventh and Eighth avenues, was surrounded by a dense crowd of people, drawn thither by curiosity to witness the preparations for the procession. Most of them were quiet and respectable citizens, but among them stood many sullen and scowling men and women, who looked on with no attempt to conceal their hatred. The Irish women were conspicuous in the crowd by the profusion of green ribbon with which they were decked out. Bitter as these people undoubtedly felt, their spirit was cowed, and it was evident that the funeral pageant would pass through the streets without interruption. The veteran members of the regiment, who have followed its fortunes over many bloody and well-contested fields of battle in the defense of those liberties for which Paige and Wyatt sacrificed their lives, were present in considerable numbers, agreeable to the invitation which had been extended to them to co-operate with the Veteran Association of the command, composed of men who have served the militia term of service. Many prominent citizens were also present to honor the dead, and assist, if necessary, in quelling an outbreak. After the regiment had been put through a short drill in loading and firing it was drawn up in a hollow square, and the men being called to attention, were addressed by Lieutenant-Colonel Braine in a short, sharp and soldierly style. "Men," said he, "to-day we may meet with trouble, and we may not. We are fully prepared for an emergency; but, in the event of a disturbance, remember that the first duty of a soldier in danger is not to fire until he receives orders. Shoulder arms!"

The procession then moved to the church, where impressive services were held; after which, in a pouring rain, the funeral cortege marched to the dépôt on Forty-second Street, where a train was in waiting to convey them to Woodlawn Cemetery. A rumor had been current that an attack would be made on the train while it was passing through the cut from Seventy-eighth to Ninety-eighth street, on the Harlem Railroad, and to prevent any trouble of this kind, a detachment of 150 policemen was stationed along the line of the railroad. Early in the afternoon large numbers of persons [illegible] on the bridges which cross the cut at each street, and at the [illegible] which were guarded, no one being permitted to pass through. A patrol was constantly employed in walking the entire length to see that nothing was out of order. As the afternoon went on, and the train did not come, many of the worst looking characters in the crowd disappeared, and those that were left were principally young boys and girls, drawn thither by curiosity. When the rain set in, even these left, and the whole line was deserted by all save the police guard. At last, at about six o'clock in the afternoon, the whistle announced the approach of the train, and though it was still raining hard there was a general rush for the bridges; but the police had received orders to prevent any one standing on them during the passage of the train, so that all the sight that could be obtained was the tops of the long train of cars as they sped safely and rapidly on their way.

The place of burial was reached about eight o'clock. It was on Tower Hill. A deep square grave had been prepared for the two comrades who had fought and fallen together in the same cause, and who were buried together with military honors. The final scene was sad and beautiful. The shower had ceased, the clouds were breaking away, a beautiful rainbow arched the sky, and the birds renewed their interrupted chorals.

At nine o'clock the procession returned to the city, and the regiment was escorted to its armory by the police, all along the route receiving a complete ovation.

Wyatt and Paige were not the only members of the Ninth who fell victims to the riot. Mr. Walter R. Pryor, son of Mr. Pryor, the well-known actress, died on the 16th of wounds received while in the performance of his duty during the riot. He was twenty-four years old. The portrait accompanying this article is engraved from a photograph kindly furnished us by Mr. R. A. Lewis, by whom the deceased was employed at the time of his death.

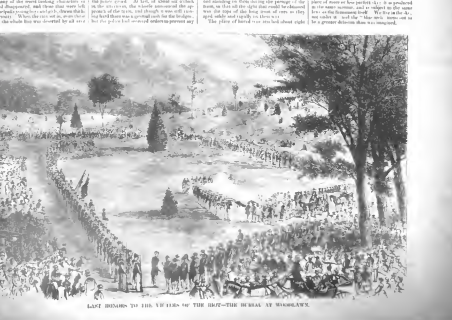
WYATT. PAIGE. PRYOR.

VICTIMS OF THE LATE RIOT.

PREVALENCE OF DUST.

Dust is such a thorough Paul Pry, so intrusive, so all-pervading, that there is some foundation for Night Thought Young's hypothesis of a universe of dust, except that each particular atom does not dance, as he imagined, according to its own devices, but according to law. The air on the top of Mont Blanc contains dust; but the acme and concentration of dirt is the atmosphere of London, enveloped by which it is impossible for any body to be quite clean, outside or in. Solar light, in passing through a dark room, reveals its track by illuminating the dust floating in the air; if there were no dust, no track would be visible. Professor Tyndall, who has a keen eye for the beautiful, says that, on a day of [illegible] clouds, there was something almost magical in the rise and dissolution of the luminous beams among the scaffolding poles of the Royal Albert Hall, in London.

Dust is the cause of the bright color of the [illegible]. In fact, sky-blue may be produced by exceedingly minute particles of any kind of matter. For the same cause are to be [illegible] the effects in which distance lends enchantment to the view. Professor Tyndall [illegible] artificial sky more perfect than a real one. In no instance [illegible] at no great [illegible] the prudence [illegible] to hear. It will be understood that it is not the interposition of the haze as an opaque body that renders the mountains indistinct, but the light of the haze [illegible] outbewilders the eye, and [illegible] the definition of the objects seen through it. Artists take notice of these phenomena under the name of aerial perspective. The haze varies with the temperature and humidity of the atmosphere. At certain times and places it is almost as blue as the sky itself, but to see its color the attention must be withdrawn from the mountains and from the trees which cover them. In point of fact, the haze is a piece of more or less perfect sky: it is produced in the same manner, and is subject to the same laws as the firmament itself. We live in the sky, not under it, and the "blue arch" turns out to be a greater delusion than was imagined.



LAST HONORS TO THE VICTIMS OF THE RIOT—THE BURIAL AT WOODLAWN.

THE DEAD MARCH.

[BERLIN, JUNE 16, 1871.]

What was it I really saw, you say, the day when our troops came marching in?
Ah, sister, that was the strangest thing of all the sights that have ever been.
But turn away from the setting sun that dazzles white on the grave-stones there:
Under the lilt of the breezy vines we catch a breath of the cooler air.

I went with the others to see the show; went with the others—yet all alone!
What wonder, then, if my heavy heart lay in my breast like a frozen stone!
If I was sad on a day like that, there was reason enough, the dear Lord knows!
But there are sights and sounds, I think, would quicken the dullest blood that flows.

And when with the rest I took my place, crowded on close, in the eager throng,
Almost we felt like a single pulse the heart-beat quivering far along;
When, winding round by the hard-won flags, the guns and eagles, from arch to arch,
In time with the music's triumph-swell I met the glittering army march,

Out of my bosom the lump of ice melted as if in a moment away;
One passionate throb of the common joy made me a part of the glorious day.
Grand, like a king, on his great black horse our Emperor rode at the head of the line;
Flowing after, it seemed for miles, a river of steel in the hot sunshine.

As the length of the shining street, so far as the dazzled eye could see,
Flags and garlands and colors twined, fluttered like leaves on the summer tree—
Fluttered and flew, as if to meet the gathering drum-beat following in,
As thunder follows the lightning-flash, the sudden shock of the bugle's din.

Streaming out on the shaken air, over us, under us, round and round,
Blent together they seemed to whirl, sound and color, color and sound!
And through it all, with a steady tramp, changing ever, yet still the same,
Men in their vigor and beardless boys, in solid ranks the regiments came.

Something—what, I can hardly say—broke the strain then and held us still:
All in a second the silent crowd shouted out with a single will;
Men and women in one great cry, that bore the glittering music down—
The voice of a nation's joy and pride in the dear old Fatherland's renown.

I cheered with the others till, all at once, a pang like a knife stabbed heart and brain;
For the face of one of those beardless boys brought back the face of my Karl so plain!
My own brave boy! my only boy! the strength and hope of my lonely age!
The single treasure I had to give, to King and Country my loyal gage.

I thought of him as he marched away—he, the light of the dull old house!—
With the fire and smile in his bright blue eye for the grand behest and the glory on course;
I thought of the form I should not see as I watched that glittering army afield,
Till a rush of tears and struggling sobs left me suddenly dumb and blind.

Ah, good God! what a ghastly change when I opened my eyes again—
Right through the heart of the shouting crowd, still and slow, like a funeral train,
All the length of the shining street, with the wreaths and banners overhead,
Moved, in the place of the living lines, a horrible army of the Dead!

White with the throes of the violent death, stained with blood, and blackened with shell,
Each with its motionless eyes on mine, came many a face I knew full well:
Came at last the face that I sought, the face I dreaded and longed to see—
My own dear boy! my only boy! with the motionless eyes upturned to me!

Then in my pain I shrieked aloud, and the good God took my sense away!
The sun was lost for a little hour, as if in a dream I heard them say—
I heard them say, when I woke at last in the quiet and rest of the darkened room,
I could not tell to a stranger's ear that terrible vision of the tomb.

But often, still, when the setting sun lies low on the head-stones over there,
The cross that stands by an empty mound seems to fade on the glimmering air—
Seems to change to a form I know, with the motionless eyes on mine again,
Come back to my sight as then he came from his nameless grave on the battle-plain!

Ah, well! with me it is evening too, and either side of the dark is light:
To-day my country, to-morrow my boy!—it is but to wait through the little night.

Kate Putnam Osgood.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

It is often said that Americans "live too fast." This is true in more than one aspect. We are not, as a people, lazy, although there are plenty of lazy people, who, having frittered away the winter season in city amusements and dissipations, fled with the first breath of summer to fashionable retreats, and are now whiling away the "season" in frivolous gayeties. But there are hundreds in our great city, devoted to business and literature, who all the year round rise early and sit up late, with a pressure upon every moment of time. Their work is never finished. With each new day comes a series of new duties or a repetition of old ones. They have no time for quiet home recreation, no time to give to their families, no time to take a refreshing excursion, no time to sleep half enough, no time to think—there is only a ceaseless recurrence of duties to be performed. Now hard work will not injure a healthy person, if physiologically arranged, for that work bodily or mental. But a certain amount of rest, sleep, and recreation is essential to all. For a few years, perhaps, a man may work from early dawn till into the small hours of night, giving himself little relaxation and little sleep. But the nervous system will have its revenge if overworked. Let those busy people who are rushing through life at railroad speed learn between the necessity of stopping at the proper stations to take in a supply of water and fuel; otherwise, there will be a sudden "smash-up." In other words, take enough sleep; take some rest, free from business thoughts, every day if possible; take an annual vacation of two or three weeks at least. Your business will suffer? Possibly, but more probably, after a pleasant change of scene and a good supply of fresh country air, you will find yourself feeling like another person, and able to accomplish the work before you more rapidly and more satisfactorily for the brief respite. Let wife and daughters cordially reduce household and personal expenditures—if there be need—that the husband and father may feel that he can afford to take a little rest during the midsummer. Instead of a long sojourn for the daughters at some expensive watering-place, substitute a short and simple trip which will include the whole family, and see if the benefit therefrom is not apparent for months afterward.

The weapons taken from rioters on the 12th of July consisted of dirks, bowie-knives, clubs, small pistols, revolvers of all sizes, and horse-pistols, all loaded. A large quantity of powder, ball, and fixed ammunition was also taken, together with brickbats, cobble-stones, and other missiles. One weapon—a home-made gutta-percha club, or billy—attracted general attention, as, in the hands of a powerful man, it could have felled an ox. From sixty-two persons who were arrested in the early part of the day the detectives took seventy-eight deadly weapons, most of which were pistols, and those having these weapons invariably had several boxes of cartridges. Those not having fire-arms had swords, daggers, sheath-knives; and one fellow, with murder in his heart, had a trowel with all its edges ground sharp, thus converting it into a most terrible instrument of death.

The projected Greek church, to be erected on Lexington Avenue at the expense of the Russian government, is to be in the Byzantine style of architecture, with the altar facing the east—a feature peculiar to the Greek Church.

The Indiana girl who has been afflicted with a snake, which at intervals thrust its head out of her mouth and instantly retreated down her throat, has been relieved. A suspicious physician prepared for sharp work the other evening, and, when the snake appeared, seized the poor woman by the neck, so that the reptile might not retreat. Lo! when disgorged, nothing more formidable than an India rubber imitation of a snake came forth; and now the poor girl's occupation is gone.

A gentleman of "one of the first families" of the Old Dominion having transmitted a present of a quantity of tobacco to Bismarck, to be divided between the Emperor, the Crown Prince, Prince Frederick Karl, and the great minister, Bismarck writes in acknowledgment—so says a Richmond paper—that, as the Emperor does not smoke, the gift has been divided among the other three beneficiaries. He adds: "His Imperial Highness, as he happens to prefer the pipe to the cigar, has requested me to express to you his thanks for your kind attention and his satisfaction at the high quality of your produce. I beg to add, also, my thanks, and the hope that the weed will only serve to replenish the calumet of peace." If, now, we should have the name of the new brand, the location of the proprietor's warehouse, a description of the trade-mark adopted, and the quantity of packages already sold, the real design of the gift—achieving a first-class advertisement—might be realized.

A German newspaper has taken the census of the [illegible] of the globe, and finds that they amount to 1,344,000, or about the ninth part of its population.

"First catch your turbot," said somebody, when asked to give the recipe for making turbot soup. A similar remark might fittingly have been made by a very corpulent gentleman who called at the office of the Probate Judge of Cincinnati the other day and asked for a marriage-certificate. The accommodating clerk of course seized the blank with avidity, put down the date, inserted the applicant's name, and then asked the impatient lover the name of the prospective bride. The interrogated stared blankly at his questioner, stuck his hands in his pockets, and finally acknowledged that he did not know. When the clerk told him that the name was essential to the legality of the license the unhappy man departed, saying he would find out and call again.

Ashland, the famous homestead of Henry Clay, has been purchased by the University of Kentucky for $90,000.

Moonlight on Lake George! If ever you have seen it, gentle reader, the memory of it is still fresh—a perfect picture from a perfect artist's hand. The "silvery waters"—for so the Indians called this beautiful sheet—are surpassingly lovely, whether seen at mid-day, or in the deepening shadows of sunset, or glimmering beneath the rays of the pale moon. But by moonlight the lake, so proverbially clear, seems to acquire an additional transparency; the mountains, keeping guard on either side, and their tremulous shadows on its limpid bosom; the three hundred and sixty-five islands, more lovely by the softened light, yet stand out in bold relief; and, sailing gently along, you feel that on waters [illegible] wonderful charm as those of [illegible] charm which [illegible] spirits, giving a dreamy conviction that you are floating in a haven of peace.

A wealthy Englishman is making a tour of America on foot. He recently walked from Boston to Niagara Falls in twelve days, carrying a valise of fifty pounds weight strapped on his back. He prefers to see this country on foot, as he can then give a full description to his friends. He is now on his way to San Francisco.

It is reported that two young ladies have offered themselves for admission to the next Freshman class at Amherst College. The question of admitting women as students is now under consideration, the trustees of that institution having appointed President Stearns, Rev. Henry W. Beecher, and Rev. Dr. Paine a committee to investigate the matter, and report their views next October. Mr. Beecher's present opinion is pretty well known; for in a speech at the Amherst College jubilee he took strong ground in favor of giving women the benefits of collegiate instruction, but also stated that he thought true economy demanded that men and women should be educated together, thus preventing a necessity for multiplying colleges. He remarked also:

"I know it is settled that women are different from men. Of course they are. I know it is said that they can not do every thing that men can do. I do not want them to. If you plant a rose-tree and lilacs in the same ground, they will bear their respective flowers and foliage. So from a collegiate course a woman will take that which assimilates with her own nature, and will be a woman still, and not a womanish man. A woman would make a womanly use of this education, and that is what I want to see—a woman's own influence brought to bear in art and literature. It is to make her more woman, and with her power will still be womanly pure. Highly developed in culture, her refining influences will be richer and more heavenly."

What a likeness to Paris in its season of madness did the streets of New York show on the occasion of the late riot! Three ruffians in Eighth Avenue, between Twenty-third and Twenty-fourth streets, seeing a lady who wore orange-colored ribbon on her bonnet, immediately attacked her, and tore the bonnet into fragments. The lady ran into one of the shops, where she was protected. Not far from the same place a poor woman foolishly waved her handkerchief as an encouragement to the Orangemen and the military, when a villain stepped up behind her, placed a pistol to her head, and literally shot off the top of her head!

The so-called "Cardiff Giant" has made a very good thing of it, traveling around from place to place. Recently this venerable personage visited New Haven, and, strange to say, many persons gave credit to the greatest absurdities concerning it, although the "humbug" has been fully exposed. The *American Journal of Science and Art* for July publishes the real facts concerning this sham as they have been ascertained from one who was cognizant of the origin and progress of the statue. The block of gypsum from which the Cardiff Giant was carved was quarried near Fort Dodge, in Iowa, where there is an inexhaustible supply of massive gypsum of the mesozoic age. It was transported to Chicago, where Mr. Burkhardt, a well-known marble-worker of that city, contracted with the originators of the scheme to produce a gigantic recumbent figure of a man. This figure was first modeled in clay, and then transferred to stone. The appearance of age was given by treating the surface with acids, and this effect was subsequently heightened by the grime and soil of a seven months' interment. Thus prepared, the newly made antique was transported to the Newell farm, where, by the aid of work-people brought from a distance, it was placed in its resting-place, near the bed of a small stream. Those engaged in the work of removal and interment were taken away furtively, and thus no one at or near Syracuse but those engaged in the speculation knew of its existence. By a singular accident, an eye-witness to its making in the Chicago workshop happened to be in Syracuse at the time its discovery was announced, and, visiting the Newell farm with the crowd of curious spectators, was surprised to see there his old acquaintance half buried in the earth.

LORD KILGOBBIN.

BY CHARLES LEVER.

Author of "That Boy of Norcott's," "The Bramleighs of Bishop's Folly," "Sir Brooke Fossbrooke," "A Day's Ride," "One of Them," "Gerald Fitzgerald," etc., etc.

CHAPTER XIX.

AN UNWELCOME VISIT.

If Maurice Kearney had been put to the question, he could not have concealed the fact, that the human being he most feared and dreaded in life was his neighbor Miss Betty O'Shea.

With two years of seniority over him, Miss Betty had bullied him as a child, snubbed him as a youth, and opposed and sneered at him ever after; and to such an extent did her influence over his character extend, according to his own belief, that there was not a single good trait of his nature she had not thwarted by ridicule, nor a single evil temptation to which he had yielded that had not come out of sheer opposition to that lady's dictation.

Malevolent people, indeed, had said that Maurice Kearney had once had matrimonial designs on Miss Betty, or, rather, on that snug place and nice property called "O'Shea's Barn," of which she was sole heiress; but he most stoutly declared this story to be groundless, and in a forcible manner asseverated that had he been Robinson Crusoe and Miss Betty the only inhabitant of the island with him, he would have lived and died in celibacy rather than have contracted dear-er ties.

Miss Betty, to give her the name by which she was best known, was no miracle of either tact or amiability, but she had certain qualities that could not be disparaged. She was a strict Catholic, charitable, in her own peculiar and imperious way, to the poor, very desirous to be strictly just and honest, and such a foe to every thing that she thought pretension or humbug of any kind—which meant any thing that did not square with her own habits—that she was perfectly intolerable to all who did not accept herself and her own mode of life as a model and an example.

Thus, a stout-bodied copper urn on the tea-table, a very uncouth jaunting-car, driven by an old man, whose only livery was a cockade, some very muddy port at a dinner wine, and whisky-punch afterward on the brown mahogany, were so many articles of belief with her, to dissent from any of which was a downright heresy.

Thus, after Nina arrived at the Castle, the appearance of napkins palpably affected her constitution, with the advent of finger-glasses she ceased her visits, and bluntly declined all invitations to dinner. That coffee and some indescribable liberties would follow, as post-prandial excesses, she secretly imparted to Kate Kearney, in a note, which concluded with the assurance that when the day of these enormities arrived, O'Shea's Barn would be open to her as a refuge and a sanctuary; "but not," added she, "with your cousin, for I'll not let the hussy cross my doors."

For months now this strict quarantine had lasted, and except for the interchange of some brief and very uninteresting notes, all intimacy had ceased between the two houses—a circumstance, I am loath to own, which was most regularly recorded every day after dinner by old Kearney, who drank, "Miss Betty's health, and long absence to her." It was, then, with no small astonishment Kate was overtaken in the avenue by Miss Betty on her old chestnut mare Judy, a small bog-boy mounted on the croup behind, to act as groom: for in this way Paddy Walsh was accustomed to travel, without the slightest consciousness that he was not in strict conformity with the ways of Rotten Row and the "Bois."

That there was nothing "stuck-up" or pretentious about this mode of being accompanied by one's groom—a proposition scarcely assailable—was Miss Betty's declaration, delivered in a sort of challenge to the world. Indeed, certain ticklesome tendencies in Judy, particularly when touched with the heel, seemed to offer the strongest protest against the practice; for whenever pushed to any increase of speed, or admonished in any way, the beast usually responded by a bout of the haunches, which invariably compelled Paddy to clasp his mistress round the waist for safety—a situation which, however repugnant to modern bashfulness, time, and perhaps necessity, had reconciled him to. At all events, poor Paddy's terror would have been the amplest refutation of scandal, while the stern immobility of Miss Betty during the embrace would have silenced even malevolence.

On the present occasion, a sharp canter of several miles had reduced Judy to a very quiet and decorous pace, so that Paddy and his mistress sat almost back to back—a combination that only long habit enabled Kate to witness without laughing.

"Are you alone up at the Castle, dear?" asked Miss Betty, as she rode along at her side; "or have you the house full of what the papers call 'distinguished company'?"

"We are quite alone, godmother. My brother is with us, but we have no strangers."

"I'm glad of it. I've come over to 'have it out' with your father, and it's pleasant to know we shall be to ourselves."

Now, as this announcement of having "it out" conveyed to Kate's mind nothing short of an open declaration of war, a day of reckoning in which Miss O'Shea would come prepared with a full indictment, and a resolution to prosecute to conviction, the poor girl shuddered at a prospect of certain to end in calamity.

"Papa is very far from well, godmother," said she, in a mild way.

"So they tell me in the town," said the other, snappishly. "His brother magistrates said that the day he came in, about that supposed attack—the memorable search for arms—"

"Supposed attack! but, godmother, you don't imagine we had invented all that. I think you know me well enough and long enough to know—"

"To know that you would not have had a young scamp of a Castle aid-de-camp on a visit during your father's absence, not to say a-a thing about amusing your English visitor by shooting down your own tenantry."

"Will you listen to me for five minutes?"

"No, not for three."

"Two, then—one even—one minute, godmother, will convince you how you wrong me."

"I won't give you that. I didn't come over about you nor your affairs. When the father makes a fool of himself, why wouldn't the daughter? The whole country is laughing at him. His lordship, indeed! a ruined estate and a tenantry in rags; and the only remedy, as Peter Gill tells me, raising the rents—raising the rents where every one is a pauper!"

"What would you have him do, Miss O'Shea?" said Kate, almost angrily.

"I'll tell you what I'd have him do. I'd have him rise of a morning before nine o'clock, and be out with his laborers at daybreak. I'd have him reform a whole lazy household of blackguards, good for nothing but waste and wickedness. I'd have him apprentice your brother to a decent trade or a light business. I'd have him declare he'd kick the first man that called him 'My lord,' and for yourself—well, it's no matter—"

"Yes, but it is, godmother, a great matter to me at least. What about myself?"

"Well, I don't wish to speak of it, but it just dropped out of my lips by accident; so perhaps, though not pleasant to talk about, it's as well it was said and done with. I meant to tell your father that it must be all over between you and my nephew Gorman; that I won't have him back here on leave, as I intended. I know it didn't go far, dear. There was none of what they call love in the case. You would probably have liked one another well enough at last; but I won't have it, and it's better we came to the right understanding at once."

"Your curb-chain is loose, godmother," said the girl; who now, pale as death and trembling all over, advanced to fasten the link.

"I declare to the Lord, he's asleep!" said Miss Betty, as the wearied head of her page dropped heavily on her shoulder. "Take the curb off, dear, or I may lose it. Put it in your pocket for me, Kate; that is, if you wear a pocket."

"Of course I do, godmother. I carry very many keys in it, too. Look at these."

"Ay, ay. I liked all that, once on a time, well enough, and used to think you'd be a good thrifty wife for a poor man; but with the viscount your father, and the young princess your first cousin, and the devil knows what of your fine brother, I believe the sooner we part good friends the better. Not but if you like my plan for you, I'll be just as ready as ever to aid you."

"I have not heard the plan yet," said Kate, faintly.

"Just a nunnery, then—no more nor less than that. The 'Sacred Heart' at Namur, or the Sis-

ters of Mercy here at home in Bagot Street, I believe, if you like better—eh?"

"It is soon to be able to make up one's mind on such a point. I want a little time for this, godmother."

"You would not want time if your heart were in a holy work, Kate Kearney. It's little time you'd be asking, if I said will you have Gorman O'Shea for a husband?"

"There is such a thing as insult, Miss O'Shea, and no amount of long intimacy can license that."

"I ask your pardon, godchild. I wish you could know how sorry I feel."

"Say no more, godmother, say no more, I beseech you," cried Kate, and her tears now gushed forth, and relieved her almost bursting heart. "I'll take this short path through the shrubbery, and be at the door before you," cried she, rushing away; while Miss Betty, with a sharp touch of the spur, provoked such a plunge as effectually awoke Paddy, and apprised him that his duties as groom were soon to be in request.

While earnestly assuring him that some changes in his diet should be speedily adopted against somnolency, Miss Betty rode briskly on, and reached the hall door.

"I told you I should be first, godmother," said the girl, and the pleasant ring of her voice showed she had regained her spirits, or at least such self-control as enabled her to suppress her sorrow.

CHAPTER XX.

A DOMESTIC DISCUSSION.

It is a not infrequent distress in small households, especially when some miles from a market-town, to make adequate preparation for an unexpected guest at dinner; but even this is a very inferior difficulty to that experienced by those who have to order the repast in conformity with certain rigid notions of a guest who will criticise the smallest deviation from the most humble standard, and actually rebuke the slightest pretension to delicacy of food or elegance of table equipage.

No sooner, then, had Kate learned that Miss O'Shea was to remain for dinner, than she earnestly set herself to think over all the possible reductions that might be made in the fare, and all the plainness and simplicity that could be imparted to the service of the meal.

Napkins had not been the sole reform suggested by the Greek cousin. She had introduced flowers on the table, and so artfully had she decked out the board with fruit and ornamental plants, that she had succeeded in effecting by artifice what would have been an egregious failure if more openly attempted—the service of the dishes, one by one, to the guests, without any being placed on the table. These, with finger-glasses, she had already achieved, nor had she in the recesses of her heart given up the hope of seeing the day that her uncle would rise from the table as she did, give her his arm to the drawing-room, and bow profoundly as he left her. Of the inestimable advantages, social, intellectual, and moral, of this system, she had indeed been cautious to hold forth; for, like a great reformer, she was satisfied to leave her improvements to the slow test of time, "educating her public," as a great authority has called it, while she bided the result in patience.

Indeed, as poor Maurice Kearney was not to be indulged with the luxury of whisky-punch during his dinner, it was not easy to reply to his question, "When am I to have my tumbler?" as though he evidently believed the aforesaid "tumbler" was an institution that could not be abrogated or omitted altogether.

Coffee in the drawing-room was only a half success so long as the gentlemen sat over their wine; and as for the daily cigarette Nina smoked with it, Kate, in her simplicity, believed it was only done as a sort of protest at being deserted by those unnatural protectors who preferred poteen to ladies.

It was, therefore, in no small perturbation of mind that Kate rushed to her cousin's room with the awful tidings that Miss Betty had arrived and intended to remain for dinner.

"Do you mean the odious woman with the boy and bandbox behind her on horseback?" asked Nina, superciliously.

"Yes, she always travels in that fashion: she is odd and eccentric in scores of things, but a fine-hearted, honest woman, generous to the poor, and true to her friends."

"I don't care for her moral qualities, but I do bargain for a little outward decency, and some respect for the world's opinion."

"You will like her, Nina, when you know her."

"I shall profit by the warning. I'll take care not to know her."

"She is one of the oldest, I believe the oldest, friend our family has in the world."

"What a sad confession, child! but I have always deplored longevity."

"Don't be supercilious or sarcastic, Nina, but help me with your own good sense and wise advice. She has not come over in the best of humors. She has, or fancies she has, some difference to settle with papa. They seldom meet without a quarrel, and I fear this occasion is to be no exception; so do aid me to get things over pleasantly, if it be possible."

"She snubbed me the only time I met her. I tried to help her off with her bonnet, and, unfortunately, I displaced, if I did not actually remove, her wig, and she muttered something about a rope-dancer not being a dexterous lady's-maid."

"Oh, Nina, surely you do not mean—"

"Not that I was exactly a rope-dancer, Kate; but I had on a Greek jacket that morning of blue velvet and gold, and a white skirt, and perhaps these had some memories of the circus for the old lady."

"You are only jesting now, Nina."

"Don't you know me well enough to know that I never jest when I think, or even suspect, I am injured?"

"Injured!"

"It's not the word I wanted, but it will do; I used it in its French sense."

"You bear her no malice, I'm sure?" said the other, caressingly.

"No!" replied she, with a shrug that seemed to deprecate even having a thought about her.

"She will stay for dinner, and we must, as far as possible, receive her in the way she has been used to have—a very homely dinner, served as she has always seen it—no fruit or flowers on the table, no claret-cup, no finger-glasses."

"I hope no table-cloth; couldn't we have a tray on a corner table, and every one help himself as he strolled about the room?"

"Dear Nina, be reasonable just for this once."

"I'll come down just as I am, or, better still, I'll take down my hair and cram it into a net; I'd oblige her with dirty hands, if I only knew how to do it."

"I see you only say these things in jest: you really do mean to help me through this difficulty."

"But why a difficulty? what means can you offer for all this show of submission to the whims of a very tiresome old woman? Is she very rich, and do you expect a heritage?"

"No, no; nothing of the kind."

"Does she load you with valuable presents? Is she ever ready to commemorate birthdays and family festivals?"

"No."

"Has she any especial quality or gift beyond riding double and a bad temper? Oh, I was forgetting; she is the aunt of her nephew, isn't she?—the dashing lancer that was to spend his summer over here?"

"You were, indeed, forgetting when you said this," said Kate, proudly, and her face grew scarlet as she spoke.

"Tell me that you like him or that he likes you; tell me that there is something, any thing, between you, child, and I'll be discreet and mannerly, too; and more, I'll behave to the old lady with every regard to one who holds such dear interests in her keeping. But don't bandage my eyes, and tell me at the same time to look out and see."

"I have no confidences to make you," said Kate, coldly. "I came here to ask a favor—a very small favor, after all—and you might have accorded it, without question or ridicule."

"But which you never need have asked, Kate," said the other, gravely. "You are the mistress here; I am but a very humble guest. Your orders are obeyed, as they ought to be; my suggestions may be adopted now and then—partly in caprice, part compliment—but I know they have no permanence, no more take root here than—than myself."

"Do not say that, my dearest Nina," said Kate, as she threw herself on her neck, and kissed her affectionately again and again. "You are one of us, and we are all proud of it. Come along with me, now, and tell me all that you advise. You know what I wish, and you will forgive me even in my stupidity."

"Where's your brother?" asked Nina, hastily.

"Gone out with his gun. He'll not be back till he is certain Miss Betty has taken her departure."

"Why did he not offer to take me with him?"

"Over the bog, do you mean?"

"Any where. I'd not cavil about the road. Don't you know that I have days when 'don't care' masters me; when I'd do any thing, go any where—"

"Marry any one?" said the other, laughing.

"Yes; marry any one, as irresponsibly as if I was dealing with the destiny of some other that did not regard me. On these days I do not belong to myself, and this is one of them."

"I know nothing of such humors, Nina; nor do I believe it a healthy mind that has them."

"I did not boast of my mind's health, nor tell you to trust to it. Come, let us go down to the dinner-room, and talk that pleasant leg-of-mutton talk you know you are fond of."

"And best fitted for—say that," said Kate, laughing merrily.

The other did not seem to have heard her words, for she moved slowly away, calling to Kate to follow her.

CHAPTER XXI.

A SMALL DINNER-PARTY.

It is sad to have to record that all Kate's persuasions with her cousin, all her own earnest attempts to conciliation, and her ably planned schemes to escape a difficulty, were only so much labor lost. A stern message from her father commanded her to make no change either in the house or the service of the dinner—an interference with domestic cares so novel on his part as to show that he had prepared himself for hostilities, and was resolved to meet his enemy boldly.

"It's on me, all I have been telling you, Nina," said Kate, as she re-entered her room, later in the day. "Papa orders me to have every thing as usual, and won't even let me give Miss Betty an early dinner, though he knows she has nine miles of a ride to reach home."

"That explains somewhat a message he has sent myself," replied Nina, "to wear my very prettiest toilet and my Greek cap, which he admired so much the other day."

"I am almost glad that my wardrobe has nothing attractive," said Kate, half sadly. "I certainly shall never be rebuked for my becomingness."

"And do you mean to say that the old woman would be rude enough to extend her comments to me?"

"I have known her do things quite as hardy, though I hope on the present occasion the other courtesies may shelter you."

"Why isn't your brother here? I should insist on his coming down in discreet black, with a white tie, and that look of imposing solemnity young Englishmen assume for dinner."

"Dick guessed what was coming, and would not encounter it."

"And yet you tell me you submit to all this for no earthly reason. She can leave you no legacy, contribute in no way to your benefit. She has neither family, fortune, nor connections; and, except her atrocious manners and her indomitable temper, there is not a trait of her that claims to be recorded."

"Oh yes; she rides capitally to hounds, and hunts her own harriers to perfection."

"I am glad she has one quality that deserves your favor."

"She has others, too, which I like better than what they call accomplishments. She is very kind to the poor, never deterred by any sickness from visiting them, and has the most stout-hearted courage for every casualty in life."

"A commendable gift for a squaw, but what does a gentlewoman want with this same courage?"

"Look out of the window, Nina, and see where you are living! Throw your eyes over that great expanse of dark bog, vast as one of the great campagnas you have often described to us, and bethink you how mere loneliness—desolation—needs a stout heart to bear it; how the simple fact that for the long hours of a summer's day, or the longer hours of a winter's night, a lone woman has to watch and think of all the possible casualties lives of hardship and misery may tempt men to. Do you imagine that she does not mark the growing discontent of the people? see their care-worn looks, dashed with a sullen determination, and hear in their tones the rising of a hoarse defiance that was never heard before? Does she not well know that every kindness she has bestowed, every merciful act she has ministered, would weigh for nothing in the balance on the day that she will be arraigned as a land-owner—the receiver of the poor man's rent? And will you tell me, after this, she can dispense with courage?"

"Bel paese davvero!" muttered the other.

"So it is!" cried Kate; "with all its faults, I'd not exchange it for the brightest land that ever glittered in a southern sun. But why should I tell you how jarred and disconcerted we are by laws that have no reference to our ways—conferring rights where we were once contented with trustfulness, and teaching men to do every thing by contract, and nothing by affection, nothing by good-will?"

"No, no, tell me none of all these; but tell me shall I come down in my Suliote jacket of yellow cloth, for I know it becomes me?"

"And if we women had no courage," went on Kate, not heeding the question, "what would our men do? Should we see them lead lives of bolder daring than the common wanderer in Africa?"

"And my jacket, and my Turban hat?"

"Wear them all. Be as beautiful as you like, but don't be late for dinner." And Kate hurried away before the other could speak.

When Miss O'Shea, arrayed in a scarlet poplin and a yellow gauze turban—the month being August—arrived in the drawing-room before dinner, she found no one there—a circumstance that chagrined her so far that she had hurried her toilet and torn one of her gloves in her haste. "When they say six for the dinner-hour, they might surely be in the drawing-room by that hour," was Miss Betty's reflection, as she turned over some of the magazines and circulating-library books which since Nina's arrival had found their way to Kilgobbin. The contemptuous manner in which she treated *Blackwood* and *Macmillan*, and the indignant dash with which she flung Trollope's last novel down, showed that she had not been yet corrupted by the light reading of the age. An unopened county newspaper, addressed to the Viscount Kilgobbin, had, however, absorbed all her attention, and she was more than half disposed to possess herself of the envelope, when Mr. Kearney entered.

His bright blue coat and white waistcoat, a profusion of shirt frill, and a voluminous cravat proclaimed dinner dress, and a certain pomposity of manner showed how an unusual costume had impressed on himself, and suggested an important event.

"I hope I see Miss O'Shea in good health?" said he, advancing.

"How are you, Maurice?" replied she, dryly. "When I heard that big bell thundering away, I was so afraid to be late that I came down with one bracelet, and I have torn my glove too."

"It was only the first bell—the dressing-bell," he said.

"Humph! That's something new since I was here last," said she, tartly.

"You remind me of how long it is since you dined with us, Miss O'Shea."

"Well, indeed, Maurice, I meant to be longer, if I must tell the truth. I saw enough the last day I lunched here to show me Kilgobbin was not what it used to be. You were all of you when my poor father—who was always thinking of the dogs—used to call 'on your hind-legs,' walking about very stately and very miserable. There were three or four covered dishes on the table that nobody tasted; and an old man, in red breeches, ran about in half distraction, and said, 'Sherry, my lord, or Madeira.' Many's the time I laughed over it since." And, as though to vouch for the truth of the mirthfulness, she lay back in her chair, and shook with hearty laughter.

Before Kearney could reply—for something like a passing apoplexy had arrested his words—the girls entered and made their salutations.

"If I had the honor of knowing you longer, Miss Costigan," said Miss O'Shea—for it was thus she translated the name Kostalergi—"I'd ask you why you couldn't dress like your cousin Kate. It may be all very well in the house, and it's safe enough here, there's no denying it: but my name's not Betty if you'd walk down Kilgobbin without a crowd yelling after you and calling names, too, that a respectable young woman wouldn't bargain for. eh, Maurice, is that true?"

"There's the dinner-bell now," said Maurice; "may I offer my arm?"

"It's thin enough that arm is getting, Maurice Kearney," said she, as he walked along at her side. "Not but it's time, too. You were born in the September of 1809, though your mother used to deny it, and you're now a year older than your father was when he died."

"Will you take this place?" said Kearney, placing her chair for her. "We're a small party to-day. I see Dick does not dine with us."

"Maybe I hunted him away. The young gentlemen of the present day are frank enough to say what they think of old maids. That's very elegant, and I'm sure it's refined," said she, pointing to the mass of fruit and flowers so tastefully arranged before her. "But I was born in a time when people liked to see what they were going to eat, Maurice Kearney, and as I don't intend to break my fast on a stock gilli-flower, or make a repast of roses, I prefer the old way. Fill up my glass whenever it's empty," said she to the servant, "and don't bother me with the name of it. As long as I know the King's County, and that's more than fifty years, we've been calling Cape Madeira, sherry!"

"If we knew what we are drinking, Miss O'Shea, I don't suppose it matters much."

"Nothing at all, Maurice. Calling you the Viscount Kilgobbin, as I read a while ago, won't confuse me about an old neighbor."

"Won't you try a cutlet, godmother?" asked Kate, hurriedly.

"Indeed I will, my dear. I don't know why I was sending the man away. I never saw this way of dining before, except at the poor house, where each poor creature has his plateful given him, and pockets what he can't eat." And here she laughed long and heartily at the conceit.

Kearney's good-humor relished the absurdity, and he joined in the laugh, while Nina stared at the old woman as an object of dread and terror.

"And that boy that wouldn't dine with me—how is he turning out, Maurice? They tell me he's a bit of a scamp."

"He's no such thing, godmother! Dick is as good a fellow and as right-minded as ever lived, and you yourself would be the first to say it, if you saw him," cried Kate, angrily.

"So would the young lady, I wonder, if I might judge from her blushes," said Miss Betty, looking to Nina. "Not indeed but it's only now I'm remembering that you're not a boy. That little red cap and that thing you wear round your throat deceived me."

"It is not the lot of every one to be so fortunate in a head-dress as Miss O'Shea," said Nina, very calmly.

"If it's my wig you are envying me, my dear," replied she, quietly, "there's nothing easier than to have the own brother of it. It was made by Crimp, of Nassau Street, and box and all cost four pound twelve."

"Upon my life, Miss Betty," broke in Kearney, "you are tempting me to an extravagance." And he passed his hand over his sparsely-covered head as he spoke.

"And I would not, if I was you, Maurice Kearney," said she, resolutely. "They tell me that to that House of Lords you are going to more than half of them are bald."

There was no possible doubt that she meant by this speech to deliver a challenge, and Kate's look, at once imploring and sorrowful, appealed to her for mercy.

"No, thank you," said Miss Betty, to the servant who presented a dish, "though, indeed, maybe I'm wrong, for I don't know what's coming."

"This is the 'menu,'" said Nina, handing a card to her.

"The bill of fare, godmother," said Kate, hastily.

"Well, indeed, it's a kindness to tell me; and if there are any more novelties to follow, perhaps you'll be kind enough to inform me, for I never dined in the Greek fashion before."

"The Russian, I believe, madam, not the Greek," said Nina.

"With all my heart, my dear. It's about the same, for whatever may happen to Maurice Kearney or myself, I don't suspect either of us will go to live at Moscow."

"You'll not refuse a glass of port with your cheese?" said Kearney.

"Indeed I will, then, if there's any beer in the house, though perhaps it's too vulgar a liquor to ask for."

While the beer was being brought, a solemn silence ensued, and a less comfortable party could not easily be imagined.

When the interval had been so far prolonged that Kearney himself saw the necessity to do something, he placed his napkin on the table, leaned forward with a half motion of rising, and, addressing Miss Betty, said, "Shall we adjourn to the drawing-room, and take our coffee?"

"I'd rather stay where I am, Maurice Kearney, and have that glass of port you offered me a while ago, for the beer was flat. Not that I'll detain the young people, nor keep yourself away from them very long."

When the two girls withdrew, Nina's look of insolent triumph at Kate betrayed the tone she was soon to take in treating of the old lady's good manners.

"You had a very sorry dinner, Miss Betty, but I can promise you an honest glass of wine," said Kearney, filling her glass.

"It's very nice," said she, sipping the wine.

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"DANGER IN THE DESERT."

"though, maybe, like myself, it's just a trifle too old."

"A good fault, Miss Betty, a good fault."

"For the wine, perhaps," said she, dryly; "but maybe it would taste better if I had not bought it so dearly."

"I don't think I understand you."

"I was about to say that I have forfeited that young lady's esteem by the way I obtained it. She'll never forgive me, instead of returning for my coffee, sitting here like a man—and a man of that old hard drinking school, Maurice, that has brought all the ruin on Ireland."

"Here's to their memory, any way," said Kearney, drinking off his glass.

"I'll drink no toasts nor sentiments, Maurice Kearney; and there's no artifice or roguery will make me forget I'm a woman and an O'Shea."

"Faix, you'll not catch me forgetting either," said Maurice, with a droll twinkle of his eye, which it was just as fortunate escaped her notice.

"I doubted for a long time, Maurice Kearney, whether I'd come over myself, or whether I'd write you a letter; not that I am good at writing, but, somehow, one can put their ideas more clear, and say things in a way that will fix them more in the mind; but at last I determined I'd come, though it's more than likely it's the last time Kilgobbin will see me here."

"I sincerely trust that you are mistaken, so far."

"Well, Maurice, I'm not often mistaken. The woman that has managed an estate for more than forty years, been her own land-steward and her own law agent, doesn't make a great many blunders; and, as I said before, if Maurice has no friend to tell him the truth among the men of his acquaintance, it's well that there is a woman to the fore who has courage and good sense to go up and do it."

She looked fixedly at him, as though expecting some concurrence in the remark, if not some intimation to proceed; but neither came, and she continued.

"I suppose you don't read the Dublin newspapers?" said she, civilly.

"I do, and every day the post brings them."

"You see, therefore, without my telling you, what the world is saying about you. You see how they treat 'the search for arms,' as they head it, and 'the maid of Saragossa!' Oh, Maurice Kearney! Maurice Kearney! whatever happened the old stock of the land, they never made themselves ridiculous."

"Have you done, Miss Betty?" asked he, with assumed calm.

"Done! Why, it's only beginning I am," cried she. "Not but I'd bear a deal of blackguarding from the press; as the old woman said when the soldier threatened to run his bayonet through her, 'Devil thank you, it's only your trade.' But when we come to see the head of an old family making ducks and drakes of his family property, threatening the old tenants that have been on the land as long as his own people, raising the rent here, evicting there, distressing the people's minds when they've just as much as they can to bear up with—then it's time for an old friend and neighbor to give a timely warning, and cry 'stop.'"

"Have you done, Miss Betty?" And now his voice was more stern than before.

"I have not, nor near done, Maurice Kearney. I've said nothing of the way you're bringing up your family—that son, in particular—to make him think himself a young man of fortune, when you know in your heart you'll leave him little more than the mortgages on the estate. I have not told you that it's one of the jokes of the capital to call him the Honorable Dick Kearney, and to ask him after his father the viscount."

"You haven't done yet, Miss O'Shea?" said he, now with a darkened voice.

"No, not yet," replied she, calmly; "not yet; for I'd like to remind you of the way you're behaving to the best of the whole of you—the only one indeed that's worth much in the family—your daughter Kate."

"Well, what have I done to wrong *her*?" said he, carried beyond his prudence by so astounding a charge.

"The very worst you could do, Maurice Kearney, the only mischief it was in your power, maybe. Look at the companion you have given her! Look at the respectable young lady you've brought home to live with your decent child!"

"You'll not stop?" cried he, almost choking with passion.

"Not till I've told you why I came here, Maurice Kearney; for I'd beg you to understand it was no interest about yourself or your doings brought me. I came to tell you that I mean to be free about an old contract we once made—that I revoke it all. I was fool enough to believe that an alliance between our families would have made me entirely happy, and my nephew, Gorman O'Shea, was brought up to think the same. I have lived to know better, Maurice Kearney; I have lived to see that we don't suit each other at all, and I have come here to declare to you formally that it's all off. No nephew of mine shall come here for a wife. The heir to Shea's Barn shan't bring the mistress of it out of Kilgobbin Castle."

"Trust me for that, old lady," cried he, forgetting all his good manners in his violent passion.

"You'll be all the freer to catch a young aide-de-camp from the Castle," said she, sneeringly; "or maybe, indeed, a young lord—a rank equal to your own."

"Haven't you said enough?" screamed he, wild with rage.

[A Water-Color Drawing by Carl Haag.]

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you to stop the night,

Miss Betty?" asked he, in a tone of insinuation. "Well, at least you'll let me ring to order your horse?"

"You may do that, if it amuses you, Maurice Kearney; but, meanwhile, I'll just do what I've always done in the same place—I'll just go look for my own beast and see her saddled myself; and as Peter Gill is leaving you to-morrow, I'll take him back with me to-night."

"Is he going to you?" cried he, passionately.

"He's going to me, Mr. Kearney, with your leave, or without it, I don't know which I like best." And with this she swept out of the room, while Kearney closed his eyes and lay back in his chair, stunned and almost stupefied.

"DANGER IN THE DESERT."

It is many years since Mr. Carl Haag for the first time made acquaintance with desert life in that Oriental journey in which he penetrated as far as Palmyra, the "Queen of the Desert;" yet, as in the case of other artists who have acquired a like experience, the desert and its nomadic races seem to have maintained a fascination over his mind beyond all the impressions he has received elsewhere. He has painted the picturesque peasantry of Italy, the still glorious ruins of Athens, the palatial interiors and people of the Bavarian highlands, and ceaseless scenes in highlands nearer home, yet, to the best of our recollection, his most important and powerful drawings owe their subjects to the deserts of Syria. It must be admitted that in those deserts costumes are still worn of unrivaled picturesqueness and of immemorial antiquity; that there are to be found types of character, in face and form, of singular and exquisite refinement; and that there, also, the modes of life are necessarily checkered with numerous incidents suitable for artistic treatment.

The accompanying picture, engraved from a splendid work in the exhibition of the Old Water-Color Society, in London, is one of the interesting series of Eastern illustrations to which we allude—a series of drawings which, for largeness of scale and force of effect, has seldom been equaled in the medium of water-colors. Here the peace of a traveling family is imperiled and their lives menaced by roving Bedawees of the more lawless tribes, direct descendants, it would seem, of Ishmael, whose "hand should be against every man, and every man's hand against him." The Bedaween generally move from place to place in whole tribes. Yet not unfrequently they are to be met as single wanderers—a camel carrying the wife and child, or children, the provisions, and the small property of the family, and the man walking by its side armed with a long gun and sword, and sometimes, though not often, also wearing a pistol or yataghan in his girdle. These stray nomads are more readily available for pictorial representation than whole caravans. They have, besides, an air of greater daring. Their free step, their keen, bold features, their restless, watchful eye, the wife's entire confidence in her husband's protection, and the children's innocence and unconsciousness of danger, convey at a glance striking suggestions of their life. Manifold are the dangers they incur, far more than beset whole tribes. Every rock, sand-heap, or other projection may conceal a lurking foe. The man can never be quite at ease; his eye ceaselessly scans the desert plain, his ear is on the alert for every sound. After an exhausting journey of many days he may, on approaching a well in hope of obtaining a fresh supply of water, find it surrounded by a hostile tribe, and be compelled to hide at a distance, sometimes, perhaps, till it is too late. At night the only bed for himself and his family must be the desert sand; no tent must protect them from the chill night winds, for that might betray him to enemies who are ever on the watch to capture and enslave him and his dear ones.

The Bedaween before us has made his dispositions for a halt at evening on his journey over the far-reaching and trackless desert. The tired camel, the "ship" of the sandy sea, being brought to a stand, lies down, and the man, according to custom, has "hobbled" one of his legs to prevent the creature rising, when freed from his living load, and bolting, leaving those behind to perish. The mother, also, has been giving suck to her babe; when, lo! on the horizon suddenly loom through the gathering mists of evening the forms of horsemen; they swiftly approach; they charge toward the unfortunate travelers with leveled lances and hostile gestures—they are evidently marauders of the desert, bent on robbery and ready for murder. There is no possibility of escape—there is nothing to be done but to stand on the defensive. So the man steps courageously forth with his firelock, his finger on the trigger; he must not miss his aim, for there will be no time to reload, and he will be unequally matched with only his sword to parry the lance thrusts. But his heart will not fail him; his trust is in Allah; and, to give the words of Shakespeare, quoted by Mr. Haag in the catalogue,

"Thrice is he armed that hath his quarrel just."

Woe to the assailant who approaches too near! In all likelihood, however, they will sheer off on seeing the bold front of their intended victim. Meanwhile the wife (whose beauty may be the chief cause of the attack) seeks shelter for herself and child beside the camel as behind a castle wall. She is naturally alarmed, but she trusts in the well-tried bravery of her lord, and she presses her babe to her bosom, prepared to die in its defence.

THE FLIGHT OF FISK.

Jim Fisk arose from dreams of wrath,
  In purple dyed sublimity,*
And took his usual morning bath
  With soap and equanimity.

Then, girding him for cruel war,
  He buckled round his portly form
His bright, expensive cimeter,
  And donned his first-class uniform.

He was at head the Ninth without
  Or horse or light artillery,
And Mayor Hall had called him out
  For "qualities ancillary."†

But as the Ninth moved forward, then
  He did not lead the column, for
He'd been compelled to leave his men—
  That's what they looked in column for.

'Twas not another Erie vote,
  Appointment of a boat, nor—
He'd gone to stop his Jersey boat
  By order of the Governor.

But hearing now through rolling drums
  Their voice, he joins them speedily,
Reflecting deeply as he comes
  Upon the Boss Tweed-ily.

No sabre de mon père he wore,
  No coat, which was improper;
Thermometer at 94—
  He'd left them at the Opera.

No matter now, the line was dressed
  Just opposite the Armory,
While close upon the soldiers pressed
  Of rioters a "swarmery."

These bore a scowling aspect, which
  No London rough as envy knew;
And now Fisk saw three thousand such
  Come rushing down the avenue.

A moment, and the row broke out,
  The tumult and the rioting,
Sticks, bricks, and bullets flew about,
  All nervous folk disquieting.

Without his hat, without his sword,
  He rushed into the thick of it,
Till, in a moment, he was floored,
  And very, very sick of it.

His comrades coming at his aid,
  And finding him quite quakery,
His manly person straight conveyed
  To a convenient bakery.

But such determined strength of mind,
  Such resolution still is his,
Though crippled, he ne'er looked behind—
  His case was like Achilles's.

And taking up his foot, he ran—
  What staunch, unyielding will he had!—
More rapidly than any man
  That's mentioned in the Iliad.

His comrades' voices rent the air—
  "For ankle smashed what speed it is!"
They shouted, "*Ce n'est pas la guerre,*
  Mais c'est superbe, indeed it is!"

Oh, where was then his coach-and-four?
  Why should he not have sent for it?
He saw instead an open door,
  And instantly he went for it.

On through the hall into the yard
  He sped with strange temerity;
But here a fence his progress barred,
  And checked his high celerity.

An empty barrel stood at hand
  (There seems no kind of doubt of it),
With which our hero quickly planned
  A way of getting out of it.

For still resolved to hurry hence,
  He with one hand the barrel held,
And leaping on it, jumped the fence
  In manner quite unparalleled.

Fence after fence, yet unappalled,
  He leaped them rather quicker,
And through a basement window crawled
  To come upon a sister.

A dressing he received from Pat,
  But this was not inimical—
Old coat, old pantaloons, old hat,
  Which made him pantomimical.

A New Departure now he ruled—
  How blest to make a ride of it;
A passing cab contained Jay Gould!
  And so he got inside of it.

Thence to the Hoffman House they drove;
  But as the mob still harried him,
To Sandy Hook our doughty hero
  A steamer quickly carried him.

At last, supported by his friend,
  His wits bewildered, muzzy, dense,
Long Branch he reached, the happy end
  Of all his morning accidents.

And now 'twill be the final sum
  Of all incomprehensibles,
If Fighting Fisk should not become
  Field Marshal of the Fencibles.

Who struck the blow that laid Fisk low
  Remains a hidden mystery;
His name, belied, a [illegible]
  Will [illegible] in [illegible] history.

But happily this thing is plain:
  To keep whatever pledge he meant,
He did not seek to strike the Brass
  Of that intrepid regiment.

* Mrs. Browning. † Not Maquereau.

ARCTIC EXPLORATION.

The Navy Department has published official instructions for the guidance of Captain Hall's arctic expedition, setting forth in detail the plan of operations, and embracing a communication from Professor Henry, president of the National Academy of Sciences, upon the proper methods of scientific research, and the more interesting problems in physical and natural science, which the expedition is expected to solve, should opportunity be offered.

The route prescribed for the expedition is from New York to the west coast of Greenland, stopping if necessary at St. Johns, Newfoundland. Holsteinberg and Godhaven, on the island of Disco, are to be touched at; and at one of these ports a transport will probably be met, containing additional coal and stores, with which the steamer is to be loaded to her utmost capacity. From Disco the expedition will then proceed to Upernavik, procuring at one or the other of these places dogs and other material of arctic outfit. From Upernavik, or Tessuisac, at which point the expedition is also to stop if expedient, Captain Hall is to proceed across Melville Bay to Cape Dudley Digges, and thence make all possible progress, with vessels, boats, and sledges, toward the north pole, using his own judgment as to the route to be pursued, and the locality for each winter's quarters.

As the vessel will be provisioned and equipped for two and a half years, that period of absence is authorized, and as much more, if necessary, as the supplies will allow. If, however, the main object of the expedition—namely, obtaining the position of the north pole—be accomplished at an earlier period, the party is to return to the United States with all possible dispatch.

The direction of the scientific operations is to be given, under the command of Captain Hall, to Dr. Emil Bessels, who is to receive all possible aid in accomplishing the scientific work as prescribed by the National Academy of Sciences. It is expressly ordered that all objects of natural history, ethnology, etc., collected by any one during the expedition, shall be turned over to Dr. Bessels, as the property of the United States, no person being permitted to retain any specimen whatever. Every qualified person of the expedition is instructed to keep a strictly private journal, to be read during the voyage by no person but the writer. These journals are to be turned over to the government on the return of the expedition.

Captain S. O. Buddington is to act as the sailing and ice master of the expedition; and in the event of the death of Captain Hall, Captain Buddington and Dr. Bessels are to consult as to the propriety of carrying out further the instructions given, the former gentleman, however, continuing as sailing and ice master, and the latter, as chief of the scientific department, to direct all sledge journeys and scientific operations. Should there be any irreconcilable difference of opinion between the two as to the nature and character of the future work of the expedition, Captain Buddington is to assume command and return to the United States at once.

Reports of progress are to be transmitted to the Navy Department by every opportunity, and conspicuous stone monuments are to be erected at the most prominent points of progress, there being deposited near each, in accordance with confidential marks agreed upon, a condensed history of operations, with a description of the route upon which it is proposed to proceed. Should it become necessary to abandon the vessel, the expedition is to endeavor to reach the localities frequented by whalers, using every means to bring back the crew in safety, together with the records and collections. All persons attached to the expedition are to be under the command of Captain Hall, and subjected to the rules and regulations of the Navy Department. After passing Cape Dudley Digges there is to be thrown overboard daily, whenever in open water or drifting icebergs, a bottle, or small copper cylinder, closely sealed, containing the most important facts as to the date, position, etc. This is to be accompanied by a request, printed in several languages, that the finder will transmit it by the most direct route to the Secretary of the Navy, at Washington.

On the return of the expedition all records of whatever kind are to be transmitted to the department, with the exception of the scientific notes, which, with the collections in natural history, etc., are to be turned over to the Smithsonian Institution, Washington. Finally, the history of the expedition is to be prepared by Captain Hall, while the scientific results will be digested and edited by Dr. Bessels, under the direction and authority of the president of the National Academy of Sciences.

The communication from Professor Henry, accompanying the official instructions of the Navy Department, is quite copious in its details, and furnishes information as to points of inquiry and hints as regard to methods of prosecuting research, and will serve as an excellent manual of research for arctic travelers generally.

In Captain Hall, assisted by Captain Buddington, the expedition has all the material necessary for cautious yet intrepid guidance into the polar regions; while by Dr. Bessels and his assistants (Mr. Bryan for the astronomical and magnetical work, and Mr. Myers, of the United States Signal Corps, as meteorologist) the purely scientific departments will be properly attended to.

From Professor Henry's communication we learn that the different departments of the government have rendered special aid to Captain Hall, the principal, of course, being the Navy Department, which has furnished the vessel, completely equipped with stores and supplies for the journey. The Coast Survey has contributed astronomical and magnetical instruments; the Hydrographic Office, a transit instrument and sextant, chronometers, etc.; the Signal Corps, anemometers, thermometers, barometers, etc.; and the Smithsonian Institution, various articles of physical apparatus and natural history outfit.

PEARLS AND BLACKBERRIES.

"No!" said Dr. Darling, slowly—"no! I can't believe the evidence of my own senses!" And as he enunciated the words with impressive distinctness he looked solemnly at Harry Clifford.

He might have found a worse-looking individual to fix his regards upon than this young M.D., who had taken his first lessons in bones, muscles, and human anatomy, with the therapeutics belonging thereto, in the little office across the hall, and was just preparing to hang up a shingle of his own; for Harry Clifford was tall and shapely, with red-brown hair and a huge auburn mustache, and merry eyes that laughed like springs of water in the sunshine.

Dr. Darling took off his spectacles, folded them, and deliberately placed them in their case, still without taking his eyes from his neophyte. Harry Clifford smiled; but he looked a little embarrassed, notwithstanding.

"She would have you in a minute, if you were to propose," pursued Dr. Darling, dropping great red-hot splashes of sealing-wax over a sheet of blotting paper, and stamping them with his monogram seal in an aimless sort of way.

"Yes; but I tell you, Sir, I don't want to propose," said Harry, staring at the intertwined D.J.D.'s as if they were the most interesting things in the world.

"You don't want a pretty girl for a wife?"

"Not that pretty girl in particular, doctor."

"Nor fifty thousand dollars?" added the doctor, pronouncing the three momentous words in a manner that made them sound very weighty indeed.

"I would not object to the fifty thousand dollars in itself, Sir; but, as a mere appendage to Miss Bradbury—"

"I believe the boy is crazy!" ejaculated Dr. Darling. "Well, well, as the Scotch proverb has it, 'a willfu' man maun hae his way,' and I shall interfere no farther. By-the-way, Harry—"

"Yes, Sir?"

"You are going to the city this afternoon?"

"That is my present intention, Sir."

"Stop at Dupilree's, will you, and leave Mrs. Darling's pearl brooch to be mended. I ought to have done it a week ago, but a man can't think of every thing."

"Certainly, doctor;" and Harry Clifford deposited the pearl brooch—an old fashioned ornament of massive gold, set with tiny seed-pearls—in his waistcoat pocket.

"Rather a careless way to carry jewelry, young man!" said Dr. Darling, elevating his eyebrows.

"Oh, I never lose any thing!" asserted Harry, in an off-hand sort of way.

The morning sun was casting bright, flickering threads of gold across the kitchen floor; the morning glories and Madeira vines, trained across the casement, stirred softly in the mid-July air; and Ursula Percy, Mrs. Darling's orphan niece, was busy "doing up" blackberries.

Fresh as a rose, with hazel eyes, softened to intense blackness at times by the shadow of their long lashes, and smiling scarlet lips, she stood there—her calico dress concealed by the housewifely apron of white dimity that was tied round her waist, and her black curls tucked remorselessly back of her ears—looking demurely into the bubbling depths of the preserving-kettle, like a beautiful parody on one of the witches in "Macbeth," while on the whitely scoured pine table beyond a glittering tin vessel was upheaped with the beautiful jet-black fruit, each separate berry flashing like the eye of an Oriental belle.

"Ursula!"

The pretty young girl started, very nearly dropping her skimmer into the preserving-kettle.

"How you startled me, Harry!"

Harry advanced into the kitchen, with an admiring look at the bright face, flushed with a little blush and a good deal of stove-heat.

"You are always at work, Ursula."

"I have got to work, Harry, to earn my own living," Ursula Percy answered, with a slight uplifting of her exquisite black brows; "I am not an heiress, like Miss Bradbury."

"Confound Miss Bradbury!" exclaimed our hero. "I hear nothing but Miss Bradbury the whole time."

"She is a very sweet young lady, Harry," said Ursula, in mildly reproving accents.

"I dare say; but—what a lot of blackberries you have here, to be sure, Ursula!"

"Forty quarts," said Ursula, demurely. "Aunt Darling always enjoys them so much in the winter."

Harry put a honey-sweet globule of fruit into his mouth.

"Blackberries are a beautiful fruit, Ursula."

"Very;" and Miss Percy skimmed diligently away at the bubbling caldron.

"Especially when you are doing them up," added the young M.D., with rather a clumsy effort at compliment.

Ursula did not answer. Harry walked up to the range and took both her hands in his.

"Harry, don't! The berries will burn."

"Let 'em burn, then; who cares?"

"But what do you want?" she asked, struggling impotently to escape, and laughing in spite of the grave look she fain would have assumed.

"To see your eyes, Ursula."

She lifted the soft hazel orbs to his face; then withdrew them with sudden shyness.

"Do you know what answer I read in those eyes, dearest?" he whispered, after a moment or two of silence, broken only by the hissing and simmering of the boiling blackberries.

"No."

"I read yes!"

"Oh, Harry, I dare not. Uncle and aunt are so determined you shall marry Miss Bradbury."

"And I am so determined not to marry her. Is a man to be given away as if he were a house and lot, or a bundle of old clothes, I should like to know? Ursula—"

"Harry, they are burning! I am sure of it. I can smell them. Oh, do let go my hands!"

Harry Clifford deftly seized up the big iron spoon, and stirred the boiling depths vigorously.

"It's all your imagination, Ursula!"

"No, it's not; and if they are the least bit scorched they will be spoiled for Aunt Darling."

"But, Ursula—"

The creaking sound of an opening door beyond suddenly dissolved the *tête-à-tête*. Ursula almost pushed Harry Clifford out of the kitchen.

"You'll be on the piazza to-night when they have all gone to the concert?" he persisted in asking through the crack in the door.

"Yes, yes, any thing—every thing; only go!"

And Harry went, beginning to realize that love-making and preserving do not assimilate.

"Your pearl brooch, my dear? Oh, I remember now. I gave it to Harry more than a week ago to have mended. I dare say it's done by this time?" and Dr. Darling turned expectantly to our hero.

"I—I'm very sorry," began Harry; "but the brooch disappeared in the most unaccountable manner from my vest pocket. I know I put it there—"

"Yes," dryly interrupted the elder gentleman, "I remember seeing you put it there, and you assured me at the time that you never lost any thing. So the brooch is gone, eh?"

"Yes, Sir, it is gone. But Mrs. Darling may rest assured," Harry added, with a glance toward that lady, "that I will replace it at the very earliest opportunity."

"Oh, it is of no consequence at all!" said Mrs. Darling, with a countenance that said plainly, It is of the very greatest consequence! "Perhaps we shall find it somewhere about the house."

But the days slipped by one by one, and the doom of the pearl brooch remained involved in the deepest mystery. Harry Clifford bought another one and presented it to Mrs. Dr. Darling, with a little complimentary speech. Mrs. Darling laughed, and pinned it into the folds of the thread lace barb she wore at her throat.

"But it's so strange what can have become of the other!" said Mrs. Darling.

It was in the golden month of September that the old doctor and Mrs. Darling made up their minds to invite Miss Bradbury to tea.

"We'll have pound-cake and preserved blackberries," said Mrs. Darling, who always looked at the material side of things.

"And if Harry don't come to terms now, he never will," added her husband, who didn't.

"Get out the best china and the chased silver tea-service, Ursula," said Mrs. Darling.

"And wear your pink French calico, child; it's the most becoming dress you have," said her uncle, with a loving glance at the bright little brunette.

And Ursula Percy obeyed both of their mandates.

Miss Bradbury came—a handsome, showy young lady, with a smooth "society" manner that made Ursula feel herself very countrified and common indeed.

"Delicious preserves these!" said Miss Bradbury.

"They are of Ursula's making," said Mrs. Darling. And Harry Clifford passed his plate for a second supply.

"I remember the day they were brewed, or baked, or whatever it is you call it," said he, with an arch glance at Ursula.

Suddenly old Dr. Darling grew purple in the face, and began to cough violently. Every one started up.

"He's swallowed the spoon!" cried Miss Bradbury.

"Oh, oh! he's got the apoplexy!" screamed Mrs. Darling, hysterically.

"Uncle! dearest uncle!" piped up poor little Ursula, vaguely catching at a glass of water.

But Dr. Darling recovered without any more disastrous symptoms.

"It isn't the spoon, and I don't come of an apoplectic family," said he. "But, upon my word, this is about the biggest blackberry I ever came perilously near swallowing!" And he held out his wife's pearl brooch, boiled up to the blackberries!

There was a momentary silence around the table, and then it was broken by Mrs. Darling—one of those blessed old ladies who never see an inch beyond their own spectacled noses.

"My goodness gracious!" said Mrs. Darling; "how could it ever have come into the preserved blackberries? I—don't—see—"

"But I do!" said Dr. Darling, looking provokingly knowing. "Yes; I see a good many things now that I didn't see before."

And Harry, glancing across the table at Ursula, was somewhat consoled to perceive that her cheek was a shade more scarlet, if that were possible, than his own.

He followed the old doctor into his office when the evening meal was concluded—Ursula did not know how she ever would have lived through it, were it not for Mrs. Darling's delightful obtuseness, and Sophy Bradbury's surface-charm of manner—and plunged boldly into the matter.

"Doctor—" he began, valiantly; but the old gentleman interrupted him.

"There's no need of any explanation, my boy," he said. "I know now why you didn't want to marry Miss Bradbury. And I don't say that I blame you much; only I came very near choking to death with Ursula's blackberry jam!"

And Doctor Darling laughed again until, had his spouse been present, she would surely have thought a second attack of apoplexy among the inevitables.

"Little Ursula!" he added. "Who would have thought of it? Well, you shall have my blessing."

The pearls were all dissolved, and the gold of the old-fashioned brooch tarnished with the alchemy of cooking; but Ursula keeps that old ornament yet, more tenderly treasured than all the modern knickknacks with which her young husband loads her toilet-table. And every year, when she preserves blackberries, Dr. Darling comes to tea, and makes ponderous witticisms, and pretends to search in the crystal preserve-dish for a "boiled brooch!"

But then jolly old gentlemen will have their jokes.

BIRD PLUMAGE.

The differences of color and plumage, according to the sex of the same class of birds, are very remarkable. As a rule, the male bird has a more ostentatious plumage than the female. But this rule has its notable exceptions. Peacocks, pheasants, grouse, birds of paradise, and—perhaps hardly to be mentioned in such gorgeous company—the blackbird, have very dull and inconspicuous mates; yet the female toucan, bee-eater, parroquet, macaw, and tit are, in almost every case, as gay and brilliant as the male. This anomaly has been explained by recent naturalists by the influence of the mode of nest-building. The true principle, with very few exceptions, seems to be that when both sexes are of strikingly gay and conspicuous colors the nest is secreted, so such as to conceal the sitting bird; while whenever there is a striking contrast of colors, the male being gay and conspicuous, the female dull and obscure, the nest is open and the sitting bird exposed. This important theory is best illustrated by a few examples. We will first take some of those groups of birds in which the female is conspicuously colored, and in most cases exactly like the male. In some of the most brilliant specimens of the kingfisher species the female exactly resembles the male. Kingfishers mostly build their nests in a deep hole in the ground. The male and female of the showy motmots are exactly alike in color, and their nest is in a hole under the ground. Puff-birds are often gayly colored. The sexes are exactly alike. The nest is in a sloping hole in the ground. The barred plumage and long crests of the hoopoes are common alike to the male and female, and the nest is in a hollow tree. The barbets are all very gayly colored, and, what is remarkable, the most brilliant patches are disposed about the head and neck, and are very conspicuous; the male and female are exactly alike, and the nest is in a hole of a tree. The same remarks apply to the ground cuckoos, save that they build a domed nest. In the great parrot tribe, adorned with the most brilliant and varied colors, the rule is that the sexes are exactly alike. All build in holes, mostly in trees, but sometimes in the ground or in white ants' nests. If, on the other hand, we take the cases where the male is gayly colored while the female is much less gaudy, or even quite inconspicuous, we find a totally different system of nest-building. Take, for instance, the chatterers. These comprise some of the most gorgeous birds in the world, vivid blues, rich purples, and bright reds being the most general colors. The females are always obscurely tinted, and are often of a greenish hue, not easily distinguished among the foliage. In the extensive family of the warblers, such as thrushes, fly-catchers, and shrikes, as also in the case of the pheasants and grouse, the males are mostly marked with gay and conspicuous tints, while the females are always less pretentious in the matter of external beauty, and most frequently are of the very plainest hues. Now throughout the whole of these families the nest is open; and hardly a single instance can be mentioned in which any one of these birds builds a domed nest, or places it in a hole of a tree, or under-ground, or in any place where it is effectually concealed. In these facts the larger and more powerful birds are not taken into consideration; because with them brilliant colors are, as a rule, absent, and they depend principally on concealment to secure their safety. The apparent reason for this difference in the color of the plumage of the sexes of different species is very naturally explained. We have seen that when the female bird has been in the shade as regards rivaling her lord and master in the way of "fine feathers" the nest was always an open one. The female bird, while sitting on her eggs in an uncovered nest, would be much exposed to the attacks of enemies; and any modification of color which might render her more conspicuous would often lead to her destruction and that of her nestlings. Those birds, on the other hand, who, male and female, can boast equally attractive plumage, build their nests in holes and crevices, and have, therefore, much less to fear upon the score of discovery.

SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

Professor C. F. Hartt, of Cornell University, has lately issued a circular announcing his intention of starting on a fourth expedition of scientific research to Brazil. This gentleman has been long and favorably known for his efforts in regard to the exploration of that portion of South America, having made his first journey in 1865 as one of the attachés of the Thayer expedition under Professor Agassiz. In 1867 he made a second journey alone to the Brazilian coast, taking Bahia as his centre, and covering an extensive area around that point, including a trip to the Abrolhos Islands. These two expeditions included a large part of the coast from Rio to Pernambuco, a distance of about one thousand miles. A third visit was made in 1870 to the valley of the Amazon, to clear up certain points at issue between himself and Professor Agassiz in regard to the geology of that country. The funds for this expedition were furnished in part by a friend of science, whose name he is not permitted to give, with a contribution by Colonel Edward Morgan of one thousand dollars, and by Professor Goldwin Smith of five hundred, besides small sums from other parties. Assistance was rendered by the Brazilian authorities in furnishing a small steamer, with a suitable amount of coal. The collections made on this expedition were very extensive, and embraced objects of all kinds, including ethnology and anthropology. The fourth expedition, now contemplated, is intended to complete the survey of the eastern part of the Amazonian Valley, especially in its geological relationships, and further to investigate the Indian mounds of Marajo, and to collect data in reference to the languages of the people of the country. The sum estimated as necessary for this expedition is four thousand dollars, of which five hundred have already been contributed by Harvard University; and we trust that the friends of science who may have the means at their command will not fail to respond to the appeal of Professor Hartt by furnishing pecuniary assistance, either without conditions or with the understanding that a certain portion of the collection is to be supplied to the contributors in return.

Among the recent announcements of deaths of eminent persons, we have to record that of M. Payen, at the age of seventy-six. He was well known for his numerous communications on applied chemistry, as related to economical and industrial arts and public hygiene. During the siege of Paris he exhibited great and successful activity in researches relating to the important question of food for the beleaguered citizens.

According to the *Gardener's Chronicle*, Dr. Hooker and party were at the Atlas Mountains on the 19th of May last. They had succeeded in reaching the top of the crest, nearly due south of Morocco, at an altitude of about 11,500 feet, the upper 2000 feet of which were very steep and rocky, with some snow, and a temperature of twenty-four degrees. The flora was very poor, not a single Alpine plant being discovered, and, in fact, very few of any kind. Up to 7000 feet, on the contrary, the flora was found to be very rich and varied, many English plants there finding their southern limits, while roses, elders, honeysuckles, ash, poplar, etc., were abundant.

It is a matter of surprise that greater damage was not done to the scientific establishments in Paris during the late troubles than has proved to be the case. From reports lately made to the Academy of Sciences on this subject we learn that the great Museum of Natural History has undergone but slight injury, partly in consequence of the strenuous efforts made by the resident directors and professors for its protection. The celebrated Gobelin tapestry establishment, however, according to the report of the director, M. Chevreul, has been seriously injured, if not entirely destroyed, whole workshops with their machinery, including the valuable collection of tapestries from the time of Louis XIV. to the present day, being lost. The Observatory of Paris has experienced considerable injury, some of the most important instruments having been destroyed, although it is thought that it will not require a great deal of time or expense to restore the establishment to its original condition. Of the libraries in Paris, that of the Louvre appears to be the only one that suffered, this, containing hundreds of thousands of volumes, many of them of great value, being entirely destroyed.

The cod fisheries of Alaska continue to develop themselves, and are fast assuming an important degree of magnitude. Among other recent movements a warehouse has been erected on Unga Island, where the fish caught and prepared by the natives will be received and paid for at suitable prices.

The Hydrographic Office of the Bureau of Navigation of the United States has lately published a monograph upon the Marshall group of islands in the North Pacific. This group consists of two chains of islands, lying nearly parallel with each other, and running northwest and southeast from latitude 14° 30′ N. to 4° 30′ N., and from longitude 167 E. to 173 E., covering an area of over 350 by 400 miles in extent, and very little known to navigators, the information hitherto on record being considered very unreliable. The eastern chain is known as the Radack, and the western as the Ralick, each numbering from fifteen to eighteen groups of low coralline islands, the greater number of which are fully formed atolls—that is, lagoons of greater or less extent—with deep water and anchorage, surrounded by a chain of reefs, connecting islands, with one or more passages through the reefs into the lagoons, most of which are navigable for large vessels, besides which there are numerous boat passages.

The earliest discovery of this archipelago is said to have been by Lasaveda, in 1529; and the next visit made to them was by Anson, in 1743. Since then the islands have been touched at by different navigators at various times, although until the appearance of the report just referred to but little definite information had been brought together of the archipelago as a group. A missionary establishment was started on one of these islands in 1857, which continues to be successful to the present time. The inhabitants numbered, at the latest accounts, 10,000. They are expert navigators, and perform journeys throughout the group. They are dark, with straight hair, and are said to be intelligent and hospitable.

A correspondent of the Weekly writes to report the occurrence of a lunar rainbow at his residence, Oxford Depôt, New York, on the 2d of July last. At nine o'clock in the evening of that day a heavy rain-storm came up from the west, and when the sky was about half obscured a very distinct and beautiful rainbow made its appearance, having an arc estimated at 90°. The top of the bow was a deep blue, the lower side red, and between the two colors appeared a distinct hazy green. The moon was just rising at the time, and the perfect bow was visible for about five minutes, and partially distinguishable for a quarter of an hour.

Mr. Alphonse L. Pinart, the French naturalist, who is engaged in a scientific exploration of Alaska, announces his arrival at Unalaska on the 24th of May, and his intended departure at an early day for Nushagak. We hope to lay before our readers, from time to time, the important features of the progress of this expedition.

According to *Nature*, Mr. G. R. Crotch proceeds to the autumn to the United States, on his way to the Sandwich Islands, New Zealand, Australia, and New Guinea, with the intention of making collections of specimens in natural history. This research is to be prosecuted under the auspices of the University of Cambridge, which has granted £200 from the Worts' Fund for that purpose.

Mr. St. George Mivart, an eminent English comparative anatomist, and one of the few first-class naturalists of the present day who positively oppose in their writings the theory of Mr. Darwin, has lately called attention, in *Nature*, to the fact of the omission on the part of that gentleman to cite the species of monkey actually most nearly related to man. According to his view it is in the gibbons, or long-armed apes, of the genus *Hylobates*, that the closest affinities to the human structure are to be met with; and although there are, perhaps, more points of apparent relationship between man and the chimpanzee, gorilla, or orang, than between man and the gibbon, yet there are certain points in which the latter genus resembles *Homo* in a more striking and significant degree. Although the enormous length of the arms of the gibbon apparently discountenances the idea of relationship, yet Professor Huxley has shown that these are singularly human. Among the marked resemblances, the length of the leg as compared with the trunk, and the form and proportion of the bony thorax, are especially noteworthy.

Furthermore one species of gibbon (the siamang) is the only ape that possesses a true chin, together with a slight prominence of the nose. The power, quality, and compass of voice in the gibbons are dwelt upon by Mr. Darwin as remarkably related to man, and also the gentle yet quick and active nature. While making these suggestions, however, Mr. Mivart takes especial occasion to renew the expression of his antagonism to Mr. Darwin's theory of development, taking into consideration the totality of man's being, and remarks that, so considered, science convinces him that a monkey and a mushroom differ less from each other than do a monkey and a man.

The cultivation of the natural and physical sciences has not been prosecuted with much success, as far as the announcement of new facts is concerned, by the Spanish American races of the New World, although in nearly every state there is a society devoted more or less to such objects. Of late years, however, an increasing degree of vitality has manifested itself in these organizations, and there is reason to believe that in time they may be of considerable value.

The most prominent institutions of the kind at present are in Mexico, namely, the Geographical and Statistical Society and the Society of Natural History, both of them publishing transactions which embody much information in their pages. The Royal Economical Society of Havana has published a bulletin of its proceedings, although devoted more to historical than scientific subjects. The most active society in Havana, however, is the "Royal Academy of Medical and Physical and Natural Sciences." Of this Dr. Gutierrez is President, Don Francisco de Sauvalle, Vice-President; Dr. Antonio Mestre, Secretary-General; Don José F. de Castro, Corresponding Secretary; Dr. Felipe Rodriguez, Assistant Secretary; Dr. Ramon L. Miranda, Treasurer; and Dr. Juan Calixto Oxamendi, Librarian—all holding their offices until 1872. Institutions in Brazil, Buenos Ayres, and Chili also exhibit a commendable degree of activity.

In the search for new regions of exploration and discovery, it is not a little surprising to be assured that, taking the West Indies as a group, we know almost as little of their natural history as we do of that of Central Africa, especially of the islands east and south of the Greater Antilles. Thanks to the labors of Dr. Gundlach and Professor Poey in Cuba, of Dr. Bryant in the Bahamas, of Mr. March and Mr. Gosse in Jamaica, of Mr. A. E. Younglove in Hayti, of Dr. Bryant, Mr. Swift, and Mr. Latimer in Porto Rico, of Mr. Swift in St. Thomas, of Mr. Galory in Antigua, of Mr. Julien in Sombrero, and of Mr. Newton in Santa Cruz, we have a fair knowledge of the birds of the islands mentioned; but of Anguilla, St. Martin, Barbuda, Nevis, Montserrat, and Grenada we know nothing, and of St. Bartholomew, St. John, Saba, and Barbadoes next to nothing. Dominica, Martinique, and Guadaloupe have been more or less explored by English and French naturalists, although with no very complete result. We are glad to see that the Zoological Society of London is printing a paper by Dr. Sclater upon a collection of the birds of Santa Lucia, sent to the Society by Mr. De Voeux, in which twenty-five species are enumerated, and among them three entirely peculiar to the island, one of them, a species of oriole, being hitherto undescribed. To such of our readers as have a spirit of enterprise, and are desirous of visiting a region which is sure to reward them with rich and undescribed treasures in natural history, we earnestly recommend the smaller West India islands, to which a trip can be made, especially in the winter season, with little or no risk to life or health, and with ample promise of satisfactory results.

A somewhat interesting capture has recently been made in one of the fish pounds in Buzzard's Bay, near Wood's Hole, Massachusetts, the strange visitor being a specimen of the tunny (*Orcynus secundidorsalis*), sometimes called horse-mackerel and albicore in this country. The specimen measured nine feet in length, and weighed five hundred pounds, although frequently found weighing five hundred, or even a thousand, pounds more than this.

The horse-mackerel is not an unusual visitor in the eastern coast of the New England States, and is found as far north at least as the Bay of Fundy, where, as well as about Provincetown, it is sometimes harpooned in considerable numbers. It very rarely comes within the limits on our coast, the individual in question being the only one that has been captured within the memory of the fishermen in Buzzard's Bay. The specimen has been skinned, and will, it is understood, be exhibited in due time as one of the treasures of the National Museum at Washington.

The flesh of the horse-mackerel is of excellent quality, being more like butcher's meat than like fish, and closely resembling tender pork in color and texture. It is, however, much less valued as food in the United States than in Europe, where this species, or a close ally, has long been a favorite in the market.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

"Sir," said Dr. Johnson, "I do not like to speak ill of a man behind his back; but I think the gentleman who has just left the room is—an attorney." A similar sentiment to [illegible] the prevailing [illegible] over of the lower grade is found on a grave-stone in Swaffham, Norfolk, England:

"Here lieth one, believe it if you can,
Who, though an attorney, was an honest man.
The gates of heaven shall open wide,
But will shut against the tribe beside."

A Western paper says: "Wanted, at this office, [illegible] who can please every body. Also a [illegible] who can so arrange the paper as to allow every advertisement to head the column."

"You are about to remove, are you not?" "No." "Why, you wrote up 'Selling off.'" "Yes; every shop-keeper is selling off." "You say, 'No reasonable offer refused.'" "Yes, I should be very unreasonable if I did refuse such an offer." "But you say 'Shut close on Saturday.'" "To be sure. You would not have me open on Sunday, would you?"

A story is told of a father in a church where the marriage-service came to the point where the clergyman asks, "Who giveth this woman to be married to this man?" replied, "Well, Sir, I am called to, although it do go agin the grain. I wanted her to marry Bill Pearson, who is worth twice the money of that ere man." The answer was not considered regular.

THE FIRST [illegible] ON RECORD—Adam.

A ship-owner, in dispatching a vessel, had a great deal of trouble with one of his men, a sailor, [illegible] his advance wages. After the vessel had accomplished her voyage, on settling with the crew it came to the man's turn to be paid. "What name?" asked the merchant. "I am, Sir," was the reply. "What! are you the man who slew his brother?" "No," replied Jack, giving his trousers a [illegible] hitch; "I'm the man that was slewed."

A Syrian convert to Christianity, as the story goes, was urged by his employer to work on Sunday, but he declined. "But," said the master, "does not the Bible say that if a man has an ox or an ass that falls into a pit on the Sabbath-day he may pull him out?" "Yes," answered Hanah; "but if the ass has a habit of falling into the same pit every Sabbath-day, then the man should either fill up the pit or sell the ass." The story has a sort of oriental "moral" which fits a great many disputed points in these days.

The sweetest thing in carriages is an aquarium of rock crystal, filled with water, in which are floating whales, lobsters, and shrimps.

"Hallo, there, captain," said a Brother Jonathan to the captain of a canal packet on the Erie Canal, "what do you charge for passage?" "Three cents a mile, and boarded," said the captain. "Well, I guess I'll take passage, captain, seeing as how I'm kinder tired walking so far." Accordingly he got on board. The steward was ringing for dinner. Jonathan sat down and began demolishing the "fixins," to the utter consternation of the captain, until he had cleared the table of all that was eatable, when he got up, went on deck, picking his teeth very comfortably. "How far is it, captain, from here to where I got on board?" "Nearly a mile and a half," said the captain. "Let me see," said Jonathan, "that would be just four and a half cents; but never mind, captain, I won't be mean. Here's five cents, which pays my fare in here. I guess I'll go ashore now. I'm kinder rested out."

BOARDER. "This tea seems very weak, Mrs. Phimp."
LANDLADY. "Well, I guess it must be the warm weather. I feel weak myself; in fact, every body complains."

AN OBJECT OF INTEREST—Your deposit in a savings-bank.

In an epitaph which we have not found in any of the collections the composer was most ingenious in the impossibility of making the dead man's name rhyme with the cause of his death:

"Here lies Richard Dunn,
Who was killed by a gun;
His name was Pyne,
But that wouldn't rhyme."

A bridge at Denver, Colorado, sports this notice: "No vehicle drawn by more than one animal is allowed to cross this bridge in opposite directions at the same time."

It was so hot in Montgomery, Alabama, one day last week, that a wag proposed to build a fire in the stove to cool the atmosphere.

Puffing and blowing are often considered as synonymous terms. You will discover a difference, however, if, instead of puffing a man up, you should blow him up.

A Broad Street merchant being informed that he had broken the commandments, said, "Never mind; charge it to breakage."

A money-lender being about to marry a fortune, a friend asked him how long the honey-moon would last. "Don't tell me of the honey-moon," he replied; "it is the harvest-moon with me."

THEY SAW A BROWNING SUNSHINE—"Sit down quickly and write fifty."

Mr. Greeley says "soap is a sign of civilization." Soft soap, we presume.

An advertisement of cod-liver oil winds up: "Patients who have once taken it can take no other." A candid confession.

STATISTICS.—Of the 1001 young ladies who fainted last year, 997 fell into the arms of gentlemen, two fell on the floor, and one into a water-butt.

A Washington man who was lately used as a reference to establish a friend's character did it thus, preliminarily: "I am happy to inform you that Mr. —— stands at the very top of respectability here. He owns a fast horse, a New York judge, and intends to steal the first railroad in our lying around loose."

BUFFALO BULLS PROTECTING A HERD FROM WOLVES.—[See Page 726.]

PAYMENT OF INDIAN ANNUITIES—COMING UP TO THE PAY-TABLE.

PAYING INDIAN ANNUITIES.

The illustrations on this page, engraved from sketches by our special artist on the Plains, represent several scenes incident to a gathering of Indians at one of our border settlements to receive their annuity. These are great occasions with the tribes. The annuity amounts to one dollar in silver for each Indian, besides presents of calico, blankets, and cheap trinkets. For these they will make long journeys overland on foot or on horseback, or in their dug-outs or birch-bark canoes by water. It is not, however, entirely for the sake of the presents and money that the journey is made. The reunions are a season of general jollification and debauch. Before the Indians leave the ground they have generally parted with every thing they have received from the agent, and depart a good deal the worse for whisky, and entertaining a very mean opinion of white men.

At one of the frontier stations where payments are made—that at Odanah, on the Indian Reservation—about four hundred of the natives have formed a sort of agricultural community under the direction of a farmer who is appointed by the government. In good seasons they raise from five thousand to six thousand bushels of potatoes, and large quantities of turnips, cabbages, etc. The little wheat they cultivate is ground into flour in a hand-mill. The country about Odanah is sometimes called the Garden of Lake Superior, on account of its great fertility, and, under the direction of their white leader, the Indians make good use of its resources.

The first sketch on this page shows the Indians gathered around the pay-table to receive their annuities. As each one steps up to take his money and presents, the interpreter writes a receipt for him. The recipient touches the pen with his left hand, while receiving his allotment in the right. The second illustration shows the wigwams, some flat-roofed and others rounded, the latter being chiefly used in winter time. Like the canoes, they are generally constructed of birch bark. The third illustration shows a group of Indians engaged in constructing birch-bark canoes. The buildings in the distance belong to the Presbyterian mission at Odanah.

BIRCH BARK INDIAN WIGWAMS.

PROTECTING THE HERD.

The spirited illustration on page 72[illegible], engraved from a sketch by one of our special artists. It represents a [illegible] guard of buffalo bulls protecting a herd against an attack of [illegible] wolves. These disagreeable beasts are always

INDIANS MAKING BIRCH-BARK CANOES.

prowling round the herds of buffalo on the plains, watching for a chance to pounce upon a straying calf, or a sick or wounded member of the herd. Without a particle of courage, these wolves possess unlimited patience and endurance, and will squat on their haunches for days round a spot where the buffalo are grazing, as represented in our engraving, in the hope of getting a good meal out of some unguarded or disabled victim. Even the ferocious and powerful bulls in their old age fall a prey to them when the herd they have so long protected leave them behind in their swift journeys across the plains.

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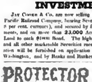

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THE REISSUE OF

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

VOL. XV.—No. 763.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, AUGUST 12, 1871. [WITH A SUPPLEMENT PRICE TEN CENTS.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1871, by Harper & Brothers, in the Office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington.

AN APPALLING DISASTER.

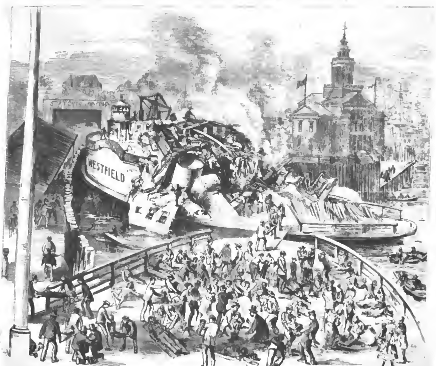
About half past one o'clock Sunday afternoon, July 30, the Staten Island ferry-boat *Westfield* was lying quietly in her slip at the foot of Whitehall Street, New York. Over four hundred souls were on board, lured by the delightful weather from their crowded homes to breathe the pure sea air and enjoy the grass and shade of the uncontaminated country. Every thing was in readiness for the start. The captain was at his post, the engineer was on his way to the engine-room, men were standing ready to unhook the chains, when suddenly there came a terrible crash, and in an instant the steamer was a wreck. The huge boiler had exploded. Those who witnessed the disaster say that there was first a dull, crunching sound, somewhat like that made by the fall of a large building, followed immediately by the sharp hiss of escaping steam. The main-deck was forced upward for a considerable distance; the beams and planks were torn into fragments. Many of them were thrown high into the air, and fell back a confused mass into the hold. The pilot-house, which was directly over the boiler, was hurled into the air to a great height, and, falling back upon the hurricane deck, was shattered to pieces. The pilot was in the house, and yet, strange to say, aside from a few severe scratches and contusions and a severe shock, escaped unhurt. He could scarcely believe that he was not mortally injured as he crawled from the ruins and saw the horror and desolation that had been made. The heavy smoke-stack was also blown high in the air, and fell into the general wreck. The escaping steam filled the boat, and many were scalded who would have otherwise escaped unhurt.

The part of the boiler which gave way was opposite the fire-box, and toward the bow of the boat. Such was the force of the explosion that a piece of the upper half of the shell of the boiler, twenty feet in length, and weighing over two tons, was hurled forward a distance of twenty-five feet, and lodged in the bow. The fracture apparently started at a place where the boiler was patched to cover a defect.

A majority of the passengers were collected on the main deck directly over the boiler. These were blown into the air to the height of thirty or forty feet, falling back into the wreck or into the water. Happy those who died instantly! Scores of men, women, and children who escaped the full force of the explosion were immediately enveloped in a scalding cloud of steam. The scene on the boat was harrowing. Groans and loud screams of agony came from the scalded, wounded, and dying. Parents were eagerly seeking for children, children for parents, friends for friends. Many in their panic leaped overboard, some were rescued by boats that surrounded the wreck, while others sank at once, and were drowned.

The Police and Fire departments were called upon for assistance, and at once furnished men and means to convey to the hospitals such sufferers as could be moved. A pitiable sight they presented as they were brought upon the docks. Many had the skin almost entirely scalded from the face, neck, and breast. Others had lost portions of their hair, from the scalp being literally parboiled and peeling off. Others were covered with ghastly wounds, and all were begrimed with soot and dust. As fast as possible the sufferers were removed to the hospitals, where the utmost that surgical skill could do was done to relieve them. In spite of every attention, many died after their removal. The number of the victims has not been fully ascertained. It is thought that between forty and fifty were killed outright, and that the list of fatalities may be swelled to a hundred by deaths in the hospitals.

The cause of the explosion has not been ascertained. Various surmises are afloat in regard to it. Only two months ago the United States inspector of boilers examined the boiler of the *Westfield* and pronounced it safe. The engineer, a colored man, is said to be capable and trustworthy. He states that just before the explosion took place he found the water in the boiler all right, and the steam gauge indicating a pressure of twenty-seven pounds. A fragment of the boiler picked up on the dock was pronounced by good judges to be unsound iron. It was taken to police head-quarters, to be produced before the coroner's jury, when the questions of cause and responsibility will be fully inquired into. The jury will be composed of business men and practical mechanics, able to render an intelligent verdict, and to place the blame for this calamity where it belongs.



THE STATEN ISLAND FERRY-BOAT DISASTER—THE "WESTFIELD" IMMEDIATELY AFTER THE EXPLOSION.
[Sketched from the Hurricane-Deck of the "Northfield" by W. Long Falls.]

HARPER'S WEEKLY.
Saturday, August 12, 1871.

A NEW STORY BY WILKIE COLLINS.

In a few days we shall commence the publication, in the Weekly, of the new serial story,

"POOR MISS FINCH,"

BY

WILKIE COLLINS,

Author of "The Woman in White," "The Moonstone," "Man and Wife," etc.

Mr. Collins stands in the foremost rank of living novelists, and the present story, which will be printed from advance sheets, is one of the most brilliant and fascinating efforts of his genius.

☞ In the splendid SUPPLEMENT received with this Number of Harper's Weekly our readers will find two admirable stories of exceptional interest, one, entitled

The Neophyte's Revenge,

by Miss Braddon, author of "Lady Audley's Secret," etc.; the other a tragic love-tale of The Black Forest. *The other features of the* Supplement *are a fine full-page cartoon, "*William the Conqueror [illegible]*," a piece of ancient history with a modern application; a beautiful Country Picture, showing a group of boys playing with a sun-glass; a portrait of Judge* Dibble, *of New Orleans, etc.*

FALSE PRETENSES.

Fortunately for the country, the real character and tendency of the Democratic party are constantly illustrated in the city of New York, where it has an overwhelming ascendency; and, by studying Democratic supremacy there, every voter in the United States can perceive what would be the inevitable result of a similar supremacy in the Union. The present claim of the party is that under its protection liberty would be more secure, and administration more honest and economical. These two declarations, like all others of the party, have lately been brought to the test in the city of New York, and the country may wisely consider the result. The Democratic party has always instinctively allied itself with the enemies of liberty. Formerly it was the instrument of the slave-holding aristocracy. Now it is the ally of the only political Church in the country, whose principles are as fatal to freedom as those of the slave-holders, and which has already laid its destructive hand upon the citadel of the republic, the common school system. The fact of this pernicious alliance has been often asserted. In the State of New York it has been well known; but in other parts of the country it has seemed, at least, somewhat exaggerated.

But recent events have lifted the veil. The country has now seen the Democratic authorities of the city surrendering to a threat of its allies the fundamental rights of American citizens. Those authorities forbade the Orangemen to parade, not because they would obstruct the streets, but because the Hibernians threatened to attack them. And the Hibernians threatened because they were Roman Catholics, and because the Orangemen proposed to commemorate a Protestant victory. Nothing is more disingenuous than the assertion that the difference is political, and not religious. The battle of the Boyne was the result of the attempt of James the Second to restore the Roman Catholic ascendency in his kingdom; and it is a religious and not a political feud which has sprung from it. But the abjectness of the Democratic surrender appears when any intelligent man asks himself whether a procession of Roman Catholics to favor the Pope's restoration to his temporal power would have been suppressed if an Italian republican society had threatened to attack it.

This surrender of the plainest rights upon the most conspicuous scene in the country shows the kind of regard for constitutional liberty which characterizes the Democratic party. It respects liberty now as it respected it when fomenting mobs to break up anti-slavery meetings. And if, twenty and thirty years ago, constitutional rights were peculiarly safe in the charge of Captain Isaiah Rynders and the Empire Club, they are peculiarly safe now in charge of a party of whose spirit and traditions the Captain and his club were the most significant [illegible].

But while the mask of regard for constitutional rights has thus been stripped from the Democratic party by the miserable conditions of its political Roman Catholic alliance, not less striking has been the late exposure of its claims to greater honesty and economy of administration. This exposure has been so signal and confounding, and its significance is so important, that we consider it at length in another article. The facts will remind all honest men that a party which, ten years ago, was but a conspiracy against liberty, carrying its measures by the utmost demoralization of the public mind, now led by many of the same chiefs, is substantially an unchanged party, whose professions of liberty and honesty and economy deserve as much consideration as when its last Secretary of the Treasury tried to ruin the credit of the country, and its last Secretary of War tried to arm the assassins of the national life, and then both betook themselves to help the rebellion of slavery against the nation, because it promised to become peacefully a free republic.

THE "TIMES" AND TAMMANY.

Republicans in other States have frequently complained that, although a great deal was said about the swindles of the Democratic city government of New York, the facts were wanting. It was in vain to reply that the authorities secreted every thing, as they controlled every thing, and that the proof must be found in such facts as the vast and inexplicable riches of those associated with that government who, a few years since, were poor men, and who had pursued no business but politics. It may be truly said that there was no confidence whatever in the leaders of the city government, while it was very difficult to establish facts of which every body was morally sure.

When any circumstance became very suspicious, like the long concealment of accounts by the Controller, and it was significantly urged that if all were right he would willingly invite public inspection, the difficulty was glozed over by a report of gentlemen favorably known. Mr. Marshall O. Roberts, one of these gentlemen, now says that they examined only the accounts of the public debt and sinking fund, and that they did find those to be correct. But it would seem that Mr. Roberts and his friends should have known that the very object of obtaining a card from them, under the circumstances and at the time, was that it might serve as a general certificate of correctness in the Controller's department. It was made to serve that purpose. It was naturally and inevitably so understood by the public. It was accepted as an assertion that the suspicion of fraud was unfounded, and that every thing in the city accounts was honest and correct. Those gentlemen took an immense responsibility. Their intentions were undoubtedly good, but their action was lamentably unwise. They lulled suspicion, and papers of character, like the *Evening Post*, began to suggest that the city government was slandered, and people who saw the city parks renovated shrugged their shoulders and said, "Well, if we're cheated, we can at least see something for it."

Meanwhile the constant and unsparing denunciations in the New York *Times* of the Democratic management of the city excited universal attention. They were so pointed and suggestive, yet so relentless, that the general feeling was that the paper was either utterly reckless, or that it understood itself perfectly. That its blows told was evident from the foolish charge of the organs of the Ring that its hostility was due to the refusal of the city to pay its bill for advertising, as if a journal like the *Times* would ruin itself for a bill of fifteen or twenty thousand dollars. Still further proof of the stinging effect of its attacks was offered in the notorious effort of agents of the Ring to buy an interest in the paper in order to get an injunction from one of the Ring judges to suspend and destroy it. This attempt was completely baffled. The value of the shares in the *Times* rapidly rose; and at a greatly enhanced price a sale was made to one of the original stockholders, so that more than four-fifths of the paper are now owned by two gentlemen who have been managing partners during the whole controversy with the Ring.

At last the *Times* published the facts, which were as utterly destructive of the claims of Democratic management to superior honesty and economy of administration as the Democratic surrender to the threat of a mob had been of its professions of regard for constitutional liberty. In successive issues the *Times* laid before the public literal copies of the Controller's accounts, by which it appears that during the years 1869 and a part of 1870 more than five and a half millions of dollars were paid to certain firms for furniture, carpenter-work, and carpeting for the new Court-house and for certain militia armories. The bill of one plasterer for work during a part of two months was nearly a million of dollars, and for "repairs" of county buildings during two days in the winter he received one hundred and thirty-three thousand one hundred and eighty-seven dollars and twenty cents; while for two years the bill for plastering was nearly three millions of dollars. For furniture, "fittings up," etc., in the new Court-house alone during two years, more than seventeen hundred thousand dollars were paid to one firm. For another month's carpenter-work in the same Court-house, in one of the same years, more than three hundred and fifty thousand dollars were paid to another carpenter. And reckoning carpets at five dollars a yard, the city authorities have paid money enough for carpeting in the new Court-house alone to have covered the whole City Hall Park three times over.

These are but examples of the details of these astounding frauds; and the exposure was too overwhelming to be borne with the silence of affected contempt. There were the names, the dates, the details, the figures. If they were false, the *Times* was ruined. Its judgment and its veracity could never again be trusted. If they were true, what was the explanation? Now the country will observe that the accuracy of these enormous figures has not been denied! The *Times* charges that millions of dollars have been stolen from the tax-payers under pretense of paying for work done, and the Tammany Ring does not deny it. The *Times* calmly says that it accuses the authorities of theft. It invites a suit for libel. It asks only for the most solemn and public opportunity of proving the city authorities to be swindlers, and those authorities, up to the time of this writing, have neither denied the truth of the fatal figures nor summoned the *Times* to prove its assertions in court.

The Mayor, in a paper to which he is understood to contribute, jauntily denied that he and the Controller were guilty. He then asserted that the *Times* made the charges because the city authorities had withdrawn their advertisements from it; that it had paid a dishonest clerk for information; that the late Mr. Raymond was friendly to the Mayor; and that Mr. Jones, one of the proprietors of the *Times*, had insisted upon the payment of a bill from the city, which the Mayor did not deny was valid. This was the first response. But, of course, this kind of defense was destructive of those who offered it, and a day or two later a statement from the Mayor to the public issued from his office, which may be considered the official defense. The substance of it is—first, that the claims exposed by the *Times*, and which the Mayor admits "may have been exorbitant" (as, for instance, a hundred and thirty-three thousand dollars for two days' plastering in winter), were audited by the late Board of Supervisors; and the Mayor and the Counsel for the Corporation hold that that audit was final, and that the Mayor's signature was merely ministerial; and second, that one of the proprietors of the *Times*, by his action to recover his own bill, really opened the doors to inroads upon the Treasury, and, if there has been swindling, has only himself to blame.

This defense is as foolish and futile as the other. For suppose that the law was as the Mayor says that he understood it to be, were he and the Controller, as honorable men and citizens, obliged to countersign swindles because they had been audited by a Board of Supervisors? Couldn't they refuse, and, if forced into court, state why they refused? Would honest public officers, month after month and year after year, abet the most monstrous frauds "ministerially" or in any other way? The enormity of the accusation is almost surpassed by the incredible defense. Besides, one of the chief members of the Board of Supervisors, upon whom the Mayor would throw the blame, was Mr. Tweed. If any body knew the "exorbitant" character of the claims, he knew it. And yet the Mayor appointed him to the most responsible place in the new city government. Again, more than five millions of dollars were paid to satisfy the "exorbitant" claims of Mr. Ingersoll for furnishing the County Court-house, and last autumn the same Mayor appointed the same Mr. Ingersoll a commissioner to complete the finishing and furnishing of the same Court-house. By his own account, therefore, the Mayor "ministerially" connives at the payment of claims which he admits to be exorbitant, and then appoints the persons who make them to positions in which they can make others. What kind of defense is this?

But the law is not what the Mayor describes it to be. He was not bound to countersign warrants because claims had been audited by the Board of Supervisors. That very point was raised in the case of the people against Wood, and the General Term of the Supreme Court expressly held that the very object of empowering the Mayor to sign a warrant was the defense of the treasury, and that his duty was to inform himself in regard to a claim, and to countersign or refuse as he might deem proper after investigation. The words of the Court are final and fatal against the "ministerial" theory of the Mayor. This decision is familiar, and is, of course, known to the Mayor, who is a lawyer. Why, then, did he countersign claims which he calls "exorbitant"—a word which, under the circumstances, means fraudulent? If the law were as he understood it, he was not bound as an honest man to countersign the warrants. If it were not as he understood it, he was not bound as Mayor to countersign them. But he did countersign them, and confesses that he thought the claims "exorbitant."

The Mayor's second point of defense is that the publisher of the *Times* himself opened the door of the treasury to fraudulent claims. But how? The Legislature passed a law authorizing the Controller to adjust certain claims. The Corporation Counsel advised the Controller that the courts had decided such an act to be mandatory. But when the *Times* presented its bill, which was not disputed, and asked that it be settled, the Controller stated that he and the Governor had decided that the law which ordered a settlement should be annulled! And upon this absurd assumption, that the Governor and Controller could by agreement absolve a public officer from a duty imposed by law, the Controller actually refused to pay the honest demand of the *Times*. And as the courts, when invoked, compelled him to pay it, the Mayor gravely asserts that as he was obliged to pay a just debt, he was also obliged to connive at frauds; and, consequently, that the person who compelled the just payment is really responsible for the swindles!

And this is the defense which the city authorities offer to the withering revelations of enormous frauds upon the public treasury. These frauds, it will be remembered, are not denied. The authorities merely excuse their complicity by calling it ministerial. These frauds, moreover, are all accomplished within the Ring, which is the immediate representative of Tammany Hall, the most powerful Democratic organization in the country, which controlled the last Democratic Convention, and which hopes to control the next. And those Democrats who are now engaged in abortive attempts to confuse and conceal these damning facts are loudest in their denunciations of Republican extravagance and maladministration. Mr. William M. Tweed, the chief sachem of Tammany, and not the least of the late Board of Supervisors, which audited the "exorbitant" claims which were "ministerially" countersigned by the Mayor—Mr. Tweed, who is now the head of the Department of Public Works in the city of New York by appointment of the Mayor—said, in his opening speech at the late Tammany celebration of the Fourth of July, "We propose to carry on a strictly economical government!"

The party under whose auspices millions of dollars have been stolen from the treasury of the city of New York is anxious to administer the national government economically! The party which was the tool of slavery, and which surrenders the rights of peaceful citizens to the threat of a Roman Catholic mob, desires to rescue constitutional liberty from those who, according to Mr. Tweed, "are betraying it." In its relentless and crushing exposures of the economy and honesty of the Tammany Ring, whose chief announces that he and his friends "propose to carry on a strictly economical government," the New York *Times* has done a national service.

IN THE REPUBLICAN CAMP.

Every day shows more conclusively that there would be very little question of Republican success in 1872 if it were not for Republican dissensions. The new departure of the Democratic party has ludicrously failed. Like an oath of Falstaff's to purge and live cleanly, it provokes a smile. The Democratic professions of regard for constitutional rights and administrative economy have, as we show elsewhere, been brought to a tremendous test, and are totally dissipated. But meanwhile there are certain differences in the Republican party, and they are the only clouds upon the horizon. There are those who would prefer to see General Grant set aside, but they have no one to offer to replace him. To say that any body in the party could be more easily elected seems to us to be mere folly. There is nobody in the Republican party who, as a candidate for President, could poll nearly so many votes as General Grant; for there is no one in the party for whose services to the country there is a more general feeling of gratitude, or in whose practical sagacity and honest purpose there is more general confidence. These, with the undeniable success of his administration in relieving the domestic public burden and in the honorable settlement of

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foreign difficulties, plainly designate him as the Republican candidate.

There are, indeed, powerful Republican leaders, like Mr. SCHURZ at the West, and Mr. SUMNER at the East, who are strongly opposed to the renomination of General GRANT. Their influence, directly or indirectly, will probably be cast against him in the Convention. Should it prevail, another candidate, who can not now be surmised, would be presented. Should it fail, and General GRANT be fairly nominated, we believe that, however reluctantly, both those gentlemen would co-operate with their party, upon this ground, if no other, that Republican success, even with a candidate not of their choice, is essential to the welfare of the country. For it is not conceivable that either of these gentlemen would hold that the nomination of General GRANT by the Republican party would prove that party to be as unworthy as the Democratic of the confidence and support of original Republicans.

The differences to which we alluded, however, are of another kind. They are such as are too familiar in the State of New York, and they spring from patronage. In this State, indeed, they will, as we have formerly remarked, probably contest the Convention in the autumn; and as Senator FENTON is regarded as the leader of the anti-GRANT feeling in New York, his late speech at Niagara was read with curiosity and interest. The significant sentences of the speech were two: that in which the Senator says that he sincerely desires the harmony and union which come "from a just recognition of all Republicans;" and that in which he says that it behooves Republicans every where, "the highest official in the land" not less than the humblest member of the party, to act with magnanimity and generosity toward all.

This will be understood in New York to mean that the President ought not to slight Senator FENTON'S friends, and it is another illustration of the lamentable condition to which patronage has reduced our politics. Senator FENTON speaks according to the tradition, which has become almost a principle, that the national patronage in a State is to be equally divided between the friends or following of the two Senators—a custom which explains the remark of a Senator that he and his colleague were almost the only friendly colleagues in the Chamber. It is a custom which inevitably splits a party. When Senator FENTON was Governor he probably found it very difficult to cultivate that harmony and union which come "from a just recognition of all Republicans." And was it not very difficult for the Hunker Democrat justly to recognize the Barnburner? These suggestive sentences of the Senator's speech, however, are answered, and satisfactorily, by others. There is no question that the national patronage in the State has fallen to Republicans. The national offices are not held by Democrats. There may, indeed, be severe criticism in regard to the changes that have been made; but Senator FENTON proceeded to say that the distribution of patronage is of little importance while sound and representative Republicans hold the offices, and he exhorted his friends to work hard for the party success, whatever occasion there might be for personal or official criticism.

We infer, therefore, that the Senator concedes to the President the same freedom which he as Governor exercised, and, while naturally desiring the just recognition of all Republicans, he acknowledges that the President must be allowed his preferences. But as the indulgence of those preferences has been made the cause of the party division in the State, supported by the name of Senator FENTON, the words of the Senator ought now to heal the wound. Should they prove to be that balsam, they would be the most persuasive words ever uttered in the State. Meanwhile let all Republicans reflect that it is no real objection to a Republican President, more than to a Republican Governor, that he prefers some men in his own party rather than others. Certainly it is not for such reasons that a President can be honorably condemned.

THE PUBLIC SERVICE.

THE last general debate in Congress upon the reform of the civil service was upon the 3d, 4th, and 5th of May, 1870, when Mr. JENCKES reported back his bill, with a substitute. This debate is interesting as showing the spirit in which the proposition was met and the kind of objections it encountered. With the sole exception, however, of the constitutional objection which was suggested by Mr. COX and Mr. BINGHAM, the hostile arguments had been much more strongly urged in previous discussions by Generals BUTLER and LOGAN among the Republicans, and by Judge WOODWARD, of Pennsylvania, among the Democrats. One of these objections, upon which General BUTLER enlarged, is perhaps the most common and popular of all. It is substantially that an examination determines nothing except a special kind of knowledge, for which "cramming" will prepare any body, that it is at best merely a test of scholarship and memory, and that it can not possibly determine moral character, nor that fitness and aptitude which are the most indispensable qualifications.

But whoever urges this as an objection forgets the most essential points of the case. It should be enough to ask in reply whether, if character and aptitude are indispensable, they can better be ascertained by chance or by inquiry? It is agreed, by all whose opinions upon the subject are to be respected, that a person to be properly qualified for the civil service should have the proper character, capacity, and aptitude. Now certainly a system which ascertains the existence of only one of these qualifications is just one-third better than the present system, which, as a rule, ascertains and aims to ascertain none whatever. We do not forget the examinations in the Treasury Department at Washington for positions there, but we speak of the service at large; and so far from an examination being a fruitless and foolish test, there can be no doubt that if no man could enter the civil service until he had satisfactorily passed an examination in decimal fractions alone, the service would be, upon the whole, more efficient and satisfactory than it is now; for a man who is versed in decimal fractions is presumptively a person of fair general education and information: at least he is not grossly ignorant. Upon the general subject of examination Mr. MILL says, in his "Representative Government," with his usual good sense, "If any education at all is useful, it must be tested by the tests most likely to show whether the candidate possesses it or not."

The very gentlemen who sneer at what they call "an intellectual examination" for an inspector or a book-keeper would not hesitate to insist upon the appointment of persons to those offices upon no other ground than that of zeal in "getting out voters" upon election day. An examination in certain branches of knowledge may not of itself alone be a wholly satisfactory method of determining who should be appointed; but such an examination is inconceivably better than the present hap-hazard system, and would of itself alone be a real reform.

Those who object to examinations are probably not aware that Congress has already provided for them in the Washington offices as long ago as 1853, and that the secretaries may always insist upon them in every case out of Washington, although, under the present system, they are not likely to do so. The law of March 3, 1853, divides the clerks resident at Washington into four classes, and enacts that no clerk shall be appointed in either class "until after he has been examined and found qualified by a board, to consist of three examiners," etc., and the present Secretary of the Treasury ordered, in July, 1870, that in his department the examinations should be in writing. The principle of examinations is thus fully recognized by Congress, as it is by common-sense, and the results of the application of it are very encouraging. But its application in the service at large is practically paralyzed, and the reason is evident. Patronage is the root of the whole system, and it is stronger than any part of it. While the tenure of office is so frail and uncertain two immediate results are inevitable—the best men, as a rule, do not seek public employment, and those who do are sorely tempted to make hay while the sun shines. Beyond these are the still greater and more menacing national perils which spring from the ferocious exasperation of party spirit consequent upon making the very livelihood of hundreds of thousands of persons dependent upon the issue of an election.

But in any scheme of examination mere general knowledge is not the only object sought. Experience, sagacity, and special training are kept constantly in view; and experiment has proved that those who pass well are generally best fitted for the positions. It is, we presume, unquestionable that the attention of most of the gentlemen in the House of Representatives who opposed Mr. JENCKES'S proposition had not been closely drawn to the subject, and that they were not familiar with the character or results of a civil service system founded upon reason, and not upon patronage. Indeed, the course of their remarks shows it. They feared, for instance, that a rebel or a Democrat might find a place. But did they think that a forcible or conclusive argument? It was only a repetition of Mr. MARCY'S odious declaration that to the victors belong the spoils. They merely presented the fatal evil of the present system as an argument for its continuance. The reform of the civil service is really a reform of our politics. It is the obvious way in which a practical remedy may be applied to some of the perils that most plainly menace our political system.

PERSONAL.

THE sketch of JAMES FENIMORE COOPER in *Harper's Weekly* of July 29 recalls a curious and somewhat characteristic incident, showing the spirit of antagonism Mr. COOPER displayed toward every thing he deemed to be wrong. Soon after the death of President HARRISON, in April, 1841, Mr. COOPER happened to be in Buffalo on a visit to his son-in-law, Mr. PHINNEY, the bookseller. Up to that time there had been no precedent established as to the precise title that should be assumed by a Vice-President succeeding to the Presidency. That subject was discussed by Mr. TYLER and the members of the HARRISON cabinet, but Mr. TYLER promptly decided the point by assuming the title of President. Mr. COOPER made that decision the subject of an ingenious and interesting article, which was published as editorial in the Buffalo *Daily Courier*, aiming to prove that Mr. TYLER should have designated himself "Vice-President and Acting President of the United States," and not President. The article attracted wide attention, and was, we believe, one of the last ever written by Mr. COOPER for the press. The decision of Mr. TYLER established the precedent, which was afterward adopted by Mr. FILLMORE on the death of President TAYLOR in 1850, and by Mr. JOHNSON, on the assassination of President LINCOLN in 1865.

—In the "Domestic Life of Thomas Jefferson," recently published by HARPER & BROTHERS, is the following naïve confession of his passion for music, in a letter written to a friend in Europe, in 1778: "If there is a gratification which I envy any people in this world it is to your country its music. This is the favorite passion of my soul, and fortune has cast my lot in a country where it is in a state of deplorable barbarism.... The bounds of an American fortune will not admit the indulgence of a domestic band of musicians, yet I have thought that a passion for music might be reconciled with that economy which we are obliged to observe."

—A gentleman who has been taking a personal view of General BUTLER, as he appeared recently in court, says that his air and manner there are "not brilliant, but clumsy and grumpish rather." He adds that "one source of General BUTLER'S success is, he knows more, and knows better how and when to use what he knows, than many others in his line. Another source is, he despises nothing and nobody till he is done with them, and can make no more use of them."

—Mr. CHARLES NORDHOFF, for some years past the able assistant of Mr. BRYANT on the *Evening Post*, and managing editor of that paper, is understood to have joined the editorial corps of the *Times*. Mr. NORDHOFF is a thoroughly trained journalist, familiar with public measures and public men, a shrewd observer, a ready, vigorous, pungent writer, and possessing in a remarkable degree the qualities required in a writer of "leaders."

—It is going the rounds of the papers that JOHN SHERMAN, who died a few days ago at Springfield, Vermont, in the 100th year of his age, "had voted for every President we ever had—twice for WASHINGTON, twice for LINCOLN." If Mr. SHERMAN voted for WASHINGTON twice, he must have voted for him in 1789, or before he was eighteen years of age. Either Mr. SHERMAN "voted early and voted often," as they do in New York, or there is some mistake in the figures.

—President WOOLSEY, in his fine speech to the alumni of Yale at their annual dinner, which speech he called his "dying confession," said: "I have lived as long as the Babylonian captivity of the Jews, and have served the college for as long a period as the children of Israel consumed in passing through the wilderness. I confess now that I feel as Æneas did when he thrust his prow into the shores of Italy and saluted the earth. The college has become so great that it costs more than an old man's strength to look after it."

—The Emperor and Empress of Brazil, while in London, deported themselves in the simplest manner possible, lodging plainly at a hotel, rising early—frequently as early as five o'clock—breakfasting at once, and doing all their sight-seeing of the metropolis at an early hour. They went every where, among other places to court to hear a little of the TICHBORNE trial. Besides being an uncommonly fine linguist and well up in science, he is one of the handsomest monarchs of the time. He is also the legitimate descendant of the three great royal houses of Europe—the BRAGANZA, BOURBON, and HAPSBURG. He was proclaimed Emperor at the age of five years, and assumed the sovereign power at fifteen. He is probably the most thoroughly educated, and certainly the most popular, of reigning sovereigns.

—Mr. GLADSTONE, who, in abolishing by royal warrant the system of purchasing commissions in the army, has given the aristocracy its greatest snub, and at the same time performed the greatest act of his public career, has, from the moment he completed his schooling at Eton to the present hour, been a man of mark. At Eton he mingled in none of the sports of his fellows, but devoted himself so exclusively to study that when he entered Oxford he was almost qualified to take his degree. Even then he was an accomplished debater. In college he devoted himself to the mastery of abstruse political questions and the development of that logical dexterity and the use of language which have since distinguished him. In private life he is most exemplary, but reserved, and seldom if ever jovial. His only diversion is music, in which he takes great delight. The effect of his oratory is much aided by a singularly melodious voice, capable of swelling into the grandest tones. So irreproachable is his way of life that his great rival, the late Earl of Derby, once said, "Yes, Mr. GLADSTONE is a most exemplary man, and without one redeeming vice!"

—Judge SPENCER, of the Superior Court of this city, a wise and excellent judge, has just rendered a decision in a curious will case. The late JOHN ALSTYNE, of this city, a bachelor of large fortune, just before his death [illegible] large sums of money to various charitable institutions, among them $25,000 to the "[illegible] Ladies' Home." [illegible] in this city where aged women find a home, and [illegible] neither of them has the exact name mentioned in the will—the "St. Luke's Home" and the "Home for Aged and Indigent Females"—both claimed it. A lawsuit in consequence. Judge SPENCER, after a patient and thorough examination of the matter, has decided in favor of "St. Luke's Home," as Mr. ALSTYNE was connected with it during his life.

—Monseigneur DE GUIBERT, Archbishop of Tours, and an able and devoted supporter of the Count de Chambord, has been appointed Archbishop of Paris. He belongs to the extreme ultramontane party—the first of that party that has, for many years, occupied that important position. His predecessors, DARBOY, SIBOUR, and D'AFFRE, were all liberal Catholics, but he has always been known, both politically and religiously, as a decided reactionist. During the reign of LOUIS NAPOLEON, next to Cardinal [illegible], of Nismes, Archbishop GUIBERT was the leader of the French ultramontanes. As long as the Emperor seemed to favor the cause of Italy the bishop's attitude toward the [illegible] was one of undisguised hostility; and he did not change his hostile tone toward the empire until LOUIS NAPOLEON ordered the second expedition to Rome, which led to the deplorable affair of Mentana. After the fall of LOUIS NAPOLEON he became an open legitimist, and it was by his order that the curious manifesto issued by the Count de Chambord was recently read from every pulpit in the archdiocese of Tours. One of the remarkable episodes of the archbishop's life was the long controversy he had with Madame George Sand, who lived at that time at Tours, in which he failed to distinguish himself. He is a man of much ability, great learning, and irreproachable in his private life.

—Mr. J. C. B[illegible], engineer and superintendent of the Harlem Railroad, and also the architect of the great depot at Fourth Avenue and Forty-second Street, proposes to introduce into the management of trains, on their commencing to run from that station, several new features which will add materially to the facility and safety of travel. He proposes to uniform all the [illegible] employees to be employed on the road and in and about the building. The reception of trains will be arranged [illegible] in advance of their arrival, through electric signals given automatically by the passage of the wheels over steel keys at the bridge over Harlem River. By like means red day signals, and red lights by night, will be thrown out automatically at every third street crossing in front of each passing train. By this system a much larger number of trains can be run with safety than is practicable under the present arrangement. The new depot will be ready for general use on the 1st of September next.

—A gentleman who within a few weeks past had the pleasure of conversing with [illegible] in his own house [illegible] in figure and of medium height. [illegible]

—When Governor SEWARD [illegible]

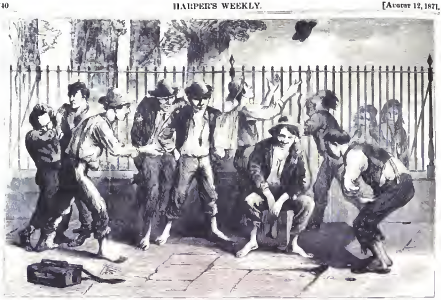
DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

During the year ending June 30, 1871, the Post-Office Department [illegible]

[illegible]

FOREIGN NEWS.

[illegible]



PITCHING PENNIES.—[Drawn by W. S. L. Jewett.]

PITCHING PENNIES.

After the rush for the morning papers is over, and before that for the evening papers begins, our New York newsboys have several leisure hours, which the industrious employ in the honorable and lucrative profession of boot-blacking, while the lazy ones gather on the sidewalks and indulge in the game of pitch penny. The earnings of a whole morning are often wasted in this manner, and the boys acquire a taste for gambling that often leads to crime and ruin.

A PAWNBROKER'S SHOP.

In this illustration our artist depicts a scene frequently witnessed in the pawnbrokers' shops. People of every moral grade crowd to them in distress—the hard-working mother, who pawns some article of clothing to get means to buy bread for her children; the thief, with a stolen watch to get rid of; the drunkard, who would part with the very shirt from his back to obtain money for a drink. Some of these strange contrasts are represented in Mr. Sheppard's sketch.

INTERIOR OF A PAWNBROKER'S SHOP.—[Drawn by W. L. Sheppard.]

THE LATE MR. JOHN KELLUM.—[Photographed by Brady.]

THE LATE JOHN KELLUM.

The portrait of Mr. John Kellum which we present on this page is from a photograph in the possession of Mr. A. T. Stewart, from the establishment of Brady. The subject of it died at his country-seat at Hempstead, Long Island, on Monday evening, the 24th July. He was sixty-two years of age, and was born at Hempstead in 1809.

In early life Mr. Kellum was a mechanic, but he became one of the most distinguished architects of New York. The most striking specimens of his work are the Mutual Life-Insurance Company's building, on the corner of Broadway and Cedar Street; the Stock Exchange; the *Herald* building; H. B. Claflin & Co.'s store; Mr. A. T. Stewart's store, on Broadway and Fourth Avenue, Ninth and Tenth streets; the contemplated dwelling of the latter, on the corner of Fifth Avenue and Thirty-fourth Street; the building now being erected on Fourth Avenue between Thirty-second and Thirty-third streets, intended by Mr. Stewart for a women's hotel; the extensive iron ferry-house of the Union Ferry Company, at Fulton Street; the stores of Ball, Black, & Co., Tiffany & Co., and the one occupied by S. B. Chittenden & Co. He also drew the elevation and working plans of the new City Hall, or Court-house, although the duty of superintendence of the structure and materials was committed wholly to others, who alone are responsible, except for the drawings.

At an early period of his career as an architect he planned stores for Thomas Hunt, Wilson G. Hunt, Mr. Cary, and Mr. Sadler, and the Hon. James B. Whiting, etc.; and it was to the instrumentality of Judge Whiting that he became known to Mr. Butler, and through him to Mr. Stewart, and from that time to the period of his death his success as an architect had scarcely any parallel. He amassed a large fortune—nearly a million of dollars—without staining his success with a single injustice, or taking a dollar in the shape of commissions from any contractor. He was thoroughly trusted and proudly faithful to every trust.

It was through the instrumentality of Mr. Kellum that the tract known as Hempstead Plains was purchased and improved by Mr. Stewart. The first purchase consisted of about seven thousand acres, but through the judicious management of Mr. Kellum the purchase has been extended to about ten thousand acres in the process of bringing the possession into proper shape. It now constitutes a parallelogram of between two and three miles in width by about thirteen in length, through which, from east to west—this being the direction of greatest length—Mr. Kellum was engaged in superintending the construction of a railroad for Mr. Stewart, to connect with the one to Flushing and Williamsburg, so as to have rapid communication with New York.

It was Mr. Kellum's expectation that his chief employment for many years would center on the development of this immense property. He had planned a large hotel there for Mr. Stewart, capable of accommodating two hundred guests, and about twenty edifices of the value of from eight to twelve thousand dollars each, which latter were in process of erection, commanding all the attention of Mr. Kellum which he desired to bestow on affairs not his own; and he has often been heard to remark, of late, that he would abandon all business but for his attachment to Mr. Stewart.

Perhaps the most conspicuous feature of Mr. Kellum's plans for business edifices was their appropriateness to the object. He knew how to arrange the several parts of a building in the most convenient manner for the purpose intended, was familiar with the strength of all materials used in construction, and had a perfect facility in adapting means to ends. No rule of architecture induced him to shut out any portion of light which the business required, or to subject its exigencies to external forms. He delighted to construct fire-proof structures, and to feel that they would be regarded, perhaps ages hence, as a substantial contribution to the welfare of future generations.

His eminent success was due to his practical good sense and skill, his perfect integrity, and his entire fidelity to those who employed him. He was diligent, rapid and accurate in calculations, had a minute knowledge of all the particulars of his art, was strictly impartial as between owners and contractors in adjusting differences, and safe and prudent, but seconded boldness in his plans when warranted by circumstances, as in the case of the dome of Mr. Stewart's Tenth Street store and that of the City Hall, or new Court-house. His death is a great public loss.

He leaves a widow and four children—two sons and two unmarried daughters—between whom and the deceased there existed the happiest relations.

LORD KILGOBBIN.

By CHARLES LEVER.

Author of "That Boy of Norcott's," "The Bramleighs of Bishop's Folly," "Sir Brook Fossbrooke," "A Day's Ride," "One of Them," "Gerald Fitzgerald," etc., etc.

CHAPTER XXII.

A CONFIDENTIAL TALK.

Dick Kearney walked the bog from early morning till dark without firing a shot. The snipe rose almost at his feet, and, wheeling in circles through the air, dipped again into some dark crevice of the waste, unnoticed by him. One thought only possessed, and never left him, to be a cut. He had overheard Nina's words to his sister as he made his escape over the fence, and learned how she promised to "spare him;" and that if not worried about him, or asked to pledge herself, she should be "merciful," and not entangle the boy in a hopeless passion.

He would have liked to have scoffed at the insolence of this speech, and treated it as a trait of overweening conceit; he would have gladly accepted her pity as a sort of challenge, and said, "So be it: let us see who will come safest out of this encounter;" and yet he felt in his heart he could not.

First of all, her beauty had really dazzled him and the thousand graces of a manner of which he had known nothing captivated and almost bewildered him. He could not reply to her in the same tone he used to any other. If he fetched her a book or a chair, he gave it with a sort of deference that actually reacted on himself, and made him more gentle and more courteous, for the time. "What would this influence end in making me?" was his question to himself. "Should I gain in sentiment or feeling? Should I have higher and nobler aims? Should I be any thing of that she herself described so glowingly, or should I only sink into a weak desire to be her slave, and ask for nothing better than some slight recognition of my devotion? I take it that she would say the choice lay with her, and that I should be the one or the other as she willed it, and though I would give much to believe her wrong, my heart tells me that I am not. I came down here resolved to resist any influence she might attempt to have over me. Her likeness showed me how beautiful she was, but it could not tell me the dangerous fascination of her low liquid voice, her half-playful, half-melancholy smile, and that bewitching walk, with all its stately grace, as that every fold of her dress moves with its own thrill of ecstasy. And now that I know all these, see and feel them, I am told that to me they can bring no hope! That I am too poor, too ignoble, too undistinguished, to raise my eyes to such attraction. I am nothing, and must live and die nothing.

"She is candid enough, at all events. There is no rhapsody about her when she talks of poverty. She chronicles every stage of the misery, as though she had felt them all, and how unlike it she looks! There is an almost insolent well-being about her that puzzles me. She will not heed this, or suffer that, because it looks mean. Is this the subtle worship she offers Wealth, and is it thus she offers up her prayer to Fortune?

"But why should she assume I must be her slave?" cried he aloud, in a sort of defiance. "I have shown her no such preference, nor made any advances that would show I want to win her favor. Without denying that she is beautiful, is it so certain it is the kind of beauty I admire? She has scores of fascinations—I do not deny it; but should I say that I trust her? And if I should trust her, and love her too, where must it all end in? I do not believe in her theory that love will transform a fellow of my mould into a hero, not to say that I have my own doubt if she herself believes it. I wonder if Kate reads her more clearly? Girls so often understand each other by traits we have no clew to; and it was Kate who asked her, almost in tone of entreaty, 'to spare me,' to save me from a hopeless passion, just as though I were some peasant-boy who had set his affections on a princess. Is that the way, then, the world would read our respective conditions? The son of a ruined house or the great beggared family leaves little to choose between. Kate—the world—would call my lot the better of the two. The man's chance is not irretrievable, at least such is the theory. These half-dozen fellows, who in a century or so contrive to work their way up to something, make a sort of precedent, and tell the others what they might be if they but knew how.

"I'm not vain enough to suppose I am one of these, and it is quite plain that she does not think me so." He pondered long over this thought, and then suddenly cried aloud, "Is it possible she may read Joe Atlee in this fashion? Is that the stuff out of which she hopes to make a hero?" There was more bitterness in this thought than he had first imagined, and there was that of jealousy in it, too, that pained him deeply.

Had she preferred either of the two Englishmen to himself, he could have understood and, in a measure, accepted it. They were, as he called them, "swells." They might become, he knew not what. The career of the Saxon in fortune was a thing incommensurable by Irish ideas, but Joe was no better than himself, or in reality less than himself, in worldly advantages.

This pang of jealousy was very bitter; but until it served to stimulate him and raise him from a depression that was gaining fast upon him. It is true, he remembered she had spoken slightingly of Joe Atlee. Called him vain, pretentious, even vulgar; snubbed him openly on more than one occasion, and seemed to like to turn the laugh against him; but with all that she had sung duets with him, corrected some Italian verses he wrote, and actually made a little sketch in his note-book for him as a souvenir. A souvenir! and of what? Not of the ridicule she had turned upon him, nor the jest she had made upon his boastfulness. Now which of these two did this argue? was this levity, or was it falsehood? Was she so little mindful of honesty that she would show the weight of favor to one she held most cheaply, or was it that her disdain to this man was mere pretense, and only assumed to deceive others?

After all, Joe Atlee was a nobody; flattery might call him an adventurer, but he was not even so much. Among the men of the dangerous party he mixed with he was careful never to compromise himself. He might write the songs of rebellion, but he was little likely to tamper with treason itself. So much he would tell her when he got back. Not angrily, nor passionately, for that would betray him and disclose his jealousy, but in the tone of a man revealing something he regretted—confessing to the blemish of one he would have liked better to speak well of. There was not, he thought, any thing unfair in this. He was but warning her against a man who was unworthy of her. Unworthy of her! What words could express the disparity between them? Not but if she liked him—and this he said with a certain bitterness—or thought she liked him, the disproportion already ceased to exist.

Hour after hour of that long summer day he walked, revolving such thoughts as these, all his ingenuities tending to the one point, that he was not the easy victim she thought him, and that, come what might, he should not be offered up as a sacrifice to her worship of Joe Atlee.

"There is nothing would gratify the fellow's vanity," thought he, "like a successful rivalry of him. Tell him he was preferred to me, and he would be ready to fall down and worship whoever had made the choice."

By dwelling on all the possible and impossible issues of such an attachment he had at length convinced himself of its existence, and even more, persuaded himself to look at it as something to be regretted and grieved over for worldly considerations, but not to see it as [illegible] personally unpleasant.

As he came in sight of home and saw a light in the small tower where Kate's bedroom lay, he determined he would go up to his sister and tell her as much of his mind as he felt was finally settled, and in such a way as would [illegible] lead her to repeat it to Nina.

"Kate shall tell her that if I have left her suddenly and gone back to Trinity to keep my term, I have not fled the field in a moment of faint-heartedness. I do not deny her beauty. I do not disparage one of her attractions, and she has scores of them. I will not even say that when I have sat beside her, heard her low voice, and watched the tremor of that lovely mouth vibrating with wit or tenderness, I have been all indifference; but [illegible] she shall not number me among the victims of her fascinations; and when she counts the trophies on her wrist that record the hearts she has broken—a pastime I [illegible]—one of them shall record the name of Dick Kearney."

With these brave words he mounted the narrow stair and knocked at his sister's door. No answer coming, he knocked again, and after waiting a few seconds he slowly opened the door and saw that Kate, still dressed, had thrown herself on her bed, and was sound asleep. The table was covered with account-books and papers; tax receipts, [illegible] notices, and tenants' letters [illegible] showing what had been the task she was last engaged on, [illegible] told the exhaustion which had left her behind it.

"I wish I could help her with her work," [illegible]

"KATE, STILL DRESSED, HAD THROWN HERSELF ON HER BED, AND WAS SOUND ASLEEP."

muttered he to himself, as a pang of self-reproach shot through him. This certainly should have been his own task rather than hers; the question was, however, Could he have done it? And this doubt increased as he looked over the long column of tenants' names, whose holdings varied in every imaginable quantity of acres, roods, and perches. Besides these there were innumerable small details of allowances for this and compensation for that. This one had given so many days' horse-and-car hire at the bog; that other had got advances "in seed potatoes;" such a one had a claim for reduced rent, because the mill-race had overflowed and deluged his wheat crop; such another had fed two pigs of "the lord's" and fattened them, while himself and his own were nigh starving.

Through an entire column there was not one case without its complication, either in the shape of argument for increased liability, or claim for compensation. It was cross-shot every where, and Dick could not but ask himself whether any tenant on the estate really knew how far he was hopelessly in debt or a solvent man. It only needed Peter Gill's peculiar mode of collecting the moneys due, and recording the payment by the notched stick, to make the complication perfect; and there, indeed, upon the table, amidst accounts, and bills, and sale-warrants, lay the memorable bits of wood themselves, as that worthy steward had deposited them before quitting his master's service.

Peter's character, too, written out in Kate's hand, and only awaiting her father's signature, was on the table—the first intimation Dick Kearney had that old Gill had quitted his post.

"All this must have occurred to-day," thought Dick; "there were no evidences of these changes when I left this morning. Was it the backwater of my disgrace, I wonder, that has overwhelmed poor Gill?" thought he; "or can I detect Miss Betty's fine Roman hand in this incident?"

In proportion to the little love he bore Miss O'Shea, were his convictions the stronger that she was the cause of all mischief. She was one of those who took very "utilitarian" notions of his own career, and he bore her small gratitude for the solicitude. There were short sentences in pencil along the margin of the chief leaf in Kate's hand of writing which could not fail to strike him as he read them, indicating as they did her difficulty, if not utter incapacity, to deal with the conditions of the estate. Thus:

"There is no warranty for this compendium. It can not be continued."—"The tenure in this case was duly served, and Gill knows that it was to papa's generosity they were indebted for remaining."—"These arrears have never been paid; on that point I am positive."—"Malone's holding not fairly measured; he has a just claim to compensation, and shall have it."—"Hannigan's right to turbary must not be disputed, but can not be used as a precedent by others on the same part of the estate, and I will state why."—"More of Peter Gill's conciliatory policy! The Regans, for having been twice in jail, and once indicted, and nearly convicted of Ribbonism, have established a claim to live rent free! This I will promise to rectify."—"I shall make no more allowances for improvements without a guarantee, and a penalty besides on non-completion."

And last of all came these ominous words:

"It will thus be seen that our rent-roll since '61 has been progressively decreasing, and that we have only been able to supply our expenses by sale of property. Dick must be spoken to on this, and at once."

Several entries had been already rubbed out, and it was clear that she had been occupied to the task of erasure on that very night. Poor girl! her sleep was the heavy repose of one utterly exhausted, and her closely clasped lips and corrugated brow showed in what frame of intense thought she had sunk to rest. He closed the book noiselessly as he looked at her, replaced the various objects on the table, and rose to steal quietly away.

The accidental movement of a chair, however, startled her: she turned, and leaning on her elbow, she saw him as he tried to move away. "Don't go, Dick; don't go. I'm awake, and quite fresh again. Is it late?"

"It's not far from one o'clock," said he, half roughly, to hide his emotion: for her worn and wearied features struck him now more forcibly than when she slept.

"And are you only returned now? How hungry you must be! Poor fellow—have you dined to-day?"

"Yes: I got to Owen Mulloy's as they were straining the potatoes, and sat down with them, and ate very heartily, too."

"Weren't they proud of it? Won't they tell how the young lord shared their meal with them?"

"I don't think they are as cordial as they used to be, Kate; they did not talk as openly, nor seem as their own, as I once knew them. And they did one thing significant enough in its way, that I did not like. They quoted the county newspaper twice or thrice when we talked of the land."

"I am aware of that, Dick; they have got other counselors than their landlords now," said she mournfully, "and is it our own fault if they have."

"What, are you turning nationalist, Kitty?" said he, laughing.

"I was always a nationalist in one sense," said she, "and mean to continue so. But let us not go upon this theme. Do you know that Peter Gill has left us?"

"What for America?"

"No; for 'Ulvenon Barn.' Miss Betty has taken him. She came here to-day to 'have it out' with papa, as she said; and she has kept her word. Indeed, not alone with him, but with all of us. Even Nina did not escape."

"Insufferable old woman! What did she dare to say to Nina?"

"She got off the cheapest of us all, Dick," said she, laughing. "It was only some stupid remark she made her about looking like a boy, or being dressed like a rope-dancer. A small civility of this sort was her share of the general attention."

"And how did Nina take the insolence?"

"With great good-temper, or good-breeding. I don't know exactly which covered the indifference she displayed, till Miss Betty, when taking her leave, renewed the impertinence in the hall by saying something about the triumphant success such a costume would achieve in the circus, when Nina courtesied, and said, 'I am charmed to hear you say so, madam, and shall wear it for my benefit; and, if I could only secure the appearance of yourself and your little groom, my triumph would be, indeed, complete.' I did not dare to wait for more, but hurried out to affect to busy myself with the saddle, and pretend that it was not tightly girthed."

"I'd have given twenty pounds, if I had it, to have seen the old woman's face. No one ever ventured before to pay her back with her own money."

"But I give you such a wrong version of it, Dick. I only convey the coarseness of the rejoinder, and I can give you no idea of the ineffable grace and delicacy which made her words sound like a humble apology. Her eyelids drooped as she courtesied, and when she looked up again, in a way that seemed humility itself, to have reproved her would have appeared downright cruelty."

"She is a finished coquette," said he, bitterly; "a finished coquette."

Kate made no answer, though he evidently expected one; and after waiting a while he went on. "Not but her high accomplishments are clean thrown away in such a place as this, and among such people. What chance of fitting exercise have they with my father or myself? Or is it on Joe Atlee she would try the range of her artillery?"

"Not so very impossible this, after all," muttered Kate, quietly.

"What, and is it to *that* her high ambitions tend? Is *he* the prize she would strive to win?"

"I can be no guide to you in this matter, Dick. She makes no confidences with me, and of myself I am nothing."

"You have, however, some influence over her."

"No; not much."

"I did not say much; but enough to induce her to yield to a strong entreaty, as when, for instance, you implored her to spare your brother—that poor fellow about to fall so hopelessly in love—"

"I'm not sure that my request did not come too late, after all," said she, with a laughing malice in her eye.

"Don't be so sure of that," retorted he, almost fiercely.

"Oh, I never bargained for what you might do in a moment of passion or resentment."

"There is neither one nor the other here. I am perfectly cool, calm, and collected, and I tell you this, that whoever your pretty Greek friend is to make a fool of, it shall not be Dick Kearney."

"It might be very nice fooling, all the same, Dick."

"I know—that is, I believe I know—what you mean. You have listened to some of those high lessons she narrats to in showing what the exaltation of a great passion can make of a young man who has a breast capable of emotion, and you want to see the experiment tried in the least favorable conditions, on a cold, soulless, selfish fellow of my own order; but, take my word for it, Kate, it would prove a sheer loss of time to us both. Whatever she might make of me, it would not be a *lover*; and whatever I should strive for, it would not be her *love*."

"I don't think I'd say that if I were a man."

He made no answer to these words, but arose and walked the room with hasty steps. "It was not about these things I came here to talk to you, Kitty," said he, earnestly. "I had my head full of other things, and now I can not remember them. Only one occurs to me. Have you got any money? I mean a mere trifle—enough to pay my fare to town?"

"To be sure I have that much, Dick; but you are surely not going to leave us?"

"Yes. I suddenly remembered I must be up for the last day of term in Trinity. Knocking about here—I'll scarcely say amusing myself—I had forgotten all about it. Atlee used to jog my memory on these things when he was near me, and now, being away, I have contrived to let the whole escape me. You can help me, however, with a few pounds?"

"I have got five of my own, Dick, but if you want more—"

"No, no; I'll borrow the five of your own, and don't blend it with more, as I may come to regard it as a debt of honor."

"And if you should, my poor dear Dick—"

"I'd be only pretty much what I have ever been, but scarcely wish to be any longer," and he added the last words in a whisper. "It's only to be a brief absence, Kitty," said he, kissing her; "so say good-by for me to the others, and that I shall be soon back again."

"Shall I kiss Nina for you, Dick?"

"Do; and tell her that I gave you the same commission for Miss O'Shea, and was grieved that both should have been done by deputy!"

And with this he hurried away.

CHAPTER XXIII.

A HAP-HAZARD VICEROY.

When the Government came into office, they were sorely puzzled where to find a lord-lieutenant for Ireland. It is, unhappily, a post that the men most fitted for generally refuse, while the Cabinet is besieged by a class of applicants whose highest qualification is a taste for mock royalty combined with an encumbered estate.

Another great requisite, besides fortune and a certain amount of ability, was at this time looked for. The Premier was about, as newspapers call it "to inaugurate a new policy," and he wanted a man who knew nothing about Ireland! Now, it might be carelessly imagined that here was one of those essentials very easily supplied. Any man frequenting club-life or dining out in town could have safely pledged himself to tell off a score or two of eligible viceroys, so far as this qualification went. The minister, however, wanted more than mere ignorance: he wanted that sort of indifference on which a character for impartiality could so easily be constructed. Not alone a man unacquainted with Ireland, but actually incapable of being influenced by an Irish motive or affected by an Irish view of any thing.

Good luck would have it that he met such a man at dinner. He was an ambassador to Constantinople, on leave from his post, and so utterly dead to Irish topics as to be uncertain whether O'Donovan Rossa was a Fenian or a queen's counsel, and whether he whom he had read of as the "Lion of Judah" was the king of beasts or the Archbishop of Tuam!

The minister was pleased with his new acquaintance, and talked much to him, and long. He talked well, and not the less well that his listener was a fresh audience, who heard every thing for the first time, and with all the interest that attaches to a new topic. Lord Danesbury was, indeed, that "sheet of white paper" the head of the Cabinet had long been searching for, and he hastened to inscribe him with the characters he wished.

"You must go to Ireland for me, my lord," said the minister. "I have met no one as yet so rightly imbued with the necessities of the situation. You must be our viceroy."

Now, though a very high post and with great surroundings, Lord Danesbury had no desire to exchange his position as an ambassador, even to become a lord-lieutenant. Like most men who have passed their lives abroad, he grew to like the ways and habits of the Continent. He liked the easy indulgences in many things, he liked the cosmopolitanism that surrounds existence, and even in its levity is not devoid of a certain breadth; and best of all, he liked the vast interests at stake, the large questions at issue, the fortunes of States, the fate of Dynasties! To come down from the great game, as played by kings and kaisers, to the small traffic of a local government, wrangling over a road-bill or disputing over a harbor, seemed too horrible to confront, and he eagerly begged the minister to allow him to return to his post, and not risk a hard-earned reputation on a new and untried career.

"It is precisely from the fact of its being new and untried I need you," was the reply, and his denial was not accepted.

Refusal was impossible; and, with all the reluctance a man consents to what his convictions are more opposed to even than his reasons, Lord Danesbury gave in, and accepted the viceroyalty of Ireland.

He was deferential to humility in listening to the great aims and noble conceptions of the mighty minister, and pledged himself—as he could safely do—to become as plastic as wax in the powerful hands which were about to remodel Ireland.

He was gazetted in due course, went over to Dublin, made a State entrance, received the usual deputations, complimented every one, from the Provost of Trinity College to the Chief Commissioner of Pipe-water; praised the coast, the corporation, and the city; declared that he had at length reached the highest goal of his ambition; entertained the high dignitaries to dinner; and the week after retired to his ancestral seat in North Wales, to recruit after his late fatigue, and throw off the effects of that damp, moist climate which already, he fancied, had affected him.

He had been sworn in with every solemnity of the occasion; he had sat on the throne of state, named the officers of his household, made a master of the horse, and a state steward, and a grand chamberlain; and, till stopped by hearing that he could not create ladies and maids of honor, he fancied himself every inch a king. But now that he had got over to the tranquil quietude of his mountain home, his thoughts went away to the old channels, and he began to dream of the Russians in the Balkan and the Greeks in Thessaly. Of all the precious schemes that had taken him months to weave, what was to come of them now? How and with what would his successor, whoever he should be, oppose the rogueries of Sumayloff or the chicanery of Ignatief; what would any man not trained to the especial watchfulness of this subtle game know of the steps by which men advanced? Who was to watch Bulgaria, and see how far Russian gold was embellishing the life of Athens? There was not a hungry agent that lounged about the Russian embassy in Greek petticoats and pistols whose photograph the English ambassador did not possess, with a biographical note at the back to tell the fellow's name and birth-place, what he was meant for and what he cost. Of every interview of his countrymen with the Grand Vizier he was kept fully informed; and whether a forage magazine was established on the Pruth, or a new frigate laid down at Nikolaief, the news reached him by the time it arrived at St. Petersburg. It is true he was aware how hopeless it was to write home about these things. The ambassador who writes disagreeable dispatches is a bore or an old woman. He who dares to shake the security by which we daily boast we are surrounded is an alarmist, if not worse. Notwithstanding this, he held his cards well "up," and played them shrewdly. And now he was to turn from that crafty game, with all its excitement, to pore over constabulary reports and snub Justices of the peace!

But there was worse than this. There was an Albanian spy, who had been much employed by him of late, a clever fellow, with access to society, and great facilities for obtaining information. Seeing that Lord Danesbury should not return to the embassy, would this fellow go over to the enemy? If so, there were no words for the mischief he might effect. By a subordinate position in a Greek government office, he had often been selected to convey dispatches to Constantinople, and it was in this way his lordship first met him; and as the fellow frankly presented himself with a very momentous piece of news, he at once showed how he trusted to British faith not to betray him. It was not alone the incalculable mischief such a man might do by change of allegiance, but the whole fabric on which Lord Danesbury's reputation rested was in this man's keeping; and of all that wondrous prescience on which he used to pride himself before the world, all the skill with which he baffled an adversary, and all the tact with which he overwhelmed a colleague, this same "Speridionides" could give the secret and show the trick.

How much more constantly, then, did his lordship's thoughts revert to the Bosphorus than the Liffey! All this home news was mean, commonplace, and vulgar. The whole drama—scenery, actors, plot—all were low and ignoble; and as for this "something that was to be done for Ireland," it would of course be some slowly germinating policy to take root now, and blossom in another half century: one of those blessed parliamentary enactments which men who dealt in heroic remedies like himself regarded as the chronic placebo of the political quack.

"I am well aware," cried he, aloud, "for what they are sending me over. I am to 'make a case' in Ireland for a political legislation, and the bill is already drawn and ready; and while I am demonstrating to Irish Churchmen that they will be more pious without a religion, and the landlords richer without rent, the Russians will be mounting guard at the Golden Horn, and the last British squadron steaming down the Levant."

It was in a temper kindled by these reflections he wrote this note:

"Plinlimmon Castle, North Wales.

"Dear Walpole,—I can make nothing out of the papers you have sent me, nor am I able to discriminate between what you admit to be newspaper slander and the attack on the castle with the unspeakable name. At all events, your account is far too graphic for the Treasury lords, who have less of the pictorial about them than Mr. Mudie's subscribers. If the Irish peasants are so impatient to assume their rights that they will not wait for the "Hall-Housekeeping," as Bill to Parliament that is to endow them, I suspect a little further show of energy might save us a debate and a third reading. I am, however, far more eager for news from Therapia. Tolstoi has been twice over with dispatches, and Boustikoff, pretending to have sprained his ankle, can not leave Odessa, though I have ascertained that he has laid down new lines of fortification, and walked over twelve miles per day. You may have heard of the great 'Speridionides,' a scoundrel that supplied me with intelligence. I should like much to get him over here while I am on my leave, confer with him, and, if possible, save him *from the necessity of other engagements*. It is not every one could be trusted to deal with a man of this stamp, nor would the fellow himself easily hold relations with any but a gentleman. Are you sufficiently recovered from your sprained arm to undertake this journey for me? If so, come over at once, that I may give you all necessary indications as to the man and his whereabouts.

"Maude has been 'on the sick-list,' but is better, and able to ride out to-day. I can not fill the law appointments till I go over, nor shall I go over till I can not help it. The Cabinet is scattered over the Scotch lakes. C. alone in town, and preparing for the War Ministry by practicing the goose-step. Telegraph, if possible, that you are coming, and believe me yours,

"Danesbury."

SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

The great degree of activity exhibited within the past few years in the way of arctic exploration has revived in the minds of various persons the propriety of endeavoring to solve the remaining problems of the south polar regions. A special interest attaches to this inquiry in connection with the impending transit of Venus in 1874, since, for the successful answer to all the questions depending upon the observation of this phenomenon, it is of the utmost importance to secure antarctic stations of high latitude as remote as possible from the points now known to be accessible.

Among those who have interested themselves more particularly with this question is Dr. Neumayer, who has brought it to the consideration of the Academy of Science of Vienna and the Academy of Science of Pesth; and there is now some reason to believe that the Austro-Hungarian empire will take up the subject at an early day, and dispatch an expedition, both for the purpose of scientific discovery and also for ascertaining whether an astronomical station for the observation of the phenomenon referred to can be obtained. In addition to the points already selected—namely, Kerguelen Land and Auckland Islands—a third is especially desirable in the very region where there is the least probability of penetrating to a high latitude.

For a number of years scientific inquiry was quite rife toward and in the antarctic circle, discovery following discovery in quite rapid succession. The most brilliant period, however, was that extending from 1838 to 1843, when three great national expeditions, under the command of Admiral D'Urville for France, Sir James Ross for England, and Captain Wilkes for the United States, prosecuted their researches. It is hardly necessary to attempt a summary of what was accomplished by these intrepid navigators, or to discuss the question as to whether the lands discovered by Captain Wilkes were continental or insular. One discovery of

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great moment, by Sir JAMES ROSS, was that of active volcanoes in South Victoria Land having a height of 12,000 feet, access to which was barred by a wall of solid ice 200 feet in height, along which he sailed for hundreds of miles without finding an opportunity to penetrate farther into the interior. Since 1842, with the single exception of the voyage of the *Pagoda*, under Captain MOORE, in 1845 little, if any thing, has been done to extend the area of research beyond the critical collation of log books of sailors with a view to determine the precise nature of the ocean currents and the temperature of the sea, from which, however, important generalizations have been derived.

Of late years, as already stated, renewed attention has been directed toward the antarctic lands, largely in consequence of the publications of the Meteorological Institute of the Netherlands, in which it is shown that the current of warm water which comes from the Straits of Mozambique, and is known farther south as the Agulhas Stream, does not, as originally supposed, continue round the Cape of Good Hope, but at the southern point of Africa bends around toward the east, and unites with the waters that strike along the coast of Australia, and in the region of Kerguelen Land turns more and more to the south, having been traced in that direction as far as the fiftieth degree of south latitude. How much further it goes has not yet been ascertained, but it is extremely probable, judging from the analogies of the currents of the northern hemisphere, that this may penetrate to quite a high latitude, and that it is along its path that researches are to be prosecuted which will lead more or less near to the heart of the mystery that now surrounds the south pole.

The discoveries of ROSS and WEDDELL are really due to their persistency in following the warm currents—the first from New Zealand, and the other on the south of Cape Horn. There is the more hope of a satisfactory result in this experiment as little special effort hitherto has been made in that direction. And if, as already stated, it is in that region that the best location for a third antarctic astronomical station is to be found, additional zest will be given to the inquiry. It is quite probable that one result of a successful exploration will be to limit very materially the supposed mass of land, as many of our best geographers maintain the existence of an archipelago of islands, firmly united by bonds of ice, rather than a continent. This is an *a priori* conclusion fortified by general climatological analogies, and can only be substantiated by actual observations.

An ingenious method has been lately devised by the Registrar in Victoria to procure an accurate enumeration of all the inhabitants of the colony under the present census. This consists in the offer of a reward of ten shillings to any one who can prove that he and his household have been overlooked by the enumerator. We presume that the officers engaged in taking the census will be called upon to pay a part, if not the whole, of what would thus become a due for carelessness, and we have little doubt that the expedient will be successful in increasing the accuracy of the result.

We find in the *American Journal of Science* for July a more detailed statement of the result of the Williams College expedition than has heretofore been published. This consisted of five members of the present Senior class, under the leadership of Mr. H. M. MYERS, who gained much experience in the line of exploration in connection with the Venezuelan branch of Professor ORTON'S expedition of some years back. We have already referred to the movements of this party, and it is only necessary to add that large numbers of birds were obtained by the expedition at Comayagua, as well as two statues exhumed at Chorotal, south of Belize. The collections made by the party will go to enrich the Williams College Lyceum of Natural History, and will add much to its already extensive treasures.

Among the establishments that have been connected with the subject of the artificial breeding of fish for economical purposes, that under the direction of the French government at Huningue, in Alsace, has occupied a very prominent position, and its agency in furnishing ripe spawn and young fish to different parts of Europe has been very extensive. We now learn that since the transfer of this region to the German empire efforts have been made to induce the government to take charge of it, and carry it on on a much more efficient scale than before, and that as a preliminary a Prussian pisciculturist of much eminence has been placed in charge.

From *Nature* we learn that the celebrated collection of Egyptian antiquities made by Mr. ROBERT HAY, and recently exhibited in the Crystal Palace at Sydenham, has been purchased by a Boston banker, and been shipped to that city. While expressing regret at the loss of this valuable collection, America is congratulated on the acquisition of such an important and in many respects unique addition to its antiquities.

It may interest some of our readers who have occasion to order analyses of various substances in the United States to learn the rate of charges which have been fixed for this service by the Austrian government at certain official establishments. From a long list of prices which we have before us we find the charge mentioned for qualitative analyses of alloys and simple minerals and salts to be about two thalers each, and for quantitative analyses of the same ten thalers. A qualitative analysis of compound minerals, furnace slags, etc., costs about six thalers; that of spring waters, three and one-third; of mineral waters, thirty-three and one-third; of ores, three and one-third, for the determination of the amount of sugar in beet juice, sirups, honey, etc., the same price, and for quantitative analyses, in each case, two to three times the amounts mentioned.

We have already given our readers an account of sundry expeditions which have been organized for the purpose of geographical or scientific explorations in America, both in the United States and in the arctic regions. Our brethren across the water are equally alive to the interest of these subjects, and are fitting out expeditions of more or less magnitude. Some of these we have already referred to, and we now learn that, among others, an Austrian expedition is in preparation for a visit to the little-known Gillis Land, situated to the east of Spitzbergen. For this purpose it is proposed to charter at Tromsoe, in Norway, a small sailing vessel and crew, such as are employed in the oil or fur trade, and in the habit of making yearly visits to Spitzbergen and Nova Zembla. The expedition will be under the direction of Lieutenant PAYER (well known for his labors in the Austrian Alps, and on the late expedition of the *Germania*) and Lieutenant WEYPRECHT. The necessary instruments for making observations upon the temperature of the water and air and other points of inquiry will be furnished by the government authorities of Austria. The party was to leave Tromsoe about the middle of June, to return about the middle of September, as it will not be fitted out for a longer stay.

The object of this journey is to make a reconnoissance, preliminary to a more extended and elaborate expedition in 1872, with a view of attempting to reach the pole by way of the channel between Gillis Land and Spitzbergen. It is believed by Dr. PETERMANN and others that the Gulf Stream reaches far to the north in this region, and that in all probability along the western coast of Gillis Land will be found the best pathway toward the goal for which so many nations are striving. There is no question but that a considerably greater latitude than 80° can be easily reached, although the number of degrees north of this that can be traversed is a problem yet to be solved. In any event, in our almost absolute ignorance of the region between Spitzbergen and Nova Zembla, important discoveries in physical and natural science will undoubtedly be made, apart from any question of the attainment of higher latitudes.

The Swedish government is continuing its previous work in the Spitzbergen seas, having sent up two government steamers for a five months' sojourn, with the special object of prosecuting deep-sea soundings and dredgings. Among others accompanying the expedition are Captain VON OTTER and Dr. NYSTRÖM, together with three other savants. Professor NORDENSKIÖLD, who spent last summer in Greenland, is at present busily engaged in preparing a report of his labors, and it is understood that next year he will proceed to the northern part of Spitzbergen for the purpose of establishing a Norwegian colony, at which an astronomical, magnetical, and meteorological station can be founded. It is expected that a permanent sojourn in the high North, such as would be involved in this movement, will add vastly to our knowledge of the physical and natural history of the polar regions, and that results will be accomplished far exceeding any thing we could acquire by the occasional visits of vessels remaining only a few months in the year.

The German government will, it is understood, send an expedition for deep-sea work to the region in the Atlantic west of Portugal, where the wonderful labors of the *Porcupine* were prosecuted in 1869.

SCOTTISH PET NAMES.

SCOTTISH dialects are peculiarly rich in terms of endearment; more so than the pure Anglican. Without at all pretending to exhaust the subject, I may cite the following as examples of the class of terms I speak of. Take the names for parents, "Daddie" and "Mammie;" names for children, "My wee bit lady" or "laddie," "My wee bit lamb;" of a general nature, "My ain kind dearie." "Dawtie," especially used to young people, described by Jamieson a darling or favorite, one who is dawted, *i. e.*, fondled or caressed. My "jo" expresses affection with familiarity, evidently derived from joy—an easy transition, as "My jo, Janet;" "John Anderson my jo, John." Of this character is Burns's address to a wife, "My winsome"—*i. e.*, engaging, charming—"wee thing;" also to a wife, "My winsome marrow," the latter word signifying a dear companion, one of a pair closely allied to each other; also the address of Rob the Ranter to Maggie Lauder, "My bonnie bird." Now we would remark upon this abundant nomenclature of kindly expressions in the Scottish dialect that it assumes an interesting position as taken in connection with the Scottish life and character, and as a set-off against a frequent short and grumpy manner. It indicates how often there must be a current of tenderness and affection in the Scottish heart, which is so frequently represented to be, like its climate, "stern and wild." There could not be such terms were the feelings they express unknown. I believe it often happens that in the Scottish character there is a vein of deep and kindly feeling lying hid under a short and hard and somewhat stern manner. Hence has arisen the Scottish saying which is applicable to such cases, "His girn's waur than his bite"—his disposition is of a softer nature than his words and manner would often lead you to suppose.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

A SAIL on our beautiful Hudson is, as an enthusiastic youth remarked the other day, "the height of summer bliss." Hundreds luxuriate every day during "the season" in the magnificent views among the Highlands, as the crowded decks of the Albany day-boats and other steamers abundantly testify. But delightful as is the passage in a swift-going steamer, rowing on the Hudson is still more inspiring. Given—a breezy afternoon or moonlight evening, a pretty row-boat, a skillful oarsman (if you do not row yourself), and from four to half a dozen congenial companions, and you have the elements of a most charming little excursion. Such, at least, it proved to our little party the other evening. It was about five o'clock when we stepped into our boat at Cornwall Landing—six of us all told. A fresh breeze, a bright sky, and all ready for a good time. Swiftly we glide over the sparkling waters, passing under the shadow of Old Storm King, gazing with new interest upon the rocky sides of Cro' Nest as we seem almost to touch the mountain itself, watching the varying shade and sunshine on the crest of Breakneck—chatting merrily the while, and admiring the strong, steady strokes of the oars. Fifty-two minutes from the time of starting we landed at West Point. Too early for the dress parade, are we? Well, there is time for a walk to Fort Putnam, which some of our party; the others linger about the parade-ground, listening to the fine music of the band, and watching the gay promenaders. At the hour of seven the cadets come from their tents, and, in their handsome white garments, go through their evolutions with admirable exactness. Then over, we stroll through "Flirtation Walk"—familiar to all West Pointers—and again enter our boat. The fair moon has risen in the clear sky, and she seems, as we skim over the river, to follow us over the mountain-tops. Wind and tide are against us, but strong hands propel the little boat; though as we round the "Point," where the tide is strongest, one of our party seizes the extra paddle and lends a helping hand, evidently to the satisfaction of our oarsman. A little more than an hour brings us back to Cornwall, well pleased with our trip, and thinking how much more invigorating such simple out-door excursions would be to city refugees than the heated ball-room and the frequented card-table of many fashionable resorts.

The studio of Miss Harriet G. Hosmer is said to be the most beautiful in Rome, and she herself occupies a leading position in the art society of the Eternal City. She is yet in the prime of life, being about forty years of age.

The citizens of Hamburg, Germany, intend to do their part toward Christianizing the world. They support fifty Protestant missionaries in Africa and Australia.

New England has had another shaking. Earthquakes are becoming very common occurrences. Somebody has been looking up the subject, and finds that after the Pilgrim Fathers landed on Plymouth Rock they were exempt from earthquakes for eighteen years. The first, in 1638, was very severe. Between that year and 1760 one hundred and forty-nine earthquakes are recorded as having been experienced in the Eastern States. Nearly twice as many have occurred in winter and autumn as in the warmer seasons. New York and Philadelphia have never experienced these convulsions with any great degree of severity.

Ruffians in Newark recently entered a Methodist chapel, and, with blasphemy and ribald songs, broke up the service which was being conducted in a quiet, unostentatious manner.

It is an interesting fact that "Tad" Lincoln—whose recent death at the early age of eighteen caused universal regret among his large circle of friends—when but eight years old, of his own accord, signed a pledge of total abstinence from all intoxicating liquors and tobacco. To this pledge he unflinchingly adhered, refusing all proffers of wine, even at public dinners, answering politely but firmly, "I am pledged to total abstinence."

The Milo statue of Venus, which was buried during the siege of Paris, has been dug up and replaced in the Louvre. It was deposited in the cellars of the Prefecture of Police, in a triple case, out of the reach of bomb-shells. This beautiful work has traversed the Prussian investment and the reign of the Commune without the slightest injury.

M. Rochefort has domestic as well as political troubles. His young daughter, aged fifteen, ran away from school with a youth of eighteen. The couple went to London and were married; but the mother of the bridegroom followed, and took her son to the continent, while the child-bride returned to Jersey, where she had been at school.

Jenny Lind—who never formally retired from the stage, but withdrew to private life when her voice was yet in its best condition—has reappeared before the public. She has taken the part of Ruth in Mr. Otto Goldschmidt's oratorio of that name. Her voice has lost its exquisite purity and freshness, yet her musical conceptions are so perfect and artistic that they largely atone for the lack of vocal force. She sings only for charitable purposes.

A cargo of ten elephants, fresh from their native jungles in Ceylon, recently landed in this city. During the long passage of about four months they got along well, after the first sea-sickness was over. They used 18,000 gallons of water on the passage, and ate up 125 bales of hay, averaging 275 pounds per day, which food was in addition to two bushels of gram and paddy, the last rolled up in the form of little balls or cakes, and fed to them from the hands of their Singhalese keepers. Every individual on board would occasionally give them a sea-biscuit, which was esteemed by the elephants to be a great luxury. The largest elephant weighed 3000 pounds.

Buenos Ayres is again afflicted. No sooner did the yellow fever disappear than the small-pox made a descent not only upon the city, but in country towns in the vicinity. As nothing is done to stay its ravages, fearful consequences are anticipated.

The English press hints that the Solicitor-General, in the Tichborne case, finds plenty of reason for prolonging the trial, since he receives about $300 a day for his part of the work.

Chicago is going to have a drive in its great park—Lincoln Park—which will rival any thing of the kind in the country, according to a late writer from that enterprising Western city. "The North Side Lake Shore Drive," when completed, will be twelve miles long, "exceeding in beauty every thing of the kind on the face of the globe." The two miles of it already finished are said to surpass the drives of Newport and Long Branch, and to be much frequented by the most wealthy citizens.

Gossips are busy with the names of Princess Louise and the Marquis of Lorne, asserting that they did not marry for love, and are any thing but happy, now that they are bound together for life. Those who live in high places have a hard time of it. Every thing they think, feel, and do—or, possibly, might think, feel, and do—is made a matter of public discussion.

The scientific party who spent last winter amidst the glories and beauties of ice and frost on Mount Washington look hopefully forward to the time when the Tiptop House shall be kept open for travelers all the year round.

There is a woman who lives in an Ohio town whose love of truth is so great that she lately considered herself in duty bound to burn with a hot knife-blade the tongue of a young servant-girl whom she detected in falsehood. When this kind woman's neighbors mildly remonstrated with her about this mode of dealing with the culprit, she claimed that the girl had not told a lie since the hot iron was applied to her tongue—probably because she could not speak—and vindicated her treatment as a judicious cure of the habit.

Dio Lewis does not believe in cod liver oil and other [illegible] for consumption. He tells us that consumption is a disease of the system, which is generally developed in the lungs by whatever exhausts the general vitality; that the cure is to be found in a cold, bracing climate, exercise in the open air, vigorous friction of the skin, a very plain, nutritious, unstimulating diet, with cold water for drink, plenty of sunshine, sleep, and a hopeful, brave temper. "With such treatment, and an utter abandonment of drugs, whisky, cod-liver oil, and other kindred barbarisms, one-half of all who die of consumption would live on, and many with large cavities in their lungs would recover."

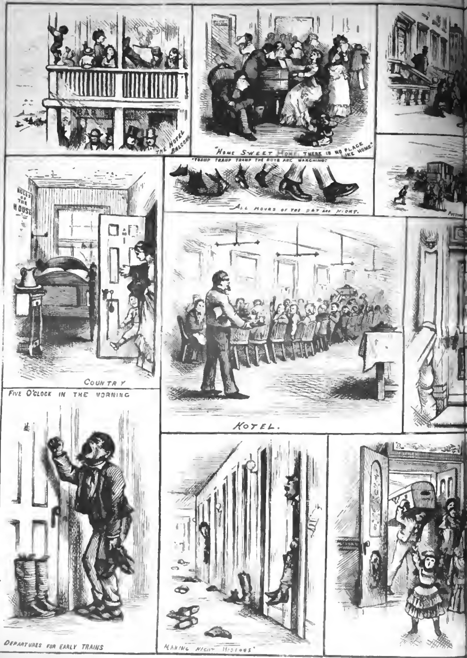
European physicians are convinced, after the most careful study and observation, that vaccination does act to a very great degree in the prevention of small-pox—this point being still in many minds a doubtful one. As to the question whether vaccination ever loses its protective power, it is stated, as the result of many observations, that when the operation has been properly performed the immunity from liability is almost entire, but that it is sometimes difficult to determine the perfection of the preventive, and that second vaccination, while doing no harm, may do much good.

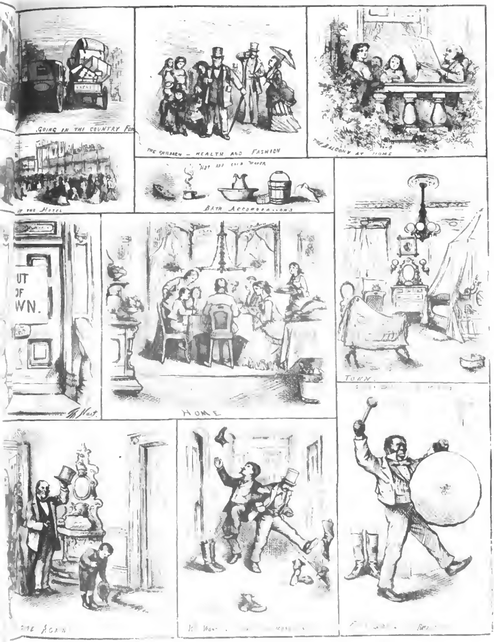
Denver, in Colorado, now a city of 10,000 inhabitants, promises to become one of the most charming places on the continent. The town is situated on the south branch of the river Platte, and an aqueduct twenty-five miles long brings water from this stream, at a greater elevation in the mountains, to serve the purpose of irrigation. By this means the city and its environs are always looking fresh and green, while almost every private gentleman is enabled to ornament his garden and grounds with sparkling fountains. The streets are nearly all of them fifty feet wide, and planted on each side with shade trees. Tasteful residences and fine churches and other public buildings betoken refinement and enterprise on the part of the inhabitants. In the distance may be seen the Rocky Mountain range, its sides for the most part covered with evergreens, and the summit wreathed with snow. The climate is extremely healthy as a general rule, but the exceeding rarity of the air, notwithstanding its dryness, is injurious in confirmed cases of consumption.

From the time of St. Peter (supposing that the apostle ever was in Rome) to Pius IX. there have been about three hundred popes of one sort or another. It would be difficult to give the exact number, for no two historians are agreed on the matter. Frequently there have been two popes at the same time, occasionally there have been three, and the Council of Constance had to adjudicate on the claims of John XXIII., the Italian pope; Gregory XII., the French pope; Benedict XIII., the Spanish pope; and Martin V., the German pope. Nineteen popes have been driven out of Rome, and thirty-five have never entered it; eight popes have reigned less than a month, forty popes one year, twenty-two popes two years, fifty-four popes between two and five years, fifty-one popes between five and fifteen years, eighteen popes between fifteen and twenty-four years, and the apostle Peter was the only "pope," until the present, to remain in the papal chair, who reigned twenty-five years. Of the popes thirty-one have been declared usurpers and heretics, twenty-six have been deposed, twenty-eight have been kept in the chair by means of foreign intervention, eighteen were poisoned, four strangled, one (John XII.) while in the act of adultery, by the injured husband. One-half of the popes (150) have shown themselves totally unworthy of being regarded as the "Vicars of God." Six, notwithstanding their vows, have had children. Urban V. condemned [illegible], and submitted to the censure of the council; Victor III. and Adrian II. publicly acknowledged that they had committed sin.

Somebody who has been "studying our weights" reports that, upon the average, boys at birth weigh a little more and girls a little less than six pounds and a half. For the first twelve years the two sexes continue nearly equal in weight, but beyond that time the males acquire a decided preponderance. Thus young men of twenty average 143 pounds each, while the young women of twenty average 120 pounds. Men reach their heaviest bulk at about thirty-five, when their average weight is 152 pounds; but women slowly increase in weight until fifty, when their average is about 129 pounds. Taking men and women together, their weight at full growth averages about twenty times as heavy as they were on the first day of their existence. Men range from 108 to 220 pounds, and women from 80 to 200 pounds. The actual weight of human nature, taking the average of all men and conditions—soldiers, tinkers, tailors, maidens, boys, girls, and babies all included—is very nearly 100 pounds. These figures are given in avoirdupois weight; but the advocates of the superiority of woman might make a fine point by introducing the rule that woman be weighed by Troy weight—like other jewels—and men by avoirdupois. The figures will then stand: young men of twenty, 143 pounds each; young women of twenty, 146 pounds. And so on.

One of the most interesting incidents connected with the visit of Prince Alexis of Russia to this country will be the presentation to the Emperor Alexander, through his son, of William Page's painting of Admiral Farragut in the rigging of the ship Hartford during the memorable battle of Mobile Bay. This is to be given as a token of the appreciation of the constant sympathy of the Russian government with the upholders of the Union during our late war; and also as a recognition of the hospitable courtesies shown by the Russian civil authorities and naval officers to Admiral Farragut and his comrades during their recent visit to that empire. Accompanying the painting will be a scroll of parchment artistically painted with allegorical designs indicating the friendly relations existing between the two countries, and containing the names of the donors, probably about two hundred in number. The painting has been on exhibition for some time at the Studio Building, and is a large canvas, with an unmistakable likeness portrait of the Admiral. The hero is represented as lashed to the shrouds of the Hartford, while around him shot and shell are flying. The Prince Alexis will leave Cronstadt the latter part of September, in a Russian frigate, accompanied by two others of the squadron. His visit will embrace the most likely objects of interest to the Russian visitor. The presentation of the painting will probably be the last public event in which the Prince will participate, previous to his departure from New York to the West.


THE HOTEL BALCONY
BAR
"HOME SWEET HOME! THERE IS NO PLACE LIKE HOME."
"TRAMP TRAMP TRAMP THE BOYS ARE MARCHING."
ALL HOURS OF THE DAY AND NIGHT.
RULES OF THE HOUSE
COUNTRY
FIVE O'CLOCK IN THE MORNING
HOTEL.
DEPARTURES FOR EARLY TRAINS
MAKING NIGHT HIDEOUS


GOING IN THE COUNTRY FOR
THE CHILDREN — HEALTH AND FASHION
THE BALCONY AT HOME
HOT AND COLD WATER
THE HOTEL
HOME
TOWN.
Th. Nast

NIGHT AND MORNING.

It is over now, she is gone to rest—
I have clasped the hands on the quiet breast:
Draw back the curtain, let in the light,
She will never shrink if it be too bright.

We were two in here but an hour gone by,
No streak was there in the midnight sky;
Now I am one to watch the day
Come glimmering up from the far away.

What will he say when he comes in,
Waked by the city's morning din;
Groping to find and fearing to know
The sorrow he left but an hour ago?

What will he say who watched long and lone
When he shall find who has come and gone?
Came a watcher that will not bide
Love's morning or noon or even-tide.

He thought to kiss her by morning gray,
But God has thought to take her away:
What will he say? God knows, not I—
"Good-night," he said, but never "good-by."

UNDER THE MOUNTAINS.

By MISS THACKERAY.

I.

When one speaks of a Swiss lake with blue-green water clear as the very sunlight, deepening here and there into strange, profound shadows, with mountains rising out of it, mountain behind mountain, until far away the eye rests upon the crown of everlasting snow, with flashes of brilliant colors, boats with red-striped awnings, pomegranates flaming in great green tubs before the houses, little villages nestling among walnut-trees close to the water's edge, and odd little churches with graceful red spires or tall cupola-like towers in the midst of them—every body knows which lake it is. People come down to Lucerne from the heart of the great Alps, a little disposed to quarrel with it for having no great Alps of its own, for being a town, for being hot, for being, in fact, something different from a brown chalet up in the sweet breezy mountain pastures; but there is no withstanding its influence. You may grumble for a day or two, and then you give way forever. You know it all before, and yet there is a witchery entirely unexpected—the form of the mountains, the vivid coloring, the water-towers, the quaint crooked covered bridges, and wicked old Pilatus muttering to himself above them, or drawing down pink lightning. The Lion, of which photographs and hard little carvings had sickened you, is, after all, unutterably pathetic in his rocky cavity. There he has stretched himself in the agony of dying—of dying in the prime of power; tremendous strength is still apparent in the great outstretched paw, the magnificent head, but it is yielding to the cruel buried spear. The claws relax, the eyes close with a terrible look of anguish, the noble head, massive and king-like, droops on the shield which bears the Bourbon lily for its crest—he has fought to the death, and only in the powerlessness of that death shall the lily be torn from his faithful hold. The photographs may have sickened you, but you forget them all before this most touching of tributes.

Something had happened one day to bring the country people into the town. Perhaps it was one of the annual fêtes. At all events, they had poured in from the little villages, and the place looked the brighter for the intermingling of costumes which the townsfolk have too much discarded. All the day long there had been a coming and going across the old covered bridges, through the narrow, rudely paved streets, or under the shade of the trees which divide the great crowded hotels from the green water palpitating under the wall. Now the great heat of the day was diminishing, the hubbub became less cheerfully busy, there were long shadows on the lake, exquisitely tender opal tints upon the mountains, and a softening of the intense metallic blue of the sky. People walked about with a dreamy look of content upon their faces, as if the beauty had taken hold of their souls.

By-and-by it seemed that hosts of persons were strolling in the direction of the cathedral, going slowly up the long shallow steps which lead to the west door, paying their money, entering, and scattering themselves about the church. No service was going on; it was the hour during which the famous organ was daily played, and all the *table d'hôte* diners accommodated themselves to this fancy of the English to go and hear it. When the cathedral was pretty full, the music began, the organist pulled out a whole forest of stops, there were great crashes and rain, thunderings and hail-storms. Suddenly a pause. Every one held his breath, and then, as it seemed from some far-away distance, swelled up a soft processional hymn—the famous vox humana stop which all the world goes to hear. It was not a solitary voice, but a chorus, sometimes a little veiled, in which one could distinguish the high treble of the boys, the tenors striking in, and the deep bass underneath. Between whiles the organist would indulge in his crashes and tempests, and then the calm voices would come in again, soothing it all.

A girl and a young man had stood motionless by a pillar the whole time it lasted. She was a pretty girl, with fair hair plaited thickly, twisted round and round, and fastened up with a silver arrow. She never once looked at her companion, but he watched her eyes softening or glowing with the music as it changed, and when it ceased, he ventured to draw a little nearer to her, and to say, in a subdued tone—"Else!"

She did not answer except by a kind of impatient gesture, which had the effect of keeping him silent for a few minutes longer, when he repeated, more timidly, "Best Else, the uncle will want us to be going. The church is nearly cleared."

She turned quickly upon him.

"Ah, Heaven! Christian," she said, with a touch of childish petulance, "now thou hast spoilt it all. I had it in my heart, and thy foolish words have frightened it out. Dost thou suppose that such music as this comes to one every day, that it need be driven away? Do hold thy peace."

The young man looked at her with a little sad wonder, but without answering the impetuous tirade whispered under her breath. Nothing could be more ungrateful of Else. It was Christian's thoughts of giving joy to his beloved which had brought her there. Christian's uncle was sacristan, and he had undergone sour looks enough from the old fellow—who hated lovers—to have turned a whole dairyful of cream, before he got liberty to come in with the crowd and hear the famous organ. All the time he had left her to herself, only watching the little fair head and the rapturous eyes, in which every change in the music reflected itself. He could not understand it, but he reverenced it none the less. And now her hasty words smote him with a sort of dull pain. He only answered them with a wistful, humble look, which ought to have touched her, but which was, perhaps, as much beyond her comprehension as the music was beyond his. After a while, however, her heart reproached her. It was a foolish, dreamy little heart; nevertheless there lay in its depths a tenderness which hated to give pain, and already she repented of her pettishness to poor Christian—Christian, who cared so much for her—Christian, who blundered a hundred times a day, and was so good all the time. She went up to him penitently and put her hand on his arm. "It is time to go, as thou sayest," was all she vouchsafed; but Christian was radiant. Cross old Hermann, who watched them out of the door and into the cloisters, shook his head sulkily. "Women should be at home milking the cows, but the boy's a fool, and his father was another, and they think nothing too good for a baby face with enough pink and white in it," grumbled the old man, slamming the heavy door.

The crowd, as it left the cathedral, dispersed on all sides; the English went back to the hotels and the *tables d'hôte*; a party of Germans, talking noisily, strolled along under the trees toward the steamer; Christian followed Else when she turned into the cloisters, and stood by her side looking out through one of the openings at the lake and the mountains beyond.

"Ah! but it was heavenly!" she cried, rapturously. "I will never believe it was not real. I think they had put the choir up there in some hidden room."

"No, no, that is not so," answered Christian, shaking his head. "The deceit would be soon found out. Besides, the uncle mocked me well when I thought as thou, once upon a time."

This matter-of-fact tone provoked Else. "Thou art too wise," she retorted, satirically. Poor Christian thought it was a little bit of praise, and went on—"It is sweet, though, as thou saidst. It sounded to me as if it might be angels' music."

"That it is not," cried the girl, pettish again; "and nobody but thou would be so stupid as to say so. Angels' singing would not have had so much to do with ourselves, could not have gone straight into the hearts; it would have made us wonder and worship, but not feel like that. It was not sweet enough for angels. Dost thou not understand, Christian, that it was like the face in the pictures under the bridge which I showed thee to-day—one of us, only more beautiful—thou knowest which I mean?"

"The—the abbot?" hazarded Christian, thus driven to bay.

"The abbot!"

Else turned away from him, and drummed with her fingers on the stone. The poor fellow had put the last touch to her displeasure. He was so dense he could never understand any thing.

"I am a real blockhead at all this sort of thing, I know," he said, looking at her wistfully; but she was not mollified. She went away out of the cloisters, where the sun was shining on the graves, and Christian walked after her down to the little pier. All the boats were drawn up in bright red, blue, and green files. Else stepped majestically into one not so gay as the rest, and clumsily built. On the seat there lay a withered bunch of the mountain forget-me-not. The poor things had been scorched all day by the sun, and, with a naughty intention of vexing Christian, who had gathered them, Else caught them up and dropped them into the water. When she had done it she looked quickly at him under her long eyelashes; but Christian, although he had seen the little action, did not guess the motive. Since the flowers were dead, it was best they should be thrown away. All the vexation she had desired to create recoiled upon Else. She would not even look at him, but sat with her head turned away, her eyes upon the opposite shore, and her hand over the side of the boat, letting the beautiful clear blue-green water ripple through her fingers, while Christian, with a few powerful strokes, sent his boat out from among the little fleet of vessels toward the middle of the lake.

Poor Christian! Else need not have tried to give him more pain than was just now aching in his heart. He could understand her looks and words well enough when she wanted to show him whether or not he was in favor, although to find reasons for her quick changes of mood baffled him. Perhaps that was no wonder. Nor would it have much mattered, but that Else, with her imperious girlish unreasonableness, expected him to keep pace with them all. It had been the same before their betrothal, and it was the same now, perhaps a little more strongly the same, if there was any difference whatever. The other young men laughed when they saw his kind steadfast face clouded, but Else, foolish child, liked to feel her power, and to wield it. He looked at her sadly as they sat together in the boat, and lingered over his vigorous strokes that he might watch the sweet little head turned away from him, with its shining plaits of hair, the fair throat, the rounded arm, all so inexpressibly dear and yet so naughty in its willfulness. He had hoped somehow that the music which had so delighted would have softened her to him, instead of raising this irritation. He did not, in truth, understand her temperament, but he never doubted its superiority, and he had taught Else by his homage to believe it too. A looker-on would have longed for something which should shake her into a true perception of the noble humility which raised him far above her. No such shock, however, had come; Christian Amrhein was to Else's eyes as good and as dear as if he had been her brother, and as stupid as the cows she milked morning and evening; but as her mother, Wittwe Rothler, was very poor, and wanted him for a son-in-law, Else had consented to marry him. This she was persuaded would make him perfectly happy; while for herself—it is difficult to say what sort of an ideal life she made out in her dreams. He had not much part in it, except as he was mixed up with the cattle and the dairy. Nevertheless, she expected him to be entirely content.

Christian lingered over his strokes, as has been said, for, although it pained him, he could not deny himself the pleasure of watching her. Evening was drawing on, the boat rippled gently over the soft green water, all round the quiet mountains kept their sentinel watch, the trees took sombre colors, the graceful spires of the cathedral rose high above the other buildings, a little light twinkled from the Righi Culm, a stronger one from the summit of Pilatus flung a quivering line upon the lake, soon more lights flashed out at Lucerne, stars shone overhead, innumerable golden streaks broke the still surface of the water, the great bell boomed out from the cathedral, and every thing was indescribably soft and peaceful.

Else's nature was too impressionable to remain unaffected by the beautiful repose. She knew she had been cross, and as she felt the anger dying out of her heart she thought she was conquering it, whereas she was only allowing herself to be conquered by a new set of feelings. The boat glided smoothly along, past one green promontory after the other; once or twice another boat came near them.

"Dear Heaven, how pretty it is!" said Else, clapping her hands softly. She knew that Christian's face would brighten, as it did; only there still remained behind a sadness which she did not see. Once or twice, imperceptibly, he shook his head, even while a tender smile at her vagaries rested on his lips. For the girl had fallen into a playful mood, which lasted until he had brought the boat under the landing-place of one of the little villages which stud the borders of the lake, and she had sprung on shore, laughing, before he had time so much as to hold out his hand.

"Good-evening, Herr Amrhein," she called out merrily, darting away from the water's edge. He stood upright, watching her vanish into the dusky shadows of the houses, then turned round with a sigh, and began to tie up the boat.

Christian Amrhein and Wittwe Rothler lived within a stone's-throw of each other. The little village, after making a bold front by the water's edge, and showing off its best inn with green shutters, and great tubs of oleanders, and creamy-white, heavy-scented daturas ranged along under the balcony, ran backward and upward toward the mountain in a kind of straggling picturesqueness. A little stream danced merrily down over a rocky bed; the houses were chiefly of wood, all had rough sun-shutters, and they lay in a pretty fanciful setting of tiny gardens, meadows of long grass bright with pink and blue flowers, and great walnut and cherry trees dotted thickly about. These jeweled meadows were kept for the hay crop; the goats and cows were up in the Sonnen Alps, finding their summer pastures. This year they had been unusually delayed. The winter had returned again and again, snow had fallen on the mountains at a time when old Wilhelm Stürm, the oldest peasant of the commune, declared it to have been hitherto unknown; since then, cold bleak weather had kept the snow from melting, until suddenly a burst of glorious sunshine brought on the backward season with fairy-like rapidity. The lupens were springing up lithe and tall, the flax developing, all the dairies in activity, the walnut-mills set in order, the schools broken up. Every one was hard at work, digging, herding, or making butter and cheese. Else had been with the other girls at the pasturage, for Wittwe Rothler had but one cow, and her produce went into the common stock; at the end of the season there would be a division of cheese and butter among all the proprietors, according to the report of the inspectors. Christian's cows were on the Alps with the rest, and his mother and sister and two stout girls of the household besides, but he himself had his own work on the farm to do. Else, who was under Frau Amrhein's care, came down for a few days, because her mother was ailing and wanted her; and then, in the midst of all the sweet busy pastoral work, Christian contrived this little holiday for his beloved. She had long desired to go to Lucerne and to hear the famous organ, and he could not resist giving her the pleasure, although Hans and Karl grumbled at losing his strong hand. He thought it would be altogether delightful to row her across the lake and to see her happy face of surprise.

And now it seemed as if there had been a great deal that was not delight mingled with it.

Never before had he been so conscious of a wall between himself and Else. Somehow or other, in the daily life of labor familiar to them both, it had not been so apparent. She was often vexed because, she said, he did not understand her, and he had been vexed with himself, but the little shadows came and went like the soft mists that curled round the mountain ridges opposite, and through them all he never lost sight of the quiet tranquil life that he believed to be behind them. Now he began to doubt whether it might not be a land of storms after all—storms which would rend and sadden his bright, quick-natured Else. Her happiness perhaps lay in a world where he could never join her; how could souls so separated ever unite? He thought of it sadly without one tinge of bitterness; his serious sweet temper never resented her little fits of impatience, but with all the humility which accepted slights from her hand, he possessed also a solid common-sense, which kept him from sinking into a false position. Else had consented to marry him, but if he were not clever enough for her to love, such a marriage should never be.

He had come out of his house, and walked through a meadow ankle-deep in grass and flowers, up toward the little torrent, thinking these thoughts as he went. Ideas did not come to him very quickly; it cost him time to put together what it only takes a few words to write, and it cost him more than time to put such ideas as these together. Just as he reached a spot where a rough trough carried off some of the clear, sparkling, rushing water toward a meadow on the other side of the village, he saw Else. She had come out from her mother's cottage, and, seeing Christian, she stopped. A very ugly old woman standing at the door called to him in a loud, good-humored voice.

"So, so, go along together, you two. She is in good hands if she is in thine, Christian. Art thou off to the pasture not?"

"No," he said, with a little wonder. "Is Else returning already?"

"Do not fear, she shall come down again," said the old woman, nodding her brown face, with all the scanty hair strained off it. "I must keep her yet for a day or two, for I do not know what is the matter with me. A mill-wheel has got into my head, I believe. But Maria Walther is wanted to see her sister who is back from Strasburg, and Else offered to go for her. What brings thee away from the farm?"

"The stream is higher than usual," said Christian, not answering her question, "and this hot sun melts the snows not fast. The cottage is safe here, mother, at any rate," he added, looking round him a little anxiously.

"Safe? Ho! ho!" laughed the old woman. "The cottage is as safe as the church. Look to thyself, Christian. The farm will soon be in the lake, if we swim there."

"Yes; if one begins, the other will quickly go after it," Christian assented, in his grave matter-of-fact note. He walked a little farther up, where a great walnut-tree flung a dark circle of shade upon the golden brightness of the meadow. Else, who had taken no part in her mother's conference, followed him with her eyes.

"Was ever such a one? He would arrange for next year's harvest," said Wittwe Rothler, still laughing, and shaking her broad shoulders.

"Yes, and how much weight of butter must hang then on the wooden pegs," Else added, with a touch of contempt, which her mother either did not notice, or to which she was accustomed.

Christian came back with his firm, springy step. "There is a good deal of water, but not too much. Come, Else."

"Art thou going, then?" she asked, wearily.

He stood and looked at her for a moment before he answered. She wore a dark stuff skirt, short, with an ornamental bodice; the sombre-colored material set off her fair face, the shining light hair, and the gleaming silver arrow among the plaits. She had never looked more beautiful in his eyes, and yet it struck him with a sharp intolerable pang.

"Yes, I am going—this once," he muttered under his breath, so that Else did not hear. The two went away together up the steep path between the walnut-trees; Wittwe Rothler watched them with satisfaction.

"A fine couple; yes, a fine couple," she said, turning back into the little green-shuttered house, with its window-boxes full of gay flowers. "And to think I was once as pretty as my girl!"

It was true, although no one would have believed it.

The two, going away together, walked side by side, silently. All the imaginative part in Else's nature had been quickened and thrilled by the music of the day before—the strange, sweet human voices answering the crash of the tempest. She wanted some vent for her feeling; Christian could not understand it, and she wished him away and herself alone with the grass, the trees, and the rushing torrent. So she was silent. And he had a purpose which made him draw his breath tightly, and crush down the passionate leaping of his heart with a stern determination not often exacted in him. It kept him from speaking for a while. They went up a scrambling path into an open space, and then through a sort of fir glade. The stream hurried and flung itself along, the fir-trees stood steadfastly up against a deep cloudless sky, the clear air was fragrant with the aromatic scent of pines, of mountain flowers, and young oak ferns; high up they heard the tinkle of cow-bells, or a wild weird jodel echoing over, among the hills. Here in the warm sunlight, with Else by his side, it seemed to Christian, poor fellow, as if a subtile, delicious charm was about him. And yet, although they were together, were they not separated?

"He is thinking of the brook," said Else to herself, glancing at him and yawning.

Unfortunately, at this moment, Christian's thoughts did take that turn. "Certainly the snows must be melting fast," he said, meditatively.

"Always the same!" thought the young girl, provoked. Aloud, she said, with a certain defiance, "I wish they would melt faster."

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"Then the stream would overflow."

"Why not?"

"And the crops at least would be spoiled," said Christian, with increasing gravity.

"At all events that would make a little variety."

He looked at her in mute wonder. To propound such a sentiment was so utterly out of nature that Christian forgot his perplexities in sheer amazement.

"It would!" she burst out, passionately. "I am sick of hearing but one subject from morning till night. Are there no creatures in this beautiful world but cows and goats? Is it to be always the same, always the same? Ah, dear Heaven, what is this to live for? I wish I were dead!" she cried, suddenly stopping in her rapid walk. But the moment he approached her she started on again. "No, Christian; no, my friend," she said, more kindly than she had yet spoken, "thou canst not understand. I do not know what ails me to-day—I am tired—cross—it is nothing." And then in a very undignified fashion she began to cry.

Christian was very pale. Else's trouble was more petulance than sorrow—the complex, unreasonable working of a girl's fanciful nature—but in his eyes it was all deep and sacred, and it moved him inexpressibly. If only he might have comforted her in any way but this! What would he have given to have taken his dear one to his pitiful heart and hushed her sobs in his arms! Alas! was it not rather the putting her far from him that only could give her what she wanted?

"Else," he said, in a low voice, which made her look suddenly at him, and turn a little pale too—it is not very often in a lifetime that a heart speaks without any veil between us and it, but when it does, it compels us to listen—"something ails thee, what is it?"

"I do not know," she answered, in a tone as low as his own. She had so long been accustomed to think of Christian as unable to understand any thing below the surface, that she wondered a little over his discovery. And her words were true, she did not really know what was the matter with her. "I do not know," she repeated, dreamily, keeping her face turned away.

"I can tell," said Christian, sadly; "my love is too heavy a burden for thee. We have known each other always, and so I fancied thou mightest have cared enough for me to be happy if we were husband and wife. That was my mistake," said the poor fellow, with his straightforward humility. "I might have guessed I was not clever enough for thee. I have come with thee to-day to tell thee thou art free—" Then he stopped. He meant to have said more, but something choked him.

As for Else, she was startled altogether—startled and, it must be confessed, a little piqued. A certain pleasant sense of freedom flashed upon her, it is true. She had been fretting against her chains, and, behold, they were suddenly lifted off. But then—that Christian could do without her! She raised her head and walked on steadily under the fir-trees.

"What have I done to displease?" she said, with a certain defiant hardness in her tone.

"Displease!" he cried, passionately. And then checking himself, he went on gravely: "I have thought it before, but only yesterday I knew it. But, Else, it is natural. I saw yesterday how thy heart was all full of beautiful thoughts which I could not reach, and then it grieved thee. If it grieves thee now, it would be a hundred times worse when we were married. We should live apart—it would be no true marriage."

She glanced at him hurriedly. She had not believed that he could think or speak as he was speaking now, for his was a reticent nature, requiring a strong force to bring his thoughts to the surface. There is often a humiliation in finding out how we have looked down upon such natures, which, after all, have depths beyond us. Else had not yet realized this—perhaps she was yet too much of a child to realize any power that was latent—but she felt sorry for poor Christian, more sorry for him than glad over her own liberty, and thinking of his trouble, she said, slowly,

"Perhaps. But then?"

She got no answer. He might not have been able to trust himself to speak; this at least was how she read his silence. A storm of conflicting feelings rushed through her heart—it was to be said—she felt her dreams, her imaginings, to be far above him; she lived in a world which she believed to be as high out of his reach as the snowy summits yonder were beyond the lowly goat-herd. She nursed her solitude until it became dreary and barren. But all the time, beneath these grand aspirations there lay a tender womanliness, hating to cause pain. Else felt like a queen descending, nevertheless she would step down from her throne. Christian's self-sacrifice should not make him miserable. She stood still and put out her hands to him with a pretty girlish shamefacedness.

"Let it stay as it is, Christian; I am content."

He took her hands—took them very tenderly in his. But he did not break out into the glad exclamations she expected, and when she glanced at him in a little reproachful wonder he shook his head gently. She could only suppose that he did not understand—as usual.

"Why?" she asked, eagerly. "For my sake?"

"No; for my own."

She colored crimson now, and struggled to withdraw her hands. But he held them tight, tighter than he knew.

"Let me go! let me go, Christian!" she cried, angrily. She would have fled up the mountain if he had released her.

"Wait till thou hast only heard," he said, with a determination which had its influence: "it is right thou shouldst understand. What I said was not all unselfish. Else, it was not only to release thee from thy burden, I thought of myself too. The husband must be first in the household, and in ours he would be the second. Thou, dear one, thou couldst never be any thing but kind and good and mild, but all the time thou wouldst look down on me in thy heart, and I should know it to come. There could be no happiness for either of us. Look," he said, smiling a little grave, sad smile, "thou art like the beautiful clear water that rushes down, evermore down to the lake, and I am like the great dull stone it dashes over."

He let go her hands as he spoke, his eyes fastened themselves on her face, as if to drink in the happiness he was renouncing; with a spring like a deer she darted from him, and ran up the steep path.

She ran until she was breathless. When she ventured to look round she was alone, he had not followed her; the fir-trees were left behind, she was in the open again, a hot sun striking down, bright flowers flashing out from the grass. Else walked on, weary and panting, until she found at last a solitary bench under which to fling herself, rest it could scarcely be called, so great was the storm in her heart. Quite unconsciously Christian had grievously wounded her pride. For all these months she had flattered herself with the idea that although the full treasure of her love was beyond his reach, he would be more than content with the little grains she might vouchsafe to let fall for him. She had been so accustomed to the homage of his simple true-hearted affection that it seemed to her the most natural thing in the world to have it lavished at her feet, and to return the gift as scantily as she pleased. It never struck her that the consciousness of something lacking should have been felt by him no less than by her—that he did not accept it as the natural result of their engagement. All the want, all the wrong, all the self-pity had been on her side—for herself; she had believed the poor return she offered for his heart to be a priceless treasure to him, and—he rejected it! Tears of shame and hurt pride ran down her face. Luckily, although she was a foolish, spoiled child, there were sweet womanly depths in her heart, which answered to the awakening touch when it came at last; she was soon crying, not so much for her first mortification as for the vanity that had blinded her. "Ah, Heaven, what am I, what am I," sobbed poor little Else, "that I should have set myself up so?" It was a genuine little burst of humility, but it seemed likely to overwhelm her. Never had Christian spoken so well, looked so manly, never, ah, never, been half so dear, as now when he was lost forever! She strained her eyes along the path up which she had come; perhaps he might be following her, he would see she was sorry—ah, no! With a sudden access of shame she sprang from her seat, and ran again, higher up, where he should not find her, and only the Alpen-rosen and the fragrant fir-trees should look at her with kind, pitying eyes.

THE DEATH STRUGGLE.

My back is to the wall,
And my face is to my foes,
That surge and gather round me
Like waves when winter blows.
The ghosts of by-gone errors,
The faults of former years,
That sting my veins like arrows,
And pierce my heart like spears.

But let them do their utmost;
For these I can endure,
And meet and overcome them,
By suffering made pure.
Against all other foemen
I'll fight with fiery breath,
And if, all done, I'm vanquished,
Go gloriously to death.

My back is to the wall,
And my face is to my foes;
I've lived a life of combat,
And borne what no one knows.
But in this mortal struggle
I stand, poor speck of dust,
Defiant, self-reliant,
To die—if die I must.

NOTHING LOST.

This maxim is fully sustained by the researches of science. There seems to be not only a destruction of form, which matter may have, but also a total loss of the materials belonging to the composition of a body, whether animal or vegetable. But that is only apparent, since annihilation is impossible. However compactly atoms may be held together, when separated by fire or any other agency, it is simply a liberation, as it were, of prisoners long held in bondage. How many moments, hours, days, or years they may move in unrestrained freedom philosophy does not explain. There is a period, however, when they are caught and again joined to others to play another rôle in the ever-changing circumstances of the universe. That which was a particle of iron in a stone may next be in an oak-tree. The carbon that burns brilliantly in a lump of coal in the grate is wafted away in the atmosphere, to be caught by the waving leaves in the forest, and is immediately stowed away in the cells of the trunk. Thus apparently something is made out of nothing, yet it is simply a transference of real matter from one condition to another. Thus it is forever on its course, neither worn out, lost, nor at rest. If the law that influences and directs each little particle where they are required to keep the chain of organic forms in endless succession, according to the cell into which they drop, is recognized, then the proof is clear that there is the same amount of material elements now that there was in the beginning. Where could waste matter be packed away, provided there were any? On the other hand, from whence could new matter be derived, allowing, for the sake of asking a question, it were desirable to have it?

EGGS.

Whether the product of birds, reptiles, or insects, the principles of construction are the same. The yolk is intended for the temporary supply of food for the new being imbued in the shell, until its eyesight and digestive organs are sufficiently developed for feeding on its former appropriate aliment.

When critically examined, the internal mechanism of an egg of a fowl far surpasses the most elaborate contrivances of man. In the first place, the yolk is suspended in the albumen, or white glairy fluid, on two points, as it were, which are attached to the membranous sac that separates the yellow from the white, just above the centre, so that the largest part of the weight is below that line, and consequently always keeps right side up. With that construction it is quite impossible to invert the yolk, although an egg may be made to revolve rapidly on an axle.

The commerce in eggs is a subject almost as marvelous as their natural history. In the year 1866 there were imported into England, principally from France, 438,878,880 hens' eggs! There were sent over to England from France, weekly, in the season, 6,000,000. These statistical facts show how largely they contribute to the support of human beings in one single region. If an exact registration of the quantity of eggs consumed in Europe annually could be collected, we should be wonder-struck at the consumption of that particular kind of nutritious human food. Surely hens, ducks, geese, and turkeys are doing more for the nations than might at first view have been supposed.

In New York there is an establishment for preserving fruits, meats, and eggs indefinitely, fresh and good, by maintaining a temperature that prevents the putrefactive process. The proprietors calculate to get in a winter stock of one million of eggs for the coming winter. Serviceable as they will be for the community, with the present population of the city, this supply could only furnish about one egg apiece for the inhabitants. Thirty millions thus preserved would not overstock the market.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

The editor of the *American Bucksaw* has encountered trials unknown to ordinary men. Just hearken unto his wailings: "Owing to the fact that our papermaker disappointed us, the failure of the mails deprived us of our exchanges, a Dutch peddler stole our scissors, the rats ran off with our paste, and the devil went to the circus while the editor was at home tending the baby, our paper is unavoidably postponed beyond the period of publication."

"I live in Julia's eyes," said an affected dandy in Coleman's hearing. "I don't wonder at it," replied George, "since I observed she had a sty in them when I saw her last."

A friend passing along a village street was painfully bitten by an ugly dog. A single blow of a heavy stick, skillfully aimed, was sufficient to kill the animal instantly; but the enraged pedestrian still continued to pummel the corpse till not a vestige of canine form remained. At length he was accosted with, "What are you about? That dog has been dead these ten minutes." "I know it," was the reply; "but I want to give the beast a realizing sense that there is a punishment after death."

"I fear," said a country minister to his flock, "when I explained to you in my last charity sermon that philanthropy was the love of our species, you must have misunderstood me to say specie, which may account for the smallness of the collection. You will prove, I hope, by your present contribution that you are no longer laboring under the same mistake."

A man who wanted to buy a horse asked a friend how to tell a horse's age. "By his teeth," was the reply. The next day the man went to a horse-dealer, who showed him a splendid black horse. The horse-hunter opened the animal's mouth, gave one glance, and turned on his heel. "I don't want him," said he; "he's thirty-two years old." He had counted the teeth.

NOBLE SENTIMENTS.

He sang the praise of "smiling morn,"
And "hailed" the rising sun.
"How sweet," wrote he, "to rise at dawn"
(He never rose till one.)

Of wedded love, too, would he sing,
And calm domestic life;
"Marriage," wrote he, "is a holy thing."
(He used to beat his wife.)

Beauty he praised all else above,
And much preferred to gold
A youthful maiden's loving love.
(His wife was rich and old.)

He wrote, "The noblest use of wealth
Is to assist the many,
And doing others good by stealth."
(He never gave a penny.)

He wrote, "I hold that man a sot,
And sunk to moral torpor,
Who honoreth his parents not."
(His mother died a pauper.)

"Against the drunkard's wicked ways,
I tell my honest horror,
And, repressing, warn till ruin."
(He drank himself to death.)

Epitaphs in a country church-yard:
"Here lies W. W.,
Who never more will trouble you, trouble you."

"Here lies I,
Killed by
a Sky
Rocket in me eye."

Professor H——, of Yale College, was passing out of the recitation-room on his crutches, when an ambitious Freshman dropped slyly into his cap a piece of paper, on which he had written legibly the word "monkey." Tickled with his joke, he told his escapade to all his waiting friends. But a speedy retribution befell him. At the next recitation the bland professor addressed his division thus, in his sweetest tones, "Gentlemen, as I was passing out of the room yesterday one of your number did me the very high honor of leaving with me his card."

A postmaster by the name of Goodale, when he is in a hurry, signs himself "Z.Z."

One evening as I was sitting by Betty, and had worked myself up to the point of popping the question, say I, "Betty, if a feller was to ask you to marry him, what would you say?" Then she laughed and says she, "That would depend on who asked me." Then says I, "Suppose it was Ned Willis." Says she, "I'd tell Ned Willis, and not you." That kinder staggered me, but I was too cute to lose the opportunity, and so says I again, "Suppose it was me?" And then you ought to see her pout up her lip. Says she, "I should like to suppose." Well, now, you see there was nothing for me to do but to touch the trigger and let the gun go off. So, says I, now, Betty, "Lor Betty, it's me! Won't you say yes?" And then there was such a buzzing in my head I don't know nothin' what took place, but I thought I heard a "yes" whispered somewhere out of the shrubbery.

When a pickpocket pulls at your watch, tell him plainly that you have no time to spare.

When the lamented Artemus Ward exhibited his wax-works in Utah he relates that he was accosted by a venerable and elongated virgin, who inquired, "Can't I go in without paying?" "No; but you can pay without going in."

An intelligent young man (who holds a government position), in speaking of the recent riots in New York, expressed himself thus: "I say, Bill, I can't see what objection them Irish could have to the orangemen parading. I think selling oranges is respectable enough. But the orange business must be good in New York when so many men can make a living out of it."

The *St. Louis Herald* wants "a real good boy to make a devil of."

The inundation of 1771, which swept away a great part of the old Tyne Bridge, Newcastle, was long remembered and alluded to with emphasis as "the flood." On one occasion Mr. Adam Thompson was put into the witness-box at the assizes. The counsel, asking his name, received for answer, "Adam, sir—Adam Thompson." "Where do you live?" "At Paradise, sir." (Paradise is a village about a mile and a half west of Newcastle.) "And how long have you dwelt in Paradise?" continued the barrister. "Ever since the flood," was the reply, made in all simplicity, and with no intention to raise a laugh. It is needless to say that the judge asked for an explanation.

A.D. 1901.

Waiting for Time to Vindicate Him.

A SATURDAY HALF-HOLIDAY.—[See Page 749.]

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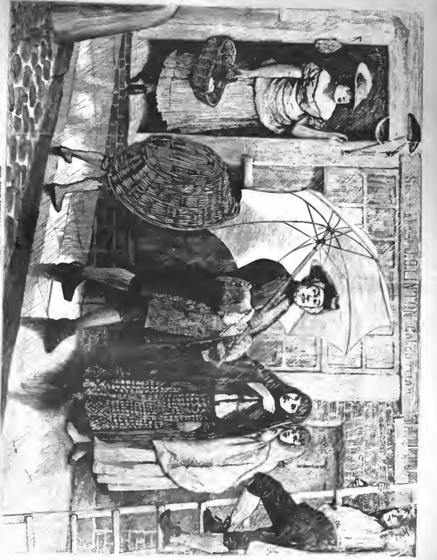
THE FIRST UMBRELLA.

THE illustration on this page is especially adapted to this rainy and changeable summer, when every one who is compelled to go about ought to remember with gratitude the name of the first Anglo-Saxon who had the courage to carry an umbrella. This was Mr. JONAS HANWAY, of London. MACAULAY [illegible] in his "History of England" that it required a great deal of nerve to stand the gibes and ridicule that greeted the first appearance of umbrellas in the streets of an English city. The practice was deemed as a piece of French effeminacy, for the French were the first to adopt the custom. Little boys used to run after umbrella-carriers with all manner of disagreeable chaff, and there were not wanting persons who considered it a sin to interfere in this manner with Providence, as if it were wicked to carry your shelter along with you, though not at all to get under a roof! Strange to say, the practice was a long time in taking root in England. SYDNEY SMITH, recounting the social improvements which had taken place during his lifetime, remarks that in his younger days [illegible]

Mr. JONAS HANWAY, alluded to before, was an eccentric philanthropist, the son of a captain in the British navy. He was born at Portsmouth, England, in 1712. At an early age he was bound apprentice to a merchant at Lisbon, became connected with a mercantile house at St. Petersburg, and undertook an adventurous journey to Persia, of which he published an account. He was afterward made Commissioner of the Navy, a situation which he held for twenty years, dying in 1786. He was an indefatigable writer and worker in the cause of philanthropy, and several of the most worthy charitable institutions of modern times were originated by him. He instituted the Marine Society, he founded the Magdalen Charity, he was the father of Sunday-schools, and the friend of the chimney-sweep. No public calamity occurred that he did not endeavor to alleviate. Thus even so commonplace an article as an umbrella can teach us a useful lesson, for it can remind us of JONAS HANWAY, and lead us to imitate his noble example.



THE FIRST UMBRELLA—MR. JONAS HANWAY WALKING OUT IN A SHOWER.

A SATURDAY HALF-HOLIDAY.

"WHAT will he do with it?" [illegible] the question that some prudent [illegible] elders pretend to ask when a young fellow takes advantage of his brief emancipation at the week's end, or earlier in the morning [illegible] of special indulgence, to quit the toil of shop counter or [illegible] city, which may be found [illegible]

[pl]aces of holiday enjoyment. There is Central Park, for example, with its pleasant walks and rambles, its delightful music Saturday afternoons, and its embryo museum, which, even in its present state, is well worthy of a visit. Over in Brooklyn a similar Park offers similar amusements, with the exception of a museum; while the shores of the Hudson as far up as Iona Island, the East River, and the nearer water-side localities on Long Island Sound, offer splendid advantages to those who want to escape for a few hours from the heat and dust and noise of the great city. For those who enjoy sea bathing, and can afford neither the time nor the money to visit Long Branch, there is the inexpensive and near resort of Coney Island, the very mention of which brings a smile to the face of a fashionable New Yorker, but which is, nevertheless, a godsend to those who desire to enjoy, at slight cost of time and money, the pleasures and benefits of fresh air and surf bathing. Whichever way we turn, in short, the country about New York seems to have been especially made for summer excursions, and no one in search of a half holiday need be at a loss where to pass the time agreeably.

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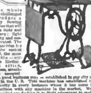

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SINGLE-BREASTED SACQUE WALKING SUIT	" [illegible]

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WORTH-BASQUE HOUSE DRESS	" 1
LADY'S GORED WRAPPER	" [illegible]
LADY'S WATER-PROOF CLOAK	" 11
APRON-POLONAISE WALKING SUIT	" [illegible]
POSTILION-BASQUE WALKING SUIT	" [illegible]
SHORT-SACQUE WALKING SUIT	" 17
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THE ISSUE OF

HARPER'S WEEKLY
A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

Vol. XV.—No. 764.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, AUGUST 19, 1871. [WITH A SUPPLEMENT PRICE TEN CENTS.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1871, by Harper & Brothers, in the Office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington.

FARM BALLADS.—By Will M. Carleton.

JOHNNY RICH.

Raise the light a little, Jim,
For it's getting rather dim,
And, with such a storm a-howlin', 'twill not do to douse the glim.
Hustle down the curtains, Lu;
Poke the fire a little, Sue;
This is somethin' of a [illegible], mother, somethin' of a—whew!

Goodness gracious, how it pours!
How it beats ag'in the doors!
You will have a hard one, Jimmy, when you go to do the chores!
Do not overfeed the gray,
Give a plenty to the bay;
And be careful with your lantern when you go among the hay.

See the horses have a bed
When you've got 'em fairly fed;
Feed the cows that's in the stable, and the sheep that's in the shed;
Give the spotted cow some meal,
Where the brindle can not steal;
For she's greedy as a porker, and as slipp'ry as an eel.

Hang your lantern by the ring,
On a nail, or on a string;
For the Durham calf 'll burn it, if there's any such a thing.
He's a handsome one to see,
And a knowin' one is he.
I stooped over t'other mornin', and he up and went for me!

Roger thinks he hears a noise!
Just keep still a minute, boys.
Nellie, hold your tongue a second, and be quiet with your toys.
Stop that barkin', now, you whelp,
Or I'll kick you till you yelp!
Yes, I hear it; 'tis somebody that's callin' out for help.

"WHEN YOU WALKED WITH HER ON SUNDAY, LOOKING NOBLE, STRAIGHT, AND CLEAN."

Get the lantern, Jim and Tom;
Mother, keep the babies calm,
And we'll follow up that halloo, and we'll see where it is from.
'Tis a hairy sort of night
For a man to fare and fight,
And the wind is blowin'— Hang it, Jimmy, bring another light!
. . . .

Ah! 'twas you, then, Johnny Rich,
Yelling out to such a pitch,
For a decent man to help you, while you fell into the ditch.
'Twon't quite the thing to say,
But we ought to've let you lay,
While your drunken carcass died a-drinkin' water any way.

And to see you on my floor,
And to hear the way you snore,
Now we've lugged you under shelter, and the danger all is o'er,
And you lie there, quite resigned,
Whisky deaf, and whisky blind,
And it will not hurt your feelin's, so I guess I'll free my mind.

Do you mind, you thievin' dunce,
How you robbed my orchard once,
Takin' all the biggest apples, leavin' all the littlest runts?
Do you mind my melon-patch—
How you gobbled the whole batch,
Plucked the vines, and sliced the greenest melons, just to raise the scratch?

Do you think, you drunken wag,
It was any thing to brag,
To be cornered in my hen-roost, with two pullets in a bag?
You are used to dirty deeds;
You have often slept in pens;
I've a mind to take you out there now, and roost you with the hens!

"'TIS A HAIRY SORT OF NIGHT FOR A MAN TO FARE AND FIGHT."

Do you call to mind with me
How, one night, you and your three
Took my wagon all to pieces for to hang it on a tree?
How you hung it up, you [illegible],
Straight and steady, by the wheels?
I've a mind to take you out there now, and hang you by your heels!

How, the Fourth of last July,
When you got a little high,
You went back to Wilson's counter when you thought he wasn't nigh?
How he heard some specie chink,
And was on you in a wink,
And you promised if he'd hush it that you never more would drink?

Do you mind that temperance hall?
How you're always sure to call,
And recount your reformation with the biggest speech of all?
How you talk, and how you sing,
That the pledge is just the thing—
How you sign it every winter, and then smash it every spring?

Do you mind how Jennie Green
Was so happy as a queen
When you walked with her on Sunday, looking sober, straight, and clean?
How she cried out half her sight,
When you staggered by, next night,
Twice as dirty as a serpent, and a hundred times as tight?

How our hearts with pleasure warmed
When your mother, though it stormed,
Ran up here one day to tell us that you truly had reformed?
How that very selfsame day,
When upon her homeward way,
She ran on you, where you'd hidden, full three-quarters o'er the bay?

Oh, you little whisky keg!
Oh, you horrid little egg!
You're goin' to destruction with your swiftest foot and leg!
I [illegible] mind to take you out
[illegible] the water-spout,
Just to stand you up a [illegible], so you'll know what you're about!

But you've got a handsome eye,
And, although I can't tell why,
Somehow somewhere in you always has you got another try.
So, for all that I have said,
I'll not drown you, but, instead,
I will strip you, I will rub you, I will put you into bed!

"AND YOU LIE THERE, QUITE RESIGNED, WHISKY DEAF, AND WHISKY BLIND."

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HARPER'S WEEKLY.
Saturday, August 19, 1871.

Circulation 127,000 Copies.

A NEW STORY BY WILKIE COLLINS.

In a few days we shall commence the publication, in the Weekly, of the new serial story,

"POOR MISS FINCH,"

BY

WILKIE COLLINS,

Author of "The Woman in White," "The Moonstone," "Man and Wife," etc.

Mr. Collins stands in the foremost rank of living novelists, and the present story, which will be printed from advance sheets, is one of the most brilliant and fascinating efforts of his genius.

☞ A large portion of the SUPPLEMENT to this Number of Harper's Weekly is occupied by an extremely interesting and finely illustrated sketch of

SIR WALTER SCOTT,

apropos of the One-Hundredth Anniversary of his Birth. It was written by one who was acquainted with the great poet and novelist, and who gives from personal recollection many pleasant incidents connected with his career. Among other attractions is a splendid cartoon by Nast, called "The Moon of a Green Turtle."

AN EXTRAORDINARY ILLUSION EXPOSED.

ONE of the most famous and successful quizzes in literature is De Foe's "True History of the Apparition of one Mrs. Veal the next Day after her Death to one Mrs. Bargrave, at Canterbury, the 8th of September, 1705." The account purported to be drawn up by a justice of the peace, at Maidstone, in Kent, "a very intelligent person." It was attested "by a very sober and understanding gentlewoman who lives in Canterbury." Nothing was wanting. It was so well done that every body was deceived. The least details were stated with a gravity and accuracy that forbade disbelief, and to this day, according to John Forster, there are thousands of persons in England who believe that Mrs. Veal's ghost appeared.

But we have a much more extraordinary and surprising illusion than this to record. De Foe himself did not pretend to believe his own story; but the authors of the illusion of which we speak, who are among the most intelligent people in the country, have been for twenty years, and are still, firmly persuaded of the truth of their tale. We have ourselves conversed with many of these persons, and they no more doubt that they saw and heard what they relate than the country doubts that it has seen a war and is heavily taxed. We have not room for all the details of this story, which are as minute and exact as those recorded by De Foe; but we will mention some of them to show how remarkably life-like the illusion is. The facts, as constantly related and honestly believed by the victims of the illusion, are these—and in repeating them we merely follow those who suppose themselves to have been eye-witnesses:

In the beginning of May, 1850, the sixteenth anniversary of the American Anti-slavery Society was held at the Broadway Tabernacle, in New York. All the conspicuous leaders—Mr. Garrison, Mr. Phillips, Mrs. Lucretia Mott, Mr. Furness, and the rest—were present. The church was crowded, and the feeling, as usual, was intense. After a prayer and the reading of the Bible, and the transaction of the formal business of the occasion, Mr. Garrison left the chair and addressed the meeting. His characteristic manner was singularly bland and calm and measured. The impression he always made upon his peculiar platform was that of thorough comprehension of his subject, of indomitable resolution, and of the most perfect self-possession. In the course of his speech he alluded to the hostile attitude toward the Anti-slavery movement of the ecclesiastical organizations; and, proceeding to details, he stated that even certain priests and members of the Roman Catholic Church held slaves. Suddenly a voice from the gallery—and it is here that the illusion begins—cried out to know if that was the only Church of which the remark could be made. Mr. Garrison, without the slightest change of manner, replied that if the inquirer would wait a moment his question would be answered, and he went on to state the same truth of many of the other sects.

General Taylor was then President, and Mr. Garrison presently spoke of him as what was called a Christian, and yet, he said, the General holds and buys slaves, and his Christianity—quoting a current phrase—did not prevent him from "giving the Mexicans hell." Upon this the stranger in the gallery interrupted the speaker still more violently, and, surrounded by a body of men, members of the "Empire Club," he pressed up to the platform, vociferating that Mr. Garrison must stick to his text, and not insult the government. The whole audience arose in the utmost confusion, and the proceedings stopped. Colonel Kane, son of the late Judge Kane, of Philadelphia, a young man who had been drawn by sympathetic curiosity to the meeting, and who stood upon the platform, immediately planted himself by the side of the ringleader of the disturbers, and said, quietly, his hands in his overcoat pockets, "I shall shoot this man if he lays a finger upon any body." "This man" was Captain Isaiah Rynders. The members of the society appealed to the Chief of Police, Mr. Matsell, for protection. He replied that he should do nothing until Rynders struck somebody. The Hutchinsons attempted to allay the tumult with a song. But it was in vain.

Captain Rynders virtually took command of the meeting. The great mass of the audience, evidently friendly to Mr. Garrison and his cause, called for Mr. Furness, of Philadelphia. There were also calls for Dr. Grant, a friend of Captain Rynders. It was agreed that Mr. Furness should speak if he would not take all the time, and he proceeded, incessantly interrupted and insulted by Captain Rynders. Then Dr. Grant spoke, asserting that science showed negroes to be baboons. When he ended there was a cry for Frederick Douglass. Douglass appeared amidst a tempest of applause. When it subsided he was about to begin, when Captain Rynders, who, with his followers, still stood upon the platform, declared that he would knock him down if he said a word against the government or country. "Dr. Grant," began Mr. Douglass, "says that science shows the negro to be a baboon. Look at me and answer. Am I a monkey or a man?" The response from the audience was a tempest of applause. "Pooh!" said Captain Rynders; "you are not a negro; you are half white." "Then I am your half-brother," instantly retorted Douglass, and the church rang again. Captain Rynders still interrupted Douglass as he proceeded, but more cautiously, so trenchant were Douglass's replies. As he ended, Douglass called his friend Ward to the platform—a man six feet high, and of the blackest skin. "Am I black enough?" began Ward, and he spoke so brilliantly and wittily that he was scarcely interrupted.

The Tabernacle had been secured for one meeting only, and the adjournment was to Hope Chapel. At the hour appointed Captain Rynders and the Empire Club had taken possession of that hall. The anti-slavery orators, Mrs. Mott, Mr. Phillips, Mr. Garrison, were not permitted to speak. Presently the owner of the hall sent word to them that they might do with themselves what they chose, but that the hall should not be exposed to violence, and they must therefore leave. The meeting was thus dispersed by Captain Rynders and his mob; it "ran away," as the newspapers said; and the mob sealed their victory by cheers for the *Herald*, the *Globe*, the Constitution, and the Church. And so absolute was the triumph of the mob that for two years the American Antislavery Society held no meeting in New York, because nobody dared to let a hall for the purpose.

This is the story. It is familiar to thousands of persons, and is implicitly believed by them as well as by those who were present. The English readers were not more firmly persuaded that the apparition of Mrs. Veal appeared at Canterbury than these persons are convinced that Captain Rynders and his mob appeared at the Tabernacle, and drove the Antislavery Society from Hope Chapel. And such was their faith in what they had seen and heard that it affected others. The illusion passed into history. The Rynders mob was regarded as no less a fact than the Sacheverel mobs in De Foe's own time. But it is the part of a free and independent press to scatter illusions and to correct history. We are now enabled to tell the truth. The persons at the antislavery meeting saw no mob and no rioters. Mrs. Mott, Mr. Garrison, Mr. Phillips, Mr. Furness, Colonel Kane, and the vast numbers who have always believed otherwise will think better of human nature when they learn that they are all mistaken. For twenty years they have been imagining a vain thing. There was no mob, no riot. The scene on the platform at the Tabernacle, the dispersion at Hope Chapel, were both an illusion, and if the members of the society only knew it, they held their meetings and departed undisturbed; and to say that Captain Rynders and his mob silenced Mrs. Mott is libelous.

The proof we will now present. In these columns we once spoke of this illusion as of an actual occurrence. In discussing another subject we alluded to Captain Rynders and his club as silencing the antislavery orators, and a few days afterward the following letter was received:

"Law Offices of Brown, Hall, & Vanderpoel,
"391 Broadway, New York,
"December 4, 1869.

"*Messrs. Harper & Brothers:*

"Gentlemen,—In a recent issue of your newspaper called *Harper's Weekly* appeared an article reflecting upon our client, Captain Isaiah Rynders, charging him, in substance and effect, with aiding a mob and being a rioter. It is in the issue of the paper upon the frontispiece of which appears a picture of Charles A. Dana, Esq., and is on the third page of that paper. So long as such charges were confined to the partisan dailies, Captain Rynders has taken no exception to kindred allegations, which he declares to be utterly false and libelous. If they are unfounded, we advise him that they are libelous; and an allegation of such a character, in a journal devoted, as its title-page attests, to 'civilization,' seems to call for some notice on his part.

"He has requested us to commence a suit for libel. He could, of course, commence it by arrests, etc.; but neither he nor we desire sensational or vexatious proceedings. If, therefore, you will be kind enough to acquaint us with the name of your attorney, who will accept service of proper papers in the action at law for libel, we will remain obliged,

"Brown, Hall, & Vanderpoel,
"By A. Oakey Hall,
"Of Counsel."

The only difficulty now is to know what accepted historical fact is true, if this story of the mob is not. If the captain did not turn the society out of the chapel for the sake of the Constitution, who will believe, for instance, that his counsel ever turned his political coat for his own advantage? If it be a libel to say that Captain Rynders and his mob interrupted the meeting, then it must be an equal libel to say that the present Chief Magistrate of the city clothed himself in green upon St. Patrick's Day to flatter the Irish, and was heartily despised for his pains. Indeed, if the riotous conduct of the captain was all an illusion, why may it not be all an illusion that the present Mayor of New York is a gentleman of unsuspected honesty?

The letter of Captain Rynders's counsel was promptly answered more than twenty months ago, but nothing further has been heard from counsel or client. This makes the whole matter more illusory than ever. If a suit for libel was really intended, why was it not prosecuted? Can it be possible that it was not intended? Can it be possible that the letter was meant to serve as a threat? This journal, in which the article appeared, had by pen and pencil sharply criticised the Tammany Ring, of which Mr. "A. Oakey Hall, of Counsel," was a member.

Was the libel suit, therefore, a suggestion of the counsel to the client, and was the letter intended as a warning that if the criticism did not cease, the proprietors of the offending paper should feel the weight of the Ring's displeasure? Possibly; but that criticism has not ceased. It has steadily continued. Whether it has been justifiable, recent revelations have perhaps shown. But how tenacious are popular illusions! There are people living to-day who actually believe that the apparition of Mrs. Veal appeared to Mrs. Bargrave a hundred and sixty-five years ago; and a hundred years hence there will be a great and free people who will actually believe that the captain and his party did trample upon the right of free speech to save slavery; and that when the supremacy of slavery seemed to be assured, there were some persons—and we invite the attention of his learned counsel to the fact—who, obeying, of course, the highest political principle, crawled over to the side of slavery, and received their thirty pieces.

THE LESSON OF THE FRAUDS CONTINUED.

Not the least remarkable fact in connection with the disclosures of city frauds made by the *Times* is the utter folly and futility of the replies and explanations that have been published. They are beneath contempt. The enormous frauds are not denied, but it is gravely said that they occurred two or three years ago, and that the municipal system of that time has been abolished. And when to this it is answered that the chief officers under the new system are those who are chiefly implicated under the old, and that the same kind of frauds are now charged, there is no reply; even flippancy fails. We mentioned last week the two explanations which had then been offered by the Mayor: one was that the *Times* had itself opened the way to frauds upon the treasury; and the other, that the duty of the Mayor and Controller was merely "ministerial" after bills had been audited by the Board of Supervisors.

To the first of these pleas the conclusive answer was that the *Times* demanded only the honest payment of an undisputed bill; to the second the evident answer was that honest men do not consent to be knaves ministerially. If, as the Mayor conceded, the demands were "exorbitant," it was his duty, as an honorable citizen, if the law required him officially to sign the warrants, to protest in the interests of the tax-payers, and to resign his office rather than to connive at defrauding them. But the law did not require it. On the contrary, the law required that he should approve no demands of the justice of which he was not satisfied. Why, then, did he sign the warrants, and why did the Controller pay them? Thus the very ground of their replies being taken from under their feet, the implicated authorities have tried other excuses. One is that the old Board of Supervisors, which audited the demands that the Mayor confesses were exorbitant—but which, nevertheless, he and the Controller approved—was composed equally from the two great parties, and that the frauds were therefore no more Democratic than Republican.

This plea, which does not deny the frauds, disappeared before the fact that the frauds occurred during the years 1869 and 1870, while the old Board of Supervisors, which audited them, ceased to be half Republican on the 1st of January, 1867, and was thenceforward Democratic. And the feeble attempt of the Mayor to escape, not by disproving the frauds, but by shifting the responsibility upon the Supervisors, fades contemptuously before the fact that Mr. Tweed, the chief of the old Board and of the New York Democratic party, and the chairman of the Supervisors' committee upon the new Court-house, for which the frauds were perpetrated, was appointed by the same Mayor to the most important position under the new city charter, while Mr. Ingersoll, who drew a large part of the money, was Mr. Tweed's old partner and present companion, and was only last year appointed by the same Mayor a commissioner to complete the new Court-house. Moreover, if it had been true that at the date of these frauds the Board of Supervisors was half Republican, is that any reason why the Controller should have disobeyed the law which orders a periodical publication of his receipts and payments?

But that no possible disgrace should be wanting to the transaction, it has been also asserted that the conduct of the *Times* in telling these terrible truths is fraudulent because the frauds themselves had been already published in the volume of proceedings of the Supervisors and in the *Transcript*, a paper of the Ring? But this, again, if true, is not a denial of the frauds; it is only a flippant sneer that the cheated tax-payers might earlier have known that they were cheated. Nor does the fact of publication affect the conduct of the Mayor and Controller, for neither in the Journal of the Supervisors nor in the *Transcript* does it appear that the bills were approved by the Mayor and paid by the Controller, which fact was first announced by the *Times*.

Indeed, up to the time of this writing, the accuracy of the figures published by the *Times* has not been impeached, and those figures incontestably establish the most shameful frauds. The Mayor confesses that the demands were "exorbitant," and the most forcible-feeble of his apologists calls the old Board of Supervisors a scandalous nest of corruption. Enormous frauds are thus virtually confessed by the Tammany Ring, which controls the Democratic party of New York, which managed the last National Convention of the party, and which Mr. Tweed—the head of the Ring, the chairman of the Supervisors' committee upon the Court-house, the chief sachem of Tammany, the head of the city Department of Public Works by the appointment of the Mayor, and who, without any profession but politics, has become notoriously rich—declares "proposes to carry on a strictly economical government, and to wrest, if possible, the national government from the hands of those who now, in our opinion, are betraying it." And a very pretty economical government the Tammany Ring would make of it!

That there are the most honorable men in the Democratic party in this city and State, as elsewhere, needs not to be said. But the fact is plain that the men to whom this city has been delivered, bound hand and foot—who have, as now appears, connived at the most unprecedented frauds—are the men whom the Democratic party has continued in power. Nobody will pretend to be surprised by any thing in the facts now revealed but their enormity. Nobody will assert that he has believed the city of New York to be honestly governed. Every body has been morally sure of what is now made evident. Yet, notwithstanding all this, the authors of these transactions have been the accepted leaders of the Democratic party. The respectable members of that party have yielded to them, and voted for them, and insisted that they were no worse than others; and the only attempt to withstand them in the party proceeded from a few city politicians and papers, who, as the result proved, were merely driving a bargain with the Ring.

Is this the party and are these the leaders that the intelligent voters of the United States wish to put into a position "to carry on a strictly economical government" of the

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kind which it is now shown that they have been carrying on in New York? There are Republicans every where who are vexed with follies and offenses in their own party. But is there any thing in Republican rule, or in the character and tendency of the Republican party, which is so menacing to the welfare of the country and to the permanence of the government as the Democratic financial corruption and betrayal of constitutional liberty which the country has recently seen in the great city in which that party is supreme? Fortunately for us all, the events of the last month have been presented, as we said last week, upon the most central and conspicuous stage in the country. The Tammany Ring, by its money, its organization, its ability, now controls the Democratic party, as it was once controlled by the slave-masters. And every voter in the land may be sure that the Tammany Democracy does not change more than that old slave power changed. The peace and prosperity of the country are now to be perpetuated, as they were a few years ago to be secured, only by prostrating the Tammany tyranny and corruption as effectually and finally as those of slavery were prostrated.

THE CENTENARY OF SIR WALTER SCOTT.

The centenary of Sir Walter Scott will be celebrated with the utmost enthusiasm wherever the English language is spoken. He was, indeed, a Scotchman of whom his countrymen will be always most proud; but he wrote in the language common to England and the United States, and his fame is as warmly cherished in this country as it can be in his own. Abbotsford, like Stratford, is one of the fond shrines of American pilgrimage, and the nationality of the great story-teller is forgotten in his humanity. He was, indeed, especially attached to Scotland; and with what eager delight he had mastered its history and its romantic lore was first shown by the notes to the "Lay of the Last Minstrel," which are full of Scotch legend and tradition. After the poems came the novels, in which the same local love and sympathy appear. But he did not give up to Scotland what was meant for mankind. His exquisite instinct chose only what was essentially romantic, and the light of his genius played upon characters which were universally intelligible.

As at the centenary of Burns, therefore, a few years ago, so in that of Scott, all exclusive national sentiment disappears in the general sympathy. As at that time, also, the Burns clubs, which are mainly composed of Scotchmen, took the lead in the celebration, so it is but natural that the Scotchmen in cities where there are many of them should act as ushers of the Scott festival. But any disposition to give it an exclusively national or local character would be unwise. Scott's fame can not in that way be appropriated or monopolized; and it is to be regretted if the published intention to lay in New York the foundation stone for the pedestal of the statue for which the subscription has been raised among Scotchmen solely should seem to give to the occasion an aspect too exclusively Scottish. It is not surprising that, having raised the money among themselves, Scott's countrymen should select the centenary as the day for beginning the erection of the work; but the gentlemen interested might have been very sure that, had they generally invited subscriptions, the response would have been most ready and ample, and the statue to be erected to the Magician would have represented the homage of all who have felt his happy spell.

But these are unimportant forms which the kind spirit of the occasion will disregard. The sweet manliness of Scott's own nature will be the genius of the day. Whatever is done and whoever speaks, it will be impossible not to recount the story of that memorable career, and nobody can hear it without recalling with gratitude and admiration that wonderful series of works which gave so high and harmless a delight, and blessing the good genius which inspired them. That story has its tenderly touching and tragic aspects also. With all its triumph and renown, there are few careers of which the tale is more melancholy than that of the beloved Sir Walter. In his masterly estimate of it Carlyle spoke for all who are familiar with the facts, and with a mournful eloquence which he has never surpassed. "And so the curtain falls, and the strong Walter Scott is with us no more. A possession from him does remain, widely scattered, yet attainable, and inconsiderable. It can be said of him when he departed he took a man's life with him. No sounder piece of British manhood was put together in that eighteenth century of time. Alas! his fine Scotch face, with its shaggy honesty, sagacity, and goodness, when we saw it latterly on the Edinburgh streets, was all worn with care, the joy all fled from it, plowed deep with labor and sorrow. We shall never forget it; we shall never see it again. Adieu, Sir Walter! pride of all Scotchmen, take our proud and sad farewell."

THE ENGLISH REVOLUTION.

The progress of the peaceful revolution which is gradually proceeding in England is very interesting. Within a short time the popular protest against the grant to Prince Arthur, the cool reception of the Prince of Wales in Dublin, and the abolition of the army purchase system in disregard of the House of Lords, are all significant signs. This last act, all our readers may not have seen, was that of Mr. Gladstone, who, finding that the Lords would not support his scheme for the abolition of the system of buying commissions in the army, announced that the Queen had abolished it, as it was instituted, by royal warrant. The Duke of Richmond moved a vote of censure upon the ministry. The Marquis of Salisbury, the ablest of the Tory peers, thought that the Lords were bound to resent the great outrage, which would otherwise be a standing menace to the authority of the House of Lords. Lord Cairns and other peers supported the motion, and even Lord Russell said that he would vote for it. But when the vote was taken the House of Lords acquiesced by a majority of eighty in the blow which was aimed at them. The Peers are not only most interested in the purchase system which is thus abolished, and not only resisted the abolition, but the method in which it was done was peculiarly humiliating, yet by an enormous majority they yielded.

This act is a public declaration of the general feeling in England that the House of Lords is to be henceforth only a tolerated ornament of the British system, and it is significant of the manner in which the fundamental changes will be wrought. In a very interesting letter to the Cincinnati *Commercial* Mr. M. D. Conway recently describes Mr. Charles Bradlaugh, whom Mr. Conway calls the great apostle of the radical working class. He is a republican, who inaugurates clubs of that political faith, and who holds public debates upon religious questions. Mr. Conway heard him upon the coming revolution in England, and was evidently impressed by the sagacity and power of the orator, whom he describes as a man of a dark skin, smooth face, strong features, high forehead, and long, straight black hair, brushed closely behind his ears.

Mr. Bradlaugh stated coolly and pointedly the situation in England. The landed aristocracy he affirms to be the real government of the country, and they are constantly relieving themselves of pressure. One hundred and twenty years ago they bore a fifth of the national burden; now they bear a seventieth. Twenty-nine millions of acres in the country are uncultivated, of which certainly more than half could be cultivated with profit. The agricultural laborers, the most wretched of men, are still deteriorating; they are ignorant, wretched, degraded; their wages from seven to fifteen shillings a week. This can not endure. The combustible materials of a revolution are widely spread under English society, and in his opinion the only question is whether it will be peaceable or violent. He thinks it will be peaceable, and he warns the royal family to get out of the way.

The action of the ministry and the acquiescence of the Lords show that they feel the forces of which Mr. Bradlaugh speaks. The steady political movement in England is to equality of rights, and to their final practical assertion only a formal protest, like that of the Duke of Richmond, is likely to be urged. Even the Prince of Wales, Mr. Conway says, has himself expressed the doubt, which many others have expressed, that he "might possibly never reign in this country."

PERSONAL.

A gentleman who has been spending a week with Will M. Carleton, the Farm Balladist, says that upon first appearance Mr. Carleton would not impress the casual observer as being a gentleman of any poetic ability. He is wanting in those general characteristics which have stamped the poets of former days. He would more likely be taken for a statesman of the Washington type, his face and head bearing a strong resemblance to what Washington might have been in his younger days. But a close acquaintance would radically change the impression. His face in repose is not expressive—his eyes are somewhat dull and dreamy—but the instant his sympathies are aroused, whether giving expression to his own poems or discussing the merits of others, then it is his countenance lights up—now beaming with joy, now depressed again in sorrow, as his subjects vary. His address is frank, but yet betrays a nervous sensitiveness, and he is evidently conscious of the position he has taken and the duties expected of him. He is generous, hospitable, unobtrusive to a fault, and has no desire to be made an elephant of. He is, as he himself asserts, emphatically a Western man, and his only desire to travel is that he may obtain points for his poetic muse to illustrate. He is very frank in his expressions of tenderness for his parents, who reside a few miles below him, at Hudson; and when told his subjects were unpoetic when considered from his inexperienced stand-point, tenderly declared that all that was good and affectionate he drank in from *Home*. He is a perfect enthusiast in all matters connected with the literary world, is endowed with good common-sense and high moral character. He is only about twenty-five years of age, and graduated with the highest honors from Hillsdale College, Michigan.

—The public are indebted to an English journal for the following lines, the authorship of which is unknown, giving in a few words the history of the "Tichborne case" so far as it has been already unraveled.

> "The firm of Baxter, Rose, and Norton
> Deny the claimant's Arthur Orton,
> But can't deny, what's more important,
> That he has done what Ormes oughtn't."

—Under the provisions of Mr. Peabody's will another block of dwellings was completed and formally opened in London on the 1st of the present month. They are light, airy looking buildings, thoroughly ventilated, thoroughly comfortable, and would be deemed reasonable in New York at $300 to $350 a year. Yet the single rooms are rented at 50 cents, two rooms at $1, or three at $1 25 a week, and at these rates every room was promptly taken, and could have been let twice over. Three hundred and twenty-five tenants occupy the premises. Is the time ever to come in New York when small families of refined people, living on moderate salaries, can obtain really comfortable lodgings at from $300 to $400 a year? That is what is needed rather than more expensive lodging-houses.

—Michelet, the historian, has been in bad health since February last, and his recovery is not looked for. He is now seventy-three. When twenty-three he was professor of ancient languages and philosophy in the College Sainte-Barbara. Soon after the revolution of 1830 he was appointed chief of the historical archives of the realm. After succeeding Guizot as lecturer on history, and writing many pamphlets and some books, the government, in 1851, interdicted his lectures, and he has since lived in retirement.

—Judge Hoar is as sharp as he is quick at repartee. At one of those dinners given to the High Commission, where, as an old English judge remarked, "dinners lubricates business," Judge H., alluding to the unfriendliness of England for our cause during the war, marveled that the British people could give their sympathies against the free side. "But it was not the intelligent opinion that favored the South," said Professor Bernard; "eminently cultivated people in England sympathized with the North." "Well," retorted the judge, quietly, "I am almost quoting your own speeches and writings." Whereupon the subject was suddenly dropped.

—It is announced in a foreign journal that the Khedive of Egypt is about to revisit Europe, and intends soliciting the honor of reconstructing at his own expense some one of the burned monuments in Paris as a splendid and durable testimony of his admiration. Another journal mentions that Mr. Richard Wallace, the new Commander of the Legion of Honor, is about worthily to close the series of his benefactions to Paris and to France by rebuilding, at his sole cost, the palace of that order of knighthood. It is said, also, that Ismail Pasha has sent 100,000 francs to the French consul at Alexandria for the orphans made by the late strife. Mr. Wallace, it is well known, has given much larger sums for various charitable purposes, and his name is likely to be cherished in Paris as Mr. Peabody's is in England.

—Disraeli, at sixty-five, presents quite a contrast in appearance to the Disraeli of thirty-five years ago, as he looked to N. P. Willis, who, in "Pencilings by the Way," thus sketches him as he appeared at a dinner party of Lady Blessington's: "Disraeli had arrived before me, and sat in the deep window, looking out upon Hyde Park, with the last rays of daylight reflected from the gorgeous gold flowers of a splendidly embroidered waistcoat. Patent leather pumps, a white stick with a black cord and tassel, and a quantity of chains about his neck and pockets, served to make him rather a conspicuous object. . . . His hair is as extraordinary as his taste in waistcoats, a thick, heavy mass of jet-black ringlets falls over his left cheek almost to his collarless stock, while on the right temple it is parted and put away with the smooth carefulness of a girl's, and shines most unctuously 'with thy incomparable oil, Macassar.' He talked like a race-horse approaching the winning post—every muscle in action, and the utmost energy of expression flung out in every burst. . . . I have been told that he once stood for a London borough, a coarse fellow came up to the hustings, and said to him, 'I should like to know, Sir, on what ground you stand here, Sir?' 'On my head, Sir,' answered Disraeli."

—The proprietor of the *Independent* announces that the literary department of that widely circulated and ably conducted journal has been placed in charge of Dr. T. M. Coan. Dr. Coan is among the most promising and industrious of the young literary men of the day. His contributions to *Harper's Magazine*, as well as to several other of the leading monthlies, and to the weekly and daily press, evince superior abilities and culture, and an aptitude for journalistic work that renders the services of such men very valuable.

—Apropos of the full-length bronze statue of the poet Halleck—for which a site has been selected by the Commissioners of Central Park—a considerable portion of the $12,000 required for the statue remains to be subscribed. While some eighty gentlemen of this city have given their names for about half the amount, it is to be stated, to the honor of the State of Connecticut, the birth-place of the gifted poet, that she has furnished *one contributor to the amount of fifteen dollars, and he a poet*!

—Speaking of Minister Washburne, a gentleman who professes to know what he is writing about says that from the time of General Grant's nomination Mr. W. had an understanding that he was to be minister to France; for, as soon as General G. was elected, Mr. W. began the study of the French language. A teacher was constantly in the house, and not only did he become a ripe French scholar, but his family acquired the language also. He also paid frequent visits to Mr. Sumner, who aided him in airing his lessons. Mr. Sumner is accomplished in French, his conversation being more free from improper pronunciation and grammatical inaccuracy than that of any official in Washington. He keeps it up by constant practice, and never addresses his servants except in French unless visitors are present. He is equally familiar with Spanish.

—Bishop Fraser, of Manchester, one of the new bishops (the see was established in 1848, and endowed with $22,500 a year), is a practical man, and was made a bishop more for peculiar fitness than from political influence. In a sermon preached in Westminster Abbey on the evening of July 9 he referred to the Treaty of Washington in the following terms: "I have heard the treaty called an act of national humiliation. To my mind it is an act of the nation showing itself willing to rectify, not one day too soon, a great and conspicuous wrong. It is the act of a nation recognizing the obligations of conscience, and doing righteousness."

—In the "Life and Times of Lord Brougham," recently published by Harper & Brothers, at page 59 occurs the following paragraph, that may be of interest to photographers, as therein Lord Brougham distinctly claims to have been the original discoverer of photography. He says: "I soon returned to pure mathematics, and several of the propositions afterward mentioned in my paper on Porisms were investigated at this time. I was also diligently employed in experiments upon light and colors, and conceived that I had made some additions to the Newtonian doctrine, which I sent to the Royal Society in the summer of 1795. The paper was very courteously received, but Sir Charles Blagden (the secretary) desired parts to be left out in the notes or queries as belonging rather to the arts and sciences. This was very unfortunate, because I, having observed the effect of a small hole in the window-shutter of a darkened room, when a view is formed on white paper of the external objects, had suggested that if that view is formed, not on paper, but on ivory rubbed with nitrate of silver, the picture would become permanent; and I had suggested improvements in drawing founded upon this fact. Now this is the origin of photography; and had the note containing the suggestion in 1795 appeared, in all probability it would have set others on the examination of the subject, and given us photography half a century earlier than we have had it."

—Among the candidates of the Democratic party for the next Presidency, Pennsylvania is not unlikely to present the name of Chief Justice James Thompson, of the Supreme Court. Judge Thompson, after having received a good education, commenced life as a printer; afterward was admitted to the bar, elected to the Pennsylvania Legislature in 1829, '32, '33, and '34, serving the last year as Speaker. In 1838 he was a Presidential elector, presiding Judge of the District Court for six years, and member of Congress from 1845 to 1851. In 1857 he was elected judge of the Supreme Court of Pennsylvania for fifteen years. Another candidate is ex-Senator Doolittle, of Wisconsin, a native of this State, and for some years a leading member of the Wyoming County bar. In 1851 he removed to Wisconsin, was elected Judge of the First Judicial Circuit in 1853, but resigned in 1856. In 1857 he was elected United States Senator for six years, and re-elected in 1863. He is now in his prime—fifty-six—and although possessed of superior abilities, has too recently left the Republican party, and not yet sufficiently in full communion with the Democrats, to be classed among the really prominent Presidential aspirants.

—Hon. Daniel W. Voorhees announces that at the expiration of his present Congressional term he will withdraw entirely from political life and devote himself to the legal profession. Mr. Voorhees is a man of commanding presence, a fine scholar, and one of the most eloquent men in Congress. He entered the House of Representatives in 1860, and has since been almost constantly in public life. In the very prime of manhood—he is only forty-three—he wisely determines to step from the turbid pool of politics to a more enduring fame and fortune at the bar.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

The July statement of the national debt shows a reduction during that month of $6,[illegible].

The total internal revenue receipts for July were $[illegible].

The recent election in North Carolina resulted in a Republican triumph by a majority of several thousand. The Democratic project for a Convention to revise the State Constitution is defeated.

President Grant has been officially notified of the removal of the Italian seat of government to Rome.

The corporation of the University of Vermont has voted to admit women to the university under rules to be hereafter prescribed by the faculty.

The Navy Register for July 1, 1871, shows the total number of vessels in the navy to be 179, of which [illegible] are iron-clads, laid up at League Island, New London, Washington, and other places, 36 are abroad on foreign stations, and many are laid up, as the law does not permit the enlistment of a sufficient force to man them.

FOREIGN NEWS.

The Fenian leaders in Ireland made arrangements to hold a public meeting in Dublin, on the occasion of the visit of the Prince of Wales to that city, for the purpose of demanding the release of the Fenian prisoners still in jail. The assemblage was prohibited by the authorities, but the projectors insisted. The meeting was held Saturday evening, August 5, and a serious riot ensued, which lasted for half an hour. The police finally succeeded in dispersing the crowd. Mr. Smyth, M.P., and Mr. Sullivan, of the *Nation*, the leading spirits in the projected meeting, were badly wounded, and over a hundred other injured persons were taken to the hospitals. The leaders will be prosecuted.

The British Parliament has voted a yearly allowance of £15,000 to Prince Arthur. There was no opposition in the House of Lords, and but little in the Commons, where only eleven votes were recorded in the negative.

The payment of the second installment of half a billion francs, on account of the indemnity to the Germans, has been completed. The German army of occupation in France is reduced to 150,000 men.

A monstrous communist scheme to fire the large cities of France has elicited from the French government an order forbidding vessels laden with petroleum to ascend the Seine to Rouen.

King Thakombau, of the Fiji Islands, has formed a new cabinet, largely composed of Englishmen, to the disgust of other foreign residents. The rebellious members of one of the native tribes have been hired to planters for the benefit of the royal treasury.

"WHO IS INGERSOLL'S CO?" N.Y. TRIBUNE.   MR. INGERSOLL. "ALLOW ME TO INTRODUCE YOU TO MY CO."

TWO GREAT QUESTIONS.   Th. Nast.

"WHO STOLE THE PEOPLE'S MONEY?" — DO TELL. N.Y. TIMES.   'TWAS HIM.

THE STATEN ISLAND FERRY-BOAT DISASTER—RECOVERY OF DEAD BODIES AT WHITEHALL SLIP.—Drawn by Sol. Eytinge, Jun.—[See Page 766.]

GRAPPLING FOR THE DEAD.

For several days after the terrible disaster on board the Staten Island ferry-boat *Westfield* the docks around Whitehall Slip presented a most sad and pathetic spectacle, which Mr. Eytinge has admirably realized in our illustration on page 765. All the available standing place for several blocks above and below the slip which afforded a view of the river was occupied by an eager crowd of persons watching the movements of those who were engaged in grappling for the bodies of those victims of the disaster who had been blown into the water or had jumped overboard in the panic caused by the explosion. Dense and motley as it was, the crowd was most quiet and orderly. Every one seemed to be awed into silence. There was no loud talking, no pushing. Only now and then, when a body was raised to the surface, a pitying murmur, almost like a groan, was audible, that seemed to be wrung from the heart of every one of those silent watchers. Even the newsboys and boot-blacks, usually so vociferous, glided about among the crowd as if they had suddenly been stricken dumb.

One of the most pathetic sights was an aged Irishwoman, who had perhaps lost her only son, the stay and comfort of her declining years. She sat on the very edge of the dock, her head resting in her hands, and her tearless eyes fixed on the men in the boats. She was not weeping, but a low moaning sound that escaped her lips told of the depth of her anguish. Close by her side sat another aged woman of the same race, who kept murmuring, "O God! O God!" Every one around them was moved to tears by their desolate sorrow. Several compassionate people spoke kindly to them, but could get no answer. They did not seem to hear.

While our artist was sketching, the body of a beautiful young girl was brought up by the grappling-irons, and gently lifted ashore. She had long golden hair, and was dressed in white. Few were so stern as not to weep when she was laid on the plank, and rough hands little used to tenderness gently and reverently composed her dress and hair, and thus covered the inanimate form from sight.

LORD KILGOBBIN.

By CHARLES LEVER.

Author of "That Boy of Norcott's," "The Bramleighs of Bishop's Folly," "Sir Brooke Fossbrooke," "A Day's Ride," "One of Them," "Gerald Fitzgerald," etc., etc.

CHAPTER XXIV.

TWO FRIENDS AT BREAKFAST.

Invalids may reasonably enough travel for climate; they need scarcely go abroad in search of scenery. Within even a very short distance from the capital there are landscapes which, for form, outline, and color, equal some of the most celebrated spots of Continental beauty.

One of these is the view from Bray Head over the wide expanse of the bay of Dublin, with Howth and Lambay in the far distance. Nearer at hand lies the sweep of that graceful shore to Killiney, with the Dalkey Islands dotting the calm sea; while inland, in wild confusion, are grouped the Wicklow Mountains, massive with wood and teeming with a rich luxuriance.

When sunlight and stillness spread color over the blue mirror of the sea—as is essential to the scene—I know of nothing, not even Naples or Amalfi, can surpass this marvelous picture.

It was on a terrace that commanded this view that Walpole and Atlee sat at breakfast on a calm autumnal morning, the white-sailed boats scarcely creeping over their shadows, and the whole scene, in its silence and softened effect, presenting a picture of almost rapturous tranquillity.

"With half a dozen days like this," said Atlee, as he smoked his cigarette in a sort of languid grace, "one would not say O'Connell was wrong in his glowing admiration for Irish scenery. If I were to wake every day for a week to this, I suspect I should grow somewhat crazy myself about the green island."

"And dash the description with a little treason too," said the other, superciliously. "I have always remarked the ingenious connection with which Irishmen bind up a love of the picturesque with a hate of the Saxon."

"Why not? they are bound together in the same romance. Can you look on the Parthenon and not think of the Turk?"

"Apropos of the Turk," said the other, laying his hand on a folded letter which lay before him, "here's a long letter from Lord Danesbury about that notorious 'Eastern question,' as they call the ten thousand issues that await solution on the Bosphorus. Do you take interest in these things?"

"Immensely. After I have blown myself with a sharp burst on Home politics I always take a canter among the Druses and the Lebanites, and I am such an authority on the 'Grand Idea' that Rangabe refers to me as 'the illustrious statesman whose writings relieve England from the stain of universal ignorance about Greece.'"

"And do you know any thing on the subject?"

"About as much as the present cabinet does of Ireland. I know all the clap-traps: the grand traditions that have sunk down into a present barbarism—of course through ill government; the noble instincts depraved by gross ill usage. I know the inherent love of freedom we cherish, which makes men resent rents as well as laws, and teaches that taxes are as great a tyranny as the rights of property."

"And do the Greeks take this view of it?"

"Of course they do, and it was in experimenting on them that your great ministers learned how to deal with Ireland. There was but one step from Thebes to Tipperary. Corfu was 'pacified'—that's the phrase for it—by abolishing the landlords. The peasants were told they might spare a little if they liked to the ancient possessor of the soil; and so they took the ground, and they gave him the olive-trees. You may imagine how fertile these were when the soil around them was utilized to the last fraction of productiveness."

"Is that a fair statement of the case?"

"Can you ask the question? I'll show it to you in print."

"Perhaps written by yourself."

"And why not? What convictions have not broken on my mind by reading my own writings? You smile at this; but how do you know your face is clean till you look in a glass?"

Walpole, however, had ceased to attend to the speaker, and was deeply engaged with the letter before him.

"I see here," cried he, "his Excellency is good enough to say that some mark of royal favor might be advantageously extended to these Kilgobbin people in recognition of their heroic defense. What should it be, is the question."

"Confer on him the peerage, perhaps."

"That is totally out of the question."

"It was Kate Kearney made the defense; why not give her a commission in the army?—make it another 'woman's right.'"

"You are absurd, Mr. Atlee."

"Suppose you endowed her out of the Consolidated Fund? Give her twenty thousand pounds, and I can almost assure you that a very clever fellow I know will marry her."

"A strange reward for good conduct."

"A prize of virtue. They have that sort of thing in France, and they say it gives a great support to purity of morals."

"Young Kearney might accept something, if we knew what to offer him."

"I'd say a pair of black trousers; for I think I'm now wearing his last in that line."

"Mr. Atlee," said the other, grimly, "let me remind you once again that the habit of light jesting—'persiflage'—is so essentially Irish, you should keep it for your countrymen; and if you persist in supposing the career of a private secretary suits you, this is an incongruity that will totally unfit you for the walk."

"I am sure you know your countrymen, Sir, and I am grateful for the rebuke."

Walpole's cheek flushed at this, and it was plain that there was a hidden meaning in the words which he felt and resented.

"I do not know," continued Walpole, "if I am not asking you to curb one of the strongest impulses of your disposition; but it rests entirely with yourself whether my counsel be worth following."

"Of course it is, Sir. I shall follow your advice to the letter, and keep all my good spirits and my bad manners for my countrymen."

It was evident that Walpole had to exercise some strong self-control not to reply sharply; but he refrained, and turned once more to Lord Danesbury's letter, in which he was soon deeply occupied. At last he said: "His Excellency wants to send me out to Turkey, to confer with a man with whom he has some confidential relations. It is quite impossible that, in my present state of health, I could do this. Would the thing suit you, Atlee—that is, if, on consideration, I should agree that you would suit it?"

"I suspect," replied Atlee, but with every deference in his manner, "if you would entertain the last part of the contingency first, it would be more convenient to each of us. I mean whether I were fit for the situation."

"Well, perhaps so," said the other, carelessly; "it is not at all impossible it may be one of the things you would acquit yourself well in. It is a sort of exercise for tact and discretion—an occasion in which that light hand of yours would have a field for employment, and that acute skill in which I know you pride yourself, as regards reading character—"

"You have certainly piqued my curiosity," said Atlee.

"I don't know that I ought to have said so much; for, after all, it remains to be seen whether Lord Danesbury would estimate those gifts of yours so highly as I do. What I think of doing is this: I shall send you over to his Excellency in your capacity as my own private secretary, to explain how unfit I am in my present disabled condition to undertake a journey. I shall tell my lord how useful I have found your services with regard to Ireland, how much you know of the country and the people, and how worthy of trust I have found your information and your opinions; and I shall hint—but only hint, remember—that, for the mission he speaks of, he might possibly do worse than fix upon yourself. As, of course, it rests with him to be like-minded with me or not upon this matter—to take, in fact, his own estimate of Mr. Atlee from his own experiences of him, you are not to know any thing whatever of this project till his Excellency thinks proper to open it to you. You understand that?"

"Thoroughly."

"Your mission will be to explain—when asked to explain—certain difficulties of Irish life and habits, and if his lordship should direct conversation to topics of the East, to be careful to know nothing of the subject whatever—mind that."

"I shall be careful. I have read the 'Arabian Nights'—but that's all."

"And of that tendency to small joking and weak epigram I would also caution you to beware; they will have no success in the quarter to which you are going, and they will only damage other qualities which you might possibly rely on."

Atlee bowed a submissive acquiescence.

"I don't know that you'll see Lady Maude Bickerstaffe, his lordship's niece" (he stopped as if he had unwittingly uttered an awkwardness, and then added): "I mean she has not been well, and may not appear while you are at the castle; but if you should, and if—which is not at all likely, but still possible—you should be led to talk of Kilgobbin and the incident that has got into the papers, you must be very guarded in all you say. It is a county family of station and repute. We were there as visitors. The ladies—I don't know that I'd say very much of the ladies."

"Except that they were exceedingly plain in looks, and somewhat *passées* besides," added Atlee, gravely.

"I don't see why you should say that, Sir," replied the other, stiffly. "If you are not bent on compromising me by an indiscretion, I don't perceive the necessity of involving me in a falsehood."

"You shall be perfectly safe in my hands," said Atlee.

"And that I may be so, say as little about me as you can. I know the injunction has its difficulties, Mr. Atlee, but pray try and observe it."

The conversation had now arrived at a point in which one angry word more must have produced a rupture between them; and though Atlee took in the whole situation and its consequences at a glance, there was nothing in the easy jauntiness of his manner that gave any clew to a sense of anxiety or discomfort.

"Is it likely," asked he at length, "that his Excellency will advert to the idea of recognizing or rewarding these people for their brave defense?"

"I am coming to that, if you will spare me a little patience; Saxon slowness is a blemish you'll have to grow accustomed to. If Lord Danesbury should know that you are an acquaintance of the Kilgobbin family, and ask you what would be a suitable mode of showing how their conduct has been appreciated in a high quarter, you should be prepared with an answer."

Atlee's eyes twinkled with a malicious drollery, and he had to bite his lips to repress an impertinence that seemed almost to master his prudence, and at last he said, carelessly,

"Dick Kearney might get something."

"I suppose you know that his qualifications will be tested. You bear that in mind, I hope—"

"Yes. I was just turning it over in my head, and I thought the best thing to do would be to make him a Civil Service Commissioner. They are the only people taken on trust."

"You are severe, Mr. Atlee. Have these gentlemen earned this dislike on your part?"

"Do you mean by having rejected me? No, that they have not. I believe I could have survived that; and if, however, they had come to the point of telling me that they were content with my acquirements, and had what is called 'passed' me, I fervently believe I should have been seized with an apoplexy."

"Mr. Atlee's opinion of himself is not a mean one," said Walpole, with a cold smile.

"On the contrary, Sir, I have occasion to feel pretty often in every twenty-four hours what an ignominious part a man plays in life who has to affect to be taught what he knows already, to be asking the road where he has traveled every step of the way, and to feel that a threadbare coat and broken boots take more from the value of his opinions than if he were a knave or a blackleg."

"I don't see the humility of all this."

"I feel the shame of it, though," said Atlee; and as he arose and walked out upon the terrace the veins in his forehead were swelled and knotted, and his lips trembled with suppressed passion.

In a tone that showed how thoroughly indifferent he felt to the other's irritation, Walpole went on to say: "You will, then, make it your business, Mr. Atlee, to ascertain in what way most acceptable to those people at Kilgobbin his Excellency may be able to show them some mark of royal favor—bearing in mind not to commit yourself to any thing that may raise great expectations. In fact, a recognition is what is intended, not a reward."

Atlee's eyes fell upon the opal ring, which he always wore since the day Walpole had given it to him, and there was something so significant in the glance that the other flushed as he caught it.

"I believe I appreciate the distinction," said Atlee, quietly. "It is to be something in which the generosity of the donor is more commemorated than the merits of the person rewarded, and, consequently, a most appropriate recognition of the Celt by the Saxon. Do you think I ought to go down to Kilgobbin Castle, Sir?"

"I am not quite sure about that; I'll turn it over in my mind. Meanwhile I'll telegraph to my lord that, if he approves, I shall send you over to Wales; and you had better make what arrangements you have to make to be ready to start at any moment."

"Unfortunately, Sir, I have none. I am in the full enjoyment of such complete destitution that I am always ready to go any where."

Walpole did not notice the words, but arose and walked over to a writing-table to compose his message for the telegraph.

"There," said he, as he folded it, "have the kindness to dispatch this at once, and do not be out of the way about five, or half past, when I shall expect an answer."

"Am I free to go into town meanwhile?" asked Atlee.

Walpole nodded assent without speaking.

"I wonder if this sort of flunkeydom be good for a man," muttered Atlee to himself as he sprang down the stairs. "I begin to doubt it. At all events, I understand now the secret of the first lieutenant's being a tyrant: he has once been a middy. And so I say, let me only reach the ward-room, and Heaven help the cockpit!"

CHAPTER XXV.

ATLEE'S EMBARRASSMENT.

When Atlee returned to dress for dinner he was sent for hurriedly by Walpole, who told him that Lord Danesbury's answer had arrived, with the order, "Send him over at once, and write fully at the same time."

"There is an eleven-o'clock packet, Atlee, to-night," said he; "you must manage to start by that. You'll reach Holyhead by four or thereabout, and can easily get to the castle by mid-day."

"I wish I had had a little more time," muttered the other. "If I am to present myself before his Excellency in such a 'rig' as this—"

"I have thought of that. We are nearly of the same size and build; you are, perhaps, a trifle taller, but nothing to signify. New Buckmaster has just sent me a mass of things of all sorts from town; they are in my dressing-room, not yet unpacked. Go up and look at them after dinner: take what suits you—as much—all, if you like—but don't delay now. It only wants a few minutes of seven o'clock."

Atlee muttered his thanks hastily, and went his way. If there was a thoughtfulness in the generosity of this action, the mode in which it was performed, the measured coldness of the words, the look of impassive examination that accompanied them, and the abstention from any thing that savored of explanation or apology for a liberty—were all deeply felt by the other.

It was true, Walpole had often heard him tell of the freedom with which he had treated Dick Kearney's wardrobe, and how poor Dick was scarcely sure he could call an article of dress his own whenever Joe had been the first to go out into the town. The innumerable straits to which he reduced that unlucky chum, who had actually to deposit a dinner suit in a hotel to save it from Atlee's rapacity, had amused Walpole; but that these things were all done in the spirit of the honest familiarity that prevailed between them—the tie of true *camaraderie* that neither suggested a thought of obligation on one side nor of painful inferiority on the other. Here it was totally different. These men did not live together with that daily interchange of liberties which, with all their passing contentions, so accustom people to each other's humors as to establish the soundest and strongest of all friendships. Walpole had adopted Atlee because he found him useful in a variety of ways. He was adroit, ready-witted, and intelligent; a half explanation sufficed with him on any thing—a mere hint was enough to give him for an interview or a reply. He read people readily, and rarely failed to profit by the knowledge. Strange as it may seem, the great blemish of his manner—his snobbery—Walpole rather liked than disliked it. It was a sort of qualifying element that satisfied him, as though it said, "With all that fellow's cleverness, he is not 'one of us.' He might make a wittier reply, or write a smarter note; but society has its little tests—not one of which he could respond to." And this was an inferiority Walpole loved to cherish and was pleased to think over.

Atlee felt that Walpole might, with very little exercise of courtesy, have dealt more considerately by him.

"I am not exactly a valet," muttered he to himself, "to whom a man flings a waistcoat as he chucks a shilling to a porter. I am more than Mr. Walpole's equal in many things, which are not accidents of fortune."

He knew scores of things he could do better than him; indeed, there were very few he could not.

Poor Joe was not, however, aware that it was in the "not doing" lay Walpole's secret of superiority; that the inborn sense of abstention is the great distinguishing element of the class Walpole belonged to; and he might harass himself forever and yet never guess where it was that the distinction evaded him.

Atlee's manner at dinner was unusually cold and silent. He habitually made the chief efforts of conversation; now he spoke little and seldom. When Walpole talked it was in that careless discursive way in which it was his wont to discuss matters with a familiar. He often put questions, and as often went on without waiting for the answers.

As they sat over the dessert and were alone he adverted to the other's mission, throwing out little hints and cautions as to manner, which Atlee listened to in perfect silence, and without the slightest sign that could indicate the feeling they produced.

"You are going into a new country, Atlee," said he at last, "and I am sure you will not be sorry to learn something of the geography."

"Though it may mar a little of the adventure," said the other, smiling.

"Ah, that's exactly what I want to warn you against. With us in England there are none of these social vicissitudes you are used to here. The game of life is played gravely, quietly, and calmly. There are no brilliant successes of bold talkers, no *coups de théâtre* of amazing *rencontres*: no one tries to push himself into any position of eminence."

A half movement of impatience, as Atlee pushed his wine-glass before him, arrested the speaker. "I perceive," said he, stiffly, "you regard my counsels as unnecessary."

"Not that, Sir, so much as hopeless," rejoined the other, coldly.

"His Excellency will ask you, probably, some questions about this country: let me warn you not to give him Irish answers."

"I don't think I understand you, Sir."

"I mean, don't deal in any exaggerations, avoid extravagance, and never be slap-dash."

"Oh, these are Irish, then?"

Without deigning reply to this Walpole went on: "Of course you have your remedy for all the evils of Ireland. I never met an Irishman

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who had not. But, I beg you, spare his lordship your theory, whatever it is, and simply answer the questions he will ask you."

"I will try, Sir," was the meek reply.

"Above all things, let me warn you against a favorite blunder of your countrymen. Don't endeavor to explain peculiarities of action in this country by singularities of race or origin; don't try to make out that there are special points of view held that are unknown on the other side of the channel, or that there are other differences between the two peoples, except such as more rags and greater wretchedness produce. We have got over that very venerable and time-honored blunder, and do not endeavor to revive it."

"Indeed!"

"Fact, I assure you. It is possible in some remote country house to chance upon some antiquated Tory who still cherishes these notions; but you'll not find them among men of mind or intelligence, nor among any class of our people."

It was on Atlee's lip to ask, "Who were our people?" but he forbore by a mighty effort, and was silent.

"I don't know if I have any other cautions to give you. Do you?"

"No, Sir. I could not even have reminded you of these if you had not yourself remembered them."

"Oh, I had almost forgotten it. If his Excellency should give you any thing to write out or to copy, don't smoke while you are over it; he abhors tobacco. I should have given you a warning to be equally careful as regards Lady Maude's sensibilities, but, on the whole, I suspect you'll scarcely see her."

"Is that all, Sir?" said the other, rising.

"Well, I think so. I shall be curious to hear how you acquit yourself, how you get on with his Excellency, and how he takes you, and you must write it all to me. Ain't you much too early? it's scarcely ten o'clock."

"A quarter past ten; and I have some miles to drive to Kingstown."

"And not yet packed, perhaps?" said the other, listlessly.

"No, Sir; nothing ready."

"Oh! you'll be in ample time; I'll vouch for it. You are one of the rough-and-ready order, who are never late. No! but in this same flurry of yours you have made me forget something I know I had to say; and you tell me you can't remember it?"

"No, Sir."

"And yet," said the other, sententiously, "the crowning merit of a private secretary is exactly that sort of memory. Your intellects, if properly trained, should be the complement of your chief's. The infinite number of things that are too small and too insignificant for him are to have their place, duly docketed and dated, in your brain; and the very expression of his face should be an indication to you of what he is looking for and yet can not remember. Do you mark me?"

"Half past ten," cried Atlee, as the clock chimed on the mantel-piece; and he hurried away without another word.

It was only as he saw the pitiable penury of his own scanty wardrobe that he could persuade himself to accept of Walpole's offer.

"After all," he said, "the loan of a dress-coat may be the turning point of a whole destiny. Junot said all he had to buy a sword to make his first campaign; all *I* have is my shame, and here it goes for a suit of clothes!" And with these words he rushed down to Walpole's dressing-room, and, not taking time to inspect and select the contents, carried off the box as it was with him. "I'll tell him all when I write," muttered he, as he drove away.

SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

Some of our readers are familiar with a series of thrilling articles now in the course of publication by Mr Clarence King, entitled "Mountaineering in the Sierra Nevada," and have doubtless sympathized with him in his efforts to determine the altitude and physical character of the loftiest peaks of the West.

The scene of his adventures is laid in that portion of the Sierra Nevada near the sources of the Kern and King rivers, in the southern part of the State, where some hundreds of square miles have a general elevation of 8000 feet, with numerous peaks rising to a height of from 10,000 to 15,000 feet. The loftiest summit in the Sierras is that named Mount Whitney, by Mr King, in honor of Professor J. D. Whitney, the State Geologist of California, and almost the only one the summit of which was not reached by the survey of the State. Determined, however, not to be baffled by this single peak, Mr King took the opportunity of his renewed research in the West during the present summer to make a final essay, and with triumphant success, as we learn from a late number of the San Francisco *Bulletin*.

On the present occasion he started for Mount Whitney from the eastern or Nevada side, by Owen's Lake, and reached the summit on the [illegible] of June. The details of his adventures and observations have not yet been announced, although they may be looked for. It is not likely, however, that the altitude will be found to be less than 15,000 feet, and may even slightly exceed this.

Attention is called by the perpetual secretary of the Academy of Sciences of Paris to the extraordinary degree of cold experienced in that city on the 19th of May and the 3d of June, 1871, and communications on the subject are invited.

An editorial article in the London *Land and Water* speaks in terms of the utmost admiration and commendation of Mr Lorillard's schooner yacht *Enchantress*, which, at the time of writing, was in the harbor of Cowes. The writer remarks that she "looked lovely among the cluster of English yachts, so graceful and yet so rakish, so taut and yet so well balanced, so racer-like and yet so staid and safe." Among the other vessels around her she is said to look "like a swan sitting on the water." Comparisons are made between her model and that of the *Livonia* with decided disparagement to the latter, and an earnest desire is expressed that a trial of speed between the two boats mentioned may be arranged, in order to demonstrate their actual powers.

The death of Mr. Claparède, an eminent Swiss naturalist, has just been announced in the late foreign papers.

Among the recent deaths in scientific circles we have to record that of Mr Alexander Keith Johnston, the eminent geographer, in London, in the sixty-seventh year of his age. A native of Edinburgh, he was first educated with reference to the profession of medicine, but, changing his plans, he became an apprentice to an engraver; and, combining his talent in this direction with his early developed taste for geographical science, he undertook the preparation of a "National Atlas," which was first published in 1843. Since that date he has been continuously occupied with subjects of a similar character, having published numerous atlases and maps, among which his "Physical Atlas of Natural Phenomena," on the plan of Berghaus, was, perhaps, the most important. He received the degree of LL.D in 1865 from the University of Edinburgh, and his "Royal Atlas of General Geography" received a prize medal at the International Exhibition in London.

Among other publications of Mr. Johnston's may be enumerated, as of special interest in this country, the maps and charts accompanying the final report upon the geology of Pennsylvania by Professor Henry D. Rogers.

We have already referred from time to time to the rich promise of discovery in the polar regions as the result of numerous expeditions now fitting out or already started from various portions of Europe and America. Among those which have been mentioned, but of which no special information has been given, is that of Mr Lamont, in command of a small steamer, the *Diana*. This gentleman is well and favorably known for his numerous ventures into the arctic seas, whether for the purpose of sport in hunting the walrus, or for more scientific objects, and his present intention is to follow, as far as may be, the course of the second German expedition in East Greenland, with a view of extending, if possible, the discoveries made by it. Should he find it impossible to reach East Greenland by the beginning of July, he will make his way toward the mysterious Gillies Land, more recently named by the Swedes King Charles's Land.

A Swedish government expedition left Copenhagen on the 11th of May, consisting of a gunship, the *Ingegerd*, with thirty men, and the brig *Gladan*, with twenty-five, the former under the command of Captain Peter, and the brig under Captain Kaurverstrama. Dr Nystrom accompanies the *Ingegerd* as surgeon and naturalist, with two geologists, Messrs. Nordenskiöld and Lindahl, together with Professor Fries and Mr Sparrestrom. One special object of this expedition is to bring away certain enormous masses of meteoric iron discovered by the Swedish expedition of last year, one of which is said to be not less than twelve feet in length and five feet in height. A special hoisting apparatus has been taken along in order to bring on board this gigantic specimen, with the help of the fifty-five men composing the two crews. Deep-sea soundings will be prosecuted with great energy, especially where the depth of 2650 fathoms was met with last year. As we have mentioned in a previous article, Professor Nordenskiöld intended to proceed to Spitzbergen during the present year for the purpose of wintering on the Seven Islands, at a latitude of 80° 45′, so as to press forward toward the pole in the spring of 1872 on sledges. The collections made by him in West Greenland last year, however, seemed to require all his attention for the present, and his further field work is deferred until 1872. It is now proposed to establish a permanent meteorological and magnetic observatory at Spitzbergen, to serve as a point of departure in 1872, under the protection of a colony of ten families, for whose service the necessary buildings will be taken from Gothenburg. The trading parties of Norwegians in the northern waters, which have proved so successful in securing scientific results, will be continued with renewed energy in 1872, and they will be provided with the necessary apparatus by the government for making scientific observations.

Dr Petermann, from whose *Mittheilungen* we derive some of the facts just mentioned, sums up an article on the subject by stating that, in all, he is acquainted with ten arctic expeditions, from which it is expected that, by next winter, we may receive very many new facts in regard to the character of the high north.

According to *Nature*, Dr Hooker and his party returned during the third week in June from the Morocco expedition, of which we have given notice from time to time. The number of species of plants brought home by him is estimated at about 1200, among them quite a number new to science.

We understand that a German expedition, additional to those we have already mentioned in our columns, is to be fitted out in the course of the present summer for the purpose of examining the physics and natural history of the German Ocean. Such an expedition was about to start last year, when the war broke out and it was interrupted, but is now, as it seems, resumed under very favorable auspices. The work is under the charge of a special commission, the president of which is Dr. Meyer, assisted by Messrs. Möbius, Karsten, and Hensen. The subjects to be specially attended to are the depth of the sea, the amount of salt and gases in the water, the temperature, currents, nature of the bottom, and the flora and fauna. Suitable apparatus will be supplied for the various purposes of the expedition, which will be accompanied by excellent specialists in the different branches of science.

There seems to be considerable doubt whether the Mont Cenis Tunnel is so nearly ready for use as had been hoped, since we learn that the roof has fallen away in quite a number of places, and it has become necessary to introduce masonry of greater strength to sustain it. Another difficulty has arisen from the smoke thrown off by the locomotive, two out of three engine drivers having died from suffocation, and the third having recovered from his exposure with great difficulty. The temperature, too, is as may be inferred from the accounts already given of it, very oppressive, and, in general, the condition of ventilation is considered as extremely unsatisfactory. It is hoped, however, that by the use of smoke-consuming engines and other means now in contemplation the difficulty will be obviated.

We have already referred to the efforts made by an association of gentlemen in California for the purpose of introducing Eastern fish into the fresh-waters of that State, and have spoken in terms of deprecation of any idea of including the fresh water pickerel in the number. The experiment of introducing the shad has been initiated by the arrival of Seth Green, of Caledonia, New York, with 15,000 young shad, hatched in the Hudson River just a week before, and brought in large tin cans filled to the shoulder with fresh-water. They proved to be in excellent condition on their arrival on the Sacramento, and were taken thence higher up the river to Tehama, where it was proposed to plant them. The expenses of this enterprise are borne from an appropriation on the part of the State of $5000 for this special purpose.

The inviting programme of an exhaustive deep-sea exploration on the Atlantic and Pacific, by Professor Agassiz, under the auspices of the United States Coast Survey, has excited renewed interest in these subjects in England, and measures are now being initiated to bring the matter to the notice of the British government, in order to secure like action on its part. It is understood that Mr Gwyn Jeffreys, an eminent conchologist, and heretofore connected with the British deep-sea researches, will visit the United States about the middle of August for the purpose of conferring personally with Professor Agassiz and other American specialists on such subjects, and of examining the collections already made by them.

We learn from *Nature* that an international congress for the promotion of geographical science will be held at Antwerp from the 14th to the 22d of August, and that a number of questions in geography, meteorology, navigation, ethnology, etc., will be submitted for discussion. An exhibition will also be held of objects connected with the purpose of the congress—maps, plans, instruments used in navigation, etc.; and prizes will be awarded for the best object exhibited in each class.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

There are always two sides to a question—at least such is the popular belief. Certain it is that while variety is the spice of life, and change is often rest, and new scenes bring new and fresher thoughts, it is worse than useless for city residents to leave comfortable houses and betake themselves to crowded hotels at the sea-shore, in the country, or among the mountains—unless they have plenty of money to spend. In the first place, the man of moderate means will discover that all the airy rooms in a fashionable hotel were "engaged months ago;" and unless he can afford to pay a satisfactory *bonus* he will find that in leaving town to escape the heat he has practically "jumped out of the frying-pan into the fire." The exchange from a good-sized room, with a lounge, easy-chair, comfortable bed, and similar conveniences, to "living in a trunk" in a scantily furnished close attic room is any thing but refreshing. Then your four or five dollars a day avail very little at the table, unless you secure the good offices of the waiter by feeing him liberally. If you fancy the stated price asked for your board will suffice, you will probably discover that—having waited long and patiently—your favorite articles of food are "all out," and your meat will be tough, potatoes clammy, and coffee cold. To ensure any thing nice and comfortably served you are forced to submit to the unspoken demands of the educated waiter. The same system of fees will obtain the smiling services of chamber-maid, boot-black, laundress, and other servants; without it you must expect neglect. It is a pity that some first-class, stylish hotel is not established on a system prohibiting the receiving of fees by employés; or, if this practice is so necessary to guests obtaining comfortable attention, that it is also taken into consideration by hotel-keepers, and both the price of board and the wages of servants reduced, or fees be included in the hotel bill. But while the custom continues as it is those who are desirous of obtaining as much rest and comfort as possible from a limited amount of money will not seek them at those very fashionable resorts which every year enjoy the "most successful season ever known."

Somebody starts a rumor a few times every year that the peach crop is "ruined." This somebody is in general interested in the trade. The other day it was reported that the storm had seriously injured the peaches, yet large, luscious peaches continue to be sold at every street corner at very low prices.

Henry W. Hemans, whose death recently occurred at Paris, where he was British consul, was the son of Mrs. Hemans, the poetess.

In examining the ruins of two houses which were burned down at the corner of the Faubourg St. Honoré, in Paris, the remains of twenty-one charred bodies were found in the cellars. Without doubt the unfortunate victims had gone down into the cellars for safety from the shells.

Amherst College is fifty years old. Three students graduated at its first commencement—sixty-five at the last. More than two thousand have received diplomas.

We welcome every thing that tends to cheapen without debasing art, so as to give even the poorest the means of making their humble homes more cheerful and beautiful. Plain lithography and wood-engraving have done a great deal in this direction, and chromo-lithography still more. Without being in any sense "high art," it is really beneficent. In some recently published chromos we observe a neat device for doing away with the expense of framing, the picture being printed in oil-colors on paper made to imitate canvas. This is fastened over a plain stretcher, with a broad dark border, which takes the place and answers all the purpose of a frame. A New York publishing house has recently imported two specimens of this style of chromo, combining picture and frame in one, entitled "Wide Awake" and "Fast Asleep." They are painted by Jeberne, of Paris, from fifteen stones, and both in color and sentiment are really beautiful specimens of chromo-lithographic art.

Cundurango, supposed by many to be a specific for the cure of cancer, has been condemned by some medical practitioners as worthless. Walter M. Jackson, M.D., gives it as his opinion that positive censure is premature in the present stage of cundurango's existence. He does not think it sensible to throw the drug aside because the chemical knowledge of man fails to detect that principle in it which has been supposed to be hostile to cancer. Dr. Jackson's ideas are certainly sensible. He says:

"Let us study cundurango. Any thing intended for the good of mankind should command the honest attention of the liberal practitioner, and not receive the sneers or heavy condemnation of dogmatic egotism. What matters it if we are forced now and then to take pains to enlarge ourselves in our profession? Should we heap coals of fire on each other's heads because one dares to shoot out from the well-worn path of medicine [illegible] and all this to gratify a false pride and common vanity, a sort of [illegible] lest some one should know more than another? The world is moving; the age is one of progress; the channel of medical or surgical thought is constantly changing and growing more [illegible]. What think you Hippocrates would say could he look in upon medical and surgical science as it is, and as it was when he graced the profession with his living power?"

Keeping a yacht is a rather expensive pleasure, on any thing of an original cost. A general estimate has been made, showing that the annual expenses amount to about $[illegible] for a schooner and $[illegible] for a sloop. Of course the cost of maintaining a yacht varies according to the size of the vessel, and the management of the owner. The yachting season lasts only four months; and frequently the dry-rot attacks the timbers after the first year, so that these pleasure vessels depreciate in value every year. During the season table expenses are heavy, sometimes amounting to $[illegible] a week. A schooner yacht carries a crew of not less than eight men, whose combined wages are not far from $[illegible] a month. For a sloop carrying a smaller crew the pay-roll amounts to about $[illegible]. In addition the provisions of the crew will cost from $75 to $100 a month. Repairs and alterations must be taken into account, as well as the expense of taking care of the yacht during the winter months.

A recent complaint which was brought against the master of a German steamer bound from Bremen to this port, charging him with starving the steerage passengers on the voyage, has awakened considerable interest in regard to the laws of this country and of Germany respecting the amount of food to be supplied to passengers on board ship. It appears that the laws of the United States provide that all vessels carrying steerage passengers from Germany to this country should provide a specified quantity of food, i.e., wheat flour, peas, or beans, potatoes, beef, pork, sugar, and fresh-water for each individual; that all the provisions be of good quality; and that not less than eleven and a half pounds of this food be allowed to each passenger every week. The German laws require only four and a half pounds of food to be distributed within the same period of time. Whether the laws of Germany or the United States would control in this case would depend upon the existence of some international treaty to set sense on the matter. It would seem appropriate, certainly, that the government should have the right to demand that when it selects [illegible] and sufficient food should be furnished to passengers coming into this country. In the instance referred to, it was alleged that the provisions furnished were unwholesome, and that two persons were actually starved to death.

Plants are much more likely to live and thrive if they are transplanted at night rather than in the sunlight. Those who have been unsuccessful in transplanting strawberry and similar plants might find it worth their while to try night-work.

August must be a first-class month for "bottling sunbeams." For be it known that a French professor at the College of [illegible] has announced the surprising discovery that the sun's rays may be actually bottled and utilized at pleasure. This is the professor's method. He takes a vase and exposes it in a certain position to the direct action of the sun's rays. After it has thus absorbed the heat for the space of a quarter of an hour, it is closed with a cork and hermetically sealed, a small aperture being left in the cork. Applying a powerful lens to the vase, he causes the solar rays to converge to a point upon the wick of a common candle placed on a table at a distance of one yard from the vase; in less than three seconds the wick ignites and lights the candle, which burns steadily. The experiment has been tried several times, and been equally successful on each occasion.

"Prince Schemidzu Sagai, Japan, with twenty-nine companions," was the brief and simple formula in which the arrival of these young Japanese noblemen was recorded on the register of one of our city hotels. Perhaps a more extended notation of names would not be worth while, since such as Tsuigi Hanegura, Tomingo Seksura, and Furukuna Tsurieno (which are only fair specimens of the appellations these foreigners rejoice in) seem frightfully unpronounceable. These Japanese youths have lately come to this country to complete their education, and are under the supervision of Prince Schemidzu, who was himself educated in the United States. As the Japanese government seems resolved to avail itself of the different modes of education prevailing in the most enlightened countries, a part of this delegation will go to Europe, and the others be distributed among colleges in the United States.

The Roosevelt Hospital, which occupies the whole block between Fifty-eighth and Fifty-ninth streets and Ninth and Tenth avenues, is nearly completed. It is in the Romanesque style of architecture, built of brick, with Ohio stone facings, the basement being of solid blue-stone, and it presents a very fine appearance. The building contains excellent ventilating apparatus, and every convenience for the use of patients. When completed it will have cost about $1,000,000, all of which was bequeathed by the late James H. Roosevelt.

Spain seems to be doing something this year for the general weal. The harvest has been much more abundant in that country than for a long time past; and it is estimated that it will be able to export about £10,000,000 or £12,000,000 worth of grain. It is expected also that the wine and oil crops will be good.

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A SKETCH FROM THE SUMMER-HOUSE TE

THE BUCKINGHAM PALACE GARDEN.—[See Page 770.]

BUCKINGHAM PALACE GARDENS.

The double-page illustration in this number of the *Weekly* represents a sketch from the terrace of the summer house to the gardens of Buckingham Palace, where Queen Victoria gave a breakfast on the afternoon of June 23. A number of notables assembled on this occasion, among others the Grand Duke Wladimir of Russia, while sweet music was discoursed by the bands of the Royal Horse-Guards, of the Grenadier Guards, and by her Majesty's private band. Unfortunately the weather, which treats princes and Ragged School excursionists with an equally sublime impartiality, was extremely unpropitious. The summer-house is very beautifully decorated in the Italian style. It is octagonal in shape, and is adorned with paintings by Landseer, Leslie, Maclise, and others. It is rather elevated, and overhanging the winding lake, and is so cunningly placed among the trees that, but for some of the large buildings lately erected, one might fancy one's self in a beautiful park miles away from any city. On the lake were boats and a grand galley for the visitors. The weather, however, was so cold and cheerless that few of the guests ventured out-of-doors. They preferred to stay in the tents erected for the occasion or in the palace. The tents were magnificent; two of them were each 120 feet long. They were intended for dancing and refreshments, and were resplendent with flowers and fruits. There was, however, very little dancing. The whole affair is said to have been a strangely magnificent jumble, wonderfully dressed women, men whose faces are well known at the West End, bishops, statesmen, soldiers, and Eastern princes bowing, saluting, hand-shaking, and jostling.

UNDER THE MOUNTAINS.

By MISS THACKERAY.

II.

Else came down from the pastures, Christian Amrhein went about his farm, and no one as yet knew of any change in the two—it remained a secret between them; and there was another secret which they did not even share with each other—the sorrow from which each was suffering. "She is happy again now," Christian would say to himself, with a sigh, all the while vigorously cutting away at the flowery grass as if he had no other thought in life. "He will soon be betrothed to Anna Lenz," mused Else. How little we know of the hearts even of our dearest! It is a vague shadowy spirit-land where we set up our own fancies for inhabitants, and act toward them as we would never act if only we saw the truth. Sometimes we get a glimpse of it, and are shocked at what we have done. But generally we are content to talk of misunderstandings.

Wittwe Rothler knew no more than the rest of the world. Christian had not been to the house, it was true; but to her practical soul hay-making was more important than love-making any day. She was ill, too, and Else was glad to remain in the house and attend to her, rather than risk a meeting with Christian. It would come before long, she knew; the little village was too small for neighbors to avoid each other, and the poor have not the luxury of the rich—departure. Such an idea never entered the young farmer's head. I do not even know whether to such home-loving souls it would not have been even a fresh trouble instead of a relief; at any rate, he would stay, work; when his time came, die, and be buried in the little church-yard with its wooden black crosses crowned with withered wreaths and set in the midst of quaint little lace-like flower-beds. They all looked forward to lying there—awaiting the resurrection morn—in the midst of their own people, by their blue-green lake, under their peaceful mountains. A quiet, pastoral folk, little disturbed, with a certain homely gravity about their lives, steadfastness of purpose, and simple faith. The steamer used to stop at the landing-place, but no famous mountains lay behind to attract sight-seers; every now and then a group of rosy German girls, with a professor or two in charge, would clatter off the morning steamer, start away with merry laughter, and clatter down again some hours later, their alpenstocks tied up with bunches of Alpen-rosen. That was all. Other places attracted the world by perhaps greater beauty, but I do not know whether there was not a very subtile charm in the peace which rested on this little village, with its walnut and cherry trees, its wayside crosses, its church with the tapering red spire, the flowery church-yard, the silent dead, the lake, and the mountains watching round. We busy, money-making, restless people could not endure it long; only every now and then, when the curtain is lifted for a moment and we catch a glimpse of such a patriarchal life, it steals into our hearts and stills their throbbings with a strange serene power.

But this power was not felt, or at all events it was not acknowledged, by Else. Every thing about her seemed full of change and depression, although all the time she was trying to deceive herself, and going about the house singing and knitting, as if no shade had come over her world. No one had so much interest for her as Anna Lenz; she knew where she went, what she had on; she took a kind of bitter delight in talking to her, in noticing the wonderful blue of her eyes. If what she feared ever came to pass, this mood would probably change, but meanwhile it took that shape. And at times she would say to herself that all was for the best, that Christian never had been her ideal. Perhaps she was right of the past; but what of the present—what now? A woman's ideal is seldom a cold, calm image, unchanging and unchangeable, by which she moulds her fancy, but rather a reflection, now of this, now of that, taking a hundred different tints, and capable of infinite variety, although all the time transforming and glorifying what it takes. And Else's attempts at self-deception always ended in bitter self-upbraidings for the wrong she had done to Christian.

He was out and about all day; but this was nothing new, for throughout the commune no one bore a better name for patient industry than Christian, and none dreamed that just now he gave himself no rest because rest meant sorrowful thoughts. The hay was being cut and stored, and all the air was heavy with the sweet autumnal smell. Christian went out at daybreak, and only came in when the light was fast fading and the mountains across the lake looked ash-colored in the dim twilight. If there was any visible change in him, it would have needed a woman's keen eye to find it out, and the women who loved him were away with the cows. But indeed, though the love was there filling his heart unchanged, he met his trouble as he had faced it beforehand, bravely. The simple acceptance of duty because he knew it to be right, nerved him against vain regrets. He took her image to his heart, tenderly, lovingly, yes, and forever; but not to gain even that sweet reality would he barter his self-respect, set aside God's law for man and wife, or put his neck under the yoke of the dearest.

One evening he had to speak about some farming business with Thomas Stürm, the son of old Wilhelm. The men leaned against a low wall in front of the inn, and looked down at the green water under their feet, as they talked over the worth of a particular cow, a little chestnut Schwytzer, for which Christian had a fancy. The day had been hot, and the evening was even more sultry, yet the lake beneath them was stirred, the water splashed against the wall, and every now and then a sudden puff of air came to their faces. Nothing could have been more full of beauty than the cloud forms which rested upon the top of the mountains, softening without hiding the rosy gleams behind. The whole range seemed suddenly brought nearer, the tints in the sky deepened and glowed with exquisite harmonies, with royal crimsons and purples. There was a curious stillness and yet unrest, little movement to the eye, but sounds of distant rumblings and wailings, as if some mighty power was drawing near. A tame goat, bleating piteously, came and thrust his nose into Christian's hand; the men, lifting themselves wearily, looked over the lake, now stirred to its very depths, and then at each other. For a few minutes neither spoke; it seemed as if the oppressive stillness kept them silent; then a sweep of fresher air rushed across the water sudden and momentary.

"It is the Föhn," said Thomas at last, breaking the spell.

"I have felt it coming all day," Christian answered, stretching himself. "Bah, how it suffocates one!"

"I will go round and see that all is made safe," Thomas said, going away; "will you call out the watchmen if they are needed?"

The Föhn. A hot, sultry, furious hurricane, coming up from the great African deserts, lashing the lake into fury, battling with adverse currents, sweeping off every little obstacle in its way, slamming open doors, loose shutters, tearing down the pretty bright flower-pots from the window-sills, unroofing sheds, scattering every thing far and wide. The people came running out from their doors in terror, "The Föhn! The Föhn!" in every mouth; the curé was there, Heinrich Lenz, the innkeeper, all the women who were not up on the pastures, running, shutting doors, doing all they could against the sudden attack. The village was very like a great family, and Christian, as the largest proprietor, was looked up to as a head of head.

"Fire is the worst danger, after all," the curé remarked, recovering from a violent attack of the hurricane upon his cassock.

"The men are all here," answered Christian: "Carl, Joseph, Friedrich, Hans, and Walther. They will go from house to house, see that the fires are put out, and be ready in case of any outbreak." No one noticed that he led Hans aside and gave him a whispered direction.

There was no sleep that night—the Föhn took care of that. The fierce hot blasts raged with increasing violence; people hurried about in the strange sultry darkness with a horrible oppression weighing upon them.

"The Föhn comes from one place, and one only," said old Wilhelm Stürm, gasping for breath. The crash and roar of the great wind among the mountains, on the lake, in the crashing woods, was so terrible, that the poor children, appalled by the noise and darkness, clung crying to their mothers. It was almost impossible to hear voices in the bewildering hubbub. The priest tried to induce the women to remain in their cottages, but they declared they could not breathe; Anna Lenz was there, her mother, even her old grandmother; it seemed to Christian as if every soul in the place hovered about him except Else. "She dreads me more than the Föhn," he said to himself, sadly.

When morning came they hoped that, as is frequently the case, the violence of the wind would moderate, but the increasing light only seemed to make the havoc more apparent: trees were torn up by their roots, great green branches of walnut wrenched off and tossed to and fro; other trees, that as yet had resisted the destroying power, were scorched and withered as if by fire; houses were unroofed, shutters hanging loose, the new-mown hay whirled far away from the meadows, the white daturas torn, broken, discolored; fierce leaping waves raging against the wall; all the delicate pastoral beauty swept away by this awful resistless force. There was no shutting it out, no conquering it. Nay, it seemed to paralyze the men, who moved languidly about, while the women and children gathered into terrified groups under walls, where they were a little sheltered from the rush and blinding fury of the Föhn, but were in danger from the pieces of wood and slate which it now and then hurled triumphantly through the air. The priest, Christian, and Thomas Stürm, whose wife was among them, did all they could to draw them from these dangerous resting-places, but in the hurly-burly their voices fell unheeded.

"I shall go to the church," the curé said at last. "Thomas, send your boy to ring the bell."

By degrees a little sad terrified congregation crept after him; the curé said the offices; then, by way of keeping them there, he went into the pulpit and preached a sermon to them. It was a strange scene. The little church, with its tawdry yet loving adornments; the frightened groups, some praying fervently, some listening; tired children fast asleep on the seats; outside, the roar and crash of the great Föhn; inside, the priest's calm, steadfast voice, and every now and then an Amen going up like a sob.

Though not quite so furiously as on the previous night, the wind continued to rage all that day; and all day Christian was here, there, and every where, fighting against the lassitude which unhinged every one, comforting and helping, in and out of the houses, at his own farm, on the outskirts of Wittwe Rothler's. The cottage was a little sheltered from the wind, the flowers had been taken in and the shutters closed; a great cherry-tree lay all across the garden, otherwise he could not see much damage.

"She is better within," he said, turning away with a longing sigh.

And meanwhile Else, poor child, sat in the little hot cottage listening with terror to the roar of the wind, the splitting of the trees, and the awful echoes in the mountains which magnified it all. Her mother tossed restlessly to and fro, with the fever increased tenfold by the parching heat, sometimes delirious, sometimes quiet, sometimes obstinately bent upon the fulfillment of some sick fancy. The only person they saw was Hans, and he was loud in his praises of Christian.

"In such times one finds out who has the head," he said, admiringly; "it is Amrhein this and Amrhein that. It was he who dragged Maria Pfister out of the way just in time when the chimney fell, and himself cut the great walnut that might have crushed the Lenzes' house."

"Ah!" murmured Else, with a little uncontrollable sigh. It seemed to her as if her solitude were growing more than she could bear; the other women were together; Anna Lenz had Christian to care for, to watch over her, while she was separated from them all, terrified at her mother's illness, at the whirl and rush of the tempest, without even the consolation of knowing that Hans's occasional presence was the result of Christian's guardianship—Christian, whom she had despised. The wind, which, during the afternoon, moderated at intervals, toward evening was again at its height; Hans looked in, as it grew dusk, to forbid fires; then she was left lonely to keep the long hours. Wittwe Rothler cried out for water peremptorily; sometimes insisted upon Else doing some unreasonable thing; now and then made the girl shudder by talking to her dead husband as if he were standing between them. The air was full of wails and shrieks; it seemed as though one of all spent words, melancholy voices were lifted up appealingly; distant growlings from the mountains answered the fierce sweep of the wind, clouds rushed wildly across the sky. And over all brooded the heavy, leaden oppression of the Föhn.

In the village the second night was not so confused as the first, for though the causes for alarm remained, the people had become a little used to them. Some of the women staid composedly in their houses, a few even slept, overpowered by fatigue and the dry, stifling heat, but the greater part had taken refuge in the church, and had gathered their children there.

"How long will this last?" asked the priest of Thomas Stürm, when the morning light revealed a further work of destruction.

"Only Heaven knows," answered Thomas, "when even my old father has never seen such a Föhn."

"There is little more mischief that it can do," the curé remarked, looking round at the chaos a little drearily. Then he recovered himself, and added cheerfully, "That is ungrateful, since, by the mercy of Heaven, we are all here."

"I, for one, shall be content if nothing worse comes," said Christian, who had joined them.

"Worse?"

"I am thinking of the stream. This wind will melt the snows."

The curé was a brave man, but he looked at Christian for a moment with the trouble of a new horror in his eyes. Thomas broke in—"No fear. My father says the Föhn melts too gently for that work, and he knows its ways better than any man in the valley. He was talking about it to Lenz just now," went on Thomas, who took his importance in the village very much from the background of old Wilhelm's great age.

"That is true," Christian answered, "yet I can not feel at rest about it."

"My father is sure to be right," said Thomas, obstinately.

Just then, his youngest child, a golden-haired, round-faced little girl, escaped from her mother, and came running to him, stretching out her little hands, half-crying, half-triumphant in her struggle with the hurricane. He lifted her in his arms, held her tight, and wrapped his coat round her. So the two remained—her head against his breast, his arms clasping her.

"Let us go and give a look at the stream," said Christian.

"I must go to the church, where my flock want some words of comfort," said the priest.

The women followed him, climbing the little green knoll on which the church stood; the two men walked on slowly some twenty yards westward, until they could command a view of the little brook as it came tumbling down from stone to stone. They could see it through the storm-tossed branches of the trees, on its way from the heights far above where they stood; then it was hid from the margin, re-appearing just above Wittwe Rothler's white cottage. There was a substantial little bridge close to the men, where people used sometimes to stand and watch the clear water, with its glittering limpid depths. Now the little torrent flung itself passionately along, yellow and swollen, sweeping with it bits of wood, poor whipped branches caught from its banks.

"It is no higher than I have seen it twenty times," said Thomas, with a triumphant confidence in old Wilhelm's experience. He had little Marie's soft golden head pressed closely against him, and was holding her tenderly.

"I believe it is all safe," Christian said, turning away; and then, with a sudden shout of horror, and a clutch at Thomas's arm, "Ah, dear Heaven!" he cried, "look—look!"

For from the height where, on peaceful summer days, they could see the little innocent stream dancing downward, a vast body of yellow water was coming, leaping, raging, spreading over the rocks, hurling great trees before it, with a roar before which the Föhn sank into insignificance. Swift and terrible this new enemy rushed upon the unconscious village; for a moment its awful approach stunned Christian, then with a cry from the very depths of his heart he sprang to meet it—it was like a horrible nightmare: he ran, yet he did not seem to move, his arms were stretched out. "Else! heart's beloved!" he cried in agony. There was the farm, he did not see it, he saw only the cottage with its closed quiet windows. Quiet? ah!—the roar was in his ears—upon him: he saw the walls rock, gape, fall; one moment, and the awful enemy had him in his grasp, and was whirling him along unconscious, inert.

In the little dim church were the curé and his small congregation—almost all the women, a number of children, and a few old men. The curé, who had but just entered, was kneeling in prayer, the women were huddled together in little groups; many had been there all night, others had now come in; one girl among these latter knelt a little apart, her face buried in her hands. Suddenly it seemed as if the noise and fury outside increased tenfold; with it came a rush of water, and a shrill, terrible shriek, piercing the dull roar and the hearts of the listeners. The women started from their knees to the door; the curé, who was there as soon as they, was the first to open it, standing so as to keep back the eager, terrified group. But they saw.

"Ah, Heaven," cried out old Maria Pfister, "we are in the lake!"

Some fell on their knees; others, shrieking wildly, "Fritz!" "Thomas!" "Mother!" names to that moment dearer than life, tried to rush out into the flood. It was all the priest could do to hold the door against them, and to force it back and bolt it. For, in spite of the church standing on its little hill, the yellow turbid water was there at his feet, and, as the door opened, rushed in a little stream into the building. The women broke out into an agonized wail; Lise Stürm dragged herself on her knees to the curé; "Let me go! let me go!" she sobbed; "I have Thomas out there!" and then, looking round her wildly, "Ah, and my little Marie too!"

Yes, poor mother. With her head on her father's breast.

Then a young girl pressed up against him frantically.

"I must be let out!" she cried, desperately trying the lock. "I must! I must! I am Else Rothler, and my poor mother is ill in her bed. I only came for one minute, because she would not rest unless I did. I hear her crying to me, 'Else! Else!' Oh, your reverence, you were always good to me—let me out!"

What could the poor priest do? The terrible pathos of these beseeching voices pierced his heart like a knife. He did the best he could. There, by the door, under which the little yellow stream of water was gurgling, he knelt down.

"My children," he said, in a voice of unutterable compassion, "there is One who once stilled the hungry waves into a great calm. Let us pray to Him."

What a prayer! But it calmed them, to be expected: those who had been frantic now only wept and moaned softly, Lise Stürm saying over and over again, under her breath, "My little Marie! my little Marie!"

It was like the vox humana after the storm, only this was a terrible heart-thrilling voice, full of discords and carrying up of sad burdens. Nevertheless, it went upward, and so into the perfect harmony which can resolve it all. The curé ventured to go into the vestry, and bring matting to lay under the door. Then he stationed two or three old men there, and himself went up into the tower to look out from its little window. Over his head the wind had torn down the golden star which crowned the little quaint red spire, and made a gaping rent in the wood-work. Otherwise there was no great damage, nothing to prevent his going up and looking out. But the sight made him fall on his knees again.

"O my God," he cried, clasping his hands, "spare this poor people!"

For it seemed to him as if it was all one sheet of water upon which he gazed—lake and land with no longer a boundary between them. The Föhn had suddenly moderated, as if its work were finished; the hot sun shone overhead; the mountains, unmoved by the din and turmoil beneath, lay with the majestic light of heaven upon their faces; but here, in this little nest of homes, where but a short time ago it had seemed all sweet plentiful peace, what a contrast! No green meadows were left; here and there a little hillock just raised its crest above the yellow muddy waters; a few trees remained to show where orchards had smiled; half a dozen houses were, like the church

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itself, surrounded but not destroyed; everywhere else were gaunt wooden ribs rising out of the water, solitary gables, posts, bits of roofs, perhaps a broken balcony hanging to the side; all round a terrible desolation, a floating waste of wood, trees, dead animals—what else? Every thing was invested with a horrible nameless dread.

The flood was not rising. It came toward them in waves, and was at least ten feet deep below the church; but, whether a large outlet had been forced into the lake, or from some other reason, it did not appear to grow higher.

"If only I could get out!" sighed the curé.

Then he strained his eyes again to discover some living creature, and suddenly heard Else's voice behind him, "I see men working behind the Stürms' house," she cried, sharply.

It was true. The distance was not great to distinguish clearly, but there were figures on the water, hammering, as it seemed, with great mattocks. This little reaction of human life in the midst of all the desolation brought the curé his first touch of warm hope; he began to think of the individual claims which horror had swallowed up. Action was the best medicine for such poor smitten souls.

"Do not let us despair, my child," he said. "We see with our own eyes that some are spared to us; the lake will become quiet, now the Föhn moderates itself, and help will be sent. Let us go down to those poor women and cheer them."

"But my mother was in her bed," Else answered, with a bitter cry which wrung his heart.

She did not resist, however, but followed him down the little dark worn staircase. The curé went from group to group comforting, praying, hoping for those poor desolate women, whose husbands and sons were somewhere out in that frightful waste of waters. They arranged chairs, cushions, what they could, so as to form rude couches for any who might by-and-by be brought there. This gave occupation for a time; then the children became hungry and cried, and some of the mothers forgot their trouble in soothing them. Generally one or two of the old men were up in the tower, climbing the steps painfully, and straining their poor dim eyes over the muddy waters. It was like the ark, as one said, only they had not their dove to let fly. Nevertheless, they were not without their little messages of hope; fluttering things hung from the windows of the few remaining houses; the waves of the lake, though they still heaved and sobbed after their passionate outbreak, and were lifted high above their usual level, gradually subsided into more peaceful movement; the sun shone as though there were no sorrow in the world. This time it was the curé who had to restrain himself.

"I can swim," he said, flinging open the door, from which the waters had just sunk a little. There they stood in the full, warm sunlight, the women all pressing, sobbing, waving, and calling at once. They were on the hill of deliverance; but, alas! deliverance too often means separation. "I can swim," said the priest. "I believe I could reach that house."

Then one of the old men cried out to them from the tower windows, in a feeble, cracked voice of exultation, "A boat is coming! We see it."

Despair changed to excitement, and the women clung about the curé, asking him whether he did not, indeed, believe their husbands to be among that group whom they had seen at work. One or two asked no questions—they were too sick at heart. Else was of the number. Her mother was dead, in all human probability, Christian too. What was left to her—to her who but a few days before had been so rich in affection that she had thrown it from her? She could not cry; she longed for the luxury of such tears as those of Anna Lenz, who wept more freely than any one. She could not even watch the boat on which so many hopes centred, and of which every movement was proclaimed by eager women.

"It draws nearer!"

"Ah, dear Heaven! how slowly they row."

"Think of the current."

"Where can they land? There is no land—Fritz! my Fritz!"

The despairing cry rang across the water, the other women looked at this one almost reproachfully—were not their dear ones there as well? She cried her son's name again and again until she sank down exhausted, and the curé lifting her in his strong arms carried her into the church. When he came back the boat was out of sight, breathless silence reigned; the boatmen were evidently trying to effect a landing above the poor submerged village, higher up than the church, so that the first assurance they had of their success was seeing them, after what appeared an endless waiting, row slowly by over what, but a few hours before, had been a smiling land of flowers. Noticing the figures at the church door, they shouted,

"Are you all well there?"

"All well," answered the curé; "for the love of heaven lose no time."

But there were hinderances to their progress—the hinderances of overthrown houses, of great floating things beating about helplessly, of drifting poles, lumbering chests; here and there great boughs sticking up in the mud, with smaller débris entangled among them; broken crockery, bedding, sometimes a bundle of clothes, round which they rowed curiously, touching it with the oars to make sure it was what it seemed and no more. As they went farther, ruined walls and gables hid them now and then from view; presently they were altogether lost: only a hoarse cry came faintly across the water, whether of welcome or of horror no one knew. Some of the wives became almost frantic with excitement, others broke into piteous moaning; it appeared afterward to the curé as if that time of waiting had been the worst of all. But when the moment he dreaded for them arrived, and the boat was seen making its way toward the church—heavily laden—there was a reaction. The women clutched each other's dresses and were silent. Old Wilhelm Stürm, who had come out into the sunshine, and lit his pipe, held his daughter-in-law's hand in his, and patted it feebly while he smoked. Else was inside in the little dark church, with the poor mother whom the priest had carried there.

So the boat came on—slowly. Some one stood up in it and waved, and a woman fell down on her knees in the water. "It is Walther, my Walther!" she cried, sobbing and laughing at once.

"I see Fritz Plater," said another. "Frau Plater, your Fritz is come," she called back into the church, without taking her eyes from the boat.

Lisa Stürm said humbly, with a quiver in her voice which went to the curé's heart, "Will your reverence be good enough to tell me the moment you see our little Marie? My eyes are not what they were, and the child is such a little thing;" and then she broke off and looked to him wistfully.

"Thomas is not there," said old Wilhelm, shading his eyes with his hand, and shaking his head.

"I think he would not come in the first boat," she answered, in the same pleading tone; "but the child—she is so little."

The priest took her hand, greatly touched. "Lisa," he said, very quietly, "sometimes our Father takes His little children from our arms into His."

For he had seen that little Marie was not in the boat.

The boat rowed up; women rushed into the water and dragged it in with cries of joy. Who were there? Karl, Franz, Walther, Fritz Plater, Heinrich Lenz, the innkeeper, with his shoulder dislocated, two women, and two dark figures lying at the bottom of the boat. All the men were more or less hurt; all looked solemn and awe-stricken. In the midst of a torrent of questionings they kissed their wives or mothers without any outbreak of joy. Heinrich Lenz, who had not known certainly that his family were safe, tottered with them into the church; the curé and the others went to lift out the dark figures.

"Jammed in some wood-work," said Franz, briefly.

Johann Schmitt was taken out first—white, motionless, with sodden clothes. His wife was away at the Seewen-Alp.

"He is dead," some one said, in a hushed voice, and no person contradicted it; but they carried their sad burden into the church, and the priest directed them how to use certain simple remedies. As he went back to the boat he met the second lmdn procession—the second heavy, silent burden, more ghastly than the last, from a deep, cruel cut across the head.

"Who is it?" asked the priest, who could not recognize the face.

"Christian Amrhein," said Fritz, to whom his mother was clinging rapturously.

And then the curé saw that Else was at the head. She had run out from the church and was in the boat before any one could stop her, kissing the white, stained face in passionate silence, and as she would let no one take her place, the men had passed a coat under his shoulders, and carried him so, Else holding his head. They all loved Christian and were very tender with him, lest they shook their heads in answer to the curé's questioning look. When they laid him down gently, a whisper went round, and the good priest tried to draw the girl away, but she lifted her head and looked at them all resolutely.

"He is not dead," she said. "My mother is dead, I know, but God has given me back Christian."

Was it so, indeed?

They cut his hair and bound up the gaping wound. The curé made a fire at which to dry the man's wet clothes, and then, while the boat was gone to fetch another load, there came a trying time of inaction. Never before had the little homely church, standing on its green knoll overlooking the lake, sheltered such strange groups. The villagers came up there to pray, to bring their babies, or their dead—their joys or their sorrows of every-day life; but now there was a restless expectation, low sobs and murmurs of pain went up; the shadow of a great tragedy brooded over the place. Outside it was no less strange, the curé thought. The yellow flood poured over into the lake below, the sun smiled upon the calm upturned faces of the mountains, upon the ruined houses, upon the little graves just beginning to show themselves above the water. Most of the women had been assured of the safety of their dear ones, and sat outside the church in the warm glow, talking with the others who had escaped, eating the food which these had brought, as yet too glad and thankful to be much cast down with thinking of their losses.

"It is a good thing it should have come now, when the cattle are all at the pastures," said Frau Plater.

"There will be a subscription for us in the town," said another.

"Heinrich will be the worst loser of all," grumbled old Gretchen Lenz. "He had fitted up a beautiful salon in the inn; there would have been visitors this year. The chairs cost so much—"

So they talked on with the rebound that sometimes seems heartless in these simple natures; which, after all, perhaps only speak without the disguise in which we veil our thoughts. They had returned to chatter and sunshine; those whose hearts were still heavy kept in the church, near the two still figures, one as motionless as the other. Lisa Stürm knelt by poor friendless Johann. "Why does not the doctor come?" Else asked once, looking up as if she had forgotten.

When the boat returned, there were more joyful greetings, more questions of sick anguish, more talk about what had or had not been saved. Widow Rothler's cottage was gone, some one said—swept away utterly. So far as they could tell, four men were missing, Thomas Stürm among them; then there was little Marie, and Else's mother, and the two lying within the church; and, when the heavy tale was told, it was, after all, only a wonder that so many had been saved from that terrible death. The men gathered round the priest, and went in and knelt down reverently to offer their simple thanksgiving; afterward he spoke of the others whose fate was as yet uncertain, and many of the women, who had been most full of joy, broke into sobbing again, looking round on Else, on whose fair hair the sun was shining, as she knelt by Christian. She was unconscious alike of their pity and their forgetfulness, unconscious, I think, of the curé's prayer; her eyes never raised themselves from that white, unmoved face, even when Frau Plater put her kind heavy hand on her shoulder and tried to draw her away.

Not long after there was a stir at the door. Other boats appeared on the lake as the storm subsided, and the news of the disaster which had overwhelmed the little village began to spread. Some of them rowed about outside, trying to pick up those portions of the universal wreck which had been swept into the lake. They came laden with odd jumbles of things—pathetically inappropriate; but one at last dragged in a heavier burden, with which they rowed directly to the church. This it was which caused the stir, this Something—reverently covered, solemnly lifted out, brought into the church, with the curé walking before it. Lisa Stürm rose from her knees and went to meet it, putting out her hand, and trembling violently. Some one tried to stop her.

"Take off the cloth," she said, in a hoarse, strained voice. "That is Thomas."

At a sign from the priest the men obeyed. Her instinct was true—there, calm and still, lay her husband, and there, too, clasped tight to his breast, lay little golden-haired Marie. That embrace had never been broken; his arms were round her, the fair little head pillowed against him, when quick, sudden death came leaping down and crushed it. There was something so tender, so peaceful, so holy in the stillness, in the faces, that it hushed all mourning; the wail died away on the mother's lips, the priest crossed himself, and knelt down beside those still, passionless figures. Lisa glanced at him, trembled, bent down and kissed each face—husband and child—covered the faces, and knelt down also. Death is a very beautiful angel sometimes.

About an hour afterward one of the boats came back with a doctor. There were a great many trifling hurts, such as cuts and bruises, and Heinrich Lenz suffered more seriously; but first of all the women who were watching brought him where Johann and Christian lay a little apart from each other. They knew that Johann was gone beyond the reach of all skill, only his wife was away, and it seemed more fitting to these simple folk that the doctor should say in plain words that no more could be done by any of them. And then he turned to where Else still kept her faithful watch, with the yellow sunlight shining upon her hair, her hand under the dear head, her eyes upon those closed eyes that had looked so sadly at her when last she met their gaze. Would they ever open again? Was it life or death that was veiled by this long unconsciousness?

"He is alive—that is all," said the young doctor, gravely. He gave them rapid directions, and went off to Heinrich Lenz, promising to return immediately. After all he could not do much, and the women looked at little Else, poor child, and shook their heads as the minutes came and went, and brought no change. The waters subsided fast, men went wading about, their wives begged to be taken in the boats to see the ruins from which they were pulling up each poor sodden muddy treasure. By-and-by, too, they managed to carry Heinrich Lenz to one of the standing houses, and so no one was left in the quiet church except the silent dead with their watchers, and the one who yet lingered on the border-land, silent as they. Silent—yes—but the border-land was not passed—there came a slight fluttering movement, a gasp; the doctor, who was profoundly interested in these two, was at his head in a moment—another painful breath, then the wandering eyes opened and fixed themselves on Else, wandered away, returned; the lips parted; "Heart's beloved," breathed Christian in the faintest, feeblest sigh: her arms were around him, and the doctor, half scolding, half laughing, became peremptory at once.

There is so much sorrow in the world, and yet, thank Heaven, so much happiness! Now that my little story is at an end, one would like to leave it with a pleasant bright glow resting upon it, and to say and think no more about the tragedy. After the crash of the storm, the beautiful vine becomes making its perfect music. But life will not let us do so; here, as always, we must turn away and leave weeping and smiling, sunshine and shade. For this one's husband was saved, and that one's taken from her; Else's lover was given back, but her mother slept under the blue-green water; Lisa Stürm's other children played at her side, but her little Marie's golden head lay quiet upon her father's breast; the village was full of sad ruin, of great cracks and holes and depths scooped out, huge stones and rocks brought down by the flood, shoals of yellow sand, and trees overthrown, and yet—the warm sun shone down healingly, green things began to shoot with strange quick life, every where was the work of repair and renovation. Nay, in places it seemed as if the very scars had revealed a new beauty, the delicacy of veined stone, the loveliness of flowers clothing them. Does this seem insufficient? Do we ask for more? Is the story incomplete? Ah, yes—like other stories, like other longings. For the completion is not here; time is not eternity, earth is not heaven; although sometimes there comes a waft of sweetness inexpressible from the land which is not very far off.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

A man was arrested recently for blacking his wife's eyes. If men would marry black-eyed women in the first place, it would save a heap of trouble. They wouldn't need to be freshening their eyes every little while.

A little boy defines snoring as letting off sleep.

A Fenian over the water was called on for a toast. He gave the following:

"All hail! the American eagle!
Proud bird of freedom, all hail!
The fowl that no one can inveigle,
Or put salt on his beautiful tail."

Notice.—A kind lady who sent us up a mince-pie, with the request to "please insert," is assured that such articles are never crowded out by press of other matter.

A Warning for Fashionable Arrangers—Look out for the paint.

A well-known English lord is said to have given the following instructions to his steward: "We are coming down, a large party, in a day or two, so cut strawberries and cream. We shall want plenty of the latter, so don't be any of the cows be milked meanwhile."

A San Francisco journalist, desiring to give his readers a faint idea of the performance of a band of [illegible] music, asks them to imagine the [illegible] a boiler manufactory where the [illegible] ting in riots, a mammoth [illegible] next door [illegible] sale, and a forty-stamp quartz mill upon the [illegible], with a drunken charivari party with six hundred instruments in front, and four thousand enraged cats on the roof."

Foot Steps for Wood—Libel suits.

A liberal-minded Boston tourist handed a half dollar to a rough-looking Nevada miner who had politely shown him through a shaft. "Stranger, how much are you worth?" inquired Nevada. "Well, about $20,000," replied Boston. "Then I guess I won't take your half dollar. I made $20,000 here myself last month." Boston retired in a demoralized condition.

To Prevent the Cramp—Put a lock on it.

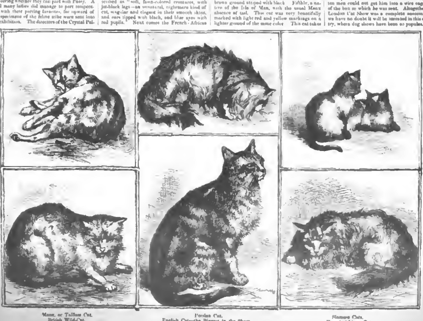
"Maria," said a lady to a colored chamber-maid, "that's the third silk dress you have worn since you came to me—pray how many do you own?" "Only seven, missis; but I's savin' my wages to buy anoder." "Seven! what use are seven silk dresses to you? why, I don't own so many as that." "Spect not, missis," said the smiling darkey; "you doesn't need 'em so much as I does. You see, you quality folks every body knows is quality; but we bettermost kind of culled persons has to dress smart to distinguish ourselves from common niggers."

THE EX-EMPEROR'S PROBABLE NEXT COUP D'ÉTAT.
"Aha! Voici le Boss! I sall go help him humbug ze Irish!"

THE LONDON CAT SHOW—CAN WE PART WITH PUSS?

THE LONDON CAT SHOW.

The engravings on this page are from sketches made at the recent Cat Show held in the Crystal Palace, London, with the exception of the first, which is an imaginative design, and endeavors to portray the emotions of three ladies, who are wondering whether they can part with Foxey. A good many ladies did manage to part temporarily with their purring favorites, for upward of 300 specimens of the feline tribe were sent into the exhibition. The directors of the Crystal Palace Company offered £75 in prizes, and the superintendent of the Natural History Department was indefatigable in his endeavors to collect as many noteworthy animals as possible. The smaller engravings represent the following specimens: The Siamese cats, a remarkable variety, not often met with out of that country. They are described as "soft, fawn-colored creatures, with jet-black legs—an unnatural, nightmare kind of cat, singular and elegant in their smooth skins, and ears tipped with black, and blue eyes with red pupils." Next comes the French-African cat, a very beautiful creature, with long woolly hair of a light brown color. Thirdly, a Persian, direct from Persia, remarkable for the great beauty of his black, gray, and white coat. He is described as a "very amiable beast." Fourthly, an enormous English cat, weighing 21 pounds, the biggest in the show. His color was a rich brown ground striped with black. Fifthly, a native of the Isle of Man, with the usual Manx absence of tail. This cat was very beautifully marked with light red and yellow markings on a lighter ground of the same color. This cat takes the water like a dog, and catches fish. Lastly, a British wild-cat, exhibited by the Duke of Sutherland. This cat is very scarce—indeed, almost extinct in the British Islands. His color is sandy brown, and the form of the end of the nose and tail peculiar. He has lost the right front paw. He behaved like a mad devil, and ten men could not get him into a wire cage out of the box in which he was sent. Altogether the London Cat Show was a complete success, and we have no doubt it will be imitated in this country, where dog shows have been so popular.



Manx, or Tailless Cat. British Wild-Cat.

Persian Cat. English Cat—the Biggest in the Show.

Siamese Cats. French-African Cat.

PRIZE CATS AT THE LONDON CAT SHOW.

HARRY BASSETT.

TWO CELEBRATED RACERS.

HARRY BASSETT.

This splendid colt (sire, Lexington, dam, Canary-Bird) is the property of Colonel M'Daniels, and, as our engraving shows, a magnificent representative of the running turf of America. His career has been remarkably brilliant. In 1870 he won the Kentucky Stakes at Saratoga, the Nursery Stakes at Jerome Park, and the Supper Stakes at Baltimore, winning in these stakes $8600 clear of his entrances. This year he has won the Belmont Stakes at Jerome Park, for three-year-olds—11 started, the Jersey Derby at Long Branch, three year olds—9 started—worth $7750, and also the Travers Stakes and Plate at Saratoga, for three year-olds—7 started—value of stakes and plate $5650.

LONGFELLOW

This horse (sire, Leamington, dam, Nantura) is the property of Mr John Harper, of Kentucky In 1870 he won the Post Stakes, for all ages, at two-mile heats, winning in

LONGFELLOW.

two heats, and beating four others. This year he walked over for the two-mile-heat race at ..., Kentucky. He has also won the ...th Cup at Long Branch, for all ages, beating Helmbold, Regards, and Frankness (time, 4 minutes and 11 seconds), and the Saratoga Cup, for all ages, two and a quarter miles, beating Kingfisher easily in 4 minutes and 2½ seconds. Longfellow ran the first mile of the Saratoga Cup in 1 minute and 48 seconds (Kingfisher in about 1 minute and 41 seconds), second mile in 1 minute and 23 seconds—making two miles in 3 minutes and 33 seconds—and the last quarter of a mile of the race at the rate of 1 minute and 50 seconds to the mile. He is now in training at Saratoga, preparing for the four-mile race, in which it is expected he will beat Lexington's great four-mile time, which is 7 minutes and 19¾ seconds. Our portrait of Longfellow is engraved from a photograph, for which we are indebted to the courtesy of Messrs. Nellis & Guild, saddlers, of this city.

WATCHES THAT ARE WATCHES.

We shall be pleased to send our Descriptive Price-List of Genuine Waltham Watches, together with our illustrated pamphlet entitled a History of Watch-making, to all who send us their address. No matter how remote you are from New York, we can sell you a watch at the same price as if you were here. When you write, mention that you saw this notice in Harper's Weekly.—Howard & Co., 865 Broadway, New York.—[Com.]

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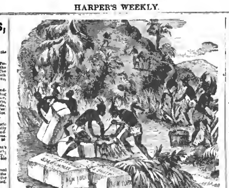

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They are given in complaints of the Urinary Organs, such as Gravel, Chronic Catarrh of the Bladder, Morbid Irritation of the Bladder and Urethra, Disease of the Prostate Gland and Retention or Incontinence of Urine, from a loss of tone in the parts concerned in its evacuation. The remedy has also been recommended in Dyspepsia, Chronic Rheumatism, Cutaneous Affections, and Dropsy.

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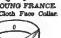

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THE ISSUE OF

HARPER'S WEEKLY.
A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

Vol. XV.—No. 765.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, AUGUST 26, 1871. [WITH A SUPPLEMENT. PRICE TEN CENTS.

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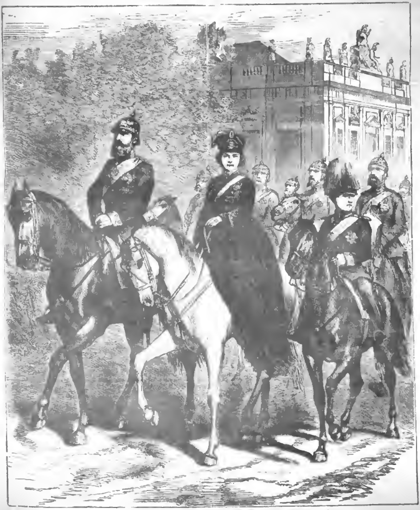

THE CROWN PRINCE OF PRUSSIA, HIS WIFE, AND ELDEST SON.—[See Page 794.]

HARPER'S WEEKLY.
Saturday, August 26, 1871.

FOUR MONTHS FOR ONE DOLLAR.

"POOR MISS FINCH,"

a new and beautifully illustrated serial story, by

WILKIE COLLINS,

author of "The Woman in White," "The Moonstone," etc., will be commenced next week in Harper's Weekly.

New Subscribers will be supplied with the Weekly from September 2, in which Number this story will begin, to the close of the year, four months, for One Dollar.

☞ *In the SUPPLEMENT to this Number of Harper's Weekly we give the portraits of*

J. A. Froude and Thomas Nast;

one the foremost living Historian of England, the other the greatest Political Caricaturist of the age. These striking and interesting pictures, with the usual miscellany of prose and poetry, make a Supplement of more than passing value and attraction.

FRAUDS AND PARTIES.

THE fact of very general corruption in our politics has been long alleged. That elections are carried by fraud, that the whole civil service is a vast system of virtual bribery, that politics have become a profitable trade, and that places in the Legislature and elsewhere are sought for the money to be made out of them, are assertions by men of both parties with which we have all been long familiar. But not before has there been such a clear and conclusive exposure of immense official corruption as in the recent disclosures of the financial management of the city of New York. The country will have observed that there has been no denial of the frauds, while the pretenses of defense or apology have been utterly contemptible. As a last and desperate resort it was promised that the accounts would be published, as if that were an indisputable proof of innocence, although the law requires a financial statement every year, and none has been made for more than two years and a half. But even the promise to publish them has not, up to this writing, been fulfilled.

Avoiding this promise, the Mayor and Controller invited the Chamber of Commerce to investigate the subject. The proposition was an insult to the tax-payers, and was very properly declined by Mr. Opdyke, the acting president. For if the Chamber should appoint a committee, what more could the committee learn this year than Messrs. Moses Taylor, Marshall O. Roberts, and John Jacob Astor—all of whom, we presume, are members of the Board—were permitted to know last year? And how could a fresh report satisfy a public which the report of the gentlemen we have named had deceived? What the Controller could state to a committee he could, by simply obeying the law which he persists in disregarding, state to every tax-payer in the city, and to every honest man in the land. Indeed, every word and act of the Ring since the frauds were exposed have only confirmed the universal conviction that, under its authority, millions of dollars have been taken from the people of New York for which they have received nothing in return, and which were spent solely for the purposes of the Ring.

Those purposes need not be assumed to be directly and exclusively personal. It will be seen that in the continuance of the opportunities of plunder the apparent success of the party to which the plunderers belong was essential. That success was secured by means which required a great deal of money. The Albany *Argus*, one of the chief organs of the party of the Ring, and whose editor is the secretary of the Democratic State Committee, in an article upon the frauds, does not pretend to deny them, but says that the money so raised or stolen was paid to Republican members of the Legislature to bribe them to vote the tax levy; and the *Argus* adds: "To one man, a saint of St. Lawrence, sixty thousand dollars had to be paid; to another, a white-neckclothed scoundrel from Madison, a sum nearly as great. Garvey's plaster whitens walls and fertilizes farms in the West of the State. Ingersoll's furniture decks respectable mansions in the interior, and the neighbors wonder how the wealth and taste of the owner were so suddenly developed." That is to say, in plain English, that the Ring stole from the tax-payers in order to bribe the Legislature to perpetuate their chance of stealing. Nor did all the money go to the Legislature. Frauds at the polls are also expensive, and the Ring elected Mr. Hoffman in 1868 by the same means with which the *Argus* says that they bought the Legislature.

The situation, therefore, is this. Enormous frauds are charged, and the figures and other details are given. They are not denied; but as the persons implicated are Democratic officers, they say two things: first, that the frauds were the work of a Board of Supervisors, half of which was Republican; and second, the frauds were the source of supplies to buy Republican votes in the Legislature. The truth of this statement, as involving both parties, we do not now consider. Let us suppose it to be true. Let us suppose both parties to be implicated in frauds which are undoubted, and it is one of the gravest facts ever developed in our political history. Corruption so vast, so confessed, so general, is a peril to this country as deadly as slavery ever was. The city is cheated that the State may be bought. Then, under the same auspices, the city will be cheated that the country may be bought. And still further, the city will be cheated that the national elections, as well as State, may be carried. But when the country believes that a Presidential election has been decided by fraud, a civil war is just as inevitable as it was when slavery tried to sever the Union.

Nor must it be forgotten that to the rapid extension of this corruption which has now been developed in the Democratic municipal and, as the *Argus* alleges, State government of New York, two things contribute: one is the doctrine constantly inculcated by some of the leading Democratic papers that morality has nothing to do with politics; and second, the civil service system, which is founded upon patronage, and is, consequently, a vast although often involuntary scheme of bribery. The corruption now exposed in the city of New York is not, of course, confined to that city. It is known elsewhere, even if not upon so large a scale nor so distinctly revealed. Its object is the security of party ascendency. Now it is a very grave question for the consideration of every American citizen who can lift himself above the mere partisan view, how long our system is safe and our peace secured when, every four years, this corruption is invited to struggle for the possession of a hundred thousand offices and the raising and spending of three or four hundred millions of dollars. The Albany *Argus* says that the knife must be applied to all this corruption. We heartily agree. If Republicans are guilty, let them be exposed as these Democrats have been, and let both suffer.

And meanwhile, seeing the inevitable results of such corruption as has now been—and most fortunately—proved before the country, let every American, while not holding all individual members of either party responsible, decide which party, upon the whole, from its antecedents, from its principles, from the general character of its adherents and allies, is most likely to be deepest tainted. If he honestly thinks the Republican to be that party, let him vote against it, for corruption is now the most threatening peril of the country. But if he believes, as we do, that a party reared in the advocacy of slavery, which sneers at "moral ideas," which is associated with all the great political frauds, the Plaquemine in Louisiana, the naturalization in New York, and the amazing developments of to-day—which seeks the alliance of political ecclesiasticism, and is strongest among the most ignorant and disaffected part of the population—is a party more likely to be tainted with corruption than the Republican, he will do what he honorably can to preserve his country from so fatal a misfortune as a Democratic administration.

THE QUESTION FOR THE STATE CONVENTION.

WE stated a few weeks ago, as plainly and fairly as we could, the difficulty to the Republican party of New York, and we mentioned the reorganization that was then taking place in the city. That reorganization is now completed. A new committee has been chosen, and has elected Mr. John J. Townsend chairman. There will thus be two city committees, of which Mr. Greeley and Mr. Townsend will be respectively the heads. Under the auspices of each, delegates will be elected to the State Convention, and that final tribunal of the party in the State must decide between the contestants.

What, then, is the point which the State Convention is called upon to decide? Why has there been a new organization? It is a question which should be considered in advance, that the decision may be more deliberate and intelligible than it is likely to be in the hurry and fever of a short session. Briefly, then, the ground upon which the new organization of the party in the city was ordered is that some of the most active members of the old committee were under the influence of the Tammany Ring, and that the general conviction of that fact necessarily disheartened and demoralized the party. We regret sincerely that Mr. Greeley declined the invitation of the State Committee to unite with Mr. Orton in this reorganization. That invitation showed that the State Committee neither distrusted him nor had any improper object in view. Mr. Greeley, however, did decline, and the committee then appointed in his place Jackson S. Schultz, late president of the Union League Club, and one of the most eminent and honorable Republicans in the city. Of the new committee which has resulted from the action of Mr. Schultz and Mr. Orton no kind or degree of Tammany association can be truly alleged. It is, as we understand, composed of unquestionable Republicans who are friendly to the present Republican administration.

Is the old committee equally free of all suspicion of the Tammany taint? Upon his election as its chairman Mr. Greeley said that if any member should be proved to be acting in the interest of "that infamous cabal," the Ring, he should himself move his expulsion. But unless we are wholly mistaken, Mr. Greeley was elected chairman upon the nomination of a gentleman who holds a high position by the appointment of Mayor Hall; and one of that gentleman's colleagues, also, we believe, a member of the committee, has certainly been as severely criticised in the *Tribune* as any where. Mr. Greeley may not be of opinion that the political character of any of his colleagues is affected by such associations. But surely he must feel strangely in taking confidential political counsel with those who are friendly to the cabal which he characterizes as infamous. Does it essentially relieve the difficulty that the appointment of certain Republicans was understood to be one of the conditions upon which the Ring charter was passed?

If the Convention should think that there was good reason for suspecting Tammany influence in the old committee, it can hardly fail to sustain the State Committee in ordering a new organization. And therefore the inquiry should be carefully made how many and what members of that committee at its organization, last January, were in any manner connected with the Tammany Ring. The Convention will, of course, perceive that the fact of Mr. Greeley's chairmanship is conclusive of nothing. If Mr. Greeley is not a Republican, nobody is. That he has, or could, or would have any understanding with the Ring, nobody seriously believes. Yet it is Mr. Greeley's principle to take the positions to which his party friends summon him; and when a Republican committee elected him chairman he, of course, accepted the office. But, evidently, if there were any shrewd Republican friends of Tammany upon the committee, they would wish nothing so much as his election, because they would consider the committee and all its members to be then beyond suspicion.

It is, therefore, a fair question whether Mr. Greeley's name may not have been used as a blind. And if it be asked whether he would connive at such a use, the answer would be that he would certainly not do so consciously; but that, like any honorable man, he might be of an unsuspicious or even credulous disposition. Honest Republicans every where will understand that if, in the illustrations of the *Weekly*, fun has been sometimes poked at Mr. Greeley, it has been always a good-natured hit at that occasional defect of judgment which his best friends would not deny. And that judgment may have been as much at fault when he accepted the chairmanship of the committee as it has been upon certain other occasions.

The old committee has recently adopted a series of resolutions, offered by its chairman, agreeing to abide unreservedly by the decision of the Convention, pledging itself in advance to the support of the candidates to be nominated, and calling for the assembling of the Convention at an early day. One of the resolutions, however, was hardly of so conciliatory a strain. It stigmatized the new organization as a "Custom-house new departure," in which the subordinate Federal officers were compelled to acquiesce. But having expressed this contemptuous opinion of the action of a very large and respectable body of fellow-Republicans, the resolutions resumed their conciliatory tune, and declared that the party should not be distracted if the committee could help it. That was well said, but it might perhaps have occurred to the chairman that one obvious method of preventing distraction in a party is to refrain from insulting friends who differ.

The *Tribune* also seeks to prejudice the Convention against the new organization as a Custom-house departure, and calls the new committee a Custom-house committee. But if it were true—which it is not—that a large number of members of the new committee were officially connected with a national Republican administration, would that be a valid objection from a member of a committee some of whose members undeniably hold office under the Tammany Ring appointment? There will be no question before the Convention either of Mr. Greeley's Republicanism or of that of many of his colleagues. The simple point for decision will be whether a committee tainted with Tammany influence is a proper representative and manager of the Republican party in this city.

COUNSEL EXTRAORDINARY.

IT is hard to believe that gentlemen can call themselves Republicans who advise the Republican party in Ohio and Pennsylvania to "permit the elections to go by default" for the Democrats this year, so as to secure the defeat of General Grant as the Republican candidate next year. The reasoning is that the Democrats will be so elated that they will throw off the mask of the new departure, while the Republicans will be so dismayed that they will take any candidate rather than the President. The candidates suggested are Mr. Trumbull or Mr. Evarts against Mr. Hendricks or Mr. Groesbeck, and if we can not elect them, we are comforted with the thought that defeat with them will be "dignified, if not glorious." How it can be dignified for Republicans to allow the party of which Tammany Hall is the chief organization to take possession of the national government, or glorious for Republicans to secure the defeat of the Republican party, we do not see. We have asked more than once who it was proposed to nominate if General Grant should be set aside, and the replies have invariably shown that there was nobody in particular, but a great many excellent gentlemen in general, to be suggested. That there are many such in the Republican party we know very well. But there is no one whose nomination is more dreaded by the Democratic party, nor any candidate who has so general and strong a hold upon Republican confidence as the President.

The counsel to which we have alluded is a confession of this fact. *If the Republican purpose to nominate the President is so strong that nothing but party suicide in Ohio and Pennsylvania can disturb it, we need no further evidence of its depth and vigor.* Those who give the advice of suicide are plainly so hostile to the President as to be hopeless, if not careless, of Republican ascendency. For if they think that defeat is sure with the candidate upon whom the heart of the party is fixed, they certainly can not suppose it to be less so with a new candidate; and their counsel must therefore be regarded as merely an exhortation to the party to disband and disperse.

In advising Republicans to connive at the success of the Democrats in Ohio, for instance, these gentlemen urge the election of a candidate whom many of his own party declare not to have been fairly nominated, and who stands upon a platform which they disdain. Such advice is a request to the Republicans of Ohio to believe that the welfare of the State and of the country would be best promoted by the triumph of the party which Mr. Vallandigham led and inspired. Do these gentlemen also think that a Republican defeat in Massachusetts would be a wholesome tonic for the party? and that nothing could be better than disaster in Iowa? Do they suppose that the Democratic party expects to carry Pennsylvania upon a free-trade platform? It is not free trade, it is Tammany, that conquers in a Democratic victory. And when such counsel as we mention proceeds from those who have been hitherto Republicans, it shows that the success of either party is equally agreeable to them, and that their counsel is to be estimated accordingly.

Mr. ADAMS AS ARBITRATOR AT GENEVA.

IT has been for some time very amusing to see how vigorously the Democratic papers have been patronizing Mr. Charles Francis Adams, an original "Conscience Whig," and Free-Soil candidate for the Vice-Presidency in 1848. When, therefore, it was announced that the position of arbitrator at Geneva under the Treaty of Washington had been offered to Mr. Adams by the President, his new patrons sneered that the country would see that such a man as Mr. Adams would not countenance the despotism and venality of this Administration by accepting the position. One enthusiast, indeed, enlarged upon these points. "Mr. Adams," he said, "believes that he can not so far indorse this Administration as to lend himself in such a capacity. He is not so easily caught in Mr. Grant's little trap. Mr. Adams prefers to remain in the quiet enjoyment of his own private opinions, unhelped by the policy of President-makers, until such time comes when his views upon the result of the Geneva Convention, and the

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great Presidential question, and public affairs generally, may prove of some moment to his fellow-citizens. When that time comes, and they choose to summon him from the sacred shades of old Quincy, where he is now happily sequestered, he will obey."

This is in the finest style of political omniscience. It was published as a letter in a Democratic paper on Monday. On Tuesday Mr. ADAMS accepted the position. By universal consent of all parties there is no man in the country better fitted for its duties; and his appointment is another of the acts which commend the Administration to the sympathy and support of honest and patriotic men.

The letter, from which we have quoted, proceeds in the same fine strain to describe Mr ADAMS as finding "abundant food for reflection" in examining the papers of his father and grandfather. "Their correspondence with the statesmen and scholars of their time," continues the sagacious and learned correspondent, "excites in him the most painful anxiety and alarm when he compares the high standard by which public affairs were then gauged with the low and mercenary aim which seems to influence public men, and guide and control public events in these later days. Mr. ADAMS grieves over the degeneracy of our times and the tending feebleness of our government."

"Tending feebleness of our government" is good. Indeed, it is all good. Perhaps, however, Mr. ADAMS's grief is mitigated by the fact that, notwithstanding the tending feebleness of our government, it has subdued the great rebellion which this correspondent's party sustained. And if Mr. ADAMS were disposed to believe the older day so much better than our own, it would not be to the times of his father or grandfather that he would look for the proof. In his grandfather's diary there is constant complaint of the ignorance, the passion, and sordid meanness of his own age, and an appeal to the intelligence of the purer time coming! Alas! if the old President could open his eyes, and behold the tending feebleness of our government, illustrated by the Treaty of Washington, and by the appointment, amidst universal applause, of his grandson and editor as arbitrator!

A FRIENDLY WORD WITH MASSACHUSETTS REPUBLICANS.

GENERAL BUTLER is reported to have said to a reporter—and there is little doubt of it—that he has not contemplated the contingency of his not being nominated as Governor by the Massachusetts Republican Convention. Whether he meant it as a threat, every voter in that State will determine for himself. But there is no question that his nomination by the Republicans of Massachusetts would be the most demoralizing blow that could befall the Republican party of the country. This ought to be distinctly understood in that State. The party in the country at large has the same distrust of the General that his own Democratic party in Massachusetts used to have. There is the same want of confidence that was felt toward the heads of the Ring in New York before the details of their conduct were published. And such a general feeling is not a whim; it is a conviction. It springs from the closest observation of his career, and it is not disturbed by his loudest professions of radicalism in every direction.

It seems to be understood that the General is not a strong candidate from the strict party view. That is to say, the Convention would not select him from the Republican ranks as the most desirable or the most available candidate. His strength lies in the independent or eccentric vote which branches from the Republican. There are the friends of prohibition, for instance, and of woman suffrage, and of labor reform, the great majority of whom are Republican. There are many of them, however, who value their especial movement more than general Republican ascendency, who would, perhaps, prefer a Democratic victory in the State if it would give them strict prohibition, or favor the woman or labor reform. And it is supposed that there are enough of these who would so surely support any Republican who positively favored their particular views as to make him a most available candidate.

General BUTLER not only adopts every one of the special interests as his own, but he bids for the Irish vote, as it is called, by virtually censuring the repression of the late riot in New York. He ought to be sure, also, of the sympathy of the repudiating part of the Democratic vote, and of all the true blue Americans who would like to summon Great Britain, at the cannon's mouth, to settle our *Alabama* bill without delay. In fact, the General has a sail for every breeze that blows, and hopes by many capfuls of wind to make up a gale. But there is a question which every Massachusetts Republican, whether a friend of prohibition, or of woman suffrage, or of labor reform, ought thoughtfully to ask himself. It is, how he can best reconcile his duty at home with his duty to the country? If, for instance, Mr. JOHN QUINCY ADAMS, who is not less gallant than General BUTLER, should, like the General, suddenly perceive that an intelligent woman is as safe a voter as an ignorant man, would the real friends of equal suffrage feel it their duty to vote for him upon the chance of some advantage to the cause, and with the certainty of throwing Massachusetts out of the Republican line, and, perhaps, so confusing the country as to promote the election of a Democratic administration?

Do not the Massachusetts Republicans, who are friends of certain reforms, perceive that the nomination of a man who is generally distrusted by the Republican party of the country would have very much the same kind of demoralizing effect? General SICKLES is a very different man in many ways from General BUTLER; the grounds of opposition to him are different; but if the Republicans of New York should nominate General SICKLES for Governor, might not their friends in Massachusetts justly reproach them with injuring the party prospects? If the Republicans in the great Republican State, in the commonwealth which in many ways is the representative of the distinctively American character and civilization, should show that Republicans like CHARLES SUMNER and JOHN A. ANDREW had either disappeared from the State or were no longer preferred by the party, the question would certainly be very gravely asked by many who sincerely wish to support Republican ascendency whether there really is any difference between the parties.

Should General BUTLER "run stump" if he is not nominated by the Convention, *bon voyage!* He will hardly poll a larger vote than Mr. WENDELL PHILLIPS polled last year, and he will have virtually separated from the party. We do not depreciate, as we have constantly said, and shall never fail to say, his real service to the country at a perilous hour; nor do we deny that of General SHERMAN; but we should most strenuously oppose General SHERMAN's nomination to the Presidency. Meanwhile the necessity of Republican national supremacy is so imperative that we are sure Massachusetts Republicans will hesitate long before they imperil it.

THE "WORLD" AND THE TRUTH.

A FEW weeks since, in speaking of Presidential nominations, and stating why we believed that General GRANT would be the Republican candidate, we offered reasons, to those of our own party who think his nomination undesirable, why it would probably be made. We mentioned, of course, for the purpose of our argument, "the sum of the objections" to General GRANT's administration, recounting them in detail, adding that they were "urged with more or less warmth against the administration," and that such charges were serious. We reminded our Republican friends that "much is said in personal derogation of the President, and much that is, of course, only matter of private taste and preference." We recalled the severe personal criticisms that were made upon General JACKSON and Mr. LINCOLN, and argued that a renomination would be determined, not by personal considerations, but by administrative results.

The New York *World* quotes from the article the passage in which the objections urged against the President by his opponents are stated, and calls them the views of *Harper's Weekly;* and it further describes our summary of what is said of the President by those with whom we differ as our own "sharp words of contemptuous condemnation."

A similar misrepresentation by the *World* of some opinions of the *Tribune* in regard to the Astor Place riot lately drew from that paper a very brief and conclusive comment upon the *World's* veracity. And every reader of all parties will see that if political journals allow themselves deliberately to misstate the views of their opponents for the purpose of producing a false impression, honorable political discussion is at an end.

PERSONAL.

QUEEN VICTORIA has conferred the honor of C. B. upon Mr. W. D. CHRISTIE, formerly British minister at Brazil, and Mr. HUGH ALLAN, of Montreal, has received the honor of knighthood. This Mr. CHRISTIE is the same gentleman with whom General JAMES WATSON WEBB had a difficulty at Rio, in 1863, when they were ministers. He was minister to the Argentine Confederation in 1856, when, from his propensity to be in hot water, and his hatred of Americans, he wantonly quarreled with our consul, WILLIAM H. HUDSON, refused to fight him, and when threatened by HUDSON with personal chastisement, appealed to the government for protection. After his transfer to Brazil he quarreled, within the first twelve months of his residence, with the ministers of the Pope, Russia, Prussia, Austria, Spain, Belgium, Portugal, and Montevideo. At the first dinner at which he and General WEBB met he managed to say something offensive to the General, who, being not a difficult man to force a difficulty with, resented it. Subsequently at a dinner at the Russian minister's, in presence of the Russian and Prussian ministers and Russian secretary of legation, his conduct became unbearable, and the General ordered him "never again to indulge in any similar language to me [General W.], that it was an impertinence, and my custom was to punish impertinence, a bad custom, perhaps, but nevertheless a habit, and by the Lord that made him and me, if he ever again dared, by word or look, to practice his impertinence toward me, I should punish him on the spot." That was the observation that Minister WEBB made to Minister CHRISTIE. We copy from the official record.

—Mr. JOHN STUART MILL does seem to know every thing. Not only is he a great philosopher, archæologist and botanist, but he sketches admirably, and is a very fine pianist. Imagine MILL, after giving an exhaustive dissertation on some abstruse point in political economy, seating himself at the piano and launching out into variations on "Old Rosin the Bow!" Speaking of music, an American lady whose musical talent was well known in the highest social circles of Paris, and who was on terms of intimacy with the late imperial family, says that although the ex-Emperor NAPOLEON III. was not so enthusiast about the fantasies, themes, etc., of CHOPIN, THALBERG, and those people, he was passionately fond of our negro melodies, and would listen to them, delighted, for half an hour at a time.

—The English papers are filled with paragraphs noting the movements of the Emperor of Brazil, which are in striking contrast with the habits and occupations of those of all other royal personages of the day. Certainly he is a monarch of different type from any that has reigned in Europe for many years. The London *Examiner*, alluding to him, says: "No sovereign who had merely ornamental functions to perform in his own country would be likely, during a visit to a foreign capital, to get out of bed at five or six o'clock in the morning in order to inspect a new piece of machinery, a public work, a celebrated school or hospital, a botanical garden, a museum, or a library, and to spend ten or twelve hours daily in acquiring useful information. The Emperor PEDRO II., it may be observed, has had no leisure or no taste for an interview with 'the two-headed nightingale,' nor has he expressed any wish to witness a slaughter of pigeons among the roses at Hurlingham. It would almost seem as if his Majesty had come to Europe not merely for his own amusement, but with the intention of turning his visit to profitable account, and we shall not be surprised to hear by-and-by that the people of Brazil have reaped great benefits from the tour he is now making. The idea of such a result appears strange and antiquated, we must admit, but then it should be remembered that we have not been accustomed to sovereigns who employ themselves in endeavoring to develop the resources and improve the manufactures of the countries in which they rule or reign. Kingship may have a different meaning in Brazil under PEDRO II. than it has had in any country in Europe since the time when PETER the Great, of Russia, gave his people the benefit of his practical experience as a shipwright."

—A few days ago there left this city, in one of the steamers for Liverpool, a lady who may fairly be called eccentric—the Countess of Derwentwater. She has a fine estate in the north of England called Derwentwater, and has been noted for her oddity of manner and antiquated notions. Her wardrobe is said to consist of over two hundred rich and elaborately trimmed dresses girted with gold-lace fringes and party-colored velvets. She wears no diamonds, and but one plain finger-ring adorns her hands. She claims to have among her apparel robes worn by some of the ladies of the time of WILLIAM the Conqueror, and when she travels these are part of her personal luggage, carefully packed in the fifteen trunks she carries with her, which are as antiquated as the dresses.

—Mr. ELIHU BURRITT, whose efforts have for many years been directed to the promoting of peace among the nations, still devotes himself to that work, although during the last ten years results have been rather strong the other way. He has computed that there are expended in each year about "twenty-six hundred millions of dollars for Mars against twenty-six millions for Messiah."

—Baron JAMES DE ROTHSCHILD is not bad at repartee. During the Communist period in Paris he was one morning seated in his cabinet, when two fellows entered and asked to be shown to Citizen ROTHSCHILD. "Gentlemen," he said, "what can I do for you?" "Well, this is what we have got to say: you have millions of money, and the people want bread, so you must share, or if not—" "Share? Very well. How many are you in France?" "Perhaps thirty millions." "And how much money do you suppose I have?" "Say a hundred and fifty millions." "Well, then, among thirty millions that makes five francs a head. You are two. Here are ten francs for you, and now we are quits." The men were so confounded by the argument, and by the rapidity with which the whole incident occurred, that they took the money and disappeared.

—The list of Lyceum lecturers for the next season is unusually full and rich. RICHARD GRANT WHITE is announced by the Boston Lyceum Bureau, and his subjects will be "Dancing" and "On Speaking English." Mr. WHITE's scholarly accomplishments are sufficient pledge of the real value of his discourses, which his literary skill and his sense of humor will be sure to commend to public interest and satisfaction.

—The discordant elements of which the Tory party in the British Parliament is composed, and the bitter antipathies existing among its leaders, are among the curious things in British politics. The Tory nobles and Tory gentry are impatient of DISRAELI and his leadership. Two of these, men of great ability, the Marquis of Salisbury and the Earl of Carnarvon, left the Derby cabinet because they could not "abide" him, and they neither speak to nor consult him on party matters, though compelled for the present to follow his lead. The Dukes of Buckingham and Marlborough, dull men, endure him because he gave them office and puts them. The Duke of Richmond (DISRAELI's lieutenant in the Upper House), likes every body, and wants to bring his each-other-hating friends together, but is the weakest and sickly [illegible] of handsome, side-whiskered mortals. Lord CAIRNS, an Irishman, is a strong Disraelite and the most brilliant Tory in the Upper House, but is a *parvenu*, and hence is quite unable to establish an *entente cordiale* with the "great houses." He is said to have detested DISRAELI. Lord CHELMSFORD, also ex-Chancellor (having been curtly told to "leave" by DISRAELI when the latter became Premier, and being succeeded by the present CAIRNS), absolutely abhors both DISRAELI and CAIRNS, deriving some of his hatred for the former from my Lady CHELMSFORD, who had a memorable tiff with Mrs. DISRAELI, since which the two dames have been very bitter and [illegible] enemies. The new Lord Derby neither inclines to DISRAELI, a weakness he inherited, and yet finds it necessary to keep on good terms with the Marquis of Salisbury, whose step-mother he recently married.

—The on-coming man of the Democratic party in Maryland is probably Mr. WILLIAM PINKNEY WHYTE, the nominee of the party for Governor. He is forty-six years old, was educated by a private tutor, and, after spending nine months in the counting-room of [illegible], studied law, graduated at the Harvard law-school, and practiced the profession in Baltimore. He has served in the Maryland Legislature, been Comptroller of the State, twice a candidate for Congress, and, in the winter of 1868, was appointed by the Governor United States Senator, to fill the vacancy caused by the resignation of REVERDY JOHNSON, and served until March 4, 1869. He is a gentleman of fine presence, refined manners, a graceful and forcible speaker, and enjoys high personal popularity with gentlemen of all parties.

—Count de Rémusat, the new French Secretary for Foreign Affairs, is now seventy-four and has attained eminence as an author and writer. His father was chamberlain to NAPOLEON I., and his mother, an authoress of merit, was an intimate of the Empress JOSEPHINE. He was appointed Under-Secretary of State of the Interior in 1830, but in 1832 resigned and joined THIERS in opposing the Molé ministry, which was defeated, and Rémusat was made Secretary of the Interior. When LOUIS PHILIPPE, hoping to retain his faltering throne, charged M. THIERS at the last moment with the forming of a ministry, Count Rémusat received from his old friend a place in its midst. This appointment made him a leading figure in a scene of dramatic interest. LOUIS PHILIPPE, on the memorable 24th of February, 1848, was at the Tuileries and in the royal cabinet, with the Queen, M. THIERS, Count de Rémusat, and other eminent persons around him. The royal circle and ministers were in a state of anxious uncertainty, when Count de Rémusat and M. [illegible], who had just gone out, returned and asked to speak to the princes in private. The princes rose from the table where they were at breakfast, and went with them to one of the windows. The [illegible] of the King and Queen led them to join the group. "Sire," said the Count, "it is necessary that the King should know the truth: to conceal it at this moment would be to render ourselves implicated in all that may follow. Your feeling of security proves that you are deceived. Three hundred feet from this the dragoons are exchanging their sabres and the soldiers their muskets with the people." "It is impossible!" cried the King, stepping back with astonishment. "Sire," said M. [illegible], an officer in attendance, "I have seen it." Upon this all the company rose from the table, and the King went up-stairs, and soon came down with his sons, the Duke de Nemours and the Duke de Montpensier, in uniform. "Go," said the Queen, warmly, "show yourself to the discouraged troops, to the wavering National Guard. I will come out on the balcony with my grandchildren and the princesses, and I will see you die in a way worthy of yourself, your throne, and your misfortunes." The King descended the stairs, still hoping to arrest the movement, while the Queen and the princesses went to the balcony. But it was too late. That evening he abdicated and was soon flying to England.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

[illegible] Information has been received that the Ku-Klux act of Congress is being enforced in the South, with more success than was anticipated, and that the [illegible] arising [illegible].

Hon. Charles Francis Adams has [illegible] to the President his acceptance of the appointment as arbitrator under the Treaty of Washington.

President Grant has suspended General Pleasonton as Commissioner of Internal Revenue, and [illegible] Deputy Commissioner J. W. Douglass to perform the duties of the office.

Arrangements are in progress for printing the new [illegible] stamps [illegible] to the new [illegible] impossible to [illegible].

The widow of the late C. L. Vallandigham died on the 11th of August.

Recent returns show that the crops throughout the country are in better condition than was reported in July, including corn and cotton. A letter from [illegible] says that although the acreage of cotton is not as large as last year, the crop will be equally as large.

FOREIGN NEWS.

A congress was held recently in Heidelberg to found a national German Catholic Church. Delegates from Germany, Austria, and Switzerland were present. A committee was appointed to draft a constitution, to embrace the principles of the Council of Constance, in 1414—subordination of the pope to the council, separation of church and state, lay participation in church government, free election of bishops, communal election of pastors, and modifications of the confessional—and to report to a meeting in Munich in September.

The Pope has declined to assume the title of "Pius the Great," and has requested that the money subscribed for a throne of gold be devoted to securing the exemption of the students of Catholic seminaries every where from military service.

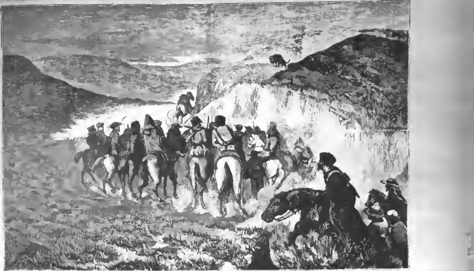
A large meeting held in Hyde Park, London, on Sunday, August 13, to protest against the suppression of the Fenian amnesty meeting in Dublin, was attended by 30,000 persons, and speeches were made by prominent radical speakers at different stands. The police made no attempt to interfere with the meeting.

The Prince of Wales and his party left Dublin on the 7th of August and returned to England.

President Thiers desires to have his term of office extended to three years. The measure meets with great opposition in the Assembly and among the people.

The cholera has appeared in Prussia, and the government of that country is taking precautions against its spread.

THE PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES AND HIS CABINET, FOR 1872. (?)



IN THE FAR WEST—THE FIRST BUFFALO.—[See Page 794.]

LORD KILGOBBIN.

By CHARLES LEVER,

Author of "That Boy of Norcott's," "The Bramleighs of Bishop's Folly," "Sir Brooke Fossbrooke," "A Day's Ride," "One of Them," "Gerald Fitzgerald," etc., etc.

CHAPTER XXVI.

DICK O'KEARNEY'S CHAMBERS.

When Dick Kearney quitted Kilgobbin Castle for Dublin he was very far from having any projects in his head excepting to show his cousin Nina that he could live without her.

"I believe," muttered he to himself, "she counts upon me as another 'victim.' These coquettish damsels have a theory that the 'whole drama of life' is the game of their fascinations and the consequences that come of them, and that we men make it our highest ambition to win them, and subordinate all we do in life to their favor. I should like to show her that one man at least refuses to [illegible] that allegiance, so that whatever her blandishments do with others, with him they are powerless."

These thoughts were his traveling companions for nigh fifty miles of travel, and, like most traveling companions, grew to be tiresome enough toward the end of the journey.

When he arrived in Dublin he was in no [illegible] to repair to his quarters in Trinity. They were not particularly cheery in the best of times, and now it was long vacation, with few men in town, and every thing sad and spiritless. Besides this, he was in no mood to meet Atlee, whose free and easy jocularity he knew he would not endure even with his ordinary patience. Joe had never condescended to write one line since he had left Kilgobbin, and Dick, who felt that in presenting him to his family he had done him immense honor, was proportionately indignant at this show of indifference. But, by the same easy formula with which he could account for any thing in Nina's conduct by her "coquetry," he was able to explain every deviation from decorum of Joe Atlee's by his "snobbery." And it is astonishing how comfortable the thought made him that this man, in all his smartness and ready wit, in his prompt power to acquire, and his still greater quickness to apply knowledge, was after all a most consummate snob.

He had no taste for a dinner at commons, so he ate his mutton chop at a tavern, and went to the play. Inefably bored, he sauntered along the almost deserted streets of the city, and just as midnight was striking he turned under the arched portal of the college. Secretly hoping that Atlee might be absent, he inserted the key and entered his quarters.

The grim old coal bunker in the passage, the silent corridor, and the dreary room at the end of it never looked more dismal than as he surveyed them now by the light of a little wax match he had lighted to guide his way. There stood the massive old table in the middle, with its litter of books and papers—memories of many a headache; and there was the paper of coarse Cavendish, against which he had so often protested, as well as a pewter pot—a new infraction of propriety since he had been away. Worse, however, than all assaults on decency were a pair of coarse high-lows, which had been placed within the fender, and had evidently enjoyed the fire as long as it lingered in the grate.

"So like the fellow! so like him!" was all that Dick could mutter, and he turned away in disgust.

As Atlee never went to bed till daybreak, it was quite clear that he was from home, and as the college gates could not re-open till morning, Dick was not sorry to feel that he was [illegible] from all intrusion for some hours. With this consolation he be[illegible] to his bedroom, and proceeded to [illegible] drew. Scarce[illegible] [illegible] had [illegible] he[illegible] off his [illegible] [illegible] He stopped and listened. It [illegible] [illegible] from the [illegible] He drew nigh, and there, to his [illegible] ment, on his own pillow, lay a massive head of a coarse-looking, vulgar man of about thirty, with a silk handkerchief fastened over it as a nightcap. A brawny arm lay outside the bedclothes, with an enormous hand of very questionable cleanness, though one of the fingers wore a heavy gold ring.

Wishing to gain what knowledge he might of his guest before awaking him, Dick turned to inspect his clothes, which, in a wild disorder, lay scattered through the room. They were of the very poorest, but such still as might have belonged to a very humble clerk or a messenger in a counting-house. A large black leather pocket-book fell from a pocket of the coat, and, in replacing it, Dick perceived it was filled with letters. On one of these, as he closed the clasp, he read the name "Mr. Daniel Donogan, Dartmouth Jail."

"What!" cried he, "is this the great head-centre, Donogan, I have read so much of? and how is he here?"

Though Dick Kearney was not usually quick of apprehension, he was not long here in guessing what the situation meant. It was clear enough that Donogan, being a friend of Joe Atlee's, had been harbored here as a safe refuge. Of all places in the capital, none were so secure from the visits of the police as the college. Indeed, it would have been no small hazard for the public force to have invaded these precincts. Calculating therefore that Kearney was little likely to leave Kilgobbin at present, Atlee had installed his friend in Dick's quarters. The indiscretion was a grave one. In fact, there was nothing—even to expulsion itself—might not have followed on discovery.

"So like him! so like him!" was all he could mutter, as he arose and walked about the room.

While he thus mused he turned into Atlee's bedroom, and at once it appeared why Mr. Donogan had been accommodated in his room. Atlee's was perfectly denuded of every thing: bed, chest of drawers, dressing-table, chair, and bath were all gone. The sole object in the chamber was a coarse print of a well-known informer of the year '98, "Jemmy O'Brien," under whose portrait was written, in Atlee's hand, "Bought in at four-pence half-penny, at the general sale, in affectionate remembrance of his virtues, by one who feels himself to be a relative.—J. A." Kearney tore down the picture in passion, and stamped upon it; indeed, his indignation with his chum had now passed all bounds of restraint.

"So like him in every thing!" again burst from him in utter bitterness.

Having thus satisfied himself that he had read the incident aright, he returned to the sitting-room, and at once decided that he would leave Donogan to his rest till morning.

"It will be time enough then to decide what is to be done," thought he.

He then proceeded to relight the fire, and, drawing a sofa near, he wrapped himself in a

"IS THAT NOT AS FINE AS YOUR BOASTED CAMPAGNA?"

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railway rug and lay down to sleep. For a long time he could not compose himself to slumber; he thought of Nina and her wiles—ay, they were wiles: he saw them plainly enough. It was true, he was no prize—no "catch," as they call it—to angle for; and such a girl as she was could easily look higher; but still he might swell the list of those followers she seemed to like to behold at her feet offering up every homage to her beauty, even to their actual despair. And he thought of his own condition—very hopeless and purposeless as it was.

"What a journey, to be sure, was life, without a goal to strive for! Kilgobbin would be his one day; but by that time would it be able to pay off the mortgages that were raised upon it? It was true, Atlee was no richer, but Atlee was a shifty, artful fellow, with scores of contrivances to go to windward of Fortune in even the very worst of weather. Atlee would do many a thing he would not stoop to."

And as Kearney said this to himself he was cautious in the use of his verb, and never said "could," but always "would" do; and, oh dear! is it not in this fashion that so many of us keep our courage in life, and attribute to the want of will what we well know lies in the want of power?

Last of all, he bethought himself of the man Donogan—a dangerous fellow in a certain way, and one whose companionship must be got rid of at any price. Plotting over in his mind how this should be done in the morning, he at last fell fast asleep.

So overcome was he by slumber that he never awoke when that venerable institution, called the college woman—the hag whom the virtue of unerring dons insists on imposing as a servant on resident students—entered, made up the fire, swept the room, and arranged the breakfast-table. It was only as she jogged his arm to ask him for an additional penny to buy more milk that he awoke and remembered where he was.

"Will I get yer honor a bit of bacon?" asked she, in a tone intended to be insinuating.

"Whatever you like," said he, drowsily.

"It's himself there likes a rasher—when he can get it," said she, with a leer, and a motion of her thumb toward the adjoining room.

"Whom do you mean?" asked he, half to learn what and how much she knew of his neighbor.

"Oh! don't I know him well?—Dan Donogan," replied she, with a grin. "Didn't I see him in the dock with Smith O'Brien in '48, and wasn't he in trouble again after he got his pardon; and won't he always be in trouble?"

"Hush! don't talk so loud," cried Dick, warningly.

"He'd not hear me now if I was screechin'; it's the only time he sleeps hard; for he gets up about three or half past—before it's day—and he squeezes through the bars of the window, and gets out into the Park, and he takes his exercise there for two hours, most of the time running full speed and keeping himself to lion wind. Do you know what he said to me the other day? 'Molly,' says he, 'when I know I can get between them bars there, and run round the College Park in three minutes and twelve seconds, I feel that there's not many a jail in Ireland can howld, and the divil a policeman in the island could catch me.'" And she had to lean over the back of a chair to steady herself while she laughed at the conceit.

"I think, after all," said Kearney, "I'd rather keep out of the scrape than trust to that way of escaping it."

"*He* wouldn't," said she. "He'd rather be sodhering the soldiers in Barrack Street, or swearing in a new Fenian, or nailing a death-notice on a hall door, than he'd be lord mayor! If he wasn't in mischief he'd like to be in his grave."

"And what comes of it all?" said Kearney, scarcely giving any exact meaning to his words.

"That's what I do be saying myself," cried the hag. "When they can transport you for singing a ballad, and send you to pick oakum for a green cravat, it's time to take to some other trade than patriotism!" And with this reflection she shuffled away to procure the materials for breakfast.

The fresh rolls, the water-cress, a couple of red herrings, devilled as those ancient damsels are expert in doing, and a smoking dish of rashers and eggs, flanked by a hissing tea-kettle, soon made their appearance, the hag assuring Kearney that a stout knock with the poker on the back of the grate would summon Mr. Donogan almost instantaneously—so rapidly, indeed, and with such indifference as to raiment, that, as she modestly declared, "I have to take to my heels the moment I call him," and the modest avowal was confirmed by her hasty departure.

The assurance was so far correct that scarcely had Kearney replaced the poker when the door opened, and one of the strangest figures he had ever beheld presented itself in the room. He was a short, thickset man with a profusion of yellowish hair, which, divided in the middle of the head, hung down on either side to his neck; beard and moustache of the same hue left little of the face to be seen but a pair of lustrous blue eyes, deep-sunken in their orbits, and a short, wide-nostriled nose, which bore the closest resemblance to a lion's. Indeed, a most absurd likeness to the king of beasts was the impression produced on Kearney as this wild-looking fellow bounded forward and stood there amazed at finding a stranger to confront him.

His dress was a flannel shirt and trowsers, and a pair of old slippers which had once been Kearney's own.

"I was told by the college woman how I was to summon you, Mr. Donogan," said Kearney, good-naturedly. "You're not offended with the liberty?"

"Are you Dick?" asked the other, coming forward.

"Yes. I think most of my friends know me by that name."

"And the old devil has told you mine?" asked he, quickly.

"No, I believe I discovered that for myself. I tumbled over some of your things last night, and saw a letter addressed to you."

"You didn't read it?"

"Certainly not. It fell out of your pocket-book, and I put it back there."

"So the old hag didn't blab on me? I'm anxious about this, because it's got out somehow that I'm back again. I landed at Kenmare in a fishing-boat from the New York packet, the *Osprey*, on Tuesday fortnight, and three of the newspapers had it before I was a week on shore."

"Our breakfast is getting cold; sit down here and let me help you. Will you begin with a rasher?"

Not replying to the invitation, Donogan covered his plate with bacon, and leaning his arm on the table, stared fixedly at Kearney.

"I am as glad as fifty pound of it," muttered he, slowly, to himself.

"Glad of what?"

"Glad that you're not a swell, Mr. Kearney," said he, gravely. "'The Honorable Richard Kearney:' whenever I repeated that to myself it gave me a cold sweat. I thought of velvet collars and a cravat with a grand pin in it, and a stuck-up creature behind both, that wouldn't condescend to sit down with me."

"I am sure Joe Atlee gave you no such impression of me."

A short grunt that might mean any thing was all the reply.

"He was my chum, and knew me better," reiterated the other.

"He knows many a thing he doesn't say, and he says plenty that he doesn't know. 'Kearney will be a swell,' said I, 'and he'll turn upon me just out of contempt for my condition.'"

"That was judging me hardly, Mr. Donogan."

"No, it wasn't; it's the treatment the mangy dog meets all the world over. Why is England insolent to us, but because we're poor?—answer me that. Are we mangy? Don't you feel mangy?—I know *I* do!"

Dick smiled a sort of mild contradiction, but said nothing.

"Now that I see you, Mr. Kearney," said the other, "I'm as glad as a ten-pound note about a letter I wrote you—"

"I never received a letter from you."

"Sure I know you didn't! haven't I got it here?" and he drew forth a square shaped packet and held it up before him. "I never said that I sent it, nor I won't send it now; here's its present address," added he, as he threw it on the fire and pressed it down with his foot.

"Why not have given it to me now?" asked the other.

"Because three minutes will tell you all that was in it, and better than writing; for I can reply to any thing that wants an explanation, and that's what a letter can not. First of all, do you know that Mr. Claude Barry, your county member, has asked for the Chiltern, and is going to resign?"

"No, I have not heard it."

"Well, it's a fact. They are going to make him a second secretary somewhere, and pension him off. He has done his work: he voted an Arms Bill and an Insurrection Act, and he had the influence when the amnesty petition was presented, and sure no more could be expected from any man."

"The question scarcely concerns me; our interest in the county is so small now, we count very little."

"And don't you know how to make your influence greater?"

"I can not say that I do."

"Go to the poll yourself, Richard Kearney, and be the member."

"You are talking of an impossibility, Mr. Donogan. First of all, we have no fortune, no large estate in the county, with a wide tenantry and plenty of votes; secondly, we have no place among the county families, as our old name and good blood might have given us; thirdly, we are of the wrong religion, and, I take it, with as wrong politics; and lastly, we should not know what to do with the prize if he had won it."

"Wrong in every one of your propositions—wholly wrong," cried the other. "The party that will send you in won't want to be bribed, and they'll be proud of a man who doesn't overtop them with his money. You don't need the big families, for you'll beat them. Your religion is the right one, for it will give you the Priests; and your politics shall be Repeal, and it will give you the Peasants; and as to not knowing what to do when you're elected, are you so mighty well off in life that you've nothing to wish for?"

"I can scarcely say that," said Dick, smiling.

"Give me a few minutes' attention," said Donogan, "and I think I'll show you that I've thought this matter out and out; indeed, before I sat down to write to you I went into all the details."

And now, with a clearness and a fairness that astonished Kearney, this strange looking fellow proceeded to prove how he had weighed the whole difficulty, and saw how, in the nice balance of the two great parties who would contest the seat, the Repealer would step in and steal votes from both.

He showed not only that he knew every barony of the county, and every estate and property, but that he had a clear insight into the different localities where discontent prevailed, and places where there was something more than discontent.

"It is down there," said he, significantly, "that I can be useful. The man that has had his foot in the dock, and only escaped having his head in the noose, is never discredited in Ireland. Talk Parliament and parliamentary tactics to the small shop-keepers in Moate, and leave me to talk treason to the people in the bog."

"But I mistake you and your friends greatly," said Kearney, "if these were the tactics you always followed; I thought that you were the physical force party, who sneered at constitutionalism, and only believed in the pike."

"So we did, so long as we saw O'Connell and the lawyers working the game of that grievance for their own advantage, and teaching the English government how to rule Ireland by a system of concession to *them* and to their friends. Now, however, we begin to perceive that to assault that heavy bastion of Saxon intolerance, we must have spies in the enemy's fortress, and for this we send in so many members to the Whig party. There are scores of men who will aid us by their vote who would not risk a bone in our cause. Theirs is a sort of subacute patriotism; but it has its use. It smashes an Established Church, breaks down Protestant ascendancy, destroys the prestige of landed property, and will in time abrogate entail and primogeniture, and many another fine thing; and in this way it clears the ground for our operations, just as soldiers fell trees and level houses lest they interfere with the range of heavy artillery."

"So that the place you would assign me is that very honorable one you have just called a 'spy in the camp?'"

"By a figure I said that, Mr. Kearney; but you know well enough what I meant was, that there's many a man will help us on the Treasury benches, that would not turn out on Tallaght; and we want both. I won't say," added he, after a pause, "I'd not rather see you a leader in our ranks than a Parliament man. I was bred a doctor, Mr. Kearney, and I must take an illustration from my own art. To make a man susceptible of certain remedies you are often obliged to reduce his strength and weaken his constitution. So it is here. To bring Ireland into a condition to be bettered by Repeal, you must crush the Church and smash the bitter Protestants. The Whigs will do these for us, but we must help them. Do you understand me now?"

"I believe I do. In the case you speak of, then, the government will support my election."

"Against a Tory, yes; but not against a pure Whig—a thorough-going supporter, who would bargain for nothing for his country, only something for his own relations."

"If your project has an immense fascination for me at one moment, and excites my ambition beyond all bounds, the moment I turn my mind to the cost, and remember my own poverty, I see nothing but hopelessness."

"That's not my view of it, nor, when you listen to me patiently, will it, I believe, be yours. Can we have another talk over this in the evening?"

"To be sure! we'll dine here together at six."

"Oh, never mind me; think of yourself, Mr. Kearney, and your own engagements. As to the matter of dining, a crust of bread and a couple of apples are fully as much as I want or care for."

"We'll dine together to-day at six," said Dick, "and bear in mind I am not more interested in this than you are."

CHAPTER XXVII.

A CRAFTY COUNSELOR.

As they were about to sit down to dinner on that day a telegram, redirected from Kilgobbin, reached Kearney's hand. It bore the date of that morning, from Plinlimmon Castle, and was signed "Atlee." Its contents were these—"H. E. wants to mark the Kilgobbin defense with some sign of approval. What shall it be? Reply by wire."

"Read that, and tell me what you think of it."

"Joe Atlee at the Viceroy's castle in Wales!" cried the other. "We are going up the ladder head over head, Mr. Kearney! A week ago his ambition was bounded on the south by Ship Street, and on the east by the Lower Castle Yard."

"How do you understand the dispatch?" asked Kearney, quickly.

"Easily enough. His Excellency wants to know what you'll have for shooting down three—I think they were three—Irishmen."

"The fellows came to demand arms, and with loaded guns in their hands."

"And if they did? Is not the first right of a man the weapon that defends him? He that can not use it or does not possess it is a slave. By what prerogative has Kilgobbin Castle within its walls what can take the life of any, the meanest, tenant on the estate?"

"I am not going to discuss this with you; I think I have heard most of it before, and was not impressed when I did so. What I asked was, what sort of a recognition one might safely ask for and reasonably expect?"

"That's not long to look for. Let them support you in the county. Telegraph back, 'I'm going to stand, and, if I get in, will be a Whig, whenever I'm not a Nationalist. Will the party stand by me?'"

"Scarcely with that programme."

"And do you think that the priests' nominees, who are three-fourths of the Irish members, offer better terms? Do you imagine that the men that crowd the Whig lobby have not reserved their freedom of action about the Pope, and the Fenian prisoners, and the Orange processionists? If they were not free so far, I'd ask you, with the old Duke, how is her Majesty's government to be carried on?"

Kearney shook his head in dissent.

"And that's not all," continued the other; "but you must write to the papers a flat contradiction of that shooting story. You must either declare that it never occurred at all, or was done by that young scamp from the Castle, who happily got so much to his gave."

"That I could not do," said Kearney, firmly.

"And it is that precisely that you must do," rejoined the other. "If you go into the House to represent the popular feeling of Irishmen, the hand that signs the roll must not be stained with Irish blood."

"You forget; I was not within fifty miles of the place."

"And another reason to disavow it. Look here, Mr. Kearney; if a man in a battle was to say to himself, I'll never give any but a fair blow, he'd make a mighty bad soldier. Now public life is a battle, and worse than a battle in all that touches treachery and falsehood. If you mean to do any good in the world, to yourself and your country, take my word for it, you'll have to do plenty of things that you don't like, and, what's worse, can't defend."

"The soup is getting cold all this time. Shall we sit down?"

"No, not till we answer the telegram. Sit down and say what I told you."

"Atlee will say I'm mad. He knows I have not a shilling in the world."

"Riches is not the badge of the representation," said the other.

"They can, at least, pay the cost of the elections."

"Well, we'll pay ours, too—not all at once, but later on; don't fret yourself about that."

"They'll refuse me flatly."

"No, we have a lien on the fine gentleman with the broken arm. What would the Tories give for that story, told as I could tell it to them? At all events, whatever you do in life, remember this—that if asked your price for any thing you have done, name the highest, and take nothing if it's refused you. It's a waiting race, but I never knew it fail in the end."

Kearney dispatched his message, and sat down to the table, far too much flurried and excited to care for his dinner. Not so his guest, who ate voraciously, seldom raising his head, and never uttering a word. "Here's to the new member for King's County," said he at last, and he drained off his glass; and I don't know a pleasanter way of wishing a man prosperity than in a bumper. "Has your father any politics, Mr. Kearney?"

"He thinks he's a Whig, but, except hating the Established Church, and having a print of Lord Russell over the fire place, I don't know he has other reason for the opinion."

"All right; there's nothing finer for a young man entering public life than to be able to sneer at his father for a noodle. That's the practical way to show contempt for the wisdom of our ancestors. There's no appeal the public respond to with the same certainty as that of the man who quarrels with his relations for the sake of his principles; and whether it be a change in your politics or your religion, they're sure to uphold you."

"If differing with my father will insure success, I can afford to be confident," said Dick, smiling.

"Your sister has her notions about Ireland, hasn't she?"

"Yes, I believe she has; but she fancies that laws and acts of Parliament are not the things in fault, but ourselves and our modes of dealing with the people, that were not often just, and were always capricious. I am not sure how she works out her problem, but I believe we ought to educate each other; and that, in turn for teaching the people to read and write, there are scores of things to be learned from them."

"And the Greek girl?"

"The Greek girl"—began Dick, haughtily, and with a manner that betokened rebuke, but which suddenly changed as he saw that nothing in the other's manner gave any indication of intended freedom or insolence—"the Greek is my first cousin, Mr. Donogan," said he, calmly; "but I am anxious to know how you have heard of her, or, indeed, of any of us."

"From Joe—Joe Atlee. I believe we have talked you over—every one of you—till I know you all as well as if I lived in the Castle and called you by your Christian names. Do you know, Mr. Kearney"—and his voice trembled now as he spoke—"that to a lone and desolate man like myself, who has no home, and scarcely a country, there is something indescribably touching in the mere picture of the fireside, and the family gathered round it, talking over little homely cares, and canvassing the changes of each day's fortune. I could sit here half the night and listen to Atlee telling how you lived, and the sort of things that interested you."

"So that you'd actually like to look at us?"

Donogan's eyes grew glassy, and his lips trembled, but he could not utter a word.

"So you shall, then," cried Dick, resolutely. "We'll start to-morrow by the early train. You'll not object to a ten miles' walk, and we'll arrive for dinner."

"Do you know who it is you are inviting to your father's house? Do you know that I am an escaped convict, with a price on my head this minute? Do you know the penalty of giving me shelter, or even what the law calls comfort?"

"I know this, that in the heart of the Bog of Allen you'll be far safer than in the city of Dublin; that none shall ever learn who you are, nor, if they did, is there one—the poorest in the place—would betray you."

"It is of you, Sir, I'm thinking, not of me," said Donogan, calmly.

"Don't fret yourself about us. We are well known in our county, and above suspicion. Whenever you yourself should feel that your presence was like to be a danger, I am quite willing to believe you'd take yourself off."

"You judge me rightly, Sir, and I'm proud to see it; but how are you to present me to your friends?"

"As a college acquaintance—a friend of Atlee's and of mine—a gentleman who occupied the room next me. I can surely say that with truth."

"And dined with you every day since you knew him. Why not add that?"

He laughed merrily over this conceit, and at last Donogan said, "I've a little kit of clothes—something decenter than these—up in Thomas

Street, No. 13, Mr. Kearney; the old house Lord Edward was shot in, and the safest place in Dublin now, because it is so notorious. I'll step up for them this evening, and I'll be ready to start when you like."

"Here's good fortune to us, whatever we do next," said Kearney, filling both their glasses; and they touched the brims together and clinked them before they drained them.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

"ON THE LEADS."

KATE KEARNEY's room was on the top of the Castle, and "gave" by a window over the leads of a large square tower. On this space she had made a little garden of a few flowers, to tend which was one of what she called her "dissipations."

Some old packing-cases, filled with mould, sufficed to nourish a few stocks and carnations, a rose or two, and a mass of mignonette, which possibly, like the children of the poor, grew up sturdy and healthy from some of the adverse circumstances of their condition. It was a very favorite spot with her; and if she came hither in her happiest moments, it was here also her saddest hours were passed, sure that in the cares and employments of her loved plants she would find solace and consolation. It was at this window Kate now sat with Nina, looking over the vast plain, on which a rich moonlight was streaming, the shadows of fast-flitting clouds throwing strange and fanciful effects over a space almost wide enough to be a prairie.

"What a deal have mere names to do with our imaginations, Nina!" said Kate. "Is not that boundless sweep before us as fine as your boasted Campagna? Does not the night wind career over it as joyfully, and is not the moonlight as picturesque in its breaks by turf-clump and hillock as by ruined wall and tottering temple? In a word, are not we as well here, to drink in all this delicious silence, as if we were sitting on your loved Pincian?"

"Don't ask me to share such heresies. I see nothing out there but bleak desolation. I don't know if it ever had a past; I can almost swear it will have no future. Let us not talk of it."

"What shall we talk of?" asked Kate, with an arch smile.

"You know well enough what led me up here. I want to hear what you know of that strange man Dick brought here to-day to dinner."

"I never saw him before—never even heard of him."

"Do you like him?"

"I have scarcely seen him."

"Don't be so guarded and reserved. Tell me frankly the impression he makes on you. Is he not vulgar—very vulgar?"

"How should I say, Nina? Of all the people you ever met, who knows so little of the habits of society as myself? Those fine gentlemen who were here the other day shocked my ignorance by numberless little displays of indifference. Yet I can feel that they must have been paragons of good-breeding, and that what I believed to be a very cool self-sufficiency was in reality the very latest London version of good manners."

"Oh, you did not like that charming carelessness of Englishmen that goes where it likes and when it likes, that does not wait to be answered when it questions, and only insists on one thing, which is—'not to be bored.' If you knew, dearest Kate, how foreigners school themselves, and strive to catch up that insouciance, and never succeed—never!"

"My brother's friend certainly is no adept in it."

"He is insufferable. I don't know that the man ever dined in the company of ladies before; did you remark that he did not open the door as we left the dinner-room? and if your brother had not come over, I should have had to open it for myself. I declare I'm not sure he stood up as we passed."

"Oh yes; I saw him rise from his chair."

"I'll tell you what you did not see. You did not see him open his napkin at dinner. He stole his roll of bread very slyly from the folds, and then placed the napkin, carefully folded, beside him."

"You seem to have observed him closely, Nina."

"I did so, because I saw enough in his manner to excite suspicion of his class, and I want to know what Dick means by introducing him here."

"Papa liked him; at least he said that after we left the room a good deal of his shyness wore off, and that he conversed pleasantly and well. Above all, he seems to know Ireland perfectly."

"Indeed!" said she, half disdainfully.

"So much so that I was heartily sorry to leave the room when I heard them begin the topic; but I saw papa wished to have some talk with him, and I went."

"They were gallant enough not to join us afterward, though I think we waited tea till ten."

"Till nigh eleven, Nina: so that I am sure they must have been interested in their conversation."

"I hope the explanation excuses them."

"I don't know that they are aware they needed an apology. Perhaps they were affecting a little of that British insouciance you spoke of."

"They had better not. It will sit most awkwardly on their Irish habits."

"Some day or other I'll give you a formal battle on this score, Nina, and I warn you you'll not come so well out of it."

"Whenever you like. I accept the challenge. Make this brilliant companion of your brother's the type, and it will test your cleverness, I promise you. Do you even know his name?"

"Mr. Daniel, my brother called him; but I know nothing of his country or of his belongings."

"Daniel is a Christian name, not a family name, is it not? We have scores of people like that—Tommasini, Riccardi, and such like—in Italy, but they mean nothing."

"Our friend below stairs looks as if that was not his feeling. I should say that he means a good deal."

"Oh, I know you are laughing at my stupid phrase—no matter; you understood me, to all events. I don't like that man."

"Dick's friends are not fortunate with you. I remember how unfavorably you judged of Mr. Atlee from his portrait."

"Well, he looked rather better than his picture—less false, I mean; or perhaps it was that he had a certain levity of manner that carried off the perfidy."

"What an amiable sort of levity!"

"You are too critical on me by half this evening," said Nina, pettishly; and she arose and strolled out upon the leads.

For some time Kate was scarcely aware she had gone. Her head was full of cares, and she sat trying to think some of them "out," and see her way to deal with them. At last the door of the room slowly and noiselessly opened, and Dick put in his head. "I was afraid you might be asleep, Kate," said he, entering, "finding all so still and quiet here."

"No. Nina and I were chatting here—squabbling, I believe, if I were to tell the truth, and I can't tell when she left me."

"What could you be quarreling about?" asked he, as he sat down beside her.

"I think it was about that strange friend of yours. We were not quite agreed whether his manners were perfect, or his habits those of the well-bred world. Then we wanted to know more of him, and each was dissatisfied that the other was so ignorant; and, lastly, we were canvassing that very peculiar taste you appear to have in friends, and were wondering where you find your odd people."

"So, then, you don't like Donogan?" said he, hurriedly.

"Like whom? And you call him Donogan?"

"The mischief is out," said he. "Not that I wanted to have secrets from you; but all the same, I am a precious bungler. His name is Donogan, and what's more, it's Daniel Donogan. He was the same who figured in the dock at, I believe, sixteen years of age, with Smith O'Brien and the others, and was afterward seen in England in '59, known as a head-centre, and apprehended on suspicion in '60, and made his escape from Dartmoor the same year. There's a very pretty biography in skeleton, is it not?"

"But, my dear Dick, how are you connected with him?"

"Not very seriously. Don't be afraid. I'm not compromised in any way, nor does he desire that I should be. Here is the whole story of our acquaintance." And now he told what the reader already knows of their first meeting and the intimacy that followed it.

"All that will take nothing from the danger of harboring a man charged as he is," said she, gravely.

"That is to say, if he be tracked and discovered."

"It is what I mean."

"Well, one has only to look out of that window, and see where we are and what lies around us on every side, to be tolerably easy on that score." And as he spoke he arose and walked out upon the terrace. "What! were you here all this time?" asked he, as he saw Nina seated on the battlement, and throwing dried leaves carelessly on the wind.

"Yes; I have been here this half hour, perhaps longer."

"And heard what we have been saying within there?"

"Some chance words reached me, but I did not follow them."

"Oh, it was here you were, then, Nina!" cried Kate. "I am ashamed to say I did not know it."

"We got so warm in discussing your friend's merits or demerits that we parted in a sort of huff," said Nina. "I wonder was he worth quarreling for?"

"What should you say?" asked Dick, inquiringly, as he scanned her face.

"In any other land I might say he was—that is, that some interest might attach to him; but here, in Ireland, you all look so much brighter, and wittier, and more impetuous, and more out of the common than you really are, that I give up all divination of you, and own I can not read you at all."

"I hope you like the explanation," said Kate to her brother, laughing.

"I'll tell my friend of it in the morning," said Dick; "and as he is a great national champion, perhaps he'll accept it as a defiance."

"You do not frighten by the threat," said Nina, calmly.

Dick looked from her face to his sister's and back again to hers, to discern if he might how much she had overheard; but he could read nothing in her cold and impassive bearing, and he went his way in doubt and confusion.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

LAST summer the Western sections of our country suffered an invasion of grasshoppers, which in some places ruined the crops. This scourge seems to have been marching Eastward, and now New England is being ravaged by this voracious insect. In some of the central portions of Maine they have literally, like the locusts of Egypt, eaten "every herb of the land;" and as they have attacked the fruit also, there seems likely to remain no "green thing in the trees, or in the herbs of the field through all the land," unless some "mighty wind" takes them away. Pleasure-walking is not attainable. A stroll through the fields raises before one a hopping, flying, chirping swarm. They cover your garments, sparing not your sacred person; and when you have shaken and brushed and picked them off, scores yet remain, creeping up your back, sitting familiarly on your shoulder, or perched impudently on your hat. As you drive through the streets they separate like a cloud on either hand: the land is "darkened" with them. Some have wings like butterflies, and all have remarkable locomotive powers. They climb up the sides of the house, enter your chamber window, and, folding up their arms, sit on the window-sill watching you until they think fit to enter the room. At night they roost on the fences, the door-steps, the sides of the houses, the trunks of trees, often climbing to remarkable heights. Such a multitude is the scourge of the farmer, in those sections whose ravages have almost ruined the crops. If we, like people of Oriental climes, esteemed this creature a table delicacy, the case would not be so desperate. We would not attempt to specify the proper species to be eaten; but certainly the Israelites were allowed to eat "the grasshopper after his kind," and they were prepared in many ways. They were dressed in oil, packed in salt, dried, minced, and used mixed with bread. They were roasted, or boiled, or baked, and considered by Eastern people as a very handy article to have in the house for luncheon. It is our belief, however, that those in our own country who live in the grasshopper-infested sections will have enough of them without making them an addition to their bill of fare.

Eleven graduates of Yale are now in Kansas, and propose to spend a few months in hunting for fossils among the plains and mountains of the great West under the direction of Professor Marsh, of the Sheffield Scientific School. The search after fossil vertebrates will give a liveliness to their trips, and the Indians and rattlesnakes will be spice enough for the expedition.

The announcement is made of the marriage of the Princess Mary of Holland to the Prince of Wied. Foreign papers give some interesting details concerning the royal lady, who is heiress to one of the largest fortunes in Europe. Many princes have sought her, but none found favor in her eyes until, in traveling, she one day met the Prince of Wied. He suited her, so it is of no consequence that the bride is thirty and the bridegroom only twenty-five years old. It is asserted, with what truth we know not, that the princess is an excellent musician and a capital cook; that she not only played the organ during a part of the marriage ceremony, but made her own wedding-cake!

Sunflowers were recommended by a commission of European savants, called by Bismarck, to rid the air of the taint occasioned by the heaps of dead near Paris. They considered the sunflower a valuable plant for that purpose, as having a great power of absorbing the nitrogenous matters in which the soil abounded. Also it is useful in yielding an excellent oil from its seed, a good forage from its leaves, and having a combustible stalk, which can be used for fuel.

Last November twenty-six Chinese planted thirty-four acres in Louisiana with sugar-cane, and have been steadily cultivating the fields since that time, with satisfactory results. At first they were awkward workmen, but soon improved so as to be better than the old hands.

A cool summer, comparatively, and a cool fall are predicted by Dr. Prestel, a German naturalist, who attributes the cold weather in Europe during the last spring to the frequency of aurora borealis and spots on the sun. He says that the same kind of weather, and a frequent occurrence of these phenomena, were observed in 1830, 1845, and 1860.

Congress, at its last session, passed a new law for the regulation of all vessels propelled by steam, and appointed eleven superintending inspectors to carry out its provisions. The law also provided that the Secretary of the Treasury should convene these inspectors, and submit the law to them for approval. The New York Times states that in February last these inspectors met in Washington, and approved of a large number of the provisions of the law, but the most important, those relating to the safety of boilers and to life-saving apparatus, they decided should not go into effect until January, 1872. Therefore the old law, so far as these two important items were concerned, remained in effect. The new law contains a provision that no boiler shall be allowed to carry more than two-thirds of the steam pressure to which it has been tested. Had this provision been put in effect at once, the late terrible accident could not have occurred. The exploded boiler of the *Westfield*, it appears, was only capable of a resistance of twenty-five pounds, yet twenty-seven pounds of steam were carried, according to the engineer's account.

Mr. Murray, of Adirondack fame, is represented by an extravaganist who has met him in the woods as "brown and swarthy as an Indian, and looking as tough as the rudder-head of a Cape Ann fishing schooner."

We query how much our readers will profit by the suggestion, but it is said that if you drink sweet-oil, mixed with horse-radish, you can be bitten with impunity by a mad dog.

Lady Mordaunt, whose case attracted so much attention in London courts and London society some months ago, has for many months past been residing in the house of a physician of Chiswick, under the authority of a certificate of the Commissioners in Lunacy. Recently she was discharged from his care, having been reported by him to the Commissioners as a case of feigned insanity. She is now residing with her father.

In excessively hot days a room may be made comfortably cool by wetting a large cloth and suspending it. Let the ventilation be good, and the temperature will sink from ten to twenty degrees in less than an hour.

We question whether an American, with a limited knowledge of the Chinese language, could translate into that tongue the parable of the wise and foolish virgins any better than Choy Awah, a pupil in a Sunday-school of Washington, has Englished it. The following is his version:

"The kingdom like ten girls, never marry; they bring some lanterns, come out till some new-married man come that way. Have got five wise and five foolish. Five hold lanterns with no oil. Smart five all have oil inside. The new-married man come late; they sleep. By-and-by they all say, 'New-married man come!' All go out to him. Five makes nice lantern. Five foolish say, 'You give my oil, my lamp go off, you give my some.' The smart say, 'I no give you; I not enough; you go market buy.' Foolish go market to buy. The new-married man come. All come in to dinner. Shut the door. By-and-by the foolish come and say, 'Boss, boss, open door.' He say, 'I no likee you; you go way.' Must be smart, no understand the day."

Felix was the faithful but somewhat tyrannical valet of the late Baron Rothschild. It was his business to dress his master, and he did not allow his judgment upon matters of the toilet to be called in question.

"What sort of an overcoat is that, Felix?" asked the Baron one morning.

"That which Monsieur le Baron will put on to-day," answered *Felix*.

"But that which I wore yesterday pleases me better."

"That may be; but Monsieur le Baron does not know that the weather has changed."

"That does not matter, I would rather have the other."

"But Monsieur le Baron will put this on;" and, laughing, M. Rothschild had to put on the coat Felix had brought him.

Lawyers make a point of cross-questioning witnesses in a merciless manner. Sometimes, however, the former get the worst of it.

"William Lock, who made you?" demanded a learned counselor.

William, who was considered a fool, screwed up his face, and, looking thoughtful and somewhat bewildered, replied,

"Moses, I s'pose."

"That will do," said the counselor, addressing the Court. "The witness says he supposes Moses made him: that is an intelligent answer—more than I thought him capable of giving, for it shows that he has some faint idea of Scripture. I submit that is not sufficient to entitle him to be sworn as a witness capable of giving evidence."

"Mister Judge," said the fool, "may I ax the lawyer a question?"

"Certainly," said the judge.

"Well, then, Mister Lawyer, who d'ye s'pose made you?"

"Aaron, I s'pose," said the lawyer, imitating the witness.

After the mirth had somewhat subsided, the witness drawled out:

"W'al, neow, we do read in the Book that Aaron once made a calf, but who'd 'a thought the critter 'd got in here?"

According to statistics it appears that the number of retail druggists in New York city amounts to five hundred, who, it is estimated, employ seven hundred and fifty prescription clerks. The fees derived from the examination and licensing of these druggists and clerks would amount to $22,500, and not to $150,000, according to the extravagant estimate that there are two thousand retail druggists and four thousand clerks doing business in New York. The annual expenses of the Board of Examination, it is stated, amount to $[illegible], including the salaries of four commissioners at $[illegible] each, one clerk at $[illegible], and one messenger at $[illegible]. The fitting up of the offices with furniture and cases for drugs, tables and apparatus for manipulations, samples of pure and impure drugs and chemicals, and the other necessary expenses, it is contended would consume the residue of the receipts. Dr. Ogden Doremus, president of the board, is of opinion that the examination of druggists, if properly conducted, will remove incompetent persons, stimulate novices to a more thorough preparation, elevate the pharmaceutical profession, and afford the public increased immunity against mistakes.

Sleep is a miraculous remedy. One writer asserts that it will do much toward removing irritability of temper, peevishness, and uneasiness; that it will cure insanity, relieve dyspepsia and hypochondria; that it will cure headache and neuralgia and a long list of nervous disorders. The habit of *sleeplessness*, is, however, not easily cured. It is often brought on by a severe illness, by long-continued watchfulness, by hard study, want of exercise, or the use of stimulants. The following points are considered requisite in breaking up this habit: A good clean bed; sufficient exercise to produce weariness; pleasant occupation; plenty of good air, and not too warm a room; freedom from too much care; a clear stomach; a clear conscience; and avoidance of stimulants and narcotics.

Thomas Jefferson prided himself on his horses. They were all of the best Virginia blood, and so carefully groomed that if a white handkerchief passed over their coats showed the slightest trace of soil the animal was at once sent back to the stable.

Paris is beginning to indulge in trials for minor offenses. In a late trial an old gentleman was accused of kissing a pretty girl in her teens. He alleged it was his weakness, and that, though soundly beaten by the father and mother, he offered to pay them one thousand francs to end the matter. Sweet sixteen, on being examined, declared she had not the slightest objection to being kissed, provided she were paid at that handsome rate.

The originator of the "Bloomer Costume" is now reported as living quietly, without either social or political ambition, in a Kansas town, busily employed in attending to a large family and a flourishing farm.

Salt is said to make a carpet look bright and fresh if sprinkled upon it before sweeping, and also to be a good preventive against moths.

Lemons will keep good for months if sliced when perfectly fresh, and packed in glass jars with a thick layer of white sugar between the slices.

It may interest some of our readers to know the curious nicknames which have been given to the States of the Union, or rather to the residents thereof. They are as follows: Alabama, Lizards; Arkansas, Tooth-picks; California, Gold-hunters; Colorado, Rovers; Connecticut, Wooden Nutmegs; Delaware, Musk-rats; Florida, Fly-up-the-Creeks; Georgia, Buzzards; Illinois, Suckers; Indiana, Hoosiers; Iowa, Hawkeyes; Kansas, Jayhawkers; Kentucky, Corn-crackers; Louisiana, Creoles; Maine, Foxes; Maryland, Craw-thumpers; Michigan, Wolverines; Minnesota, Gophers; Mississippi, Tadpoles; Missouri, Pukes; Nebraska, Bug-eaters; Nevada, Sage Hens; New Hampshire, Granite Boys; New Jersey, Blues, or Clam-catchers; New York, Knickerbockers; North Carolina, Tar-boilers, and Tuckoes; Ohio, Buckeyes; Oregon, Web-feet, and Hard Cases; Pennsylvania, Pennamites, and Leatherheads; Rhode Island, Gun Flints; South Carolina, Weasels; Tennessee, Whelps; Texas, Beef-heads; Vermont, Green Mountain Boys; Virginia, Beadles; Wisconsin, Badgers.

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BY EDWARD F. UNDERHILL.

Tumbling in the waters,
Rolling in the swell,
Splashing 'midst the breakers,
Dashing in pell-mell;
Diving 'neath the billows,
Sprawling in the spray,
What can be more jolly than
The bathing at Cape May?

Here a hale old buffer,
Laughing at the fun,
When a fat companion,
Frightened, tries to run
From a towering breaker,
Which, to his dismay,
Strikes him like a catapult,
And lays him at Cape May.

There a plump-built matron,
Short in petticoat,
Simpering like a maiden,
Vainly tries to float;
With a cry appalling—
'Gulfed in boiling spray—
Quick she turns a somersault
In bathing at Cape May.

THE DINNER HOUR.

THE HALE OLD BUFFER.

GOSSIP, COBBLERS, ROMANCE.

Tumbling in the waters,
Rolling in the swell,
Splashing 'midst the breakers,
Dashing in pell-mell;
Doffing briny garments,
Donning raiment gay,
Aching voids then filling from
The ta'le at Cape May.

Clattering of the dishes,
Rattling knives and forks,
Jingling of the glasses,
Popping of the corks,
Draining of the bottles,
Stowing food away,
Don't we have a jolly time
In dining at Cape May?

See that young dyspeptic—
Mother's tender pet—
For each course voracious,
Eye-teeth sharply set;
Then those fragile creatures
Winds 'most waft away,
What an ostrich appetite
O'ertakes them at Cape May!

ILLUSTRATED BY LUMLEY.

Now a foppish spooney,
  With mustaches dyed,
Quick to show his mettle,
  Plunges in the tide;
Breakers tumble o'er him,
  Spoiling his display,
Sneezing, he emerges from
  The waters at Cape May.

Here a rosy sea-nymph
  In the water laves,
Boldly mounts the billows,
  Dashing surges braves:
See the boisterous sea-king
  Kiss the watery fay;
Hear her laughter ringing from
  The billows of Cape May.

Hand in hand together
  Then a noisy band
Move forth in the waters,
  Bravely try to stand
'Gainst the shocks of breakers,
  Eager for the fray—
See them quickly scamper for
  The sand beach of Cape May.

FLIRTING AND CROQUET.

THE ROSY SEA-NYMPH

THE LANCERS.

Time assassinating,
  To verandas drawn,
Lounging in pavilion,
  Smoking on the lawn;
Gossip, cobblers, romance,
  Flirting and croquet,
Till darkness drops its mantle
  O'er nature at Cape May.

Gathering in the parlors,
  Rustling of the dresses,
Fascinating features,
  Agitating tresses,
Gliding through the lancers—
  Gayest of the gay
Are the evening pleasures that
  We whirl in at Cape May.

Thus the fun continues,
  Morning, noon, and night,
Till our aching eyelids
  Ask for a respite;
Then we soundly slumber
  Till the break of day,
Only to again resume
  The frolics at Cape May.

THE PRINCE OF PRUSSIA.

On our first page this week we give a picture of the Crown Prince of Prussia, his wife, and their eldest son. The Prince is deservedly popular among all classes of people, in his own country and abroad. He is not only one of the chiefs of an army which has accomplished a series of unparalleled triumphs, but he has conducted himself during the campaign with the utmost modesty and manliness. He was content to take his instructions from the great military chess-player, Von Moltke, his ears were open to every tale of suffering, and his hand was ready to relieve both comrade and foeman. Though the heir to a crown whose history is steeped in military traditions, he has consistently proclaimed himself a man of peace, and in all his benevolent efforts he has been seconded by the good sense, the liberal feelings, and the untiring kindness of his wife. In the picture the Crown Princess is represented attired in the uniform of her Black Body-Guard, and her son, Prince Frederick William, as a lieutenant in the First Regiment of the Guards.

A YACHTMAN'S ROMANCE.

I.

The London season was over, and a considerable number of its late celebrities were collected in various pleasant spots closely contiguous to the waters of the Solent. Blighted beings had repaired to Cowes, and shattered hearts to Ryde. Gentlemen who were, in popular parlance, about "done up," were enjoying themselves with a hilarity that might have betokened the zenith of worldly prosperity and commercial success in different crafts belonging to the pleasure fleet which covers the English Channel with animation during the months of July, August, and September. Of all social phenomena there is none probably more curious than that thus stated by a distinguished novelist: "How is it that men whom in their palmy days I have seen haggard, careworn, and dejected, by the simple fact that they are utterly and irretrievably ruined, suddenly become the most light-hearted and jolliest of mankind?" The explanation probably is reaction—reaction from the suspense of anxiety to the certainty of despair. Or possibly the philanthropists who propose to themselves the extinction of impecuniosity at a modest profit of eighty per cent. might consider that the true raison d'être was to be found in the fact that these volatile human wrecks are blessed with expectations in the background, and usually have a reversionary interest more or less available.

The scene is Ryde Pier, and the hour about 7.30 P.M. A pretty spot, and by no means an unfavorable hour for visiting it. Like Melrose, Ryde Pier and the view which it presents may be visited with signal propriety by the pale moonlight as in the pale twilight. The annual promenade on the pier head, the perpetual accompaniment of brilliant music and interminable scandal, the ceaseless tide of demonstrative flirtation—these things are pleasant enough per se, but they have, no doubt, a tendency to become monotonous. It is a very different thing Ryde Pier after dinner. You can secure society without crowd, and company without effort. You may meditate solus, or solus cum sola you may flirt. And the prospect is not without its charms. There in the Solent is the squadron of dainty craft, their sails furled, still and motionless at anchor, the lamps fixed on their mast heads reflecting itself with a quivering motion in the tide below, and the whole effect being that of a marine illumination. A little further on and you can see the line of light on the main-land, and distinctly trace the terraces of Southsea and Portsmouth. If you turn round, you will see full in your face the little town of Ryde, alive with gas, and the windows of the Victoria Yacht Club all aglow. Then, probably, to enhance the sentiment of the moment, the strains of music steal upon you; and were it not that you are occasionally reminded of contingent rheumatic pains, you might be tempted to lapse into poetic reverie.

Mr. Jim Lawless, to address him at once by his familiar title, was scarcely a gentleman of a poetic temperament, yet from the prolonged intentness of his gaze upon the waters as he lounged across the railings of the pier, and the fact that he had suffered his cigar to become extinguished in his hand, he might, for all one could have told to the contrary, been meditating a sonnet to his mistress's eyebrow, or be speculating deeply on the philosophy of the unconditioned. Of that little yacht yonder (the one nearest the shore, with its tiny light twinkling from amidst its rigging—the Sea Fan was her name) Mr. Jim Lawless was temporary proprietor. Jim's friends were in the habit of saying that, having made the land too hot for him, he had taken to the waters; and there may have been reasons which rendered St. James's Street a slightly too public place for our hero. So Mr. Lawless had accepted an invitation from an old college friend to go on a yachting trip in the Sea Fan. But the Sea Fan's owner had been called away, and Mr. Lawless was the seen in possession pro tem.

A boat containing a gentleman and two ladies pulled to the pier, and Mr. Lawless's attention was aroused. The party had come from the Petrel, about a mile out, and consisted of the proprietor of the Petrel, Sir Hedworth Dare, and his two daughters (who stood to each other in the relation of half-sisters, as Sir Hedworth had married twice), Edith and Kate. When Mr. Lawless went up to the two as they landed, it was pretty obvious that Sir Hedworth Dare would have been quite as well pleased had that gentleman not chosen to present himself; for the baronet regarded Mr. Lawless as a detrimental, and had a wholesome and parental horror of the class.

"Ah, Lawless! thought it was Moonington," said Sir Hedworth. "Said he would be here to meet us."

The Hon. Sam Moonington was eldest son of the heir of Moonshine, and desperately smitten with Miss Kate Dare. Sir Hedworth—so said Ryde society—was bent upon the match. The Hon Sam was certainly a catch—so said the ladies; Moonington was an ass—so (somewhat abruptly) said the gentlemen in general, and Mr. Lawless in particular.

Jim, however, was not to be taken aback by this very tepid welcome, and walked down the pier with Sir Hedworth and his two daughters.

"Are you going to the ball to-night, Mr. Lawless?" asked Kate Dare. It happened to be within a few hours of the commencement of the Yacht Club ball.

Of course Mr. Lawless was going, and so was Mr. Moonington. That gentleman had just joined them; and so they all were. "And so we shall all meet again presently." And Jim Lawless sauntered off, after having bade the ladies au revoir—in decidedly better spirits than when he had first met Sir Hedworth and the Misses Dare.

"I don't think I should mind backing my luck against that of the Honorable Sam," said Jim Lawless, as he proceeded to dress. Miss Kate Dare had promised Mr. Lawless the first waltz.

II.

The dance given by the Royal Victoria Yacht Club was unusually and brilliantly successful that year—so said every body; and the ball is certainly one which, if for no other reasons than those of a spectacular nature, is well worth seeing. The elegant devices which convert a balcony into a corridor, the profusion of banners, the trophies of yachtsmen, the decidedly nautical features in the dresses of the ladies—all these add a charm which is exclusively their own to the affair.

Mr. James Lawless entered the room almost at the same time as the Dare party. On the arm of Sir Hedworth rested his eldest daughter, on that of the Hon. Sam Miss Kate Dare. The baronet's tone was more chilled than ever when he caught sight of our hero approaching in the distance.

Amidst an indescribable chatter, strongly flavored with marine jargon, the first quadrille was danced. Mr. Moonington's partner was Miss Kate Dare, his vis-à-vis the gentleman whom we have for form's sake christened the hero of this slight narrative. But the first quadrille, as even first quadrilles are some time or other, was over at last, and within a few minutes of its termination Mr. Lawless claimed the younger of Sir Hedworth's two daughters as his partner in the first waltz; and Mr. Moonington surrendered the lady who, without doubt, was the object of his affection and ambitions, certainly not with the best grace in the world. Miss Dare, however, was close by, and disengaged. Would Miss Dare give him, the Hon. Sam, the pleasure of that waltz? Most happy: and the pair whirled off. The eldest of Sir Hedworth's two daughters was far from displeased at the contretemps, and she determined to make the most of it. She did not see why the heir to the Moonshine peerage should be calmly appropriated for and by her younger and half sister. For her part, she could never quite understand what there particularly was to charm people in Kate. Besides, Kate had her time before her; she had only finished her first season, and Edith Dare's first season was an affair of the more or less long past. If Kate did not choose to know her opportunity, such a charge of ignorance should not be brought against Miss Dare. In plain truth, this young lady was as little pleased with her father as with her sister in the present matter. It would be no such bad thing, she thought, if the event should prove that the calculations of the former were at fault; as for Kate, the child was far too ignorant to calculate at all.

The fair partner of Mr. Moonington put forth all her powers—and they were not inconsiderable—to captivate and please. She suggested a walk in the corridor—it was so hot in the ballroom. Curiously enough Kate and Mr. Lawless had proceeded in the same direction only a few minutes previously. Curiously enough, also, the keen eyes of Edith Dare had noticed the movement.

"I think," said that young lady, in a low tone, "we will sit here, just behind that pillar. The air blows in so cool, and we have such a pretty view of the sea."

Almost immediately on the other side of the pillar were Miss Kate Dare and Mr. Lawless.

"Ah! Mr. Moonington, there, I declare, are my sister and Mr. Lawless. How very sentimental!" And Edith looked up into the face of the Honorable Sam, who, judging from his expression, was not particularly pleased. He looked in the direction indicated, and then turned again to his partner.

Under the shadow of the pillar Edith advanced with her cavalier a little nearer her sister.

"Romance, did you say, Mr. Lawless? I don't think there's much romance in the present century, least of all at Ryde. If you want romance, I think it would be necessary to search for it on far wilder waters than those of the Solent."

"I suppose," returned Mr. Lawless, who had evidently been reading "Ixion in Heaven," "that romance is in the romantic."

"And who is romantic nowadays?"

The pair were standing close together, and Mr. Moonington and his partner could distinctly see Mr. Lawless's hand laid upon Kate Dare's.

"I think, Mr. Moonington, we will go inside. It is getting rather chilly here—romantic perhaps, rheumatic certainly," said Miss Dare, in accents sufficiently audible to arouse the attention of her sister and Mr. Lawless.

"Hadn't a notion," remarked Jim, turning round with something of confusion, "that any body was so near."

The Hon. Samuel Moonington did not ask Miss Kate Dare to dance again that evening.

In her dreams that night, when the ball was over and the dancers dispersed, Miss Dare saw herself the Countess of Moonington; and if any thoughts visited her sister's slumber, I am disposed to fancy that they were principally relative to Jim Lawless.

III.

A beautiful morning, two or three days after the club ball. Ryde was thinning gradually; but among the visitors who remained were Sir Hedworth Dare, his two daughters, the Hon. Sam Moonington, and Jim Lawless, the latter of whom still waited the return of his friend, the proprietor of the Sea Fan.

Sir Hedworth Dare was going to take a morning's sail in his yacht, the Petrel. His two daughters were coming, and they were to be accompanied by Mr. Moonington. The baronet had noticed something of the events of the ball night, and Mr. James Lawless was discreetly omitted from the party.

Kate Dare was passionately fond of the sea, and was herself an excellent oar. She had told Jim as much the other night. She could not imagine, she said, any life more perfect than the yachtsman's; and it must be allowed that the existence is not without its attractions. If you study independence, you realize it in a degree possible under no other circumstances. You go from place to place according to your own sweet will. The instant that a sentiment of boredom commences to creep over you, your anchor is weighed and the scene is changed. Hotels may charge prohibitory prices; lodging-house-keepers may drive their inmates to distraction; what care you? All that hotels and all that lodgings could supply you have close at hand, ready to your beck and call.

Sir Hedworth's party were on board the Petrel, and the yacht was just about to slip her moorings.

"Where's Kate, Edith?" inquired the baronet, not seeing his youngest daughter on deck.

"Oh, down in the cabin, papa—I suppose."

These last two words were added in a somewhat lower tone, and as she said them Edith rather blushed. She sat down, however, presently, next to Mr. Moonington, and was soon making the running at a speed not less than that of the good yacht Petrel.

"Tell Kate to come up," said Sir Hedworth, after he had leisure to think of other things than certain matters of purely nautical importance; and Edith Dare called for her sister down the companion-ladder. Receiving no answer, she descended into the cabin.

"Papa," she said, on returning, "I don't see Kate at all. I suppose at the last minute she made up her mind not to come."

This was not exactly the truth. Edith Dare had determined from the first that Kate should not be among the party, and to this end she had managed to divert her attention to something else at the moment they were leaving the house. Sir Hedworth was not satisfied with the explanation, and knit his brow. His younger daughter was his favorite, and, not being blind to the character of the elder, he did, to plain truth, suspect something of the ruse that had been executed; but he said nothing, and the Petrel went on.

Some person else had selected the present morning as a favorable one for a sail, and that was Jim Lawless. He had taken no companion, and was talking abstractedly to the master of the Sea Fan. The regulation telescope was suspended from his neck, and something impelled him to look through it in the direction of what seemed a black speck. He examined it again.

"Looks uncommonly like a boat; and, so far as I can make out, whoever is inside her is in distress, for it appears to me," said Jim, "as if they were making signs."

The master of the Sea Fan was of the same opinion, and the pair decided that they would "stand about" and try to get at the object.

"By Jove!" cried Jim, as they drew a little nearer, "it's a woman, I declare!"

And a woman it certainly was, evidently exhausted with the severity of her efforts to make headway against the waves. They were one within two or three hundred yards of the boat, and Jim ordered the yacht's pinnace to be let down, and said he would himself run up to this female Columbus.

"Miss Dare," cried Jim, as the pinnace touched the boat, "is that you? What on earth brought you here—three miles from the shore?"

"Oh, Mr. Lawless, I am so glad to see you, or some one. I was about getting exhausted, and thought—"

But Kate Dare was unable to say more, for she fell back in a dead faint.

Jim Lawless transferred himself into her boat and rowed to the yacht; and when Kate Dare next became sensible she found herself lying in the ladies' cabin of the Sea Fan, with Mr. James Lawless at her side.

"How very kind!" were her first words, and "How very fortunate!"

"It was certainly fortunate that I should have seen you, but there is no kindness," said Jim. "Don't speak till you have quite recovered."

The recovery was not long delayed, and Kate Dare commenced to tell Jim Lawless exactly what had occurred.

"You know," she said, "that we—that is, papa and Edith and Mr. Moonington—were to have gone out for a sail in the Petrel this morning. Well, I was dressing, and thought I had plenty of time, when, on looking out of the window, I saw the yacht starting. I was determined not to be robbed of my cruise, so I hurried and went down to the water, and got into the little boat. You see, they were close to me. The Petrel didn't seem to be more than a hundred yards ahead, and I thought that I could easily attract their notice. Besides, I had imagined, naturally, that they would discover I was left behind, and I thought most likely they would put back for me. However, I couldn't manage it, and I rowed on and on, and when I looked back the shore was ever so far behind, and I didn't know what to do, and I only hoped some person would pick me up—and at last you did, and I am really more obliged than I can say."

Jim blurted out some disclaimer in reply, which does not materially affect the course of this narrative.

It was decided that the best plan would be to steer for home immediately, and to land as near Sea View as possible, where Sir Hedworth Dare's house was situated.

"People talk so absurdly in Ryde," added Miss Kate Dare, as an argument to clinch the plan.

When the shore was reached there was scarcely a person visible. Two persons, however, had noticed the disembarkation from the Sea Fan. One was Edith Dare, and another Mr. Moonington.

"If that does not convince him, nothing else will," thought Miss Dare.

Miss Dare's wish was accomplished, and before the house was reached the heir of the earldom of Moonshine had declared himself.

"Where on earth is Kate?" said Sir Hedworth, as he met Mr. Moonington and his newly gained fiancée.

"We have just seen her, papa, landing from Mr. Lawless's yacht," was the sisterly reply.

"The devil you have!" replied the baronet, sotto voce.

"Ah! here they come, I declare," added Miss Dare. "Hope you've had a pleasant sail, Kate?"

"Kate," said Sir Hedworth, as that young lady was bursting out into all manner of ejaculatory explanations, "I want to speak to you at once. I am surprised," continued the baronet, when the library was reached, "that you should have acted as you have done; that you should have given me the slip in the dishonest manner you did, simply to do a most improper thing—go out in the yacht of a young man to whom you know I exceedingly object. As for his conduct, it is simply disgraceful. I don't understand it, upon my soul I—"

"Oh, papa! what do you mean?" burst in Kate. "Mr. Lawless has saved my life." And Kate narrated to her father all that had occurred. The baronet's face changed more than once in the course of his daughter's story.

"Go up and dress for dinner, Kate. I will go and thank Mr. Lawless."

Sir Hedworth met that gentleman standing on the steps of the porch.

"No thanks whatever are due, Sir Hedworth," replied Jim. "I'm only sincerely grateful that I saw your daughter when I did."

"Don't go, Lawless," continued the owner of the Petrel. "Come and stay dinner." And so saying Sir Hedworth turned aside to speak to his eldest daughter, whom he saw coming.

"Edith," he said, "I should like to know what you meant by telling me that Kate was in the cabin this morning?"

"Really, papa, I know nothing to the contrary. I'm glad she was in more agreeable society. But Mr. Moonington is in the library, and I know is anxious to see you. He is calling you—pray go!"

Later on that evening there was another interview—this time between Sir Hedworth and Mr. Jim Lawless. It was entirely satisfactory. Kate had spoken to her father in the interval on the subject of her lover. Jim had made, and would make, no declaration without Sir Hedworth's consent. That consent was given.

"Lawless, you have not only saved my daughter's life, you have acted, as I have heard from her, in a manner infinitely creditable to yourself."

"Kate," said Jim to his affianced bride, before they parted that night, "don't you think I was right, and that there may be romance even close to Ryde, and on the waters of the Solent, after all?"

IN THE FAR WEST.

In some of the more remote settlements of the far West, where Uncle Sam's mail arrangements have not been brought to the perfection and regularity that characterize them here, the arrival of the mail-carrier is an event of immense importance. The Indians have, perhaps, gobbled up the previous one, or it has been delayed at the last station for want of a military escort, and anxious hearts have wearied with expectancy. Right welcome is he when he comes, with his homely but precious burden of mud and dust bespattered pouches filled with letters and papers! Hungry for news from the distant world, the settlers gather in eager groups about the carrier, and watch impatiently while he opens and sorts the mail. What emotions are stirred up by those creased, torn, and worn letters! by those musty old newspapers, which have seen hard times crossing oceans and continents, but faithfully turn up at last at their rightful destination! He who has not lingered in the wilderness knoweth not what famine and thirst for news—for just that class of news—is. The great silence of forest and mountain vale is beautiful and sublime; but it is a silence which at last becomes so oppressive to man that to him it seems as though loaded with lead and heavy with awful concealment. The torn and loving message from the distant clime comes with a peculiar balm, and yields a peculiar inspiration to the dwelle-

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tions of a Western settlement. It rouses the feeble and refreshes the weary; it makes a summer's morning of a wintry day to all the little far-off colony. So much the heavier, if the message be of death or misfortune, then the summer's morning and the vividly brilliant Western sky become dreary wastes and an unpitying and mocking firmament. Let the New Yorker, whose papers come night and morning every day in the year, imagine such a scene as this!

The second illustration on page 796, "Crossing a Cañon," presents one of the manifold difficulties with which the buffalo-hunters have to contend. There are deep gullys among the hills, whose sides are too steep for horses or oxen to draw the wagons down; and, to get over them, it is necessary to make pulleys of the humanity present, and to haul the wagons up or let them down by means of strong ropes. The men in the foreground appear to be lowering the wagons into the gully, while, on the other side, the oxen are dragging another up out of it. At last the narrow gorge is passed by all hands, the hills are passed, and you emerge into a pleasant, undulating country on the table-lands, where there is but little forest, and the vegetation is mostly of a soft grass and furzy brush. Here, perhaps, by the side of some pleasant, refreshing stream the wagons are halted, and the horses or oxen turned loose from them, a substantial though homely meal is partaken of, and all hands mount and rendezvous at the starting point of the hunt.

In the picture on page 793 the party have reached the higher land, and have suddenly halted. Not far off has appeared, on the crest of a hillock a little above them, the first buffalo, which has gladdened their eyes and made the pulse of all beat faster. There stands the monster, stock-still, gazing at them with the strong, steady, majestic gaze of his tribe. He is the forerunner, outpost, picket, of his particular herd, browsing and keeping guard on the frontier of their domain. A great, tough-ribbed, hard and hairy headed, and bearded bull, he is one of that outer circle of buffaloes which is always found around the cows and young, who browse in the centre of this circle, which consists of the males. He watches for two enemies; for the white or Kiota wolf—a cruel, sly, rapacious beast, which infests the haunts of the buffaloes, and stealthily pounces as he may upon their young, their feeble, or their wounded—and for man, in the shape of Indians, who vie with the Kiota in their cunning and their greed. For, while the white man boldly, with true Anglo-Saxon grit and love of "a fair fight and no favor," attacks the buffalo face to face in open day, the red man resorts to stratagem to entrap his prey. *He* poisons his arrows, and conceals them in his breast; he envelops himself in the Kiota's skin, and imitating the sneaking movements of the wolf, will follow and hang about a herd, often for miles, biding the moment of assault. When they get within proper range the Indians suddenly rise to their feet, dart forward with their lightning speed—they are the swiftest runners on earth—and thrust their arrows again and again through the coarse-haired hides of their victims. The Indian is tiger-like in his ferocity when hunting the buffalo; his eyes gleam, his mouth foams, and his hideously painted countenance fairly glows with the heat of his passion.

ODD CHARACTERS.

In "Bewick's Life and Letters," a very entertaining book, we find many anecdotes of celebrated characters. Of Wilkie, the painter, it is said that he was tall, ungainly, and awkward in his manner, and, though not quite deserving the description of Mrs. Flynn, the beautiful housekeeper at Castle Howard, who spoke of him as the "ugliest man she had ever seen," he was by no means the golden-haired Adonis his fellow-countryman, Allan Cunningham, would have liked to make him. He had rather a drawling, hesitating speech, and when in close argument would forget himself, and the twang of his Northern tongue was very strong. Indeed, he was never quite free from it, although he could not be persuaded that it was possible for any one to discover by his speech that he was Northern, and he sometimes got out of humor when told of it. Haydon would laugh at his provoked expression when he twitted him with his Scotch accent, and Wilkie would insist on his pronunciation being "pure English." Haydon would cry out, "Ha, ha, ha! what a delusion!" and as Wilkie became warm and vexed his native Scotch was evident enough. Haydon could then repeat and imitate the broad intonation of a particular expression Wilkie had, in his heat, allowed to slip out. When he found that he could not edge off or get out of it in any way, Wilkie would laugh too, and return the quiz upon the Devonshire peculiarities by saying, "Well, and you lot are *Devonshire*, and fancy, like Northcote, that you speak pure English."

We are told of Hazlitt that the good people of Melrose, when he walked leisurely through the town for the first time, and alone, turned out in a body to watch his return, that they might have a sufficient opportunity of scrutinizing his person and belongings. He found them in ranks or groups in front of their dwellings, gaping and staring at him, as he told me, "like so many idiots." Instead, however, of taking no notice of this provincial attention as complimentary to his popularity, he was highly offended at the liberty taken with him as a stranger, and he made a full stand, fronting round to the principal position of the enemy, and, with a countenance full of scorn and indignation, he addressed them in a loud and thundering voice: "What the devil do you see in me, you staring bawbucks? Can not a stranger walk through your town without exciting this vacant and impertinent curiosity? What is there for you to see, you gaping Scotch ninnies?"

There is a capital sketch of Maturin, who, by sticking a red wafer on his forehead, used to signify to his household his desire to be undisturbed, when he wished to be considered under the influence of poetic inspiration. The author of the tragic and once harrowing romance of "Melmoth" greatly surprised our author by his costume, appearance, and manners. "Coming to him by appointment, I found him waiting for me, dressed up for the occasion, a courteous and finished gentleman, pacing his drawing-room in elegant full dress, a splendidly bound book laid open upon a cambric pocket-handkerchief, laced round the edges, and scented with eau-de-Cologne, and held upon both hands; a stylish new black wig curled over his temples, his shirt collar reaching half-way up his face, and his attenuated cheeks rouged up to the eyes! It was a perfect make-up, and my chagrin was exceedingly great. I had expected to find him in a costume which would have been such as to aid the poetical character—in something Byronic and picturesque—something suggestive of the personification of a wild and romantic hero, cast in the sombre light and shape of mysterious thought or ascetic asperity."

SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

We have given from time to time an account of the different enterprises in the way of polar explorations which are in progress or in contemplation for the present year on the part of the United States or European nations, especially the German and Swedish; and we now learn from Dr Petermann that the Russian government is likely to join in the same field. During the summer of 1869 a zoological expedition was sent out by the St. Petersburg Academy of Sciences to the polar seas, and a deep-sea and coast fauna was discovered of a richness scarcely inferior to that of tropical waters. In this three hundred species of invertebrates were obtained, belonging to both parts of the Atlantic fauna, and the collection generally tended to prove the existence of a branch of warm water at but a slight distance from the Murmanian coast, the ultimate extension of which was not ascertained. To utilize and extend still farther this new discovery, it is contemplated on the part of the Academy to organize and send out a thoroughly equipped scientific corps, and a committee has been appointed, with Mr Woeikow as chairman, to draft a plan and to give form to the enterprise. There is as yet no special indication of an actual commencement of operations, and it is quite probable nothing will be done during the present year. It is thought, however, that by another season an arrangement will be perfected and carried out on the part of Russia to secure a share in the rich reward of discovery which has fallen to the lot of other European nations within a few years past.

Mr Felix Lucas, a French engineer, proposes to obtain a very powerful electric light for coast service, at a comparatively small cost, by making the light intermittent, with intervals of two seconds. By this means it is said that only one 10,000th part of the electricity for a constant light will be required. A simple arrangement of clock-work causes the charcoal points to come in contact every two seconds, and then separates them sharply, so as to break the current instantaneously. It is thought that this system will be found useful not only for piercing fogs at sea, but also for railway signals.

Mr Harris has recently presented to the Anthropological Institute of London a collection of wood-carvings, pottery, and cotton rags from Macabi Island, off the coast of Peru. The rags extended over a bed of many hundred yards in area, with an average thickness of five feet, and below a deposit of several feet of guano. The wood and pottery were discovered at a depth, in the guano, of from fifteen to forty-five feet.

The members of the well-known firm of Godeffroy & Co., of Hamburg, have become quite celebrated for their zeal in natural history, and the extent to which, in connection with their mercantile operations, they carry on explorations of little-known regions. The specimens obtained in this way are becoming well known in Europe, and have already furnished types of many new species. The recent pages of the "Proceedings of the Zoological Society of London" contain descriptions by Drs Hartlaub and Finsch of a collection of birds made by Mr Kubary in the island of Savai (one of the Navigator Islands), and another in Rarotonga (one of the Cook and Hervey group) by Mr Garrett, a gentleman who was for many years in the employ of the Museum of Comparative Zoology at Cambridge, but who for two years past has been in the service of Messrs. Godeffroy in the Paumotu Archipelago and the Viti group. A large collection made by Mr Garrett in the latter locality was unfortunately lost by shipwreck.

The transportation of sand from Africa to Italy, France, and the Canaries by means of hurricanes has frequently been observed and referred to in scientific journals; but a transfer of salt, as recently reported to have taken place in Switzerland, is perhaps a more unusual phenomenon. According to Professor Kenngott, of Zurich, a hail-storm lasting five minutes occurred at eleven o'clock in the evening of the 20th of August, 1870, the stones from which were found to possess a salty taste. Some of them weighed twelve grains. They were found to consist essentially of true salt, such as occurs in Northern Africa on the surface of the plains, mainly in hexahedric crystals or their fragments, of a white color, with partly sharp and partly rounded grains and edges. None of the crystals were entirely perfect, but appeared as if they had been roughly developed on some surface. There seems little doubt but that their source was precisely the same as that of the sand, having been taken up and brought over the Mediterranean Sea from some part of Africa.

A still more remarkable phenomenon has been recently recorded by Professor Eversmann, of Kasan—namely, the occurrence of hailstones each containing a small crystal of sulphuret of iron. These crystals were probably weathered from some rocks in large quantity, and were then taken up from the surface of the ground by a storm, and when carried into the hail-forming clouds served as a nucleus for the formation of hailstones.

The latest report from Tasmania in regard to the experiments for introducing salmon and trout into that country, shows that while the success of the cultivation of both is extremely probable, the existence of trout of large size is unmistakable. A writer to the London *Field* states that he has frequently seen them weighing as high as ten pounds, while those from one to three pounds are common enough. A few sea trout have also been taken in the rivers. It is believed that the salmon experiment has also succeeded, fish having been seen playing in the Derwent that could be nothing else. None have been taken, however, during the present year, and it is thought that it will be some years before salmon-fishing will be worth very much.

An attempt is now being made by the trustees of the Alexandra Park, in England, to revive the ancient sport of falconry, prizes having been offered for the two best essays on the most effectual mode of accomplishing this object. It is thought that the hawks best suited for the purpose are the peregrine falcon and the goshawk.

In the recently published proceedings of the American Philosophical Society we find a more detailed account than has yet appeared of the contents of the remarkable post-pliocene bone cave of Port Kennedy, near Philadelphia, of which we have already made repeated mention. This, as may be remembered, was first explored by Mr Charles M. Wheatley, of Phoenixville, and part of the material collected placed in the hands of Professor Cope for elaboration. In the present paper we have fuller indications of the results than heretofore, and we learn that thirty-four species of mammals, in all, have been obtained, nearly all of them extinct species, and a large proportion of them new to science. Of birds there are two species, a turkey and a snipe; also two species of tortoises; three or four of serpents; and a few batrachians. Of insects there are thirteen species of coleoptera, and two or three of other orders. In summing up the results obtained from these investigations, Professor Cope calls attention to the inferences already drawn by himself and Professor Leidy as to the great difference in character between the post-pliocene fauna of North America and that of previous portions of the tertiary period; and the fact that, while the miocene mammalia are more or less similar to those of miocene Europe and Asia and the pliocene vertebrata have a corresponding resemblance to those of the same period of Europe and Asia and the present one of Africa, the post-pliocene resemble, in many particulars, those of South America.

As, therefore, the difference in these forms is too great to have been produced in so comparatively short an interval of time by evolution, if this be admitted as an element, we must look to marked changes in the relative distribution of land and water for the cause. It is, therefore, supposed that during the pliocene period, when the geographical affinities of America were westward, especially with Asia, a continent existed in the region now occupied by the Northern Pacific, which formed a connection between the two lands, over which migratory movements could take place.

The difference from the South American fauna, at the same time, indicates also a separation by water, and the probable absence of any connection between Costa Rica on the one side and the higher lands of Colombia on the other. The occurrence then of the glacial epoch brought about the destruction of the pliocene fauna, while, at the same period, the connection with Asia was severed by the submergence of this Northern Pacific continent. At the time of the northward retreat of the ice sheet mammalian life was probably extinct in North America, and a renewal could not be obtained from either Asia or Europe, as these were cut off by water; but the concomitant elevation of Panama and other portions of Middle America furnished a bridge over which travel could be accomplished. In this view is explained the preponderance of South American types in the post-pliocene period; since, of the remains from the Port Kennedy cave, out of thirty-four we have eleven belonging to purely South American forms, eleven genera common to both hemispheres, and nine of doubtful position.

Again, a further modification of the fauna has been effected by the change of level which took place between the time of the introduction of the post-pliocene fauna and the present period, this consisting in an extensive submergence of land, especially in arctic latitudes. This, according to Professor Dana, as quoted by Professor Cope, was 450 feet or more near Montreal, and in the arctic regions 1000 feet. This descent of level Professor Dana considers to have been the cause of the melting of the glacial ice, the stratification of the drift, the deposition of gravels, and elevation of temperature, all these changes naturally preceding the introduction of post-glacial fauna from a warmer region. The Champlain epoch is regarded as opening the post-pliocene, and its fauna to be represented by the walrus, which extended its range to Virginia, the reindeer, reaching to New Jersey, and by the white whale.

Mr Ramon de la Sagra, the author of an extensive and costly work upon the natural history of Cuba, died recently in Switzerland, at the age of seventy-three years.

Among the recent deaths of prominent personages may be mentioned that of Robert Houdin, the eminent prestidigitator, and especially well known in later years for the variety and excellence of his arrangements for turning electricity in its different forms to practical account, for making signals, striking bells, etc.

It is announced that Dr. Burmeister, late director of the Museum of Buenos Ayres, instead of returning to Germany, as was stated, is to take charge of the faculty of natural sciences in the newly founded University of Cordova, in the Argentine Republic. The professors of this faculty are Messrs. Stelzner, for mineralogy and geology; Siewert, of Halle, for chemistry; Lorentz, of Munich, for botany; Holzmüller, of Merseburg, for mathematics; and Dr B. A. Gould, of the United States, for astronomy. The chairs of physics and zoology still remain to be filled.

Mr Symons informs us, as the result of a critical inquiry on the subject, that under unobjectionable conditions, and at the same station, less rain will be received by a rain gauge high above the ground than by one nearer the surface; second, that the total defect will increase with increase of height; and third, that the defect will not increase so rapidly as the height.

Dr. Buys Ballot, the eminent director of the Meteorological Observatory of Utrecht, has been lately urging the Portuguese government to establish a station in the Azores, to be connected with the general system of European meteorological observatories by a submarine cable which will shortly be laid in that direction. By the reports of southwestern gales that can be obtained in this way, it is expected that an ample premonition of their approach can be given to the British Islands and Western Europe. This will greatly improve the system of weather forecasts as now attempted in Europe and make them approach more nearly in accuracy to those of the United States Signal Corps, which have astonished every one by their reliable indications. This accuracy is due to the fact that most changes in the weather begin in the west and extend eastward; and the greater the distance to the westward over which such observations can be made, the more time will be given, of course, toward the end to prepare for the impending changes.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

A gentleman seeing an Irishman removing an embankment from a dwelling, inquired, "Patrick, what are you doing?" "I'm opening the cellar window, to be sure." "And what are you doing that for?" "May it please yer honor," said Patrick, "to let out the dark."

A crazy man having got into the gallery of the Senate of the United States during a rambling debate, was taken out, the sergeant-at-arms telling him that he was "out of place in that gallery." "That's so," said the lunatic; "I ought to be on the floor with the Senators."

A dealer in fertilizers down in Alabama, bragging of his guano, says a farmer recently put a sample of it into his pocket, in which there happened to be a carpet tack, and started home on horseback. Before reaching his house his steed broke down, and the farmer was at a loss to discover the cause until he found that the carpet tack had grown to be a long bar of railway iron.

During a recent representation of "King Lear" at one of our metropolitan theatres an old gentleman from the country, who was visibly affected by the pathos of some of the scenes, electrified the house by roaring out, "Mr. Manager! Sir, alter the play! I didn't pay my money to be made wretched in this way. Give us something funny, or I'll summon you, Sir!"

In an old English primer the whole edition was printed with the omission of the letter c at the beginning of the last word in the third line, as follows:

> "When the last trumpet soundeth,
> We shall not all die,
> But we shall all be *hanged*
> In the twinkling of an eye."

"Fanny, don't you think that Mr. Brand is a handsome man?" "Oh no—I can't endure him. He is homely enough." "Well, he's fortunate, at all events; an old aunt has just died, and left him fifty thousand dollars." "Indeed! is it true? Well, now I come to recollect, there is a certain noble air about him, and he has a fine eye—that can't be denied."

"Mr. Brown, I owe you a grudge; remember that." "I shall not be frightened, then; for I never knew you to pay any thing that you owed."

The last modern instance of absence of mind is that of the Vermont wagoner going to market, who lifted his horse into the wagon and tackled himself into the traces, and he did not discover his error until he undertook to neigh.

A Portland man has sued his barber for cutting off his mustache. He sues for exemplary damages; but the barber says he did not see any mustache to speak of.

"I wish I was a ghost—blamed if I don't!" said a sweep, as he was soliloquizing in the cold the other morning. "They goes wherever they please, toll free. They don't owe nobody nothin', and that's a comfort. Whoever heard tell of a man who had a bill against a ghost? Nobody. They never buy clothes and wittles, nor has to stand shivering in the cold till Sally lets 'em in."

What is the difference between a coal bucket and a fresh cod fish?—One is a coal hod, and the other is a whole cod.

"This is nice butter, my boy," said a Crown Point store-keeper to a twelve-year-old urchin who had brought a pailful of that article to market—"nice butter. I'll take all your mother has to sell." "I don't believe she'll sell any more," said the boy, "'cause I heard her say she wouldn't have sold that only a rat fell into the cream, an' she didn't want to use it herself."

At Lawrence, Kansas, a few Sundays ago, while a minister was holding forth in a church, a crowd got up a cock-fight in the yard. The congregation went out to stop the fight, but waited till it was over before objecting. The minister, when they returned, said, "We are all miserable sinners—which licked?"

They tell of a farmer in Kentucky who was so lazy that when he went to hoe corn he worked so slowly that the shade of his broad-brimmed hat killed the plants.

A Western paper, describing the début of a young orator, says: "He broke the ice felicitously with his opening, and was almost immediately drowned with applause."

Cardinal Wiseman used to tell a good story of practical art criticism. At the Manchester exhibition was a large fresco of the death of Absalom. On the one side was seen the Jewish prince hanging by his hair from the branches of an oak; on the other was a mule he had been riding galloping away, wild and scared. Two men, evidently of homely proclivities, looked at the picture a long time in silence; at length one of them exclaimed, "Well, he deserved it! What a stupid fellow he must have been to think of riding such a vicious brute as that with nothing but a snaffle!"

A crusty old gentleman of Aberdeen, not liking the way his landlady's daughter had of making free with his hair-oil, filled his bottle with liquid glue the day before a ball to which the girl had been invited, and she staid at home.

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IN THE FAR WEST—CARRYING THE MAIL.—[See Page 794.]

IN THE FAR WEST—CROSSING A CAÑON.—[See Page 794.]

ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL.

ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL was built by Sir CHRISTOPHER WREN on the site of an ancient edifice of the same name destroyed in the great fire. The dean and chapter at first attempted to patch up the ruin, and Bishop SANCROFT appears to have preached for some months in a temporary choir hastily fitted up at the west end. Three thousand and odd pounds were spent in repairs, but WREN had at once seen that the ruin was beyond repair, and the bishop soon came round to his way of thinking, for he writes to WREN as follows in 1668: "Our work at the west end of St. Paul's is fallen about our ears. Your quick eye discerned the walls and pillars gone off from their perpendicular. You are so absolutely necessary to us that we can do nothing, resolve on nothing, without you." Thus WREN was called in, and the work of clearing away the ruin of the old fabric began. From the very first the rebuilding of the Cathedral was assumed to be a national work. It rested not, writes the late Dean MILMAN, in his "Annals of St. Paul's," with the bishop, the dean and chapter, or the City of London. The king, the whole nobility, Parliament, without demur, recognized the paramount duty of erecting a splendid cathedral, worthy of the metropolis, worthy of England. Letters patent under the Great Seal were issued ordering the erection of a new cathedral, "equaling, if not exceeding, the splendor and magnificence of the former when it was in its best estate." The warrant states that the "king has seen and approved a design for the new cathedral by Dr. CHRISTOPHER WREN, Surveyor-General of our Works and Buildings, and has ordered a working model to be made thereof." A number of the chief dignitaries of the realm were appointed commissioners "for the rebuilding, new erecting, and adorning the said Cathedral Church of St. Paul, in London." The cost was to be defrayed partly by public subscriptions to be raised throughout the kingdom, partly by taxation of the cities of London and Westminster. The king headed the list of subscribers with £1000 from his privy purse, but it does not appear that he ever paid it; the primate gave £2000; the other bishops, or many of them, also subscribed largely; but the funds were mainly drawn from a coal tax paid by the metropolis.

The first stone of the new St. Paul's was laid on the 21st of June, 1675; and it was thought a memorable omen when, not long afterward, WREN, engaged in setting out the dimensions of the great dome, and calling for a flat piece of stone to lay upon the ground as a mark, was supplied by one of the masons with the fragment of a grave-stone with only the word "*Resurgam*" cut upon it in large capitals. WREN dug his foundations deep, for, as he said, he wished to build for eternity. The quarries of Portland supplied him with materials. He organized an

A PEEP AT ST. PAUL'S.

admirable body of workmen, and in 1697, only two-and-twenty years from the laying of the first stone, the choir was opened for divine service, and in the year 1710 Sir Christopher Wren, by the hands of his son, attended by Mr. Strong, the master mason who had executed the whole work, and the body of Freemasons, of which Sir Christopher was an active member, laid the last and highest stone of the lantern of the cupola. Thus by one architect and one master-mason St. Paul's was built in thirty-five years. Wren, it is true, was thwarted in some details, but the exterior was, from first to last, the unfettered work of his single genius, and this it is which has given St. Paul's that beautiful unity and simplicity of design which St. Peter's, nobly planned by Bramante and San Gallo, and, as Forsyth writes, "all completed by a paltry plasterer from Como," falls short of, with all its dimensions and magnificence. What building—to use Dr. Milman's words—in its exterior form, does not bow its head before St. Paul's? What eye, trained to all that is perfect in architecture, does not recognise the inimitable beauty of its lines, the majestic yet airy swelling of its dome, its rich, harmonious ornamentation? It is singular, too, that St. Paul's, which, by its grandeur, of old asserted its uncontested dignity as a crown and glory of London, now that it is invaded far and near by huge tall fabrics, railway termini, manufactories, and magazines with immense chimneys—still appears, at a distance, with a grace which absolutely fascinates the eye, the more exquisite from the shapelessness of all around and of all within a wide range about it.

The commissioners charged with the building of St. Paul's did enough for fame, and for one generation, but they did not do all the work named in the letters patent which constituted them. They were directed to "rebuild and adorn the Cathedral Church of St. Paul." They rebuilt, but they did not adorn; and that part of the great scheme, having been left undone for a century and a half, has, in our time, been undertaken by a committee, whose object is to complete what was so nobly begun—to make that sublime structure in its interior all that it ought to be, all that it must be before it can be worthy of its own noble exterior, and of the religion, the art, the wealth, of the great nation to which it belongs.

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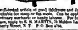

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The City of New York, among her many deserving and noble charities, has an institution known as the **Union Home and School for the Destitute and Orphan Children of Soldiers and Sailors.** Located upon the new Eleventh Avenue, between 150th and 151st Streets, stands a brick building of rather modest appearance, which affords at present inconvenient accommodations for nearly 300 little occupants, with their instructors.

These little ones are children of heroes who sacrificed their lives in defense of our country. Aside from the common claim which suffering and destitution is pardoned for advancing, they are entitled to a consideration which we pledged, in our hour of need, and which will cost us but little to fulfill.

But one year ago the building was enlarged to accommodate its family of 200. To-day nearly 100 more are within its walls, and more land, new extensions to be built, and more workshops for teaching useful trades are essential to its sphere of usefulness.

Thus far the Lady Managers, wives of some of our most esteemed fellow-citizens, have succeeded in supporting the Home and School in a highly creditable manner; but as applicants equally deserving of kind care are now daily reluctantly turned from the doors of the Home through inability to accommodate them, a plan has been decided upon to interest the general public, with the hope of deriving assistance to meet present and future wants.

With the kind letters of approval already received, the promoters of the Festival feel sanguine that the undertaking will not only prove a pecuniary success, but that, as a testimonial benefit from the public, it will enlist a widespread interest, and be one of the most enjoyable series of entertainments ever given in this country.

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Which will be of a highly interesting character.

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To light Express Wagon.................Second Premium, Harness, 60.

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To Butcher's Cart.................First Premium, New Cart, $150.
To Butcher's Cart.................Second Premium, Harness, 60.

CARTMEN'S (2 Horse Truck) RACE—Trot.
First Premium, New Truck, $250.................Second Premium, Harness, $100.

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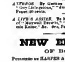

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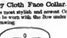

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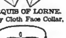

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[Written for Harper's Weekly.]

HOW BETSEY AND I MADE UP.

ILLUSTRATED BY ARTHUR LUMLEY.

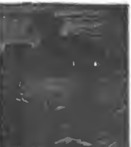
Give us your hand, Mr. Lawyer: how do you do to-day?
You drew up that paper—I s'pose you want your pay.
Don't cut down your figures; make it an X or a V;
For that 'ere written agreement was just the makin' of me.

"GIVE US YOUR HAND, MR. LAWYER: HOW DO YOU DO TO-DAY?"

Goin' home that evenin' I tell you I was blue,
Thinkin' of all my troubles, and what I was goin' to do;
And if my hosses hadn't been the steadiest team alive,
They'd 've tipped me over, certain, for I couldn't see where to drive.

No—for I was laborin' under a heavy load;
No—for I was travelin' an entirely different road;
For I was a-tracin' over the path of our lives ag'in,
And seein' where we missed the way, and where we might have been.

And many a corner we'd turned that just to a quarrel led,
When I ought to 've held my temper, and driven straight ahead;
And the more I thought it over the more these memories came,
And the more I struck the opinion that I was the most to blame.



"AND JUST AS I TURNED A HILL-TOP I SEE THE KITCHEN LIGHT."

And things I had long forgotten kept risin' in my mind,
Of little matters betwixt us, where Betsey was good and kind;
And these things they flashed all through me, as you know things sometimes will
When a feller's alone in the darkness, and every thing is still.

"But," says I, "we're too far along to take another track,
And when I put my hand to the plow I do not oft turn back;
And 'tain't an uncommon thing now for couples to smash in two;"
And so I set my teeth together, and vowed I'd see it through.

When I come in sight o' the house 'twas some'at in the night,
And just as I turned a hill-top I see the kitchen light;
Which often a han'some pictur' to a hungry person makes,
But it don't interest a feller much that's goin' to pull up stakes.

And when I went in the house the table was set for me—
As good a supper's I ever saw, or ever want to see;
And I crammed the agreement down my pocket as well as I could,
And fell to eatin' my victuals, which somehow didn't taste good.

And Betsey she pretended to look about the house,
But she watched my side coat pocket like a cat would watch a mouse;
And then she went to foolin' a little with her cup,
And intently readin' a newspaper, a-holdin' it wrong side up.

And when I'd done my supper I drawed the agreement out,
And give it to her without a word, for she knowed what 'twas about;
And then I hummed a little tune, but now and then a note
Was bu'sted by some animal that hopped up in my throat.

"AND INTENTLY READIN' A NEWSPAPER, A-HOLDIN' IT WRONG SIDE UP."

Then Betsey she got her specs from off the mantel-shelf,
And read the article over quite softly to herself;
Read it by little and little, for her eyes is gettin' old,
And lawyers' writin' ain't no print, especially when it's cold.

And after she'd read a little she give my arm a touch,
And kindly said she was afraid I was 'lowin' her too much;
But when she was through she went for me, her face a-streamin' with tears,
And kissed me for the first time in over twenty years!

I don't know what you'll think, Sir—I didn't come to inquire—
But I picked up that agreement and stuffed it in the fire;
And I told her we'd bury the hatchet alongside of the cow;
And we struck an agreement never to have another row.

And I told her in the future I wouldn't speak cross or rash
If half the crockery in the house was broken all to smash;
And she said, in regards to heaven, we'd try and learn its worth
By startin' a branch establishment and runnin' it here on earth.

And so we sat a-talkin' three-quarters of the night,
And opened our hearts to each other until they both grew light;
And the days when I was winnin' her away from so many men
Was nothin' to that evenin' I courted her over again.

"AND KISSED ME FOR THE FIRST TIME IN OVER TWENTY YEARS!"

Next mornin' an ancient virgin took pains to call on us,
Her lamp all trimmed and a-burnin' to kindle another fuss;
But when she went to pryin' and openin' of old sores,
My Betsey rose politely, and showed her out-of-doors.

Since then I don't deny but there's been a word or two;
But we've got our eyes wide open, and know just what to do:
When one speaks cross the other just meets it with a laugh,
And the first one's ready to give up considerable more than half.

"MY BETSEY ROSE POLITELY, AND SHOWED HER OUT-OF-DOORS."

Maybe you'll think me soft, Sir, a-talkin' in this style,
But somehow it does me lots of good to tell it once in a while;
And I do it for a compliment—'tis so that you can see
That that there written agreement of yours was just the makin' of me.

So make out your bill, Mr. Lawyer; don't stop short of an X;
Make it more if you want to, for I have got the checks.
I'm richer than a National Bank, with all its treasures told,
For I've got a wife at home now that's worth her weight in gold.

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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 2, 1871.

FOUR MONTHS FOR ONE DOLLAR.

"POOR MISS FINCH,"

a new and beautifully illustrated serial story, by

WILKIE COLLINS,

author of "The Woman in White," "The Moonstone," etc., is commenced this week in HARPER'S WEEKLY.

New Subscribers will be supplied with the WEEKLY from September 2, in which Number this story begins, to the close of the year, four months, for ONE DOLLAR.

☞ *The* SUPPLEMENT *to this Number of* HARPER'S WEEKLY *contains, besides many other attractive features, two splendid full-page illustrations—"* WAITING FOR THE EXPRESS BOAT" *and "* HURRYING FOR THE TRAIN"*—the latter a series of humorous sketches illustrating the disastrous consequences of being late for the cars.*

THE PRESIDENCY AND MR. GREELEY.

LAST January, when Mr. GREELEY was elected chairman of the General Committee, now known as that of which certain Tammany Republicans are members, he made a speech in which he said: "While asserting the right of every Republican to his untrammeled choice of a candidate for next President until a nomination is made, I venture to suggest that General GRANT will be far better qualified for that momentous trust in 1872 than he was in 1868." The *Tribune* now says: "Mr. GREELEY does not himself favor the renomination of General GRANT, and is prepared to give his reasons at the proper time. For the present, he considers the discussion premature." It is to be regretted that the editor of one of the chief Republican journals in the country is unwilling yet to enter upon the discussion, because there is a very considerable body—in our opinion the immense majority of the party—which expects and desires the renomination of the President; and if there are sufficient reasons for reconsidering their intentions, the sooner and the more plainly those reasons are stated the better.

Mr. GREELEY is an experienced politician; and although his foresight and judgment have not been always eminent, his opinion will always receive attention. It would, therefore, be interesting to know why he is indisposed to support a candidate in 1872 who, as he concedes, is better qualified for the position than when he did support him. All Republicans also would be glad to hear whether it is upon personal or administrative grounds that Mr. GREELEY opposes the renomination. In the speech from which we have quoted he commends the Administration "for its judicious, energetic, and successful efforts to procure the ratification of the Fifteenth Amendment." He has certainly praised—if we may speak of the *Tribune* in this sense as himself—the settlement of the English difficulty, the most threatening of foreign questions. He points with just pride to the steady reduction of the debt and the diminution of taxation under this Administration, although he censures the "hoarding" of gold by the Secretary of the Treasury. He was opposed, as we and so many other Republicans were, to the San Domingo annexation; but he approved, as did the rest of us, the excellent commission, and the frank final message of the President upon the subject. The Indian policy of the Administration also Mr. GREELEY—or the *Tribune*—in common with all humane men, has warmly commended. He has been likewise a conspicuous supporter of the Ku-Klux legislation, of which some of us were very doubtful, but which has certainly neither been evaded nor offensively enforced by the President. He thinks that there have been some mistakes in appointments—as, indeed, there inevitably must be under any Administration—but one of the most unpleasant—that of General SICKLES to Spain—was very agreeable to Mr. GREELEY.

It would seem, therefore, that all the great measures and the general policy of the Administration had been approved by Mr. GREELEY, while in his judgment its chief will be far better qualified for his position in 1872 than in 1868. Yet he is opposed to his renomination. Mr. GREELEY, indeed, has stated, in reply to the Kansas solicitation that he should himself be a candidate, his preference of a single term. But it can hardly be upon that ground alone that he opposes the renomination of the President. Personal delinquencies the *Tribune* has never imputed to the President, and it very justly and promptly repelled the suggestion that he had authorized any improper use of troops at the late Louisiana Convention. Can it be, then, that it is because of the distribution of patronage that Mr. GREELEY is opposed to the renomination? He said recently that he accepted the chairmanship of the committee with the hope of harmonizing the party in this city, but that he nearly despaired when Mr. GRINNELL and General PALMER were removed from the collectorship and appraiser's office. But that Mr. GREELEY believes the natural displeasure of those who have been displaced by the Administration will be accepted as a reason for refusing to renominate its head is hardly possible.

It seems to us unfortunate that a statement of reasons for opposing the action which the Republican party evidently contemplates should be delayed upon a theory that the time has not arrived to make it. When will that time have arrived if not when the question is generally discussed both by friends and foes, as it now is, and when preparations are making, as they now are? The party surely does not wish to act unwisely. Those who favor the renomination of the President do so because they believe it to be the wisest course for the party, and consequently for the country. If they are mistaken, it is for every reason desirable that they should know it. The longer the effort to show them their mistake is delayed the more difficult it will be for them to adapt themselves to the new situation, if they perceive that they ought to relinquish their present views; and consequently the more difficult the canvass will become. It is desirable that, if possible, the nomination should be settled by the general conviction of the party before the Convention meets, as it was in 1864 and 1868. If the President is not the man, who is? Those who honestly think that he is not ought certainly to indicate the Republican who commands more general confidence, and who would probably poll a larger vote. If there be such a man, the mention of his name would instantly strengthen the position of Mr. GREELEY and of those who agree with him, because it would show that those who oppose the renomination of the President are united upon a candidate.

THE SPEECH OF SENATOR SCHURZ.

MR. SCHURZ is a Senator of such ability and character, and his influence is so great among the Germans, who in this country are naturally Republicans, that his opinions upon public questions command attention, not only from their intrinsic value, but from their probable effect. Mr. SCHURZ is perhaps the most philosophic of our statesmen. Those who recall his speeches both at the West and in the East during the closing political campaign against slavery in 1860 will remember the breadth and insight which marked them. And he was one of those who did not disguise his conviction, even before that final struggle in debate, that the question would soon and inevitably be settled in another field. Into that field, also, he went when the settlement came, returning from Spain, whither President LINCOLN had sent him as minister. Removing from Wisconsin to Missouri, where there is a large German element in the population, he was connected with the press until sent by the Republicans to the Senate.

His position there has been eminent from his entrance. His mastery of a language not native to him is such that his style is even elegant; while, like Mr. SUMNER, he has a certain conscience in his intellect which gives moral force to his intellectual conclusions. In the Senate he has discussed national questions upon truly political and not merely party principles. A Republican, so to say, by nature, because by nature a lover of justice and progress, he has not hesitated to defend Republican principles against what have sometimes seemed to him Republican errors of method. He has advocated amnesty and a thorough reform of the civil service, introducing an elaborate bill for that purpose; and he vigorously opposed the San Domingo treaty and the removal of Senator SUMNER from the chairmanship of the Foreign Committee. In all his speeches there is the same reliance upon principle, without which there is no real statesmanship, and of which there is a curious impatience in the English and American mind.

The recent address of Mr. SCHURZ to his countrymen in Chicago was anticipated with interest, because it was supposed that he would express himself with frank hostility to the President. But it was a calm and temperate discussion of the political situation, the moral of which was that, while his own party had made mistakes, it yet favors a liberal, generous, and constitutional policy; while the angry condition which occasioned what seems to him mistaken legislation was produced by the malignant course of the Democratic party. In his judgment the interest of the country requires the sincerest acquiescence in the settlement secured by the last three amendments to the Constitution. The prejudice against them must be overcome by patriotically upholding the results of the war and by a general amnesty. The disturbance in the Southern States he thinks due to the Ku-Klux on the one hand and to the carpet-bag element, in its worst sense, upon the other; and the remedy lies in the co-operation of good men of both parties. If the Republican party has not accomplished all that might have been hoped, it is, he thinks, because the lawless element in the Southern States and the blind Democratic reactionists have made the conduct of Republican demagogues and schemers comparatively less alarming.

In regard to the annexation of San Domingo he said that it would be a policy ending in the absorption of the American tropics to the Gulf, with a population wholly alien. Mr. SCHURZ added that he and Mr. SUMNER had been asked to compose their personal differences with the President in the interest of the party. But he had no personal differences with the President; nor could he conceive that his personal relations with any body ought to affect his action upon public affairs. Were the President his most intimate friend, he could not defend what seemed to him an unconstitutional policy. This is a position which every honest man will approve. It is the only independent and honorable attitude.

We have not as yet seen the speech of Mr. SCHURZ in full; but the daily papers have published a long and evidently accurate sketch of it. In this we find no indication of a purpose which has been attributed to him of opposing the election of the Republican candidate for President if the nomination were not approved by him. We have already stated that we do not believe that Mr. SCHURZ or Mr. SUMNER would do any thing to commit the government of the country to the party of the Ku-Klux and of hostility to the amendments, and we shall not easily be made to believe otherwise.

BISMARCK AND THE PAPACY.

THE tendencies of a political church, of which we are made aware in this country by the alliance of the Democratic party with the Roman Catholic ecclesiasticism, and by the consequent surrender to a mob of the equal rights of American citizens, are not less apparent in Europe. The declaration of papal infallibility was very justly regarded by the great European States as hostile to their welfare, and the general conviction and action of those States show that they are not deluded by any sophistry of the limitation of infallibility to spiritual concerns. If the ambition of the Church of Rome is wholly spiritual, why does it insist so tenaciously upon a temporal political power which the people whom it would subjugate refuse to confer upon it? The logic of its claim is fully comprehended by the shrewdest European statesmen, and its assumptions are repelled. The papacy invited France to restore the political despotism of the Church in Italy. France politely bowed, shrugged, and declined. Austria, with a Protestant Prime Minister, breaks the Concordat with Rome. Spain sells the ecclesiastical property at auction. And now the great power of Central Europe, Germany, between whose Emperor, then King of Prussia, and the Pope such soft notes passed a year ago, has declared by the mouth of BISMARCK that it regards the Church of Rome as hostile to the state, and has abolished the Roman Catholic department of the Ministry of Public Worship.

Nor let any body suppose that this is hostility to the Church as a religious organization. It is not a blow at a bishop; it is a thrust at a sovereign who dares to interfere in the politics of Germany: and if the bishop confounds himself with the political sovereign, it is his own fault if he suffers. If the Church of Rome were content to be a Church only, Germany would be as friendly as it might desire. But when it attempts to assert itself politically in the empire of Germany, as it does in the republic of the United States, it properly feels the heavy rebuke of an indignant and independent nation. The papacy hoped that Germany would do what France would not—restore its political power. In return it would have sanctioned the new empire, which would have been of great service in the Roman Catholic provinces. But when Germany declined, the political Church of Rome organized an attempt to weaken or break the bonds of the empire, and threatened that it would support democracy against all political legitimacy and despotism but its own. This was a faint echo of the old Gregorian thunder. It was a hint of virtually absolving subjects from all their allegiance except that to the Church itself. But even in the Gregorian day BISMARCK would have been a formidable antagonist; and to-day he springs to the grapple with the political papacy with the consciousness that civilization and human intelligence are his allies.

We said that his action is not a blow at a bishop. But if a bishop hides under a royal robe the thrust at the king may wound a prelate. BISMARCK supports with all his energy the protest of Dr. DÖLLINGER, and smiles upon the foundation of "the Church German" as a schism in that of Rome. The London *Spectator* is of opinion that he sees that the only radical method of attacking the Church is to wound her spiritually. Her opportunity for political mischief is gained through her spiritual power. To limit the first, therefore, the last must be touched. And BISMARCK would reach the last through the schism made possible by the protest of DÖLLINGER within the Church. This is not a method open to us in this country, because with us, fortunately, the state is wholly independent of the church. We can deal with the political pretensions and ambitions of any church only by political means. Thus when we know that the political object of the Roman Catholic Church in this country is the overthrow of the common-school system, and see that the Democratic party seeks the votes of the members of that Church by pandering to its political purposes, the obvious way of baffling the political design of the Church is to defeat that party. If, as the *Spectator* supposes, the tendency of the time is to force the Church of Rome to seek political success by deserting the throne and identifying itself with the people, its political fate is sure; for the people every where are constantly more intelligent, and an intelligent people in this age spurns a political church.

THE LESSON OF NORTH CAROLINA.

THE late attempt of the Democratic party in North Carolina to begin the reversal of reconstruction, and to invite collision with the national government, has signally failed. The effort was made under the form of calling a convention for the revision of the State Constitution, and in plain defiance of that Constitution. Had the plan succeeded the result would have been two State governments, between which the national authority must have decided. The good sense of the State sustained the Republican opposition to this disorganizing movement, and peace will for the present continue. It will not be forgotten, however, that every man who voted for this scheme will also probably sustain the Democratic candidates in 1872, whether upon a new departure platform or any other. And the fact illustrates the exact value of the professed Democratic acquiescence in the settlement of the amendments. The object of the party, as one of its Southern organs frankly says, is to get into power; and if fine professions will help, it will not hesitate to profess finely.

As Senator SCHURZ well says in his speech at Chicago, the general conviction has been carefully cultivated that all the established guarantees of security would be swept away if the Democratic party succeeded. That prospect having failed to bring the party into power, it will now try to remove the impression. But the object in both cases is the same. If the amendments are apparently accepted, it will be because the party can not help itself. But the moment that, in possession of power, there should be a probable chance of reversal, it would do precisely what it has recently attempted in North Carolina. It is the old spirit of the Democratic party constantly illustrated. When the war ended, that party, by black codes and vagrant laws, tried to save all that was possible of slavery. Under ANDREW JOHNSON it cheered his hostility to the Civil Rights bill, to the protection of the freedmen, and to the radical policy of restoration. At the Democratic Convention of 1868, in Tammany Hall, it hoped to carry repudiation of the war debt, and to control the national administration as of old. Under GRANT it changes front, and declares that it relinquishes its policy, renounces its faith, and eats its words.

Let those believe who will. Let those who are alarmed by being told that in opposing the Democratic plans they are slaying the slain, suppose that the government can safely pass out of Republican hands. But those who have studied political history will not be cozened by fine professions nor blandly confide in decoy-ducks. There will constantly be some such event as the attempt now happily defeated in North Carolina, which will reveal the real tendency of the Democratic party. Ignorance, hatred, unbroken traditions of injustice, organized into a party, are not suddenly reformed by a resolution. The necessary tendency of the Democratic party will sweep off the hopes and wishes of its better theoretical adherents as a spring freshet carries off chips and dead leaves.

Mr. WENDELL PHILLIPS hopes that the Republican party will be broken up. That

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seems to us to be merely a wish that the government may be surrendered to the eager enemies of every cause and every principle that Mr. Phillips loves and serves. It is a wish that the party which made the black codes, which yielded to the mob in New York, which incites the Ku-Klux, which is responsible through its chosen chiefs for the astounding New York frauds, which has just tried to initiate the reversal of reconstruction in North Carolina, may control the government of the United States. Either the Republican party must be successful, or that will be the issue of the election of 1872.

MR. SUMNER AND THE TREATY OF WASHINGTON.

We have heretofore shown how much of the demand made by Mr. Sumner in his speech upon the Reverdy Johnson treaty was actually obtained by the Treaty of Washington. It is very probable that he hoped even more would have been secured. But it is not correct to say, as the Washington *National Republican* does, that Mr. Sumner "spoke day after day in opposition to it." There was one clause in the treaty which was incautiously left exposed to misunderstanding, and it is the very one upon which there has been considerable discussion—a point of interpretation. It was very desirable that this should be corrected; but undoubtedly one amendment in the Senate would have led to others, until the whole work might have been imperiled. And there is no doubt that, had he chosen, Mr. Sumner might seriously have perplexed and delayed the ratification of the treaty by a general opposition. But he saw, with the whole country, that a prompt ratification was most desirable, even if he were not wholly satisfied, and he voted for it with all his party friends.

It was, however, also desirable that it should not hereafter appear that the doubtful clause was entirely overlooked in the Senate; and therefore Mr. Sumner offered an amendment to correct it. But he did not press it; and in offering it he caused the journal to show, to the honor of the sagacity of the Senate, that the objection was not neglected, but that for sufficient reasons the text of the treaty, as drafted by the Commissioners, was allowed to stand. Certainly our party friends who think that Mr. Sumner is unreasonably hostile to the administration ought not to cite his conduct in regard to the ratification of the treaty in illustration of it.

THE TRUTH TOLD IN GEORGIA.

It was always claimed that one of the good results of emancipation would be the relief of intelligent and honorable men in the Southern States from that relentless tyranny of opinion which made it personally dangerous in a Slave State to express the instincts of reason and humanity. A very striking illustration both of the tyranny and of the independence is found in a late address of the Hon. B. H. Hill, of Georgia, and some of the criticisms upon it. With a distinctness and vigor which are doubly refreshing when we remember that he spoke in Georgia, Mr. Hill said in his address: "The primal cause of our failure as a people is the fact that our system of labor was slavery. From this, as from a disturbed den of vipers, have crawled out the innumerable and poisonous evils that have lamed our energies and polluted our blood." Who believed, twenty years ago, that the time would ever come in this century when a conspicuous public man in Georgia would tell such plain truths to his neighbors and friends, and be sure of some, if not of general, hearty sympathy and approval? And yet what Mr. Hill said was only what Oglethorpe and the first trustees of the Georgia Company believed when they forbade slavery in the colony at its settlement.

That Mr. Hill would be severely criticised was certain. One of the most poisonous evils of the system he denounced was the moral and intellectual perversion which it produced, and which does not readily disappear. One paper gravely disputes his assertion, and declares that "slavery was never allowed to perfect its mission and develop its full effects upon the civilization of the South." But would the editor of this paper assert with equal gravity that the effect of slavery while it existed was elevating, refining, humanizing, and progressive both for the subject and master classes? If he would not, another would, for a correspondent of Mr. Alexander H. Stephens's *Sun* has the hardihood to say that under slavery "we"—that is, the Southern whites—"had reached a higher degree of cultivation, refinement, moral elevation, and intellectual power in the aggregate than any nation on earth." We do not believe that there are a hundred intelligent men in the Southern States, outside of the lunatic asylums, who think so. They may have thought that they must make the best of it, that there was no way to shake it off, and that they would fight to the death any body who should interfere; but that common-sense, intelligence, humanity, and experience were powerless with them we do not believe.

But Mr. Hill fitly deals with this kind of maundering. After a caustic description of the absolute dependence of the late Slave States upon the Free, he concludes:

> "Our politicians strut like condescending Jupiters in the hustings with Northern hats on their heads, Northern shoes on their feet, and Northern coats on their backs, and prove to gaping crowds their unequaled fitness for office by straining their lungs, as the thunder-gust doth the yielding clouds, with noisy denunciations of Northern weakness and greed, and climactic eulogies on Southern power and independence!"

Then in a serious and sincere strain he says what the heart and mind of every thoughtful man and woman in the Southern States must heed and ponder:

> "If my humble voice could be heard by the Southern people, I would urge them to do many things which these very derided Northern people have done. Endow first-class universities, provide for polytechnic schools in these universities, honor labor, and make the callings of the miner, the manufacturer, the metallurgist, the machinist, the agriculturist, and the mechanic as learned and as honorable as are the learned professions of law, medicine, and theology. We can not live by bread alone. We can not grow great, or rich, or independent by planting alone. Let us find in our own children that skilled labor which was impossible in the ignorant negro slave, and with that skilled labor let us utilize the unsurpassed natural physical elements of power with which God has filled almost every portion of our heretofore neglected country. If we do these things promptly, vigorously, and liberally, it will soon be that the sun in his cycles will not be[?] fall his rays on a greater or more prosperous people. If we do not these things, we shall grow weaker until we be despised as contemptible."

If, instead of listening to the flattery of Northern Democratic demagogues, and to the rhetoric of their own local leaders who have so fearfully betrayed them, American citizens in the Southern States would hear and meditate the truths, disagreeable though they be, which their own life-long neighbors, like Mr. Hill, speak to them, all the old roots of bitterness would gradually disappear.

THE HOUSATONIC BRIDGE UPON THE N. Y. AND N. H. RAILROAD.

The terrible catastrophe of the Staten Island ferry, the explosion of the steamer upon Chautauqua Lake, and the fall of the railroad bridge near Bangor, all within a short time, show the almost universal carelessness of management upon the most traveled routes of travel. The bridge at Bangor was so rotten that the timber was already hauling to repair it. How many other railroad bridges are at this moment in the same condition? "Clericus" writes from Milford, near New Haven, on the 12th of August to the New York *Times*, that the old bridge over the Housatonic between Stratford and Milford, upon the New York, New Haven, and Boston Railroad, is considered by many to be in an unsafe condition. He states that he is informed that *the bridge was condemned a year or more ago by the State inspectors*. A new bridge in building, but it is impossible to say when it will be finished, and "Clericus" says that he has talked with many passengers upon the road, who feel a serious anxiety upon the subject.

We submit to the superintendent of the New York and New Haven Railroad that, in view of so distinct a charge in a respectable paper, he would relieve a very natural anxiety if he would publicly state that the Housatonic bridge has not been condemned by the inspectors, and that in the judgment of competent engineers it is perfectly safe for the heavy and continuous travel that passes over it. Of late years the New Haven road has been remarkably free from accidents, when its enormous traffic is considered. Along its line there is a throng of residents who pass daily to and from the city. An excess of caution, therefore, is not unwise. It is true that any body can write any thing to the newspapers; but it is also true that certain things are not published by honorable journals without inquiry. If the Housatonic bridge is now and always has been perfectly safe, and if the suspicion is only a nervous whim, it is, nevertheless, under the circumstances, and in the present condition of the public mind, very desirable to hear upon the subject from the superintendent of the New York and New Haven road.

PERSONAL.

Dr. R. Shelton Mackenzie has just given to the public his best work—a life of Sir Walter Scott. Dr. Mackenzie has devoted himself to literature since he was eighteen years of age. In 1834 he commenced to write letters from London to the New York *Evening Star*, and was the first regular salaried correspondent of the American press. He was made LL.D. of Glasgow University when only twenty-five, and D.C.L. of Oxford at twenty-seven. In 1828 he published "Lays of Palestine," wrote a considerable portion of "The Georgian Era," a "Life of Ireland," etc., etc. In 1852 he came to this country, and besides his connection with the press has written and edited some twelve or fifteen books, chief of which may be reckoned his edition of "Noctes Ambrosianæ," which contains a fund of anecdote of distinguished literary people with whom Dr. M. has been on terms of intimacy. No man connected with the American press has a more remarkable memory for dates, events, and persons, and none knows how to put them on paper more felicitously than he.

—Col. John Hay is the possessor of an interesting relic—to wit, a lock of hair from the head of General Washington. It was presented to him by Colonel James A. Hamilton, now eighty-four years of age, son of Alexander Hamilton. Colonel Hamilton received the relic from his mother. The paper originally containing it bears the indorsement, "General Washington's hair, given to James A. Hamilton by his mother." A thread is tied tightly around the centre of the lock of hair, which is about three inches long, and perfectly straight. About two-thirds of it is snowy white, while the rest is of a light brown or auburn hue.

—Judge Ingraham, of the Superior Court of this city, while at Saratoga recently, edified a group of New Yorkers with his reminiscences of Gotham. He bought hay and oats on the present site of Union Square when it was a hay market, and has seen cows driven over to pasture where Judge Roosevelt's house now stands, when Broadway was a cow track and Judge Roosevelt a yellow-haired stripling. Judge Ingraham is said to be the oldest judge on the bench except Mr. Justice Nelson.

—Mr. Odger, the radical M.P. who led the malcontents at the great meeting in Hyde Park to protest against any allowance to Prince Arthur, is a well-dressed, neat, bald, decent, commonplace-looking man, and is for the moment quite a lion in having successfully defied the police and the government. He is a neat kind of speaker, of the quiet parish-vestry sort, who never misleads one even by a blunder, never attempts to declaim, never says a stinging thing, never makes a joke. Yet he has held his great meeting in Hyde Park under the very nose of the government, and against its orders and threatenings.

—Newton Booth, the Republican candidate for Governor of North Carolina, is a lawyer, forty-five years of age, a native of Indiana, but for twenty-one years a resident of North Carolina. He has been actively in politics since the beginning of the war, and is esteemed for character and ability. The candidate for Lieutenant-Governor is Romualdo Pacheco, a native of California, about forty years old. Mr. Pacheco received his early education in an English school in the Sandwich Islands. He entered political life at twenty-two, and has filled the offices of Senator and State Treasurer.

—It is said that Prince Metternich, the Austrian embassador at Paris, is about to resign. The economy of republicanism as contrasted with the luxury of imperialism is not to his taste. Austria, besides, has cut down his pay. It may be that, having seen so much of court life, he now desires the quiet which he can find in his extensive domains in Hungary, or in his beautiful castle at Johannisberg, on the Rhine. Some years ago the Metternich, father of the present prince, having a passion for collecting autographs, wrote to Jules Janin for his. The witty author responded thus: "Received of his Highness Prince Metternich one dozen bottles Johannisberger, *prima*. Jules Janin." That was the autograph sent. The wine was sent.

—The story that has been published in some of the papers in reference to Miss Alice Cary and Rufus Wilmot Griswold is quite too absurd to need contradiction. During the brief period of their acquaintance Mr. Griswold was a married man, and his relations with the Misses Cary were simply those of literary friends. He esteemed them as ladies and poetesses, and often wrote of them in terms of praise. When he was in his last illness they visited and were kind to him. That is all. Mr. Griswold was one of the last men either of those heavenly-minded sisters would have selected for a husband. A gentleman who knew him thoroughly says that although nominally a Baptist clergyman, he belonged to a style not frequently met in our day. He was simply a literary man. He has been known, it is said, more than once to spend his Saturday night in a very "free and easy" way, and then go to church and preach an eloquent sermon.

—Mr. J. Cooke, who is at the head of the "Syndicate" of American and foreign bankers for the sale of the new United States loan, is now in the very prime of his faculties, being forty-four years of age and in perfect health. He was not widely known in the financial world until Mr. Chase appointed him fiscal agent of the Treasury, in which capacity he sold about $1,500,000,000 bonds, which at one-half per cent.—the commission allowed—would have given him $7,500,000. Out of this, however, were deducted commissions to subagents, advertising, etc. It is probable that about $3,000,000 would be nearly the net profit to himself. Out of the first profits he built a small Episcopal church for himself and neighbors at Chelten Hill, seven miles north of Philadelphia. His mansion there is one of the most substantial summer-houses in the United States. It is of stone, in French style, 130 feet square by 100 feet high. Mr. Cooke makes noble use of his fortune, being one of the most charitable men in the United States.

—The long editorial essays which Mr. Alexander H. Stephens writes in his paper, the Atlanta *Sun*, from his study at Liberty Hall, have not "built up" that journal as rapidly as was expected. On the contrary, rumor says that the *Sun's* rays have "a sickly glare." It may be that with the thermometer about 90° Fahr. few men are capable of digesting six columns at once, even though the ingredients be States' Rights, Jeffersonian Democracy, and the intentions of the founders of the Constitution, derived from "Elliott's Debates." When the heated term passes, men may be willing to stand it; but at present to be obliged to read six columns of lucubration, and pay $[illegible] per annum for the privilege, is more than even the Sage of Crawfordsville has any right to expect.

—Among other interesting personal incidents of recent occurrence in France was the visit of the Pope's nuncio to M. Thiers. Monsignor Chigi spoke of the intention of the Pope to quit Rome and establish himself in Malta or Spain. This M. Thiers opposed, saying, "There is a French proverb which declares that he who quits his place loses it. The Pope in quitting Rome compromises the future of the Holy See. His presence at Rome is at least an eloquent protestation against what passes there. I have no counsel to give his Holiness; but were I in his place, I would not budge. I would wait."

—Walt Whitman, who occupies a desk in the Attorney-General's office at Washington, has received a friendly note from Tennyson, with an invitation to visit Aldworth.

—Of Mr. Charles Francis Adams, our new arbitrator with England, the following amusing "personal" is told. Before going to the polls to vote on the day of the last Presidential election he fixed a ticket which he intended to vote. [illegible] Mr. Adams's statement, it should be [illegible] Mr. Adams voted the entire Democratic ticket, the Congressional, State, county, and town offices at that election, with the single exception of the Grant electoral ticket!

—The report that General John B. Gordon [illegible] the "new departure" [illegible] Governor of Georgia [illegible] *True Georgian*. It is understood [illegible] General Gordon has no sympathy [illegible] Democratic "new departure," and would [illegible] the nomination [illegible] party. There are a number of Democratic [illegible] Governor Bullock's term expires. [illegible] the late Hon. Warren T. Cobbett[?] [illegible]

—The editorial writers of the London *Saturday Review* have no reason for fault-finding [illegible] proprietors, so far as hospitality is concerned. [illegible] Mr. Hughes[?], was in the chair [illegible] Among the [illegible] Mr. Leslie Stephen[?] [illegible] of the *Review* [illegible] in their charge.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

[illegible]

The Republican [illegible] in North Carolina [illegible]

[illegible]

FOREIGN NEWS.

[illegible] in Europe in regard to the [illegible] of France and Russia. [illegible] military preparations, while France [illegible] up her regiments and collecting war supplies [illegible]

It is rumored that the "Right" in the French Assembly [illegible] in the Presidency [illegible]

The German troops are slowly withdrawing from the forts about Paris.

The new army bill before the French Assembly makes military service compulsory upon all, and permits no substitution.

The Spanish government has consented to the extradition of all communists refugees.

The ex-Emperor Napoleon gave a fête at Chislehurst on the 15th of August, at which telegrams were received from the emperors of Russia and Austria, the kings of Sweden, Portugal, and Holland, the Prince of Wales, and others.

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THE BED OF ROSES.

"THE RICH GROWING RICHER, THE POOR GROWING POORER."

"—WE DRINK TO OUR CONSTITUENTS. MAY THEY LIVE LONG, SO THAT WE MAY PROSPER."

"YES, THE RENT IS 'PERHAPS EXORBITANT,' BUT YOUR HUSBAND ALWAYS VOTES FOR THE VERY MEN WHO MAKE EVERY THING 'PERHAPS EXORBITANT.'"

BED OF THORNS.

BRINGING THE THING HOME.

THE TAMMANY LORDS AND THEIR CONSTITUENTS.—[See Page 816.]

WILKIE COLLINS.

We commence this week the publication of a new story by Wilkie Collins, author of "No Name," "The Woman in White," "The Moonstone," "Man and Wife," etc.; and as many of our readers will be glad to know what manner of looking man he is who writes such fascinating stories, we herewith present them with his portrait.

Mr. Collins is now in the very prime of life, having been born in London in 1824. His father was a painter, who went to Italy soon after the birth of his son, and remained there until the author had reached manhood. Having chosen authorship as a profession, Collins began to write at a very early age. His first published work, "Antonina," was given to the public in [illegible]. It revealed the possession of remarkable genius; but the subject was ill chosen, and the book did not meet with great success. His later novels, especially "The Woman in White" and "Man and Wife," which were first published in America in the columns of *Harper's Weekly*, placed him in the front rank of contemporary novelists; and the death of Charles Dickens a year ago, whom he resembles in versatility of talent and remarkable inventive powers, has left him without a rival in the field of romantic fiction.

The story from his pen which is commenced in this number is printed from the author's advance sheets. It will, we think, be found to be one of the most fascinating stories he has yet given to the public.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1871, by Harper & Brothers, in the Office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington.]

POOR MISS FINCH.

A Domestic Story

By WILKIE COLLINS,

Author of "The Woman in White," "No Name," "The Moonstone," "Man and Wife," etc.

WITH ORIGINAL ILLUSTRATIONS.

PART THE FIRST.

CHAPTER THE FIRST.

MADAME PRATOLUNGO PRESENTS HERSELF.

You are here invited to read the story of an Event which occurred some years since in an out-of-the-way corner of England.

The persons principally concerned in the Event are—a blind girl, two (twin) brothers, a skilled surgeon, and a curious foreign woman. I am the curious foreign woman. And I take it on myself—for reasons which will presently appear—to tell the story.

So far we understand each other. Good. I may make myself known to you as briefly as I can.

I am Madame Pratolungo—widow of that celebrated South American patriot, Doctor Pratolungo. I am French by birth. Before I married the Doctor I went through many vicissitudes in my own country. They ended in leaving me (at an age which is of no consequence to any body) with some experience of the world, with a cultivated musical talent on the piano-forte, and with a comfortable little fortune unexpectedly bequeathed to me by a relative of my dead mother (which fortune I shared with good Papa and with my younger sisters). To these qualifications I added another, the most precious of all, when I married the Doctor—namely, a strong infusion of ultra-liberal principles. *Vive la République!*

Some people do one thing, and some do another, in the way of celebrating the event of their marriage. Having become man and wife, Doctor Pratolungo and I took ship to Central America, and devoted our honey-moon, in those disturbed districts, to the sacred duty of destroying tyrants.

Ah! the vital air of my noble husband was the air of revolutions. From his youth upward he had followed the glorious profession of Patriot. Wherever the people of the Southern New World rose and declared their independence—and, in my time, that fervent population did nothing else—there was the Doctor self-devoted on the altar of his adopted country. He had been fifteen times exiled, and condemned to death in his absence, when I met with him in Paris—the picture of heroic poverty, with a brown complexion and one lame leg. Who could avoid falling in love with such a man? I was proud when he proposed to devote me on the altar of his adopted country as well as himself—me and my money. For, alas! every thing is expensive in this world, including the destruction of tyrants and the saving of Freedom. All my money went in helping the sacred cause of the people. Dictators and filibusters flourished in spite of us. Before we had been a year married the Doctor had to fly (for the sixteenth time) to escape being tried for his life. My husband condemned to death in his absence, and I with my pockets empty. This is how the Republic rewarded us. And yet I love the Republic. Ah, you monarchy people, sitting fat and contented under tyrants, respect that!

This time we took refuge in England. The affairs of Central America went on without us.

I thought of giving lessons in music. But my glorious husband could not spare me away from him. I suppose we should have starved, and made a sad little paragraph in the English newspapers, if the end had not come in another way. My poor Pratolungo was in truth worn out. He sank under his sixteenth exile. I was left a widow—with nothing but the inheritance of my husband's noble sentiments to console me.

I went back for a while to good Papa and my sisters in Paris. But it was not in my nature to remain and be a burden on them at home. I returned again to London, with recommendations, and encountered inconceivable disasters in the effort to earn a living honorably. Of all the wealth about me—the prodigal, insolent, ostentatious wealth—none fell to my share. What right has any body to be rich? I defy you, whoever you may be, to prove that any body has a right to be rich.

Without dwelling on my disasters, let it be enough to say that I got up one morning with three pounds, seven shillings, and fourpence in my purse, with my excellent temper, and my republican principles, and with absolutely nothing in prospect—that is to say, with not a half-penny more to come to me, unless I could earn it for myself.

In this sad case what does an honest woman, who is bent on winning her own independence by her own work, do? She takes three and sixpence out of her little humble store, and she advertises herself in a newspaper.

One always advertises the best side of one's self. (Ah, poor humanity!) My best side was my musical side. In the days of my vicissitudes (before my marriage) I had at one time had a share in a millinery establishment in Lyons. At another time I had been bed-chamber woman to a great lady in Paris. But in my present situation these sides of myself were, for various reasons, not so presentable as the piano-forte side. I was not a great player—far from it; but I had been soundly instructed, and I had what you call a competent skill on the instrument. Brief, I made the best of myself, I promise you, in my advertisement.

The next day I borrowed the newspaper to enjoy the pride of seeing my composition in print. Ah, Heaven! what did I discover? I discovered what other wretched advertising people have found out before me. Above my own advertisement the very thing I wanted was advertised for by somebody else. Look in any newspaper and you will see strangers who (if I may so express myself) exactly fit each other advertising for each other without knowing it. I had advertised myself as "accomplished musical companion for a lady. With cheerful temper to match." And there, above me, was my unknown necessitous fellow-creature crying out in printers' types: "Wanted, a companion for a lady. Must be an accomplished musician, and have a cheerful temper. Testimonials to capacity and first-rate references required." Exactly what I had offered. "Apply by letter only in the first instance." Exactly what I had said. Fie upon me! I had spent three and sixpence for nothing. I threw down the newspaper in a transport of anger (like a fool), and then took it up again (like a sensible woman), and applied by letter for the offered place.

My letter brought me into contact with a lawyer. The lawyer enveloped himself in mystery. It seemed to be a professional habit with him to tell nobody any thing if he could possibly help it.

Drop by drop this wearisome man let the circumstances out. The lady was a young lady. She was the daughter of a clergyman. She lived in a retired part of the country. More even than that, she lived in a retired part of the house. Her father had married a second time. Having only the young lady as child by his first marriage, he had (I suppose by way of a change) a large family by his second marriage. Circumstances rendered it necessary for the young lady to live as much apart as she could from the tumult of a houseful of children. So he went on, until there was no keeping it in any longer, and then he let it out—the young lady was blind!

Young—lonely—blind. I had a sudden inspiration. I felt I should love her.

The question of my musical capacity was in this sad case a serious one. The poor young lady had one great pleasure to illumine her dark life—music. Her companion was wanted to play from the book, and play worthily, the works of the great masters (whom this young creature adored); and she, listening, would take her place next at the piano and reproduce the music, morsel by morsel, by ear. A professor was appointed to pronounce sentence on me, and declare if I could be trusted not to misinterpret Mozart, Beethoven, and the other masters who have written for the piano. Through this ordeal I passed with success. As for my references, they spoke for themselves. Not even the lawyer (though he

THE DAMP WOMAN

"THREE SEPARATE TIMES SHE PASSED HER HAND RAPIDLY OVER ME."

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tried hard) could pick holes in them. It was arranged on both sides that I should, in the first instance, go on a month's visit to the young lady. If we both wished it at the end of the time, I was to stay, on terms arranged to my perfect satisfaction. There was our treaty!

The next day I started for my visit by the railway.

My instructions directed me to travel to the town of Lewes, in Sussex. Arrived there, I was to ask for the pony-chaise of my young lady's father—described on his card as Reverend Tertius Finch. The chaise was to take me to the rectory house in the village of Dimchurch. And the village of Dimchurch was situated among the South Down Hills, three or four miles from the coast.

When I stepped into the railway carriage this was all I knew. After my adventurous life—after the volcanic agitations of my republican career in the Doctor's time—was I about to bury myself in a remote English village, and live a life as monotonous as the life of a sheep on a hill? Ah! with all my experience, I had yet to learn that the narrowest human limits are wide enough to contain the grandest human emotions. I had seen the Drama of Life amidst the turmoil of tropical revolutions. I was to see it again, with all its palpitating interest, in the lonely solitudes of the South Down Hills.

CHAPTER THE SECOND.

MADAME PRATOLUNGO MAKES A VOYAGE ON LAND.

A WELL-FED boy, with yellow Saxon hair, a little shabby green chaise, and a rough brown pony—these objects confronted me at the Lewes station. I said to the boy, "Are you Reverend Finch's servant?" And the boy answered, "I be he."

We drove through the town—a hilly town of desolate, clean houses. No living creatures visible behind the jealously shut windows. No living creatures entering or departing through the sad-colored closed doors. No theatre; no place of amusement, except an empty town-hall, with a sad policeman meditating on its spruce white steps. No customers in the shops, and nobody to serve them behind the counter, even if they had turned up. Here and there on the pavements an inhabitant with a capacity for staring, and (apparently) a capacity for nothing else. I said to Reverend Finch's boy, "Is this a rich place?" Reverend Finch's boy brightened, and answered, "That it be!" Good. At any rate, they don't enjoy themselves here—the infamous rich!

Leaving this town of unamused citizens immured in domestic tombs, we got on a fine high road—still ascending—with a spacious open country on either side of it.

A spacious open country is a country soon exhausted by a sight-seer's eye. I have learned from my poor Pratolungo the habit of searching for the political convictions of my fellow-creatures when I find myself in contact with them in strange places. Having nothing else to do, I searched Finch's boy. His political programme I found to be: As much meat and beer as I can contain, and as little work to do for it as possible. In return for this, to touch my hat when I meet the Squire, and to be content with the station to which it has pleased God to call me. Miserable Finch's boy!

We reached the highest point of the road. On our right hand the ground sloped away gently into a fertile valley, with a village and a church in it; and beyond, an abominable privileged inclosure of grass and trees torn from the community by a tyrant, and called a Park, with the palace in which this enemy of mankind ate and fattened standing in the midst. On our left hand spread the open country—a magnificent prospect of grand grassy hills rolling away to the horizon, bounded only by the sky. To my surprise Finch's boy descended, took the pony by the head, and deliberately led him off the high road, and on to the wilderness of grassy hills, on which not so much as a foot-path was discernible any where, far or near. The chaise began to heave and roll like a ship on the sea. It became necessary to hold with both hands to keep my place. I thought first of my luggage—then of myself.

"How much is there of this?" I asked.

"Three mile on't," answered Finch's boy.

I insisted on stopping the ship—I mean the chaise—and on getting out. We tied my luggage fast with a rope; and then we went on again, the boy at the pony's head, and I after them on foot.

Ah, what a walk it was! What air over my head, what grass under my feet! The sweetness of the inner land and the crisp saltness of the distant sea were mixed in that delicious breeze. The short turf, fragrant with odorous herbs, rose and fell elastic underfoot. The mountain piles of white cloud moved in sublime procession along the blue field of heaven overhead. The wild growth of prickly bushes, spread in great patches over the grass, was in a glory of yellow bloom. On we went; now up, now down; now bending to the right, and now turning to the left. I looked about me. No house, no road, no paths, fences, hedges, walls; no landmarks of any sort. All round us, turn which way we might, nothing was to be seen but the majestic solitude of the hills. No living creatures appeared but the white dots of sheep scattered over the soft green distance, and the sky-lark singing his hymn of happiness, a speck above my head. Truly a wonderful place! Distant no more than a morning's drive from noisy and populous Brighton—a stranger to this neighborhood could only have found his way by the compass, exactly as if he had been sailing on the sea! The farther we penetrated on our land voyage, the more wild and the more beautiful the solitary landscape grew. The boy picked his way as he chose—there were no barriers here. Plodding behind, I saw nothing, at one time, but the back of the chaise tilted up in the air, both boy and pony being invisibly buried in the steep descent of the hill. At other times the pitch was all the contrary way: the whole interior of the ascending chaise was disclosed to my view, and above the chaise the pony, and above the pony the boy—and, ah, my luggage swaying and rocking in the frail embraces of the rope that held it. Twenty times did I confidently expect to see luggage, chaise, pony, boy, all rolling down into the bottom of a valley together. But no! Not the least little accident happened to spoil my enjoyment of the day. Politically contemptible, Finch's boy had his merit—he was master of his subject as guide and pony-leader among the South Down Hills.

Arrived at the top of (as it seemed to me) our fiftieth grassy summit, I began to look about for signs of the village.

Behind me rolled back the long undulations of the hills, with the cloud-shadows moving over the solitudes that we had left. Before me, at a break in the purple distance, I saw the soft white line of the sea. Beneath me, at my feet, opened the deepest valley I had noticed yet—with one first sign of the presence of Man scored hideously on the face of Nature, in the shape of a square brown patch of cleared and plowed land on the grassy slope. I asked if we were getting near the village now. Finch's boy winked, and answered, "Yes, we be."

Astonishing Finch's boy! Ask him what questions I might, the resources of his vocabulary remained invariably the same. Still this youthful Oracle answered always in three monosyllabic words!

We plunged into the valley.

Arrived at the bottom, I discovered another sign of Man. Behold the first road I had seen yet—a rough wagon-road plowed deep in the chalky soil! We crossed this, and turned a corner of a hill. More signs of human life. Two small boys started up out of a dry ditch—apparently set as scouts to give notice of our approach. They yelled and set off running before us by some short-cut known only to themselves. We turned again, round another winding of the valley, and crossed a brook. I considered it my duty to make myself acquainted with the local names. What was the brook called? It was called "The Cockshoot!" And the great hill, here, on the right? It was called "The Overblow!" Five minutes more, and we saw our first house—lonely and little—built of mortar and flint from the hills. A name to this also? Certainly! Name of "Browndown." Another ten minutes of walking, involving us more and more deeply in the mysterious green windings of the valley, and the great event of the day happened at last. Finch's boy pointed before him with his whip, and said (even in this supreme moment still in three monosyllabic words),

"Here we be!"

So this is Dimchurch! I shake out the chalk-dust from the skirts of my dress. I long (quite vainly) for the least bit of looking-glass to see myself in. Here is the population (in the number of at least five or six) gathered together, informed by the scouts, and it is my woman's business to produce the best impression of myself that I can. We advance along the little road. I smile upon the population; the population stares at me in return. On one side I remark three or four cottages and a bit of open ground; also an inn named "The Cross-Hands," and a bit more of open ground; also a tiny, tiny butcher-shop, with sanguinary insides of sheep on one blue pie-dish in the window, and no other meat than that, and nothing at one beyond but again the open ground, and again the hills, indicating the end of the village on this side. On the other side there appears for some distance nothing but a long flint wall guarding the outhouses of a farm. Beyond this comes another little group of cottages, with the seal of civilization set upon them in the form of a post-office. The post-office deals in general commodities—in boots and bacon, biscuits and flannel, crinoline petticoats and religious tracts. Farther on, behold another flint wall, a garden, and a private dwelling-house, proclaiming itself as the rectory. Farther yet, on rising ground, a little desolate church, with a tiny white circular steeple topped by an extinguisher in red tiles. Beyond this, the hills and the heavens once more. And there is Dimchurch!

As for the inhabitants—what am I to say? I suppose I must tell the truth.

I remarked one born gentleman among the inhabitants, and he was a sheep-dog. He alone did the honors of the place. He had a stump of a tail, which he wagged to me with extreme difficulty, and a good, honest white and black face which he poked companionably into my hand. "Welcome, Madame Pratolungo, to Dimchurch; and excuse these male and female laborers who stand and stare at you. The good God who makes us all has made them too, but has not succeeded so well as with you and me." I happen to be one of the few people who can read dogs' language as written in dogs' faces. I correctly report the language of the gentleman-sheep-dog on this occasion.

We opened the gate of the rectory and passed in. So my Land Voyage over the South Down Hills came prosperously to its end.

CHAPTER THE THIRD.

POOR MISS FINCH.

THE rectory resembled, in one respect, this narrative that I am now writing. It was in Two Parts. Part the First, in front, composed of the everlasting flint and mortar of the neighborhood, failed to interest me. Part the Second, running back at a right angle, asserted itself as ancient. It had been in its time, as I afterward heard, a convent of nuns. Here were snug little Gothic windows, and dark ivy-covered walls of venerable stone, repaired in places at some past period with quaint red bricks. I had hoped that I should enter the house by this side of it. But no. The boy—after appearing to be at a loss what to do with me—led the way to a door on the modern side of the building, and rang the bell.

A slovenly young maid-servant admitted me to the house.

Possibly this person was new to the duty of receiving visitors. Possibly she was bewildered by a sudden invasion of children in dirty frocks darting out on us in the hall, and then darting back again into invisible back regions, screeching at the sight of a stranger. At any rate, she, too, appeared to be at a loss what to do with me. After staring hard at my foreign face, she suddenly opened a door in the wall of the passage, and admitted me into a small room. Two more children in dirty frocks darted, screaming, out of the asylum thus offered to me. I mentioned my name as soon as I could make myself heard. The maid appeared to be terrified at the length of it. I gave her my card. The maid took it between a dirty finger and thumb, looked at it as if it was some extraordinary natural curiosity, turned it round, exhibiting correct black impressions in various parts of it of her finger and thumb, gave up understanding it in despair, and left the room. She was stopped outside (as I gathered from the sounds) by a returning invasion of children in the hall. There was whispering, there was giggling, there was, every now and then, a loud thump on the door. Prompted by the children, as I suppose—pushed in by them, certainly—the maid suddenly re-appeared with a jerk. "Oh, if you please, come this way," she said. The invasion of children retreated again up the stairs, one of them in possession of my card, and waving it in triumph on the first landing. We penetrated to the other end of the passage. Again a door was opened. Unannounced, I entered another and a larger room. What did I see?

Fortune had favored me at last. My lucky star had led me to the mistress of the house.

I made my best courtesy, and found myself confronting a large, light-haired, languid, lymphatic lady, who had evidently been amusing herself by walking up and down the room at the moment when I appeared. If there can be such a thing as a damp woman, this was one. There was a humid shine on her colorless white face, and an overflow of water in her pale blue eyes. Her hair was not dressed, and her lace cap was all on one side. The upper part of her was clothed in a loose jacket of blue merino; the lower part was robed in a dimity dressing-gown of doubtful white. In one hand she held a dirty dog-eared book, which I at once detected to be a circulating library novel. Her other hand supported a baby enveloped in flannel, sucking at her breast. Such was my first experience of Reverend Finch's wife—destined to be also the experience of all after-time. Never completely dressed, never completely dry; always with a baby in one hand and a novel in the other—such was Finch's wife!

"Oh, Madame Pratolungo? Yes. I hope somebody has told Miss Finch you are here. She has her own establishment, and manages every thing herself. Have you had a pleasant journey?" (These words were spoken vacantly, as if her mind was occupied with something else. My first impression of her suggested that she was a weak, good-natured woman, and that she must have originally occupied a station in the humbler ranks of life.)

"Thank you, Mrs. Finch," I said. "I have enjoyed most heartily my journey among your beautiful hills."

"Oh, you like the hills? Excuse my dress. I was half an hour late this morning. When you lose half an hour in this house you never can pick it up again, try how you may." (I soon discovered that Mrs. Finch was always losing half an hour out of her day, and that she never, by any chance, succeeded in finding it again, as she had just told me.)

"I understand, madam. The cares of a numerous family—"

"Ah! that's just where it is." (This was a favorite phrase with Mrs. Finch.) "There's Finch, he gets up in the morning and goes and works in the garden. Then there's the washing of the children, and the dreadful waste that goes on in the kitchen. And Finch, he comes in without any notice, and wants his breakfast. And, of course, I can't leave the baby. And half an hour does slip away so easily that how to overtake it again I do assure you I really don't know." Here the baby began to exhibit symptoms of having taken more maternal nourishment than his infant stomach could comfortably contain. I held the novel while Mrs. Finch searched for her handkerchief—first, in her bed-gown pocket; secondly, here, there, and every where in the room.

At this interesting moment there was a knock at the door. An elderly woman appeared, who offered a most refreshing contrast to the members of the household with whom I had made acquaintance thus far. She was neatly dressed; and she saluted me with the polite composure of a civilized being.

"I beg your pardon, ma'am. My young lady has only this moment heard of your arrival. Will you be so kind as to follow me?"

I turned to Mrs. Finch. She had found her handkerchief, and had put her overflowing baby to rights again. I respectfully handed back the novel. "Thank you," said Mrs. Finch. "I find novels compose my mind. Do you read novels too? Remind me, and I'll lend you this one to-morrow." I expressed my acknowledgments, and withdrew. At the door I looked round, saluting the lady of the house. Mrs. Finch was promenading the room, with the baby in one hand and the novel in the other, and the dimity bed-gown trailing behind her.

We ascended the stairs, and entered a bare whitewashed passage, with drab-colored doors in it, leading, as I presumed, into the sleeping chambers of the house.

Every door opened as we passed; children peeped out at me, screamed at me, and banged the door to again. "What family has the present Mrs. Finch?" I asked. The decent elderly woman was obliged to stop and consider. "Including the baby, ma'am, and two sets of twins, and one seven months' child of deficient intellect—fourteen in all." Hearing this, I began—though I consider priests, kings, and capitalists to be the enemies of the human race—to feel a certain exceptional interest in Reverend Finch. Did he never wish that he had been a priest of the Roman Catholic Church, mercifully forbidden to marry at all? While the question passed through my mind my guide took out a key and opened a heavy oaken door at the farther end of the passage.

"We are obliged to keep the door locked, ma'am," she explained, "or the children would be in and out of our part of the house all day long."

After my experience of the children I own I looked at the oaken door with mingled sentiments of gratitude and respect.

We turned a corner, and found ourselves in the vaulted corridor of the ancient portion of the house.

The casement windows on one side—sunk deep in recesses—looked into the garden. Each recess was filled with groups of flowers in pots. On the other side the old wall was gayly decorated with hangings of bright chintz. The doors were colored of a creamy white, with gilt moldings. The brightly ornamented matting under our feet I at once recognized as of South American origin. The ceiling above was decorated in delicate pale blue, with borderings of flowers. Nowhere down the whole extent of the place was so much as a single morsel of dark color to be seen any where.

At the lower end of the corridor a solitary figure in a pure white robe was bending over the flowers in the window. This was the blind girl whose dark hours I had come to cheer. In the scattered villages of the South Downs the simple people added their word of pity to her name, and called her, compassionately, "Poor Miss Finch." As for me, I can only think of her by her pretty Christian name. She is "Lucilla" when my memory dwells on her. Let me call her "Lucilla" here.

When my eyes first rested on her she was picking off the dead leaves from her flowers. Her delicate ear detected the sound of my strange footstep, long before I reached the place in which she was standing. She lifted her head and advanced quickly to meet me, with a faint flush on her face, which came and died away again in a moment. I happen to have visited the picture-gallery at Dresden in former years. As she approached me, nearer and nearer, I was irresistibly reminded of the gem of that superb collection—the matchless Virgin of Raphael, called "The Madonna di San Sisto." The fair broad forehead; the peculiar fullness of the flesh between the eyebrow and the eyelid; the delicate outline of the lower face; the tender, sensitive lips; the color of the complexion and the hair—all reflected with a startling fidelity the lovely creature of the Dresden picture. The one fatal point at which the resemblance ceased was in the eyes. The divinely beautiful eyes of Raphael's Virgin were lost in the living likeness of her that confronted me now. There was no deformity, there was nothing to recoil from, in my blind Lucilla. The poor, dim, sightless eyes had a faded, changeless, inexpressive look—and that was all. Above them, below them, round them to the very edges of her eyelids, there was beauty, movement, life. *In* them—death. A more charming creature—with that one sad drawback—I never saw. There was no other personal defect in her. She had the fine height, the well-balanced figure, and the length of the lower limbs which make all a woman's movements graceful of themselves. Her voice was delicious—clear, cheerful, sympathetic. This, and her smile, which added a charm of its own to the beauty of her mouth, won my heart before she had got close enough to me to put her hand in mine. "Ah, my dear!" I said, in my headlong way, "I am so glad to see you!" The instant the words passed my lips, I could have cut my tongue out for reminding her in that brutal manner that she was blind.

To my relief she showed no sign of feeling it as I did. "May I see you in my way?" she asked, gently, and held up her pretty white hand. "May I touch your face?"

I sat down at once on the window-seat. The soft, rosy tips of her fingers seemed to cover my whole face in an instant. Three separate times she passed her hand rapidly over me, her own face absorbed all the while in breathless attention to what she was about. "Speak again!" she said, suddenly, holding her hand over me in suspense. I said a few words. She stopped me by a kiss. "No more!" she exclaimed, joyously. "Your voice says to my ears what your face says to my fingers. I know I shall like you. Come in and see the rooms we are going to live in together."

As I rose she put her arm round my waist—then instantly drew it away again, and shook her fingers impatiently, as if something had hurt them.

"A pin?" I asked.

"No—no! What colored dress have you got on?"

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"Purple."

"Ah! I knew it! Pray don't wear dark colors. I have my own blind horror of any thing that is dark. Dear Madame Pratolungo, wear pretty bright colors, to please me!" She put her arm caressingly round me again—round my neck, however, this time, where her hand could rest on my linen collar. "You will change your dress before dinner—won't you?" she whispered. "Let me unpack for you, and choose which dress I like."

The brilliant decorations of the corridor were explained to me now.

We entered the rooms; her bedroom, my bedroom, and our sitting-room between the two. I was prepared to find them, what they proved to be—as bright as looking-glasses and gilding and gayly colored ornaments and cheerful knick-knacks of all sorts could make them. They were more like rooms in my lively native country than rooms in sober, colorless England. The one thing which, I own, did still astonish me was that all this sparkling beauty of adornment in Lucilla's habitation should have been provided for the express gratification of a young lady who could not see. Experience was yet to show me that the blind can live in their imaginations, and have their favorite fancies and illusions like the rest of us.

To satisfy Lucilla by changing my dark purple dress it was necessary that I should first have my boxes. So far as I knew, Finch's boy had taken my luggage, along with the pony, to the stables. Before Lucilla could ring the bell to make inquiries my elderly guide (who had silently left us while we were talking together in the corridor) re-appeared, followed by the boy and a groom, carrying my things. These servants also brought with them certain parcels for their young mistress, purchased in the town, together with a bottle, wrapped in fair white paper, which looked like a bottle of medicine—and which had a part of its own to play in our proceedings later in the day.

"This is my old nurse," said Lucilla, presenting her attendant to me. "Zillah can do a little of every thing—cooking included. She has had lessons at a London club. You must like Zillah, Madame Pratolungo, for my sake. Are your boxes open?"

She went down on her knees before the boxes, as she asked the question. No girl with the full use of her eyes could have enjoyed more thoroughly than she did the trivial amusement of unpacking my clothes. This time, however, her wonderful delicacy of touch proved to be at fault. Of two dresses of mine which happened to be exactly the same in texture, though widely different in color, she picked out the dark dress as being the light one. I saw that I disappointed her sadly when I told her of her mistake. The next guess she made, however, restored the tips of her fingers to their place in her estimation: she discovered the stripes in a smart pair of stockings of mine, and brightened up directly. "Don't be long dressing," she said, on leaving me. "We shall have dinner in half an hour—French dishes, in honor of your arrival. I like a nice dinner; I am what you call in your country gourmande. See the sad consequences!" She put one finger to her pretty dimpled chin. "I am getting fat; I am threatened with a double chin—at two-and-twenty. Shocking! shocking!"

So she left me. And such was the first impression produced on my mind by "Poor Miss Finch."

CHAPTER THE FOURTH.

TWILIGHT VIEW OF THE MAN.

Our nice dinner had long since come to an end. We had chattered, chattered, chattered—as usual with women—all about ourselves. The day had declined, the setting sun was pouring its last red lustre into our pretty sitting-room, when Lucilla started as if she had suddenly remembered something, and rang the bell.

Zillah came in. "The bottle from the chemist's," said Lucilla. "I ought to have remembered it hours ago."

"Are you going to take it to Susan yourself, my dear?"

I was glad to hear the old nurse address her young lady in that familiar way. It was so thoroughly un-English. Down with the devilish system of separation between the classes in this country—that is what I say.

"Yes; I am going to take it to Susan myself."

"Shall I go with you?"

"No, no. Not the least occasion." She turned to me. "I suppose you are too tired to go out again after your walk on the hills?" she said.

I had dined; I had rested; I was quite ready to go out again, and I said so.

Lucilla's face brightened. For some reason of her own she had apparently attached a certain importance to persuading me to go out with her this evening.

"It's only a visit to a poor rheumatic woman in the village," she said. "I have got an embrocation for her; and I can't very well send it. She is old and obstinate. If I take it to her, she will believe in the remedy. If any body else takes it, she will throw it away. I had utterly forgotten her in the interest of our nice long talk. Shall we get ready?"

I had hardly closed the door of my bedroom when there was a knock at it. Lucilla? No: the old nurse entering on tiptoe, with a face of mystery, and a finger confidentially placed on her lips. "I beg your pardon, ma'am," she began, in a whisper. "I think you ought to know that my young lady has a purpose in taking you out with her this evening. She is burning with curiosity—like all the rest of us, for that matter. She took me out and used my eyes to see with yesterday evening, and they have not satisfied her. She is going to try your eyes now."

"What is Miss Lucilla so curious about?" I inquired.

"It's natural enough, poor dear," pursued the old woman, following her own train of thought, without the slightest reference to my question. "We none of us can find out any thing about him. He usually takes his walk at twilight. You are pretty sure to meet him to-night; and you will judge for yourself, ma'am—with an innocent young creature like Miss Lucilla—what it may be best to do."

This extraordinary answer set my curiosity in a flame.

"My good creature," I said, "you forget that I am a stranger. I know nothing about it. Has this mysterious man got a name? Who is 'He?'"

As I said that there was another knock at the door. Zillah whispered, eagerly, "Don't tell upon me, ma'am! You will see for yourself. I only speak for my young lady's good." She hobbled away and opened the door—and there was Lucilla, with her smart garden hat on, waiting for me.

We went out by our own door into the garden, and, passing through a gate in the wall, entered the village.

After the caution which the nurse had given me it was impossible to ask any questions, except at the risk of making mischief in our little household on the first day of my joining it. I kept my eyes wide open, and waited for events. I also committed a blunder at starting—I offered Lucilla my hand to lead her. She burst out laughing.

"My dear Madame Pratolungo, I know my way better than you do. I roam all over the neighborhood with nothing to help me but this."

She held up a smart ivory walking-cane, with a bright silk tassel attached. With her cane in one hand, and her chemical bottle in the other—and her roguish little hat on the top of her head—she made the quaintest and prettiest picture I had seen for many a long day. "You shall guide me, my dear," I said, and took her arm. We went on down the village.

Nothing in the least like a mysterious figure passed us in the twilight. The few scattered laboring people whom I had already seen I saw again, and that was all. Lucilla was silent—suspiciously silent, as I thought, after what Zillah had told me. She had, as I fancied, the look of a person who was listening intently. Arrived at the cottage of the rheumatic woman, she stopped and went in, while I waited outside. The affair of the embrocation was not long. She was out again in a minute, and this time she took my arm of her own accord.

"Shall we go a little farther?" she said. "It is so nice and cool at this hour of the evening."

Her object in view, whatever it might be, was evidently an object that lay beyond the village. In the solemn, peaceful twilight we followed the lonely windings of the valley along which I had passed in the morning. When we came opposite the little solitary house, which I had already learned to know as "Browndown," I felt her hand unconsciously tighten on my arm. "Aha!" I said to myself. "Has Browndown any thing to do with this?"

"Does the view look very lonely to-night?" she asked, waving her cane over the scene before us.

The true meaning of that question I took to be, "Do you see any body walking out to-night?" It was not my business to interpret her meaning before she had thought fit to confide her secret to me. "To my mind, dear," was all I said, "it is a very beautiful view."

She fell silent again, and absorbed herself in her own thoughts. We turned into a new winding of the valley, and there, walking toward us from the opposite direction, was a human figure at last—the figure of a solitary man!

As we got nearer to each other I perceived that he was a gentleman; dressed in a light shooting-jacket, and wearing a felt hat of the conical Italian shape. A little nearer, and I saw that he was young. Nearer still, and I discovered that he was handsome, though in rather an effeminate way. At the same moment Lucilla heard his footstep. Her color instantly rose, and once again I felt her hand tighten involuntarily round my arm. (Good! Here was the mysterious object of Zillah's warning to me found at last!)

I have, and I don't mind acknowledging it, an eye for a handsome man. I looked at him as he passed us. Now, I solemnly assure you, I am not an ugly woman. Nevertheless, as our eyes met, I saw the strange gentleman's face suddenly contract, with an expression which told me plainly that I had produced a disagreeable impression on him. With some difficulty—for my companion was holding my arm, and seemed to be disposed to stop altogether—I quickened my pace so as to get by him rapidly; showing him, I dare say, that I thought the change in his face when I looked at him an impertinence on his part. However that may be, after a momentary interval I heard his step behind. The man had turned, and had followed us.

He came close to me, on the opposite side to Lucilla, and took off his hat.

"I beg your pardon, ma'am," he said. "You looked at me just now."

At the first sound of his voice I felt Lucilla start. Her hand began to tremble on my arm with some sudden agitation inconceivable to me. In the double surprise of discovering the end of finding myself charged so abruptly with the offense of looking at a gentleman, I suffered the most exceptional of all losses (where a woman is concerned)—the loss of my tongue. He gave me no time to recover myself. He proceeded with what he had to say—speaking, mind, in the tone of a perfectly well-bred man, with nothing wild in his look and nothing odd in his manner.

"Excuse me if I venture on asking you a very strange question," he went on. "Did you happen to be at Exeter on the third of last month?"

(I must have been more or less than woman if I had not recovered the use of my tongue now.)

"I never was at Exeter in my life, Sir," I answered. "May I ask, on my side, why you put the question to me?"

Instead of replying, he looked at Lucilla.

"Pardon me once more. Perhaps this young lady—"

He was plainly on the point of inquiring next whether Lucilla had been at Exeter, when he checked himself. In the breathless interest which she felt in what was going on she had turned her full face upon him. There was still light enough left for her eyes to tell their own sad story, in their own mute way. As he read the truth in them the man's face changed from the keen look of scrutiny which it had worn thus far to an expression of compassion—I had almost said of distress. He again took off his hat, and bowed to me with the deepest respect.

"I beg your pardon," he said, very earnestly; "I beg the young lady's pardon. Pray forgive me. My strange behavior has its excuse—if I could bring myself to explain it. You distressed me when you looked at me. I can't explain why. Good-evening."

He turned away hastily, like a man confused and ashamed of himself, and left us. I can only repeat that there was nothing strange or flighty in his manner. A perfect gentleman, in full possession of his senses—there is the unexaggerated and the just description of him.

I looked at Lucilla. She was standing with her blind face raised to the sky, lost in herself, like a person rapt in ecstasy.

"Who is that man?" I asked.

My question brought her down suddenly from heaven to earth. "Oh!" she said, reproachfully, "I had his voice still in my ears, and now I have lost it! 'Who is he?'" she added, after a moment, repeating my question; "nobody knows. Tell me—what is he like? Is he beautiful? He must be beautiful, with that voice!"

"Is this the first time you have heard his voice?" I inquired.

"Yes. He passed us yesterday, when I was out with Zillah; but he never spoke. What is he like? Do, pray, tell me—what is he like?"

There was a passionate impatience in her tone which warned me not to trifle with her. The darkness was coming. I thought it wise to propose returning to the house. She consented to do any thing I liked, as long as I consented, on my side, to describe the unknown man.

All the way back I was questioned and cross-questioned, till I felt like a witness under skillful examination in a court of law. Lucilla appeared to be satisfied so far with the results.

"Ah!" she exclaimed, letting out the secret which her old nurse had confided to me. "You can use your eyes. Zillah could tell me nothing."

When we got home again her curiosity took another turn. "Exeter?" she said, considering with herself. "He mentioned Exeter. I am like you—I never was there. What will books tell us about Exeter?" She dispatched Zillah to the other side of the house for a gazetteer.

I followed the old woman into the corridor, and set her mind at ease in a whisper. "I have kept what you told me a secret," I said. "The man was out in the twilight, as you foretold. I have spoken to him, and I am quite as curious as the rest of you. Now get the book."

Lucilla had, to confess the truth, infected me with her idea that the gazetteer might help us in interpreting the stranger's remarkable question relating to the third of last month, and his extraordinary assertion that I had distressed him when I looked at him. With the nurse breathless on one side of me, and Lucilla breathless on the other, I opened the book at the letter "E," and found the place, and read aloud these lines, as follows:

"EXETER. A city and seaport in Devonshire. Formerly the seat of the West Saxon Kings. It has a large foreign and home commerce. Population [illegible]. The Assizes for Devonshire are held at Exeter in the spring and summer."

"Is that all?" asked Lucilla.

I shut the book, and answered, like Finch's boy, in three monosyllabic words:

"That is all."

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

A young lady at an evening party some time ago found it apropos to use the expression, "Jordan is a hard road to travel," but thinking that too vulgar, substituted the following: "Perambulating progression in pedestrian excursions along the borders of the [illegible] of Palestine is indeed attended with a heterogeneous conglomeration of unforeseen difficulties."

CARNAL LANTERNS—[illegible].

"What is the annual corn crop of Kentucky?" asked a foreign tourist of a Kentuckian. "I can't exactly say," replied the Kentuckian, "but I know it's enough to make all the whisky we want, besides what is wasted for bread."

A mosquito-taper is a Pittsburg invention. It makes such a small white burning that mosquitoes ask to be excused. It drives human beings out-doors also, which is its only defect.

The following is part of a telegram relating to the heat in court the other day: "[illegible] complained of the excessive heat, and the court adjourned." [illegible]

A Yankee having told an Englishman that he shot, on one particular occasion, nine hundred and ninety-nine snipe, his interlocutor asked him why he didn't make it a thousand at once. "No," said he, "not likely I'm going to tell a lie for one snipe." Whereupon the Englishman, determined not to be outdone, began to tell a story of a man having swum from Liverpool to Boston. "Did you see him yourself?" asked the Yankee, curiously. "Why, yes, of course I did. I was coming across, and our vessel passed him a mile out of Boston Harbor." "Well, I'm glad ye saw him, stranger, 'cos yer a witness that I did it. That was me."

THE [illegible]—A bride.

It is reported as a recent occurrence that a poor young man fell in love with an heiress, and the passion being returned, it only remained the parent's consent to make them happy. At length meeting the father he asked for the daughter's hand. "How much money can you command?" asked the millionaire, gruffly. "Not much," was the reply. "What are your expectations?" "Well, to tell you the truth, I expect, if you refuse your consent, to run away with your daughter, and marry her without it."

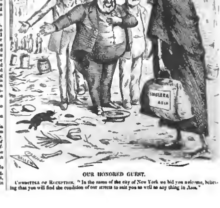
ADVICE TO LOVERS.—When you can not catch the last car at night, take a "buss" instead.

A rising poet of ardent temperament thus describes some of the wonderful performances of "Dame Nature:"

"She next made Woman—on the Muse grew—
With an improved material and art,
Gave her a form, the choicest one of those
That make aught beautiful, and to her heart
A power to melt men, and loaned the rose
Its blushing tint to her soft cheek impart;
Then chopp'd the rainbow up, and with the chips
She went to work, and finished off her lips."

The key to Darwin's theory which is apparent in all is—Monkey.

"I keep the best bread," said a certain baker the other day to a poor fellow who complained of the inferior quality of the article he had purchased of him the day before. "I don't doubt it," replied the customer. "Then why do you complain?" asked the baker. "Because I would suggest that you sell the best bread and keep the old," was the reply.

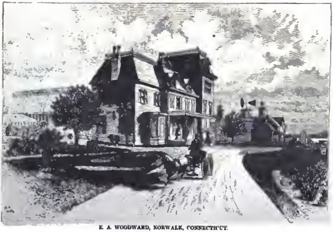


OUR HONORED GUEST.

COMMITTEE OF RECEPTION. "In the name of the city of New York we bid you welcome, believing that you will find the condition of our streets to suit you as well as any thing in Asia."

HOME OF "THE BOSS," GREENWICH, CONNECTICUT.

J. H. KEYSER. E. A. WOODWARD. J. H. INGERSOLL.



E. A. WOODWARD, NORWALK, CONNECTICUT.

J. H. INGERSOLL.

SUMMER PALACES OF THE TAMMANY

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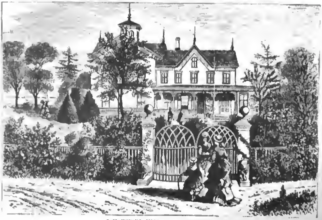
AMERICUS CLUB HOUSE, GREENWICH, CONNECTICUT.

A. J. GARVEY. GARVEY'S STABLE.

WALK, CONNECTICUT.

G.—[See Page 818 and Cartoon on Page 812.]



J. H. KEYSER, NORWALK, CONNECTICUT.

SUMMER PALACES OF THE RING.

A single picture sometimes conveys at one glance the meaning of a volume. For weeks the unfettered press of the country, led by the *New York Times*, has exposed the stupendous frauds of "the Ring," and the wrongs suffered by the community at the hands of the men who compose that political junta; but, without the least disparagement of their vigorous warfare against corruption in high places, we doubt if the subject has ever been so pithily set before the public as in the pictures which are given in this number of *Harper's Weekly*—"Summer Palaces of the Ring," engraved from sketches by our artist, Mr. Theodore R. Davis, and Nast's striking cartoon entitled, "Hanging the Washing House."

The first series of illustrations shows the summer residences of some of the most noted members of the Ring. There is the famous "American Club House" at Greenwich, Connecticut, an excellent portrait of the Boss, and a sketch of his palatial residence at the same place. The strip through the centre of the page gives a semi-panoramic view of Woodward Park, at South Norwalk, Connecticut, in which are situated the summer palaces of Messrs. Woodward, Keyser, Garvey, and Ingersoll; and underneath are nearer views of three of these palatial residences. The Park lies within a short distance of the town, inclosed by a curving line of solid stone wall. It is pleasantly situated on a swell of land that rises gently from the shore of the Sound, commanding a view of a wide stretch of waters northward and southward, while looking eastward across the twenty miles of water that intervenes between it and Long Island one may see in clear weather the lengthened line of the coast of the latter, with its background of dusky hills; and here and there, rising slightly above the surface of the water, lie green and wooded islets such as the eye loves to rest upon. Backward and westward the land is rolled up to undulating hills covered with forest. The property is about a mile and a half in length, with an average width of one third of a mile. In luxuriance of elegant cultivation it already resembles the parks of the English nobility, and the proprietors intend to form therefrom a grand park, with walks and drives, laid out in the finest style of modern landscape gardening, and to build, in further imitation of the English aristocracy, a "hamlet" of small houses somewhere in the outskirts of their property for the accommodation of their humble dependents. While drawing a princely income from their investments, these Lords of the Ring will thus surround themselves with a population of subservient voters, by whose aid they doubtless intend to obtain political control of a Republican district.

The Park, nearly surrounded by water, comprises a series of small knolls, divided by low meadows, and at high tide converted into islands, to which access is given by means of handsome bridges. The residence of Mr. Andrew J. Garvey, Plasterer to the Ring, stands on "Garvey's Island," which contains about three acres of ground. The dwelling, which is intended as the owner's summer residence, is a frame house, three stories in height, of the ordinary villa pattern, painted yellow, with brown trimmings, and is about 25 by 35 feet in dimensions. The windows are square with rounded tops, pointed Italian arches being set in above. It has a French roof and a square tower with circular windows on the southeasterly side overlooking the Sound. Although less pretentious than the other residences in the park, Mr. Garvey's house is superbly and elaborately finished. The island is completely bordered with trees of forest growth.

It appears from the Controller's books, according to the statements in the *Times*, that Mr. Garvey was paid for plastering and repairs in the county buildings and armories of New York city, for 1869 and 1870, the sum of $2,870,464 06.

In the distance, just to the left of Mr. Garvey's residence, in the central sketch, may be seen the terraced Mansard roof and lofty tower of Mr. Ingersoll's princely mansion. It occupies the highest point of land in the tract, and is said to be one of the most elegant and imposing private residences in America; and the grounds, with the gardener's cottage, the stables, and carriage houses, are sumptuous and extensive.

Mr. Ingersoll's residence is larger and more costly than Mr. Garvey's. Mr. Ingersoll's bills against the county, according to the Controller's books, as given in the *Times*, for furniture, carpets, etc., in 1869 and 1870, amounted to $5,663,646 83.

Mr. John H. Keyser's house is situated on an island comprising about thirty acres of ground, bordered with a dense wood, and surrounded with a stone wall laid in cement, to break the force of the waves in stormy weather. The house, an elegant and tasteful structure, is about 40 by 50 feet, and three stories in height, with sloping roofs, which intersect each other, painted a dark red. A handsome veranda runs around the house, which is painted a delicate buff, with dark brown trimmings. The windows are capped with pointed arches, and the whole woodwork is richly ornamented. Besides other outbuildings, the grounds contain two magnificent conservatories about 100 feet long by 30 wide, whence are dispensed upon the surrounding atmosphere the delicious odors of native and foreign flowers. The approach to Mr. Keyser's ground is by a fine gravel road, and around a splendid level race-track, which was laid out at the expense of all. The track is exactly one mile around.

The Controller's books, as quoted by the *New York Times*, show that Mr. Keyser's bills for plumbing and repairs in the various county offices in this city, for 1869 and 1870, amounted to $1,231,817 76.

The grounds of Mr. Elbert A. Woodward, which are separated by a wire fence from those of Mr. Ingersoll, are also extensive, and laid out with a lavish expenditure of money. His house is built in the finest style of country architecture, and is surrounded by every thing necessary to render life agreeable; conservatories filled with the finest specimens of indigenous and rare exotic fruits and flowers; splendid barns and carriage-houses; stables for fast horses and fancy breeds of cattle, and, not least, the gardener's house, which is large and handsome. Only a few years ago Mr. Woodward was a clerk in a New York office, with a salary of $1500. He now owns this magnificent property.

Let the reader turn from these sketches of more than princely opulence and extravagance to the dark contrast presented in Mr. Nast's cartoon on page 812. No words are needed to enforce the moral. Look first upon this picture, then on that, and make the application for yourself.

TOM'S TROWSERS.

Two pairs of trowsers—one pair of gray wool, the other of fine white duck—hung together in a dark closet for some days without exchanging a word. At last the gray pair, tired of the silence, spoke to his neighbor:

"My friend, you hang there so solemnly and straight that it leads one to think you are afraid of disturbing the elegant composure of your immaculate legs, and becoming wrinkled before your time. Would it not be better to show less starch and more sociability?"

The duck trowsers cast a look out of his bottom at the woolen pair, as if he did not consider himself in very select company; and in truth our friend of wool presented a most disreputable appearance. A great rent ran across one of his legs, and a long streak of tar down the other. Both legs were very dirty and rumpled, with a great poke out at the knees, and much stained with grass.

"Good fellow," he replied, "if you had been seized by a great red-cheeked, strong-armed damsel, plunged into a suffocating mixture of hot water and soap, violently rubbed upon a board, then twisted and wrung to expel the water, then boiled, then dipped up and down in cold water curiously tinged with blue, wrung again and plastered over with a slimy compound called starch, then hung at the sun to dry, and finally dampened and pressed under heavy, burning hot irons, and knew if you did not take care of yourself you would be subjected to the same cruel treatment again, I think you would be very careful how you made new acquaintances, lest you should be led into some scrape or other, and rue it."

"Dear me!" said the gray trowsers. "How grand we are, to be sure! You were not so stiff the other day when you lay all in a heap on the closet floor waiting to be taken to the wash. Soap and starch have made a surprising difference in your complexion and manners since then. However, I will pardon your rudeness, for you did not know me in my best days. You were then shut up in a trunk in the garret for the winter, when I came home, fresh and elegant, from the tailor's. And as to suffering! Look at this hateful tear in my right leg, and at the nasty tar on the other, that no amount of soap and water can ever remove! Ah, my dear duck, you are fortunate in being able to renew your youth and beauty in the tub of the washer-woman, and at the cost of a little rough treatment. There is a French proverb which—as you come from Ireland, and as French is a language I became familiar with while in my native Germany—I will translate for your consideration, 'It is necessary to suffer to be beautiful.' But nothing will restore my lost glories. I am on my last legs and buttons: torn, worn, dirty, and forlorn, I await whatever fate my good-hearted but careless young master or his mamma may design for me. Only the other day I heard her say to him,

"'Now, Tom, my dear, you must not put on those dirty old trowsers again; they are disgraceful. Look at this tear!'

"'Yes, mamma,' said Tom: 'I tore that in the woods this morning, climbing over a fence after a squirrel.'

"'Well, I'm glad of it,' said his mamma. 'And you need not come to me for a needleful of carpet-thread with a knot in the end to mend it, as you did the tear in the brown trowsers, for you sha'n't have it.'

"Tom laughed, came into his room, dragged me off, and Kate, the seamstress, hung me up here, and here I have remained ever since, bored to death, and longing for something to happen to break up my dull seclusion, and divert my mind from dwelling with regret on the past and with apprehension on the future." Here our woolen friend sighed, and shook off a button hanging by a thread, which rolled along the closet floor and lodged in a crack.

"Pray," said the duck trowsers, "excuse my incivility. I had no idea we belonged to the same master; and I must say that of all the heedless, restless, unbearable young scamps—"

"Stop!" said the gray trowsers. "I won't have a word said against him. I have not often been witness to evidences of his goodness of heart; and, in spite of his hard usage of me, I can't hear him abused. Let me tell you a little incident. One day we were down on the shore just below the house. Were you ever there?"

"Oh yes," said the duck trowsers. "But I always dread going, for the sea air takes out all my starch."

"Well," replied the gray, "perhaps you remember seeing little children, frequently barefooted, come there to gather chips and sticks of wood thrown up by the waves; you do? Well, as I said before, we were down there making preparations to fish for tomcod from the end of the old ruined wharf, when Tom threw down his hook and bait, and started for the house. He went to Mary, the house-maid.

"'Give me a dust-pan and brush, please,' he asked.

"'What do you want them for, Master Tom?' said Mary, 'and where have you been making a mess now?'

"'Nowhere,' said Tom. 'Come, be quick!'

"'Sorra the sign will I iver be seeing of them ag'in,' said Mary, giving them to him.

"'Och, sure! and its meself will be bringing them sthraight bath to ye,' said Tom as he took them; and away he ran down the bank to the shore, where he carefully swept some small pieces of broken glass into the dust-pan, that the children might not cut their feet when they came for wood. He kept his promise to Mary by taking back the pan and brush, when she instantly inquired:

"'How many of my tumblers have you been afther breaking, Master Tom?'

"But Tom only laughed, and we ran back to our fishing, which went on in this wise: Tom baited his hook and took his seat on a stone at the end of the wharf, with our legs hanging over the water. Throwing his line in with one hand, he held his Greek grammar in the other, and studied away till he felt a bite. Then away went his book on the stones, page down or not as it might happen, till the fish was secured; when the hook was rebaited, the line thrown, and the grammar resumed. The fishing was carried on thus through the afternoon, and he always took home a basketful of fish for breakfast the next morning; but how many Greek verbs he managed to acquire and lay up for use in the same time, his tutor could tell you better than I."

"That is all very well," said the duck trowsers—"what you tell me about the glass on the shore; but that there never was a pair of legs more inclined to lead trowsers into mischief than his are I am firmly convinced; and as to pockets, he has no idea of propriety in what he thrusts into them."

"He frequently takes money out, given to him to spend for his own amusement, to relieve the needs of the poor," said the gray trowsers, "and that excuses somewhat his curious choice of what he puts in—although I confess to shuddering with horror at his cramming a red toad into my pocket to take home to show to his mamma and sisters. And a fine fright he gave them by putting it down on the dining-room floor for their benefit."

"Through what misfortune were you brought to your present condition?" said the duck trowsers.

"Ah!" replied the gray, "that would take a long time to tell. To pass over the period while I lay yet undeveloped in the roll of fine cloth brought from my dear Germany to America (and fancy, my dear fellow-trowsers, how I am doubly worn to a thread when I hear of the war declared by France, and think that it is possible that aggressive nation may possess itself of the left bank of my beautiful Rhine!), I will go back only to the time when I came home from Messrs. Rosse & Phillips, and my dear Tom had signified his approval by cutting a caper, and by using the not very elegant but expressive epithet, 'Bully!' when he had tried me on before the long glass in his mamma's room. For some time I went only to church, or drove out with Tom, his mamma, and sisters—which Tom considered a very dull way of spending a bright afternoon. Occasionally we went to town, where I had an opportunity of meeting and comparing myself with the style and cut of other trowsers on Broadway, and where, also, I was in a state of continual disgust at the horrid black mud through which Tom would take me without the least thought to preserve the immaculate spotlessness of my appearance. At last one day when we were all in town on a shopping expedition, and were at luncheon at Delmonico's, Tom upset a plate of St. Julien soup all over me. This put me in such a condition that Tom's mamma was obliged to take him to Brooks's, where I was replaced by another pair of trowsers, after much trying on of various kinds and styles. I was carried home ignominiously wrapped up in brown paper, and the next day Tom's mamma and the seamstress endeavored to remove the traces of his carelessness by rubbing me with alcohol, benzine, and soap-and-water—only succeeding in taking off almost all my nap, and not in effacing the stains. As a very ugly pair of brown trowsers, which had preceded me, were very shabby, I took their place for every-day wear—a change rendered necessary the next day by Tom, who presented himself, I heard, in the afternoon covered to the waist with marsh mud. He had ventured too far into a salt meadow about two miles from the village, had stuck, and would have been drawn below the surface in a short time if his lusty cries for help had not been heard by a man passing on the road near by. Thus I became the constant companion of my dear Tom: and many a jolly day we have had together—never, I fear, to return."

Just then the trowsers heard through the partly open closet door the voices of Tom and Kate, his mamma's seamstress.

"Be a good girl, Kate," said Tom, "and get me a big needle and some black carpet-thread with a knot at the end."

"There's nothing but red thread in the house, Master Tom," said Kate.

"Thunder!" said Tom, "isn't there? Well, then, bring me that." And Tom threw open the closet door and took down the gray trowsers.

"Christopher!" cried he. "Where is that button gone?—the last button that held my suspenders! Kate!" shouted he, "bring me a button too."

"What kind of a button, Master Tom?"

"Oh, any kind that has holes in it that a fellow can sew on. You see, Kate," he said, when she came back with the things for him, "I want to go and dig for clams for tea, and these trowsers are just the thing for that."

Down he sat, and, whistling "Champagne Charley," cobbled up the tear in his trowsers with the red thread, sewed on the button, pushing in the needle by applying the head of the mantel-piece; and, his mending completed, drew them on, and putting a remarkably old straw hat, with a hole in the brim, on his head, he and the gray trowsers departed to have another "jolly day" together.

"There he goes," thought the white trowsers, "with that young madcap, who will take him into some shocking scrape or other, and bring him home utterly worn out. I can't account for the likings of some people. What pleasure can there possibly be in digging for clams? Nasty, muddy business, *I* say." Indulging in this comfortable conviction of elevated taste, our duck friend dozed off into a long nap, which was broken at last by a great bustle outside the closet in the hall. And there was to be seen indistinctly through the half-open closet door some men passing slowly by, seeming to carry a burden among them. Women followed, and what seemed the very ghost of Tom's voice said:

"Don't be troubled, dear mamma. I shall be all right." And then his mamma cried,

"Give me the camphor! He has fainted again!"

After a few moments the men went through the hall again, and down stairs, walking on the tips of their great rough boots. Then Kate came past carrying a blanket close in her arms, and Mary, the tears running down her face, followed, with an earthenware foot-warmer wrapped in her apron. Then came a sound of gentle moving about in Tom's room, and Tom's mamma said,

"Don't speak, dear boy. You must not talk."

After what seemed a very long while to the duck trowsers, whose every fibre was cracking with curiosity, the sound of a carriage, rapidly driven up to the house, was audible, and in a few moments kindly creaking boots ascended the stairway, and a stout, rosy-faced man passed the closet door.

"Oh, doctor, I am so glad you have come!" said Tom's mamma.

"So my young friend has been trying to see what drowning is like," said the doctor, in a rich, cheery voice.

The duck trowsers could distinguish nothing more until the doctor evidently rose to go, saying:

"There is nothing the matter with him, my dear madam, but exhaustion. Give him the prescription every hour, continue the brandy-and-water at intervals, let him take a bowl of strong broth with an egg in it for supper, and a good night's rest will put him straight by to-morrow. But he must be prudent for a few days; not do this sort of thing right over again, you know. I'll stop in some time in the course of the day to-morrow. Good-morning."

"Ho-ho!" thought the duck trowsers; "it's plain to see that Master Tom has been out in a boat, and has upset it with his reckless sailing, and nearly got himself drowned. I wonder if I shall ever see my poor friend of gray cloth again?"

Toward evening Kate opened the closet door and hung up the gray trowsers in their place again. They seemed rather damp, and looked very limp and wretched.

"Dear me," said the white trowsers, "I am so delighted you have come! From the state in which Master Tom came home, I was beginning to fear I should never see you again."

"Do you know how he is? Pray tell me quickly, for I am very anxious about him," replied the gray.

"Oh, he'll do well enough. I heard the doctor say he'd be all right; and he ought, with such coddling. The house turned upside down, and his mother and all the women at their wits' end with fright, running about with hot blankets and foot-warmers, bottles of brandy and camphor, and every thing else they could lay their hands on. I'd shut him up for a week on bread and water."

"What for?" asked the gray trowsers.

"Why, didn't he go out in a boat, carry too much sail, and capsize?" answered the duck.

"And where did you get that precious piece of information from?" said the gray.

"Why, I—I—well, I naturally supposed it," said the duck. "What did they mean by their talk about drowning, and were—"

"Exactly," broke in the gray; "you'll find yourself in difficulties some day, friend duck, if you jump at conclusions at that rate. Tom was nearly drowned, I confess, but it was in swimming out from shore to save a little boy's life."

"Is it possible?" exclaimed the duck trowsers. "That is altogether another thing, and I beg Tom's and your pardon. But tell me all about it. That is, if you are not too tired."

"No, I'm not *too* tired," said the gray trowsers; "for I have not done much to-day. Well, to begin at the beginning, you know we went off this morning to dig for clams. Tom took a tin pail and a spading fork, and we went down on the shore, about half a mile below the house, where Tom began to dig, and soon got his hands in a frightful condition with black sand. Just beyond where we stood there was a very clean, smooth strip of beach sloping down gradually to deep water. The little waves came rippling invitingly up, and Tom, sticking the fork in the ground, rested his hands on his knees, leaving their impress in black sand on my already sufficiently begrimed surface, and looked over the water.

"'Gracious!' said he; 'it's hot enough to broil a fellow! I'll go in for a swim.' And in a few minutes I was lying on top of his other clothing, and he was in the water, his head seeming to float about by itself, except when a white shoulder or leg flashed out in the sunlight for a

moment as he turned. He kept close inshore, for he had promised his mother he would never go beyond his depth when alone.

"'The sound of a child's crying now came over the water, and on looking off I saw a small skiff drifting down with the tide. A little boy ran up and down the boat screaming with fright. There were no oars, and he was too small to use them if there had been any, and I expected every instant to see him fall over into the water. Suddenly a woman came in sight running down the shore, shrieking and gesticulating, her hair and petticoats flying behind her. I looked again at the little boat. The rollers from a great ocean steamer that had just passed up the bay had reached the tiny shell, and were rocking it violently from side to side, and in another instant the poor baby toppled over into the water, and the boat was drifting on empty.

"'Tom evidently had seen all this as soon or sooner than I, for he was already more than half-way to where the child went down. The mother stopped near me, wringing her hands, but silent now, for she saw that Tom would save her boy if it were possible. In a few moments Tom, who had made for a spot below where the child fell in, dove under the surface, and came up holding the little fellow by the hair. He managed to change his grasp, in some dextrous way or other, so as to hold him above water, and turning, swam for shore. Now a boat, rowed by two men, rapidly rounded the little headland just below our house.

"'They gave a shout when they saw my brave Tom and his burden, but did not reach him till just as he staggered up the beach to the woman, who knelt half in the water, holding out her arms for the child, and fell beside her. She caught up her child and ran to the nearest shanty, of which there are several on the shore. The men, leaping out of the boat, lifted up Tom and followed her. I heard him say as they passed me, 'Take me right home—mamma!' By this time all the women and children were out of their houses and gathered around, and I could not see what was done.

"'After a while one of the women found me and the rest of Tom's clothes, and sent us home by a half-grown girl. Until I saw you I was in ignorance of how it had fared with my dear Tom, and I am most happy to know he will be none the worse for his exertion.'"

"But has any thing been heard of the youngster he saved?" asked the duck trowsers.

"Oh yes. Tom's mother sent the gardener down to Pat O'Grady's—his father's shanty—to inquire about him, while I was lying in a heap in the kitchen hall. He returned before I was taken away, saying:

"'The bairn was no the warse for his duckin', but makin' a braw meal o' breed and treacle. And his mither was muckle obleeged to the leddy for sendin'.'"

The two pairs of trowsers now became aware of sounds in Tom's room, which had been very quiet for some time. Tom's mother said:

"You have had a nice long nap, dear boy. Shall we have some broth now?"

"Why, yes," said Tom. "Can't I get up? I'm sure I feel well enough."

"No, dear, keep still for to-day, that you may rise like a lion to-morrow," replied his mother.

"Seeking what I may devour?" laughed Tom.

His mamma kissed him, laughing too, and crossed the room and rang the bell.

In a few minutes up came Kate, a tray in her hands, covered with a white napkin, on which were nicely arranged a bowl of broth and a toast rack, having in it two crisp slices of toast. Mary followed, carrying a small pitcher of ice-water and a goblet, and the cook brought up the rear to ask how Master Tom felt himself this evening, when Tom shouted:

"I'm all right, Rosa. Be sure and have soft waffles for breakfast to-morrow." At which she went down stairs highly pleased.

Tom dispatched his broth with great satisfaction, despite a slight grumble about "keeping a fellow on slops." And Kate, closing the closet door tight, as she passed through the hall, the trowsers, thus shut in, had nothing to do but resign themselves to sleep for the night.

SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

The great railroad king of South America, Mr. Henry Meiggs, formerly of San Francisco, who is so well and favorably known for the energy with which he has built railroads in Peru, has lately made a contract with the government of Costa Rica for the construction of a railroad from Limon Bay across to the Gulf of Nicoya. A railroad of this character has been in contemplation for several years past, and different parties have successively undertaken it, but without doing so much as breaking ground. Its being now in the hands of Mr. Meiggs is a guarantee that it will not only be commenced, but completed in the shortest possible time, especially as his contracts with the government are extremely favorable. The price of the road from the Atlantic coast at Limon to San José, the capital of the country, is to be seven million two hundred thousand dollars, to be paid at stated intervals as the work progresses. Mr. Meiggs can introduce his own laborers, and all his employés will be exempt from military service, except in case of foreign war. He can also introduce gold and silver and all supplies free of duty or tax of any kind. A bank is to be established in connection with the road to facilitate its financial transactions, the government placing at the disposal of Mr. Meiggs $300,000, to be increased monthly until the entire capital of the bank is raised to $1,500,000.

A valuable paper by Dr. Ascherson has recently appeared in Petermann's *Mittheilungen* upon the geographical distribution of what he calls the sea-grasses, or the phanerogamous sea plants, as distinct from the sea-mosses, or algæ. From this essay we learn that on the Atlantic coast of the United States we have of this group only the *Zostera marina*, or the well-known eel-grass, which is found so abundantly in shallow bays and elsewhere, and which, while a great impediment to boating, serves as the harbor and home of our young fish and marine invertebrates. Some other genera and species occur on the western coast of North America, and others again in the West Indies.

Considerable interest has been excited in California by the announcement of the existence of what was supposed to be a stranded ship in the great Colorado desert, many miles from navigable water, and much speculation has been exercised in regard to its origin. No one had actually visited the locality, and it had only been seen from a distance, and under circumstances which precluded the possibility of a nearer approach. At a late meeting of the California Academy of Science Mr. Hawes presented a communication stating that he had ascertained that this was not a ship, and that he would soon give a more full description of its true nature.

At a recent meeting of the Academy of Sciences of San Francisco Professor George Davidson, of the United States Coast Survey, presented a paper upon the coast terraces between San Francisco and San Diego. These embrace four principal elevations of from 20 to 150 feet each, some running back as far as six miles from the present beach. These he found were arrested at San Pedro, thence declining rapidly to San Diego, and but slightly to San Francisco. On some parts the curious small mounds seen near Puget Sound, to which different causes have been assigned (among others, ancient gopher or prairie-dog hillocks, or fish-spawning beds), were well developed along the whole coast.

Late advices from Captain Hall's expedition on the *Polaris* state that the party reached Newfoundland in good condition, and was received with the utmost attention by the authorities. In consequence of some dissatisfaction on the part of Captain Buddington, the sailing and ice-master of the expedition, with the organization and instructions of the Navy Department he has resigned, and will probably be replaced at Disco by Captain Richard Tyson. The United States frigate *Congress* has left New York with additional supplies of provisions, coal, etc., for the *Polaris*, and will proceed by the most direct route to the depôt agreed upon in Greenland. A number of persons accompany this vessel, among them Mr. Bryan, the astronomer of the expedition, and several gentlemen who will return in the *Congress*.

A maritime exposition has lately taken place at Naples, which was well attended by delegates from different nations, and many subjects of general importance were considered during the session. The principal topics discussed were: first, those relating to international maritime law; second, international commerce; third, mercantile marine; and fourth, fisheries, international and along shore. Under the latter head the following topics were suggested for present and further consideration:

1. Can the sea, or certain portions of its shore, positively lose in regard to the number of its diverse inhabitants on account of particular methods of fishing? What are the proofs of any asserted diminution? and might these signify any other result than real numerical diminution? If there be actual diminution, what measures should be taken—local, general, or international—to prevent such injury, and, on the contrary, to increase the production of marine creatures?

2. How can a series of observations be organized which will tend to establish the fecundity of one or more species of fish, the number of individuals which reach maturity, and the laws of individual growth, together with the seasons and localities most opportune for fishing?

3. How can there be instituted in the Mediterranean—in addition to the ordinary hydrographic researches—investigations in regard to the temperature, the saline saturation of the water, the flora and fauna of its different beds, and the character of the bottom at all depths, from the profoundest to the shallowest, following its coasts and its depending basins and bays?

4. Is it necessary to provide for deep-sea fishing by an international code?

Late advices from Dr. Hayden's party were dated July 18, at Fort Ellis, Montana, and announced the preparations as being made for moving into the remarkable region about the head of the Yellow Stone. A permanent camp was to be made on the Yellow Stone about fifty miles from Fort Ellis and nearly a hundred miles from the lake, so that communication and supplies can be maintained without impediment. In addition to the civilians of the party, of whom mention has already been made, there is an escort of one company of the Second Cavalry. Colonel Bavenly, chief engineer of General Sheridan's staff, and Captain Heap, chief engineer of General Hancock's staff, with their assistants, accompany Dr. Hayden, for the purpose of making military surveys.

For some time past movements have been on foot looking toward a co-operation on the part of the Dominion of Canada in the storm signal observations of the United States, thus rendering them beneficial to both countries; and on the 15th of July telegraphic connection was established. Telegraphic reports and communications will be made from a number of stations in the Province of Quebec, and published from Washington with the regular series, the observations from the United States being telegraphed back in return. Dr. Smallwood, the well-known meteorologist of Montreal, is in charge of a central office in that city, where the local reports are to be concentrated, and whence they are to be communicated to Washington, and to whom the returns are to be transmitted.

Among current works likely to constitute a new era in the history of American meteorology may be mentioned a paper by Mr. C. A. Schott, of the Coast Survey, upon the rain-fall in the United States, as prepared and published under the direction of the Smithsonian Institution. These embrace observations for many years past, and constitute, in a measure, the culmination of the long and patient labors in this direction as instituted by Professor Henry, and carried out to their conclusion. The matter as given in this paper embraces a series of tables of the daily, monthly, quarterly, and annual rain-fall at numerous stations in North America, with critical discussions of the scientific questions involved, and is accompanied by three maps, prepared with great care, exhibiting the rain fall for the winter, the summer, and the year. Numerous important generalizations are discussed in this memoir, to which we refer our readers for details.

A paper upon the winds of the northern hemisphere, by Professor Coffin, was published some years ago by the Institution, but a new and entirely revised one is in an advanced stage of preparation. The discussions and generalizations with reference to temperature, barometric pressure, etc., will follow in due succession.

In a late article we announced the intention of the Swedish government to establish a colony in Spitzbergen for permanent scientific observation, and we regret now to learn that the enterprise has been abandoned, mainly, it is said, in consequence of jealousies on the part of the Russian government.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

What a multitude of people there are "who, having eyes, see not" the beauties of Nature! They walk through this lovely earth blindfolded. These blinded individuals do not by any means confine themselves to one locality; they do not immure themselves within four brick walls, or even within city limits. They travel far and wide. Inquire of them, they have visited all prominent places of interest; but having assured you that Niagara is "very fine," Mount Washington "very sightly," and Lake George "very pretty," they have given you all the ideas they have on the subjects. They travel because it is the fashion, and visit the most beautiful spots on God's earth with much the same spirit as that manifested by a certain gentleman who, after having walked through one of the most magnificent cathedrals of Europe without giving scarcely a glance at fresco or painting, exclaimed, "There! we've done that. What next?" We remember, when sailing on Lake Winnipiseogee—one of the most charming sheets of water in the world—that we felt a half-indignant pity for men and women, evidently "sight-seers" (?), who scarcely turned their eyes from newspapers and novels to that fair page of Nature's book, or ceased chatting of business and fashion long enough to utter an appreciative comment upon the ever-varying view. They had never educated their eyes, or were lamentably lacking in love for the beautiful. It matters little whether one is in some far-famed romantic locality or in a quiet country nook; there is beauty every where—in leaf and bud and flower; in insect, bird, and butterfly; in waving grain and ripening fruit; in field and brook; in the babbling brook and the rough mountain-side; in the glorious, golden sunset hues and the gloomy, gathering storm-clouds: we only need to open our eyes to see that the Creator's seal of beauty is set to all his works.

It has been suggested that it would not only be gratifying to the traveling public, but also contribute to their comfort and safety, if on every passenger boat a steam and water gauge should be exhibited in some prominent place for general inspection. If, also, a memorandum of the maximum pressure the boiler was allowed to carry should be placed beside the gauge, people would experience a sense of security which recent disasters have made impossible under present arrangements, and engineers would be prevented from overstraining the boiler by excessive pressure.

Notwithstanding the abundance of luscious fruit displayed in Fulton Market, it is not appetizing to make a tour through it. Passing strange is it that the proper city officials, and each and every individual doing business in the city, can not realize the comfort and importance of perfect cleanliness, especially in warm weather. Decaying fruit impregnates the air with noxious odors, inviting cholera, yellow fever, and all manner of pestilential diseases to come and abide in the vicinity.

When the Garden of the Tuileries was re-opened to the public the people found most of the statues defaced or wholly destroyed. The colossal figure of Peace, by Chaudet, was burned by petroleum; the statue of Agrippina had lost her head and her right arm; Cybele pointed with the stump of her left arm to the missing skirt in which her missing right arm once held sundry fruits of the earth, now missing likewise; Pradier's Prometheus was but little injured, while the *Serpent-Charmer*, dedicated by Clesinger to the Prince Imperial, belonging to the Jardin Reserve, was found literally riddled with shot, hacked with bayonets, and otherwise mutilated in the most disgraceful manner.

The romantic scenery of the Highlands is evidently inspiring to poetic minds. On the cover of a Bible belonging to the saloon of a Hudson River steamer were found written the following lines:

"This holy book neglected lies,
No soul with it communes,
While scores of souls sit round about
With *Heralds* and *Tribunes*."

The Parisian youth sell teeth of the dead Communists as curiosities. Twenty-four sets of Dombrowski's have already been disposed of, and there was a brisk trade in Cluseret's until it was found that he was not dead.

A Chinese of some distinction living at North Adams, Massachusetts, has created great excitement among his fellows by cutting off his queue. This is a novelty among the Celestials, and whether said person will be strong enough to set the fashion remains to be seen.

An English clergyman has been studying the relative characters of men and women. By a calculation of his own—whether mathematical or otherwise does not appear—he has arrived at the conclusion that there will be twelve women to one man who will enter heaven!

How very fortunate that of the sixty-nine young ladies who have fainted away in Atlanta during the summer, fifty-seven fell into the arms of gentlemen, and only eleven fell on the floor, and one into a water-bucket! But it is evident that at least a dozen gentlemen should immediately go to Atlanta.

Nahant, one of the pleasantest sea-side villages on the New England coast, is about nine miles from Boston by water, and twelve by land. It is connected with the main-land by an isthmus known as Lynn Beach, which is a smooth sandy strip two miles in length. Twenty years ago Nahant was an almost [illegible] locality; now it is studded with elegant residences, the homes chiefly of Boston merchants. It was mainly through the influence of one gentleman that attention was turned to Nahant as a summer resort. He erected an elegant building there years ago, and devoted time and money to improving the locality.

A correspondent in Paris writes to a Boston paper: "The marriages are getting up to one a week; deaths are only six. There would be more weddings only for the Communists, who burned all the [illegible] registers, which necessitates candidates [illegible] to adopt a complicated legal process to substantiate their age."

The Tichborne claimant is amusing himself during the interval of rest from court sessions by attending shooting matches. His impending fate, whether poverty or riches, does not appear to trouble him in the least.

The Humane Society of London has issued the following advice to bathers:

"Avoid bathing within two hours after a meal, or when exhausted from any cause. Avoid bathing when the body is cooling after perspiration, but bathe when the body is warm, provided no time is lost in getting into the water. Avoid chilling the body after having been in the water. Avoid remaining too long in the water; leave the water immediately if there is the slightest feeling of chilliness. Avoid bathing altogether in the open air if, after having been a short time in the water, there is a sense of chilliness, with numbness of the hands and feet. The vigorous and strong may bathe early in the morning on an empty stomach; the young and weak had better bathe three hours after a meal, after breakfast being the best time. Those subject to attacks of giddiness and faintness, and those who suffer from palpitation and other sense of the heart, should not bathe without first consulting their medical adviser."

It has been suggested that the new flag of France be a red eagle on a white flag; and that the eagle be impressed upon all pieces of money.

Ah! what a sad affair was that when Ah Sing, Ah Hay, Ah Eat, Ah Yoory, Ah Tuck, Ah Yuck, Ah Kay, and Ah Sing, cigar manufacturers of San Francisco, were all fined and imprisoned for violating the revenue laws!

A couple of boys about twelve or fourteen years old recently placed some obstructions on the track of the Erie Railroad, for the sake of seeing "how the locomotive would jump." Fortunately a freight train preceded the passenger train, and the obstruction was discovered in season to prevent a frightful accident. A young girl in New Haven has been charged with attempting to burn a carriage factory and a dwelling-house, merely from "a desire to see the buildings burn." Youths who incline to pursuits of this nature need some special training.

During the month of June more than 300,000 letters misdirected or otherwise not deliverable were received at the Dead Letter Office in Washington. In July the number was 302,471, of which [illegible] held for postage. These figures indicate [illegible] and negligence of American letter-writers.

Five persons have been swept over the Falls of Niagara during the present season. Three of them were intoxicated, and in spite of [illegible] into danger. It is supposed the other two lost [illegible] or met with some mishap, which left them at the mercy of the current.

Carbolic acid is said to be an excellent preventive against flies and mosquitoes. A few drops [illegible] on a table-cloth will prevent flies from lighting on it, and it is believed that mosquitoes will not [illegible] into a house in which there is a bottle of [illegible]. Nevertheless there are some objections to [illegible] and the Board of Health is trying to find [illegible] disinfectant as a substitute for it. Its [illegible] poisonous and destructive qualities are such that [illegible] be used only by experienced persons. It [illegible] death, and, when used on furniture, [illegible] it. Yet there are many ways in which carbolic acid may be used to great advantage in addition to [illegible] a direct disinfectant. In manufacturing [illegible] large quantities of glue or paste are used [illegible] become sour and offensive. If a few drops [illegible] acid are added when the paste or glue is made [illegible] difficulty will be prevented. If it is mixed [illegible] whitewash used on the walls of cellar or [illegible] prevent the disagreeable odors often perceived [illegible] and milk kept in a damp room. If added [illegible] used for wall-paper, and to the whitewash, [illegible] away cockroaches and other insects.

Long ago we were informed that the [illegible] held an indignation meeting concerning [illegible] which had been cast upon them "of propinquity with the apostate race of man." [illegible] has given such a graphic report [illegible] are tempted to make from the speeches a few extracts, which will indicate the general tone prevailing in the assembly. One orator, [illegible] his "injured fellow-monkeys," inquires, [illegible]

"Did you ever catch a monkey
Coloring his hair?
Do we stick stovepipes on our heads,
Tight boots and chokers wear?
Do we buy tickets to a show,
The elephant to see,
And strut about and make remarks
On better folks than we?
Drink [illegible] oil and strychnine,
A vile weed chew and snuff?
Slander our neighbors, sell our votes,
Or ballot-boxes stuff?
Do monkeys 'go on benders,'
Or sue for a divorce?
Did you ever meet a monkey
Forever talking 'horse?'
Do monkeys run for Congress,
Or to a lawyer go,
Eat pork, or cheat the printer?
(Cheering, and cries of 'No!')"

Another, with inspired eloquence, exclaims:

"Breathes there an ape with soul so dead,
Who never to himself hath said,
I am a monkey bred and born?
Whose soul would fail to burn with [illegible],
His veins run wild with liquid fire,
At insult on his birthright thrown?"

And after expressing his opinion of [illegible] makes his boast of monkey blood mixed with [illegible] he concludes with,

"Ah! could we the bold miscreant chase
Back to our ancient dwelling-place,
Swift retribution would we plan:
From a tall tree we'd drop him down,
And every monkey, looking on,
Should study 'The Descent of Man.'"

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THE RIVALS.

Two rival grandpas and grandmas is a picture which tells its own story. There is papa enjoying his pipe, and looking down with paternal pride upon his sturdy offspring. There is mamma, handsome, but rather self-satisfied and scornful, accepting the fond worship of the quartette of old folks as a matter of course. As for the four old people, they are doing that which we suppose grandfathers and grandmothers have done from time immemorial—namely, petting and spoiling the little girl as much as they can. Grandparents have no sense of responsibility, and they are apt to feel a semi-malicious pleasure in seeing the children who, years ago, gave them so much trouble victimized in their turn. But if a grandfather is too indulgent, what a spoiler must a great-grandfather or a great-grandmother be! No wonder the antediluvian world behaved badly, and came to grief in the end, for the patriarchs of those days lived long enough to pet descendants to the sixth and seventh generation.

THE RIVAL GRANDPAS AND GRANDMAS.

WEDDING-RINGS.

The fourth finger of the left hand has, time out of mind, been the one which maidens are wont "to dedicate, to consecrate with tears," to the wedding-ring. This usage obtained from an ancient idea, and a very pretty idea it was, that this finger possessed a peculiar virtue, a nerve extending from its tip direct to the heart. The corresponding finger on the right hand was sacred to the *gimmal ring*—a name which has now lost its significance, but which was originally given to the betrothal or "engaged" ring, from the custom of having it made in three links, which turned upon a pivot, and when shut up formed one solid ring, the common design being two hands clasped over a heart. These three rings were broken asunder at the betrothal, which commonly took place in the presence of a witness, who retained the central one, each of the two lovers keeping one of the outer rings. When the marriage was celebrated the three were joined again, and the *gimmal-ring* was transferred to the wedding-finger, and Sir Roger de Boches led home the Lady Rohesia, and the draw-bridge was thrown down, and for a month after "the baron's retainers were blithe and gay," and Sir Roger and his lady spent their "honey-moon" at home, joining in or giving their presence to the boisterous revelry and unpolished sports, and receiving an ovation, perhaps willingly given, perhaps not, from the whole country-side, and at the end of that time a thick curtain of domestic privacy was always drawn over their married life.

Nowadays the order of events is changed. The *gimmal-ring* is no longer made to do double duty: if it is transferred to the wedding-finger at all, it is as a guard to the simple golden hoop which the Cupid of this age has adopted as his own. Nowadays, instead of taking his bride

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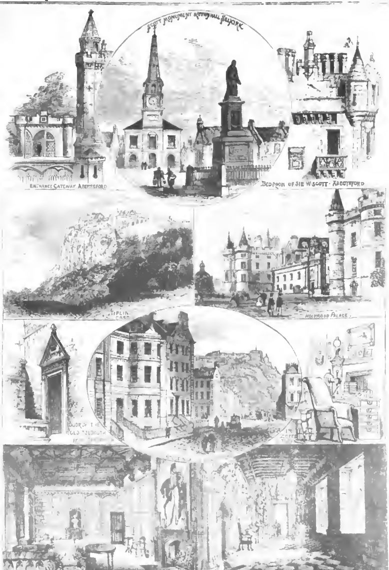

PLACES ASSOCIATED WITH THE LIFE AND WORKS OF SIR WALTER SCOTT.

home, and calling his friends about him to spend the first sweet month of married life in route and revels and banquet excitement, our swain hurries off to some still retreat, where the happy couple, so far from taking the novelty of the situation by storm, dream it off, at a distance from the world, and, each in the other wrapped, are content to await till its own time the awakening to the realities of life, which must come sooner or later to every pair of— Supply the word which suits your own fancy best, O courteous reader!

WALTER SCOTT MEMORIALS.

THE SCOTT centenary was celebrated with great *eclat* both in the Old World and in the New, where his readers and admirers are, perhaps, even more numerous than on the other side of the water. As every thing is of interest that has ever been even remotely connected with him, we give this week a page of engravings, attractively grouped, of places associated with the life and works of the great "Wizard of the North." There are several interior views of the house at Abbotsford, with some minor features of the building; the old door removed thither from the Tolbooth of Edinburgh, when that famous prison was demolished in 1817; the window of his bedroom; and the entrance gate-way. His town house, No. 39 Castle Street, Edinburgh, is also represented. Holyrood Palace and Stirling Castle, whose historic associations were improved by his genius, appear on the same page. It contains, too, a view of the Scott Monument in the market-place of Selkirk, which is not far from Melrose and Abbotsford.

THE TRUE STORY OF THE [illegible] OF LAMMERMOOR.

IN legend—one which was born of [illegible] and has passed into lyric opera—the maiden more famous than the Bride of Lammermoor. In melancholy prose the [illegible] the Honorable Janet Dalrymple, daughter of the first Lord Stair. She and young Lord [illegible]ford had plighted their troth, had broken a coin between them, and had invoked malediction on whichever of the two should

to the compact. The parents of Lady Janet insisted on her marrying Dunbar of Baldoon. The mother, Lady Stair, was most cruel in forcing her daughter to this match. Janet, broken-hearted and helpless, had an interview with her lover, and sobbed out a text from Numbers, xxx. 2, 3, 4, 5, as an excuse for her obedience to her mother's commands. The lovers parted in sorrow; Rutherford in anger. He had not in him the spirit of young Lochinvar, nor Janet the wit to run away with him herself. The poor thing was, in fact, scared. She was carried to church to be wed, in a semi-crazed and more than half-dead state. At night a hurricane of shrieks came from the bridal chamber, where the bridegroom was found on the ground, profusely bleeding from a stab, and the bride sat near him in her night gear, bidding them "Take up your bonny bridegroom!" She died insane in less than three weeks. Dunbar of Baldoon recovered, but he was never known to open his lips on the causes which led to the catastrophe. Baldoon evidently took things as they came. After his death, some thirteen years later, in 1682, Andrew Simpson wrote an elegy upon him, in which the romantic adventurer upon marriage with another man's love was described as a respectable country gentleman who had introduced many improvements into agriculture! Lord Rutherford, the lover, died childless in 1685. As Dunbar would never suffer the catastrophe to be alluded to, good-natured people invented a story that Rutherford himself was in the chamber before Baldoon reached it, and had stabbed him as soon as he entered it. There is no shadow of the slightest grain of substance for this part of a sufficiently calamitous history.

A FAMOUS SOLDIER.

CONCERNING General Baron Von Hartmann, commander of the Second Bavarian Army Corps, which came up at Orleans just in time to replace the exhausted forces of Von der Tann, the *Niederrheinische Courier* recounts an extraordinary story. Von Hartmann is not only the son of a poor peasant of the Palatinate, whose courage and ability have thus raised him to the first military rank, but there is something in his career more interesting still. It is that the old warrior of the Fatherland was in his youth during ten years a soldier in the French army. Carried away by the enthusiasm which the great Emperor excited in the breasts of so many young men, he had entered at sixteen the army of Napoleon I. as a volunteer; and it was actually at that Orleans where he has turned the scale of doubtful battle against Chanzy and De Paladine that he received the Cross of the Legion of Honor for his distinguished bravery as a French soldier. Baron Von Hartmann has lately received the Iron Cross of the First Class from the new German Emperor. Perhaps there were never stranger fortunes than those which have successively won, almost at the two ends of the century, the military orders of the conquerors of Jena and of the conquerors of Sedan.

WATCHES THAT ARE WATCHES.

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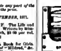

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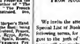

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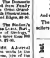

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FOR SEPTEMBER, 187[1].

Contents:

MONTAUCK POINT, LONG ISLAND.
Illustrations.—The Montauk Light.—River swarming with Craft.—The God[...]—Sands Point.—"Through a beautiful [...]"—J. Howard Payne.—Windmill on the [...]—Amagansett.—Old Church at East Ha[mpton].—Map of the Long Island Coast from Sag H[arbor].—Montauk Point.—Kitchen Fire-Place in [...] Homestead.—Hunt in Sand Drift.—[...] the Catharine.—Ear Marks.—Fright[...] Wrecks on the Beach.—Osborne's.—[...] wreck at Night.—[...] "—the Slopes.—"The Shelter of the Sea."—[...] tural Prosperity.—Scrub-Growth.—[...] Queen of the Montauks.
REINDEER, DOGS, AND SNOW-SHOES.—Travel and Exploration.
Illustrations.—[illegible]
LOVING, BUT UNLOVED.
THE BARD OF ABBOTSFORD.
Illustrations.—The Oriel Window.—Drama.—Norna.—The Templar's Fate.—[...] of Amy Robsart.—The Laird.—By the F[...]—The Token seen.—"Only the young L[...] vet Cap and mailed Sable Plume."—[...] Scott.—Fac-simile of Part of a Manuscript.—Abbotsford, from the North Ban[k of the] Tweed.—Scott's Library at Abbotsford.—Katrine.—Dryburgh Abbey.
THE ANGEL OF THE HOUSE.
FAILURES IN KINGCRAFT.
THE AMERICAN BARON. By the Author of "Dodge Club," etc.
Chapter XXV. Seeking for Help.
Chapter XXVI. The Avenger on the [...]
Chapter XXVII. Face to Face.
Chapter XXVIII. Tom Scudder.
Chapter XXIX. Found at Last.
Illustrations.—"Ethel clutched a Fa[...]"—"A [...] Mélanie!"—"[...] Minnie, I will bet you all Life."—"[...] around her."
THE SCHOOL-MASTERS OF THE MIDDLE [AGES].
REGRET.
ANNE FURNESS. By the Author of "[...] Fenacre," etc.
EARTHQUAKE LAW.
A SUMMER'S AMUSEMENT. By Annie [...]
WAITING.
LYELL AND GEOLOGY. With Twelve Illustrations.
CAUGHT BY AN HEIRESS. By Jennie [...]
OPPORTUNITY.
THE REFORMATION IN UTAH.
STOLEN FLOWERS.
PUNS AND PUNSTERS. By John G. Sax[e].
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THE REISSUE OF

HARPER'S WEE

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

VOL. XV.—No. 767.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 9, 1871.

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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 9, 1871.

FOUR MONTHS FOR ONE DOLLAR.

"POOR MISS FINCH,"

a new and beautifully illustrated serial story, by

WILKIE COLLINS,

author of "The Woman in White," "The Moonstone," etc., was commenced in HARPER'S WEEKLY for September 2.

New Subscribers will be supplied with the WEEKLY from that date to the close of the year, four months, for ONE DOLLAR.

☞ *The SUPPLEMENT to this Number of HARPER'S WEEKLY, which is supplied to our readers gratuitously, contains an illustrated article of great interest and importance on*

William III., Prince of Orange,

by EDWIN LAWRENCE, giving a complete history of the thrilling drama in which he played so important a part, a magnificent full-page Cartoon by SOL EYTINGE, Jr., accompanied by a beautiful and pathetic Poem, a pleasant Love-Story, and the continuation of CHARLES LEVER'S admirable story, "LORD KILGOBBIN," with several illustrations.

THE SITUATION.

RECENT events have turned the attention of the whole country to the city and State of New York. Thoughtful men of every party, who know that the permanent welfare of the nation depends, not upon any form or name, but wholly upon intelligence and morality, ask whether this great State will not now emancipate itself, on the one hand from the thralldom of a conspicuously corrupt political supremacy, and on the other from the folly of division among the friends of liberty, progress, and order. In our political system great results are to be achieved only through parties, but great results can be achieved by no party that is not always swift to correct its own abuses and to adapt itself to the constantly changing issues of an active time. Timidity is always the bane of parties. With cowardice comes corruption, and a party content to repose upon its laurels is only self-crowned for sacrifice.

No impartial man who has carefully watched the politics and parties of this country can suppose that its progress is likely to be secured by Democratic ascendency. And for the reason, not that there are not honest and able and patriotic men in that party, but because its traditions and policies and arguments have been so demoralizing and destructive. A party must be judged by its evident tendency. Its professions are to be measured by its general character and history. When the Republicans in California profess hostility to the free Chinese immigration it is instinctively felt that they betray the party principle. When a raw Democratic recruit like Mr. JOHN QUINCY ADAMS advises a new departure, and that the party begin by being Democratic, every body smiles at the zeal of the neophyte who advises the pope to renounce orthodoxy. When Chief Justice CHASE remodels a Democratic resolution hesitatingly accepting the amendments, and says that if the party would adopt them as final "it would resume its position as the party of progress and reform," he shows only that his ambition has obscured his perception. For if the Democratic party has reached merely a reluctant and doubtful acquiescence in the great results of Republican principles, how can it be expected to advance those principles to still further beneficent results?

It makes, therefore, all possible difference whether it is the Republican or the Democratic party which promises progress. There is a very general feeling that many of the recently absorbing issues are now really settled; and that new questions have already presented themselves. The new departure of the Democratic party has failed as a party policy; but its political significance is not the less. As Mr. SCHURZ truly said at Chicago, a large part of the party is not ready for it, and many of those who have urged it have evidently done so to coax the reactionary element with the hope that power could be won by assent, and could then be used for reaction. But the movement has had this advantage: it has shown the essentially unpatriotic attitude still held by the mass of the Democracy, and, at the same time, the perception of some of its shrewder leaders that the good sense of the people has irrevocably ratified the Republican settlement. The position of Mr. ALEXANDER H. STEPHENS at the South, and the angry attacks upon him by Northern Democratic organs, show how radically the party is divided; but the division shows also the perception of the truth that the Democratic party can no longer hope for success upon its old platforms and policies.

The duty of the Republican party, therefore, is to comprehend this situation clearly, and to act accordingly. Protecting, as it will of course protect, what it has well done, and remembering that it has succeeded only because it has been truly the party of the people—of the intelligent popular conviction and purpose—let it listen now, as in the hour when it became invincible, to the counsels of its wisest and its best. Its Convention in New York should speak to the hope and faith of all those who doubtingly wonder whether the party will still prove itself worthy of its history. Let us hope that the Convention will remember that to a party like the Republican the danger is never of alienating its rank and file, as they are called, but its independent supporters. Let it not content itself with declaring that the amendments must be respected—of course they must be—of course they will be. Let it say what the party means to do upon other and unsettled questions. We consider them in another article.

THE NEW YORK REPUBLICAN CONVENTION.

THE public situation requires that the Republican Convention of New York shall be one of reform and progress. The betrayal of fundamental rights and the hideous corruption which has been established where the Democratic party is in the unquestioned ascendency forbid the hope of relief from that party. Let the Republican Convention, therefore, represent the citizens of New York who are resolved that in their State the equal rights of all shall be acknowledged, and shall not be surrendered to a mob; the citizens who are resolved that at least an effort shall be made to stop the corruption which has not only mastered the city, but has made the Legislature a by-word; the citizens who are resolved that the Erie iniquities sanctioned by the Democratic Governor at the command of the Ring, steeping the State in disgrace, shall be probed and cured if the people have the power to do it. Let the declared State policy of the Convention be a rallying cry to every voter who values morality and public honor, and who believes that knaves can not be in power without endangering the commonwealth of honest men.

Then, as an important section of the great Republican party of the country, let the Republicans of New York declare for a general and final amnesty. The disqualification which now exists is a mere exasperation. Senator MORTON said at St. Louis that he would never vote to relieve DAVIS, BRECKINRIDGE, and TOOMBS. Let the Republicans of New York say to him that he ought either to punish those men or to release them from a contemptible proscription. Let him punish, if that is wise. But if it is not, as he agrees, let him forego the statesmanship of pouting. With equal distinctness let the Convention pronounce for revenue reform—for a radical revision of the cumbrous tariff with a view to the utmost practicable remission of taxation upon the raw materials of industry, and to raising the revenue from a few great sources. Not less emphatically should it declare for such a reform of the system of the civil service as would secure honest and efficient officers, and restrict or abolish patronage, the root of bitterness in our political contests. Since, also, the President has frankly referred the subject of San Domingo annexation to Congress, let Congress hear what the Republicans of New York think of the desirability of tropical territorial expansion. If they favor it, nothing would so help it as an expression of their favor. If they are opposed to it, Congress will certainly heed their opinion.

The Convention will point with pride, of course, to the achievements of General GRANT'S administration: the adoption of the great amendment, the restoration of the Union as the defense of the equal rights of all citizens, the steady diminution of the debt, the reduction of taxation, the humanity of the Indian policy, the friendly and honorable and noble settlement of the most menacing foreign difficulty, the increasing economy of administration, the unprecedented respect with which the national name is every where regarded. And if to these the Convention should add an expression of the general confidence of the country in the upright and patriotic purpose of the President, we believe it would speak for the great body of Republicans in New York, as in the country.

As the Convention is the high and final party tribunal, it should express its decisive condemnation of all who encourage selfish and personal dissensions in the party. Under our present wretched system of the civil service the Administration can be legitimately opposed upon the ground of the distribution of patronage only when it feeds the enemy, as the phrase is. But Senator FENTON said truly, in his speech at Niagara Falls, "It should be of little moment who occupy official positions, or enjoy the favor of Federal patronage, so that they are capable and honest men, who fairly and efficiently reflect the good faith and the sound principles of the party." No Republican, therefore, who approves the present system can oppose the Administration upon this ground without condemnation as an out foolishly angry with the ins, and he must bear the responsibility of fostering party discord which may end in national disaster.

It will be our own fault if we do not improve to the utmost the opportunity of Republican success which events offer in the State of New York. Our friends in other States may rightfully demand that we virtually settle the Presidential election of next year by showing that New York is essentially Republican. It is the "off year," and we can not hope to prove our full strength; but we can at least show that the strength is here. Continued Republican division in the State may secure Democratic success, but it can do nothing else. Were it a division of principle, we certainly should not expect union. But what principle is involved? Let us speak plainly. Senator FENTON and his friends are alleged to be opposed to the renomination of the President. But their hostility is not, as we understand, one of principle, but it is personal. That is to say, they do not oppose the renomination because they condemn the conduct of the President as unconstitutional—indeed, Senator FENTON has generally supported him—but because they think him, for other reasons, unavailable. It is supposed, therefore, that if the Senator's friends control the Convention, its silence in regard to the President will be interpreted as a tacit condemnation by New York.

Assume that this is true, that Senator FENTON'S policy governs the Convention, and that the candidates nominated are not favorable to the renomination. But how would their defeat by the indifference of the friends of the Administration prove that the New York Republicans are favorable to the President? The best way to secure the election of any Republican President next year is to prove that New York is Republican this year. On the other hand, suppose that the friends of the President prevail in the Convention. In that case would those who oppose the renomination permit the State to go by default lest success should show that the President could carry New York? What honest Republican who believed it would for a moment consent to be identified with a faction so miserably selfish? There are, undoubtedly, Republicans in New York who are unfriendly to the renomination of General GRANT, but there is no Republican worthy the name who would try to prevent that nomination by conniving at Democratic success.

The Convention, therefore, may justly expect and require the most honorable fidelity from the whole party, whatever may be individual preferences for national candidates. Let it advocate thorough reform in the State, and a wise heroism in the national policy. Let its voice be as the sound of a trumpet. Let its plain and fearless declarations show to the American people that the Republican party is, as it has always been, the party of just and humane principles, and, therefore, of national glory.

PRINCIPLES, NOT MEN.

IN his speech at Chicago Senator SCHURZ defined precisely his position in regard to the renomination of the President. He considered at some length the proceedings in San Domingo, and declared that in his judgment there had been a vital violation of the Constitution. It is a precedent, he thinks, full of peril, and he therefore says: "I can not, I shall not, indorse a violation of the Constitution in its most vital part by supporting, under any circumstances, the candidacy for re-election of the President who perpetrated it." But the Democrats can not therefore flatter themselves that if General GRANT should be renominated they may count upon the support of Senator SCHURZ for the Democratic candidate. Throughout his speech he identifies himself with the Republicans—hoping, indeed, and exhorting that they go forward. He asserts that he has no confidence in the sincerity of the Democratic "new departure," while he does not question that of many of the Democratic leaders; and he declares that they must try to convert their party even if in the effort it be destroyed.

But Senator SCHURZ has no partisan Democratic tendency. He smiles at the thought that those who find the strait-jacket of one party too narrow must thereupon squeeze themselves into that of the other. "We liberal Republicans are honest enough to speak out frankly what displeases us in the Republican party, but the same honesty compels us to say that there is still more in the Democratic party that displeases us. No, gentlemen, the new wine of Republican liberalism will not keep in the old Democratic cask. It is quite likely that by this declaration I shall lose much of the confidence with which I have been honored on the part of Democrats of late, but I will not enjoy more confidence than in truth I am entitled to." This manly declaration illustrates the grave political error constantly made by the Democrats who suppose that the most urgent criticism of Republican measures and men by Republicans indicates that they are ready to leave the party. Individuals of that kind there are, of course. Mr. SCHURZ is not one of them. But Mr. HENRY B. STANTON is. He says in a recent letter, "I, therefore, should not object to the election, in 1872, of a State Rights Democrat of the moderate type of our old friend SILAS WRIGHT." Mr. SCHURZ'S deeper insight shows him that an honorable and patriotic Administration can be placed in power only by an honorable and patriotic party. "It is the curse of that party," he says of the Democrats, "that it has educated its masses in prejudices which belong to a past period, and which now will not go out of the way to make room for a sound policy."

So Governor PALMER, of Illinois, whom the Democrats have considered delightfully independent in his Republican sympathies, destroys all their hopes of seeing him in opposition by a letter in Kentucky regretting that he could not join in the canvass for Mr. HARLAN. "The Republican party," he says, "being then committed to liberty, justice, and protection for all men, is entitled to the highest degree to the confidence of all classes in Kentucky." The Governor proceeds to declare that it is the true State Rights party, because it demands that the governments of the States shall do their duty in defending the lives and liberties of their citizens, adding that if they did this the Ku-Klux legislation of Congress would become obsolete.

The impending contest is between these two parties—the Democratic devoted to the prejudices of the past, and the Republican committed to liberty, justice, and protection for all men. There was never a time when the old maxim of "principles, not men," was more applicable. Senator SCHURZ, indeed, makes no personal or factious objection to the renomination of the President. His ground of opposition is wholly different. In his judgment the re-election of a President who, as he thinks, has vitally violated the Constitution would be a condonation of usurpation full of perilous consequences. While, therefore, he favors the great principles of the party, he opposes the man.

For ourselves we do not think—nor, as we believe, does the country suppose—that there has been that willful, wanton, and dangerous usurpation of power in regard to San Domingo which Mr. SCHURZ and Mr SUMNER so forcibly depict; nor do we think that the history of the Administration shows the President inclined to disregard his constitutional obligations. Indeed, it would be hard to find—except in the great instance of WASHINGTON—a victorious general, called at the close of a furious civil war to the chief magistracy of a disturbed nation, who has more honorably and modestly recognized the supremacy of law than the President. Were it otherwise, there could not be that general confidence in him which unquestionably exists. Senator SCHURZ vigorously criticises the Republican party, its leaders, and its policy; but he does not, therefore, cease to be a Republican. Indeed, he would prove his fidelity by purifying and elevating the party.

RESIST THE BEGINNINGS.

THE Mayor of the chief city in the country having surrendered to a mob, it is not surprising that in a smaller city a mob should have assailed and silenced a speaker whose opinions it did not like. But as the better sentiment and the natural indignation of Americans in the city of New York maintained, although at the cost of a bloody struggle, the right of citizens peacefully to assemble and profess their opinions, so the Mayor of Ogdensburg, justly comprehending his duty, protected the speaker who had been silenced, and secured him a hearing. There were many persons in New York who wished that the Orangemen had not announced a parade, just as there were many in Ogdensburg who thought the speaker a nuisance; and all such persons probably had a vague feeling that the troublesome fellows were "served right." But such persons ought to reflect that the vital principle of the American system was at stake in both cases. Mayor HALL, in New York, sacrificed it instantly. A threat from a mob was enough for him. To protect, as was his duty, the peaceful parade of the Orangemen was apparently to alienate the Roman Catholic vote from his party, and that determined him to surrender.

But when he cringed to the mob, and refused to protect the right of peaceful assembly and expression of opinion, he surrendered

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the liberty which is most indispensable to a free popular government. For if the magistrate is to decide what opinions may be expressed at what meetings may be held, and for what purposes, our situation is precisely that of the late French empire or any other despotism. If it was proper to forbid the parade of the Orangemen because the Hibernians had threatened a riot, it would be equally proper to forbid a parade of Republicans because Democrats announced that they should be mobbed. A government which can not protect the rights of the poorest, most wretched, and most despised citizen fails in its very first duty. The magistrate who surrenders those rights at the demand of a mob is the most criminal and the most contemptible of public officers.

In Ogdensburg a person who called himself an ex-Catholic priest and member of the Institute of France proposed to lecture against his old faith. He had precisely the same right to do it that Archbishop M'CLOSKEY has to celebrate high mass in the cathedral in New York. But a mob led by a railroad contractor determined that, as they did not like the ex-priest's opinions, he should not utter them. At that moment the man became the representative of the dearest American rights, and every honest and intelligent citizen of the town was bound to secure to him the most perfect protection in speaking. The character of the man and the probable truthfulness of his narration were not to be considered. If a man tells lies in public, he is not to have his head broken by a mob; he is to be refuted by the truth, or to be left alone. If, when SURRATT came to New York to lecture, the Army of the Republic had publicly threatened that he should be attacked, every good citizen should have appeared in his defense, and his performance would have been immensely profitable. But he was unnoticed, and consequently unrewarded.

The London *Spectator* and many American journals think that all processions should be forbidden. If they are to be forbidden because of the interruption of traffic upon the street, there may be reason in the suggestion. But it is better to endure the little annoyance than to move in the direction of regulating opinion. When every procession of whatever significance may march every where in the city in unchallenged quiet, it will be time to consider whether it may not be wise to forbid them. But while mobs threaten them, and the magistrate surrenders to the threat, it is very much too soon to think of stopping them under pretense of relieving the streets. The ex-priest's lecture in Ogdensburg, like the Orange procession in New York, was but an expression of opinion. Yet it is not the opinion, nor those who hold it, but it is the right of every man to hold and utter any opinion whatever, which is the most precious and fundamental of rights, and the most tenaciously to be defended.

SOMEBODY TO BLAME.

THE coroner's verdict in the case of the terrible slaughter by the destruction of the Staten Island ferry-boat *Westfield* suggests that hereafter somebody will be held responsible for such catastrophes. There are constant frightful accidents upon railroads and steamers. The newspapers flame with sensational reports. The reader ruefully reflects how narrowly he has probably escaped. There is a brief gust of excitement; an inquest; nobody to blame; and we proceed to the next massacre. But the slaughter of nearly a hundred persons by the bursting of the boiler of a pleasure-boat lying at the wharf is an event so awful that, if nobody is to blame, traveling has become an unauthorized risk. Nobody, however, who read the testimony believed that it was in any just sense an accident. It was the result of combined ignorance and recklessness. Those who were in official authority seemed to think that they had said all that was necessary when they declared that they had always been in the habit of trusting themselves and their families to the boats under such management as they had—that is, to the care of engineers who could not read, who knew nothing of the simplest laws of the tremendous forces with which they dealt, and who had been intrusted with such immense responsibilities because they were clever fellows.

Since the *Westfield* disaster the *Starbuck*, the *R. E. Lee*, and the Chautauqua Lake steamer have all exploded. Does any body suppose that such events are properly described as accidents? The train fell through the rotten bridge at Bangor. Was that also an accident? The shocking tragedy at the New Hamburg bridge, upon the Hudson River road, last winter—was that another accident? In a few days we shall hear of some other similar catastrophe. Some bridge or boiler, now rotten, will fall or burst, and lives will be lost. Will it be an accident? Will nobody be blameworthy? Shall we gravely shake our heads and blasphemously pronounce it a visitation of Providence? Rotten bridges and boilers are no more visitations of Providence than the Black Hole at Calcutta.

It is not to be supposed that the officers of the Staten Island Ferry Company knew that their boats were recklessly managed; for if they did their offense is criminal. It was a traditionally safe ferry. Nothing had ever happened. The hands were good fellows. "All a man wants to run an engine is good common-sense. Your bookish men are never good for much. What we want is shrewd observation. The proof of the pudding is in the eating." This was the reasoning that probably satisfied those gentlemen. But it can not satisfy the public. The chief officers of steamboat and railroad companies are bound to know that their roads and boats are safe, by knowing that every measure suggested by knowledge and experience and careful, constant scrutiny is taken for their safety. It is obvious that no such principle ever occurred to the management of this ferry. A few days after the explosion of the *Westfield* the tap of a hammer knocked a hole in the boiler of another of the Staten Island boats. There has never been a more melancholy disaster than that of the *Westfield*; but even that will have its compensations if it shall serve to make the public hold the president and directors of transportation companies personally responsible for such events.

THE FRENCH ASSEMBLY.

THE political situation in France is singular, and may yet produce serious disturbance. On the 28th of January the armistice was concluded and signed by BISMARCK and JULES FAVRE. Its second article stated that the object was "to permit the government for the national defense to convoke an Assembly, freely elected, to declare whether the war shall be continued." The Assembly held its first preparatory session on the 13th of February. On the 17th M. THIERS was appointed chief of the executive power, with a declaration by the Assembly that it was indispensable to provide for the necessities of government "while awaiting a legal establishment of the institutions of France," and that M. THIERS would "exercise his functions subject to the authority of the National Assembly." In a speech on the 19th of February M. THIERS accepted the position, and said that the terms of peace would be courageously discussed and determined; that the task of the administration was to pacify and reorganize the country; and that when this was accomplished the country would decide its destinies. On the 1st of March the treaty was ratified by the Assembly. The Insurrection and suppression of the Commune presently followed; and the Assembly has since been occupied with various details of administration.

But behind all its deliberations there is one controlling question—what next? The Assembly is the only political authority in the country constituted by the national will. But it was constituted for a declared purpose, which has been accomplished. It defined its own duty as strictly provisional, while awaiting a legal establishment of institutions; and its executive chief announced that when it had pacified the country the country would decide its own destinies. Thus the Assembly was not called to make a constitution for the country, and it has distinctly disclaimed any authority to do so. But no constitutional Assembly can be summoned except by its authority, and it reserves to itself the right of deciding when the country is pacified. Meanwhile it has been deliberating whether to declare M. THIERS executive chief for three years, and will probably give him the title of President, to hold office until the Assembly itself dissolves.

Thus the Assembly is absolute master of the situation. Its duty is plain. At the earliest moment it should order the election of a constitutional convention, of course exercising the supreme power until a constitution is adopted by the nation, and a government under it should be ready to assume its functions. But as political differences are so radical and vital in France, and as every party, monarchical, imperial, republican, and communal, will wish to seize the moment most favorable for its own views, and as there will consequently be endless bargains and coalitions within the Assembly, it is impossible to assume that the simple, obvious, and patriotic method will be adopted. But the longer the delay the more difficult the settlement will be. And too much, in the present situation, depends upon the life of one man. If M. THIERS should die, there is no successor upon whom there could be any cordial agreement. The apparent intention, therefore, of the present provisional system to prolong itself indefinitely may justly cause great solicitude.

THE HOUSATONIC BRIDGE.

WE spoke last week of a letter to the New York *Times* from "Clericus," at Milford, upon the New York and New Haven Railroad, stating that he had been informed that the bridge upon that road over the Housatonic River had been condemned by the State inspectors. After our article was printed "Clericus" wrote again to say that he had been misinformed, and that the inspectors had found the bridge perfectly safe. This want of careful inquiry upon the part of "Clericus" has increased rather than diminished the peril of railroad travel, because it throws suspicions upon all similar assertions hereafter.

PERSONAL.

SENATOR CONKLING is just now a topic of especial interest to the politicians of this State, from the fact that the State Senate to be chosen this fall will participate in the election of his successor in 1873. The Springfield *Republican* thinks Mr. CONKLING will not be elected, nor will he withdraw from the contest. "He is not that sort of man." It will be remembered that the contest for the Senatorial nomination between Mr. CONKLING and Judge NOAH DAVIS was exceedingly animated and very close.

—Hon. MILTON S. LATHAM, of San Francisco, has made a present to his wife, MARY, "in consideration of natural love and affection," as the deed of conveyance recites. It consists of a house and grounds in the choicest part of San Francisco, and is valued at three hundred thousand dollars in gold. Mr. LATHAM is yet a young man, but his public career was exceptionally brilliant. He is only forty-four years of age. At twenty-three he removed to California, was at once appointed clerk of the Recorder's Court of San Francisco, and soon afterward chosen District Attorney for the counties of Sacramento and El Dorado. In 1850 he was elected to Congress, but declined a re-election. In 1855 President PIERCE appointed him Collector of San Francisco. In January, 1860, he was inaugurated Governor of California, and three days afterward was elected United States Senator for six years, and ended his brilliant political career at the early age of thirty-six. Since then Mr. LATHAM has been governor of the Bank of California, the principal moneyed institution of the Pacific. He is a gentleman of superior oratorical powers, a fine scholar, a first-rate business man, and possesses one of the choicest and largest private libraries in the United States.

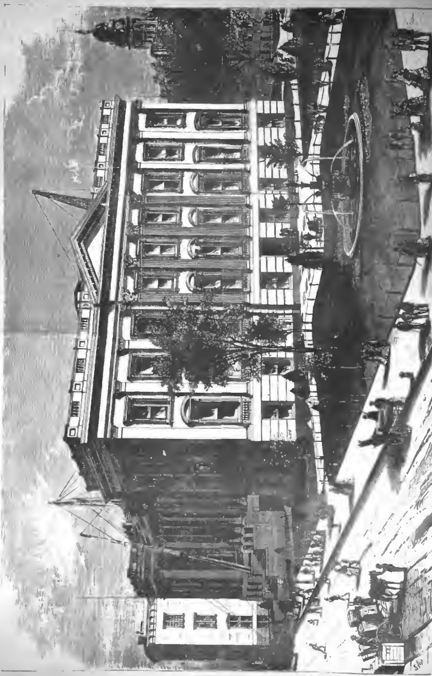
—Ex-Governor JOHN B. WELLER, from personal or other causes, thinks poorly of the Democratic leaders of California, and asserts that they have lost the State. Governor WELLER has had a tolerably fair political experience. He was in Congress from Ohio from 1839 to 1845, was the first United States commissioner to Mexico under the treaty of Guadalupe Hidalgo, and having taken up his residence in California, was elected to the United States Senate in 1851, for six years, and was subsequently elected Governor of California. In December, 1860, he was appointed minister to Mexico. Since then he has not risen to the surface prominently in political matters, and may now reasonably be classed among those public men who have been conspicuous, but are now historical.

—Secretary BOUTWELL is an agriculturist. He is a more acred man than those [illegible] farmers, HORACE GREELEY and HENRY WARD BEECHER—owning three farms in Groton, Massachusetts. He rivals the former in the value of his woodland, and is the peer of the [illegible] in producing pork. His turnips are said [illegible] somewhere in the range of five dollars the [illegible]

—Dr. LORING, one of the many aspirants for the Republican nomination for Governor of Massachusetts, has some notion of the pride of ancestry. At the recent MILES STANDISH celebration at Duxbury the doctor revealed this [illegible] dent in the captain's courtship not related by LONGFELLOW. Said he: "I claim lineal descent from MILES STANDISH. My great-grandmother's name was ALATHEA ALDEN, whose husband, JOHN ALDEN, was sent by STANDISH to court her by proxy, but who accepted a modest [illegible] from the maid, and won her for himself instead of his leader."

—Our excellent friend PAUL DU CHAILLU, the enterprising African traveler, has changed his field of exploration from the regions of the equator to those of the arctic circle. Toward the end of last month he was at North Cape, above seventy-one north latitude. M. DU CHAILLU is making a protracted tour through Norway, Sweden, and Lapland to collect materials for a book as well as lectures on this interesting part of the world, which, judging from his African explorations, will be very attractive and popular.

—After all, there is something interesting and pleasant in the "coming of age" of the heir to a noble and honorable house, and the merry-making of which it is the occasion. Two such celebrations have recently taken place in England—Lord Burleigh and Lord Pembroke having both attained their majority. The former is the eldest son of the Marquis of Exeter, whose second title is more famous than his first. Lord Exeter is the representative of the elder branch of the family of CECIL. His house has been almost uniquely prosperous, inasmuch as it has for two hundred years been doubly represented continuously in the male line in the House of Lords; the great Lord Treasurer BURLEIGH's eldest son having been the direct ancestor of the Marquis of Exeter, while his second son, ROBERT, JAMES the First's minister, was the direct ancestor of the Marquis of Salisbury. Curiously enough, while heirs have always been forthcoming, and at the present time there are plenty, this ancient family has never spread into various ramifications, and there is no family of CECIL seated elsewhere in England allied to the Exeters or Salisburys. The same good fortune which has attended the CECIL family has extended to its hereditary homes. The "Burleigh House, by Stamford Town," of to-day is that built by Queen BESS's astute adviser, while Hatfield, its rival in the same style of grandeur, is the Hatfield of his second son. The Earl of Pembroke comes of a race equally renowned in the annals of his country. The eldest son of the late Lord Herbert of Lea, better known to the



THE NEW COUNTY COURT-HOUSE, NEW YORK.—From a Photograph by Rockwood.—[See Page 859.]

STANDING BUFFALO.—[From a Photograph by C. A. Zimmerman, St. Paul, Minnesota.]

STANDING BUFFALO.

This celebrated Indian, chief of a band of Santee Sioux who visited the Milk River Agency in May last with overtures of friendship, was killed on the 5th of June in a battle with the Gros Ventre and Upper Assiniboine Indians. He had been urged by a deputation of Yanctons to join in a raid against these two tribes, but at first flatly refused. The Yanctons abused and derided him, and finally told him he was a coward and no chief, if he listened to the whites and refused to lead his tribe to war. At last STANDING BUFFALO became wild with rage and excitement, and declared he would go to war, but he would go to die. He then made disposition of all his horses, property, and other effects, giving every thing away to relatives and friends; counseled his brother and his son and the head men of his tribe to abide faithfully by the terms they had made; has that he would never return, as he would die in battle. He started out and met a large party of Gros Ventres and Assiniboines, far superior to his own in number, on a plain, and charged them, and, without firing a shot, began striking the enemy with his "coo-stick." He received about thirty shots and fell.

STANDING BUFFALO was a tall, well-made, fine-looking Indian. He had been engaged in several wars against the whites, but had determined to live in peace. It is believed that he went to war courting death, because he was resolved to maintain peace with the whites, and abide faithfully by the terms he had made with the Agency, and was unable to control the Yanctons and some of his own warriors, or prevent them from violating the compact.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1871, by Harper & Brothers, in the Office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington.]

POOR MISS FINCH.

A Domestic Story.

By WILKIE COLLINS,

Author of "The Woman in White," "No Name," "The Moonstone," "Man and Wife," etc.

WITH ORIGINAL ILLUSTRATIONS.

CHAPTER THE FIFTH.

CANDLE-LIGHT VIEW OF THE MAN.

There had been barely light enough left for me to read by. Zillah lit the candles, and drew the curtains. The silence which betokens a profound disappointment reigned in the room.

"Who can he be?" repeated Lucilla, for the hundredth time. "And why should your looking at him have distressed him? Guess, Madame Pratolungo!"

The last sentence in the gazetteer's description of Exeter hung a little on my mind, in consequence of there being one word in it which I did not quite understand—the word "Assizes." I have, I hope, shown that I possess a competent knowledge of the English language by this time. But my experience fails a little on the side of phrases consecrated to the use of the law. I inquired into the meaning of "Assizes," and was informed that it signified movable courts, for trying prisoners at given times in various parts of England. Hearing this, I had another of my inspirations. I guessed immediately that the interesting stranger was a criminal escaped from the Assizes.

Worthy old Zillah started to her feet, convinced that I had hit him off (as the English saying is) to a T. "Mercy preserve us!" cried the nurse, "I haven't bolted the garden door!"

She hurried out of the room to rescue us from robbery and murder before it was too late. I looked at Lucilla. She was leaning back in her chair, with a smile of quiet contempt on her pretty face. "Madame Pratolungo," she remarked, "that is the first foolish thing you have said since you have been here."

"Wait a little, my dear," I rejoined. "You have declared that nothing is known of this man. Now you mean by that—nothing which satisfies you. He has not dropped down from heaven, I suppose? The time when he came here must be known. Also, whether he came alone or not. Also, how and where he has found a lodging in the village. Before I admit that my guess is completely wrong, I want to hear what general observation in Dimchurch has discovered on the subject of this gentleman. How long has he been here?"

Lucilla did not, at first, appear to be much interested in the purely practical view of the question which I had just placed before her.

"He has been here a week," she answered, carelessly.

"Did he come, as I came, over the hills?"

"Yes."

"With a guide, of course?"

Lucilla suddenly sat up in her chair.

"With his brother," she said. "His twin brother, Madame Pratolungo."

I sat up in my chair. The appearance of his twin brother in the story was a complication in itself. Two criminals escaped from the Assizes, instead of one!

"How did they find their way here?" I asked next.

"Nobody knows."

"Where did they go to when they got here?"

"To the Cross-Hands—the little public-house in the village. The landlord told Zillah he was perfectly astonished at the resemblance between them. It was impossible to know which was which—it was wonderful, even for twins. They arrived early in the day, when the tap-room was empty; and they had a long talk together in private. At the end of it they rang for the landlord, and asked if he had a bedroom to let in the house. You must have seen for yourself that the Cross-Hands is a mere beer-shop. The landlord had a room that he could spare—a wretched place, not fit for a gentleman to sleep in. One of the brothers took the room, for all that."

"What became of the other brother?"

"He went away the same day—very unwillingly. The parting between them was most affecting. The brother who spoke to us to-night insisted on it, or the other would have refused to leave him. They both shed tears—"

"They did worse than that," said old Zillah, re-entering the room at the moment. "I have made all the doors and windows fast down-stairs; he can't get in now, my dear, if he tries."

"What did they do that was worse than crying?" I inquired.

"Kissed each other!" said Zillah, with a look of profound disgust. "Two men!"

"Perhaps they are foreigners," I suggested. "Did they give themselves a name?"

"The landlord asked the one who staid behind for his name," replied Lucilla. "He said it was 'Dubourg.'"

This confirmed me in my belief that I had guessed right. "Dubourg" is as common a name in my country as "Jones" or "Thompson" is in England—just the sort of feigned name that a man in difficulties would give among us. Was he a criminal countryman of mine? No! There had been nothing foreign in his accent when he spoke. Pure English—there could be no doubt of that. And yet he had given a French name! Had he deliberately insulted my nation? Yes! Not content with being stained by innumerable crimes, he had added to the list of his atrocities—he had insulted my nation!

"Well?" I resumed. "We have left this undetected ruffian deserted in the public-house. Is he there still?"

"Bless your heart!" cried the old nurse, "he is settled in the neighborhood. He has taken Browndown."

I turned to Lucilla. "Browndown belongs to Somebody," I said, hazarding another guess. "Did Somebody let it without a reference?"

"Browndown belongs to a gentleman at Brighton," answered Lucilla. "And the gentleman was referred to a well-known name in London—one of the great City merchants. Here is the most provoking part of the whole mystery. The merchant said, 'I have known Mr. Dubourg from his childhood. He has reasons for wishing to live in the strictest retirement. I answer for his being an honorable man, to whom you can safely let your house. More than this I am not authorized to tell you.' My father knows the landlord of Browndown; and that is what the reference said to him, word for word! Isn't it provoking? The house was let for six months, certain, the next day. It is wretchedly furnished. Mr. Dubourg has had several things that he wanted sent from Brighton. Besides the furniture, a packing-case from London arrived at the house to-day. It was so strongly nailed up that the carpenter had to be sent for to open it. He reports that the case was full of thin plates of gold and silver; and it was accompanied by a box of extraordinary tools, the use of which was a mystery to the carpenter himself. Mr. Dubourg locked up these things in a room at the back of the house, and put the key in his pocket. He seemed to be pleased—he whistled a tune, and said, 'Now we shall do!' The landlady at the Cross-Hands is our authority for this. She does what little cooking he requires; and her daughter makes his bed, and so on. They go to him in the morning, and return to the inn in the evening. He has no servants with him. He is all by himself at night. Isn't it interesting? A mystery in real life. It baffles every body."

"You must be very strange people, my dear," I said, "to make a mystery of such a plain case as this."

"Plain?" repeated Lucilla, in amazement.

"Certainly! The gold and silver plates, and the strange tools, and the living in retirement, and the sending the servants away at night—all point to the same conclusion. My guess is the right one. The man is an escaped criminal, and

"I MIGHT TAKE IT IF YOU WE

her place, and began to play again. She suddenly snatched my hands off the keys. "Is Zillah here?" she whispered. I told her Zillah had left the room. She laid her charming head on my shoulder, and sighed hysterically. "I can't help thinking of him," she burst out. "I am miserable for the first time in my life—no! I am happy for the first time in my life. Oh, what must you think of me! I don't know what I am talking about. Why did you encourage him to speak to us? I might never have heard his voice but for you." She lifted her head again, with a little shiver, and composed herself. One of her hands wandered here and there over the keys of the piano, playing softly. "His charming voice!" she whispered, dreamily, while she played. "Oh, his charming voice!" She paused again. Her hand dropped from the piano and took mine. "Is this love?" she said, half to herself, half to me.

My duty as a respectable woman lay clearly before me—my duty was to tell her a lie.

"It is nothing, my dear, but too much excitement, and too much fatigue," I said. "To-morrow you shall be my young lady again. To-night you must be only my child. Come and let me put you to bed."

She yielded with a weary sigh. Ah, how lovely she looked in her pretty night-dress, on her knees at the bed-side—the innocent, afflicted creature—saying her prayers!

I am, let me own, an equally headlong woman in loving and hating. When I had left her for the night, I could hardly have felt more tenderly interested in her if she had been really a child of my own. You have met with people of my sort—unless you are a very forbidding person indeed—who have talked to you in the most confidential manner of all their private affairs on meeting you in a railway carriage, or sitting next to you at a table d'hôte. For myself, I believe I shall go on running up sudden friendships with strangers to my dying day. Infamous Dubourg! If I could have got him into Browndown that night I should have liked to have done to him what a Mexican maid of mine (at the Central American period of my career) did to her drunken husband, who was a kind of peddler dealing in whips and sticks. She sewed him strongly up one night in the sheet while he lay snoring off his liquor in bed, and then she took his whole stock in trade out of the corner of the room and broke it on him, to the last article on sale, until he was beaten to a jelly from head to foot.

Not having this resource open to me, I sat myself down in my bedroom to consider—if the matter of Dubourg went any further—what it was my business to do next.

I have already mentioned that Lucilla and I had idled away the whole afternoon, woman-like, in talking of ourselves. You will best understand what course my reflections took if I here relate the chief particulars which Lucilla communicated to me concerning her own singular position in her father's house.

CHAPTER THE SIXTH.

A CAGE OF FINCHES.

LARGE families are—as my experience goes—of two sorts. There are the families whose members all admire each other. And there are the families whose members all detest each other. For myself I prefer the second sort. Their quarrels are their own affair; and they have a merit which the first sort are never known to possess—the merit of being sometimes able to see the good qualities of persons who do not possess the advantage of being related to them by blood. The families whose members all admire each other, are families saturated with insufferable conceit. You happen to speak of Shakespeare among these people as a type of supreme intellectual capacity. A female member of the family will not fail to convey to you that you would have illustrated your meaning far more completely if you had referred her to "dear papa." You are out walking with a male member of the household, and you say of a woman who passes, "What a charming creature!" Your companion smiles at your simplicity, and wonders whether you have ever seen his sister when she is dressed for a ball. These are the families who can not be separated without corresponding with each other every day. They read you extracts from their letters, and say, "Where is the professional writer who can equal this?" They talk of their private affairs in your presence, and appear to think that you ought to be interested too. They enjoy their own jokes across you at table, and wonder how it is that you are not amused. In domestic circles of this sort the sisters sit habitually on the brothers' knees; and the husbands inquire into the wives' ailments in public as unreservedly as if they were closeted in their own room. When we arrive at a more advanced stage of civilization, the state will supply cages for these intolerable people; and notices will be posted at the corners of streets, "Beware of Number twelve: a family in a state of mutual admiration is hung up there!"

I gathered from Lucilla that the Finches were of the second order of large families, as mentioned above. Hardly one of the members of this domestic group was on speaking terms with the other. And some of them had been separated for years without once troubling her Majesty's Post-office to convey even the slightest expression of sentiment from one to the other.

The first wife of Reverend Finch was a Miss Batchford. The members of her family (limited at the time of the marriage to her brother and her sister) strongly disapproved of her choice of a husband. The rank of a Finch (I laugh at these contemptible distinctions!) was decided, in this case, to be not equal to the rank of a Batchford. Nevertheless, Miss married. Her brother and sister declined to be present to the ceremony. First quarrel.

Lucilla was born. Reverend Finch's elder brother (on speaking terms with no other member of the family) interfered with a Christian proposal—namely, to shake hands across the baby's cradle. Adopted by the magnanimous Batchfords. First reconciliation.

Time passed. Reverend Finch—then officiating in a poor curacy near a great manufacturing town—felt a want (the want of money), and took a liberty (the liberty of attempting to borrow of his brother-in-law). Mr. Batchford, being a rich man, regarded this overture, it is needless to say, in the light of an insult. Miss Batchford sided with her brother. Second quarrel.

Time passed, as before. Mrs. Finch the first died. Reverend Finch's elder brother (still at daggers drawn with the other members of the family) made a second Christian proposal—namely, to shake hands across the wife's grave. Adopted once more by the bereaved Batchfords. Second reconciliation.

Another lapse of time. Reverend Finch, left a widower with one daughter, became personally acquainted with an inhabitant of the great city near which he ministered, who was also a widower with one daughter. The status of the parent in this case—social-political-religious—was Shoe-maker-Radical-Baptist. Reverend Finch, still wanting money, swallowed it all, and married the daughter, with a dowry of three thousand pounds. This proceeding alienated from him forever, not the Batchfords only, but the peace-making elder brother as well. This excellent Christian ceased to be on speaking terms now with his brother the clergyman as well as with all the rest of the family. The complete isolation of Reverend Finch followed. Regularly every year did the second Mrs. Finch afford opportunities of shaking hands, not only over one cradle, but sometimes over two. Vain and meritorious fertility! Nothing came of it but a kind of compromise. Lucilla, quite overlooked among the rector's rapidly increasing second family, was allowed to visit her maternal uncle and aunt at stated periods in every year. Born, to all appearance, with the full possession of her sight, the poor child had become incurably blind before she was a year old. In all other respects she presented a striking resemblance to her mother. Bachelor Uncle Batchford and her old maiden sister both conceived the strongest affection for the child. "Our niece, Lucilla," they said, "has justified our fondest hopes—she is a Batchford, not a Finch!" Lucilla's father (promoted by this time to the rectory of Dimchurch) let them talk. "Wait a bit, and money will come of it," was all he said. Truly, money was wanted!—with fruitful Mrs. Finch multiplying cradles year after year till the doctor himself (employed on contract) got tired of it, and said one day, "It is not true that there is an end to every thing—there is no end to the multiplying capacity of Mrs. Finch."

Lucilla grew up from childhood to womanhood. She was twenty years old before her father's expectations were realized, and the money came of it at last.

Uncle Batchford died a single man. He divided his fortune between his maiden sister and his niece. When she came of age Lucilla was to have an income of fifteen hundred pounds a year—on certain conditions, which the will set forth at great length. The effect of these conditions was (first) to render it absolutely impossible for Reverend Finch, under any circumstances whatever, to legally inherit a single farthing of the money, and (secondly) to detach Lucilla from her father's household, and to place her under the care of her maiden aunt, as long as she remained unmarried, for a period of three months in every year.

The will avowed the object of this last condition in the plainest words. "I die as I have lived" (wrote Uncle Batchford) "a High-Churchman and a Tory. My legacy to my niece shall only take effect on these terms—namely, that she shall be removed at certain stated periods from the Dissenting and Radical influences to which she is subjected under her father's roof, and shall be placed under the care of an English gentlewoman who unites to the advantages of birth and breeding the possession of high and honorable principles," to certain, et cetera. Can you conceive Reverend Finch's feelings, sitting, with his daughter by his side, among the company, while the will was read, and hearing this? He got up, like a true Englishman, and made them a speech. "Ladies and gentlemen," he said, "I admit that I am a Liberal in politics, and that my wife's family are Dissenters. As an example of the principles thus engendered in my household, I beg to inform you that my daughter accepts this legacy with my full permission, and that I forgive Mr. Batchford." With that, he walked out, with his daughter on his arm. He had heard enough, please to observe, to satisfy him that Lucilla (while she lived unmarried) could do what she liked with her income. Before they had got back to Dimchurch, Reverend Finch had completed a domestic arrangement which permitted his daughter to occupy a perfectly independent position in the rectory, and which placed in her father's pockets—as Miss Finch's contribution to the housekeeping—five hundred a year.

(Do you know what I felt when I heard this? I felt the deepest regret that Finch of the liberal principles had not made a third with my poor Pratolungo and me in Central America. With him to advise us, we should have saved the sacred cause of Freedom without spending a single farthing on it!)

The old side of the rectory, hitherto uninhabited, was put in order and furnished—of course at Lucilla's expense. On her twenty-first birthday the repairs were completed; the first installment of the housekeeping money was paid; and the daughter was established, as an independent lodger, in her own father's house!

In order to thoroughly appreciate Finch's ingenuity it is necessary to add here that Lucilla had shown, as she grew up, an increasing dislike of living at home. In her blind state, the endless turmoil of the children distracted her. She and her step-mother did not possess a single sympathy in common. Her relations with her father were in much the same condition. She could compassionate his poverty, and she could treat him with the forbearance and respect due to him from his child. As to really venerating and loving him—the less said about that the better. Her happiest days had been the days she spent with her uncle and aunt; her visits to the Batchfords had grown to be longer and longer visits with every succeeding year. If the father, in appealing to the daughter's sympathies, had not dexterously contrived to unite the preservation of her independence with the continuance of her residence under his roof, she would, on coming of age, either have lived altogether with her aunt, or have set up an establishment of her own. As it was, the rector had secured his five hundred a year on terms acceptable to both sides—and, more than that, he had got her safe under his own eye. For, remark, there was one terrible possibility threatening him in the future—the possibility of Lucilla's marriage!

Such was the strange domestic position of this interesting creature at the time when I entered the house.

You will now understand how completely puzzled I was when I recalled what had happened on the evening of my arrival, and when I asked myself—in the matter of the mysterious stranger—what course I was to take next. I had found Lucilla a solitary being, helplessly dependent, in her blindness, on others; and in that sad condition—without a mother, without a sister, without a friend even in whose sympathies she could take refuge, in whose advice she could trust—I had produced a first favorable impression on her; I had won her liking at once, as she had won mine. I had accompanied her on an evening walk, innocent of all suspicion of what was going on in her mind. I had by pure accident enabled a stranger to intensify the imaginary interest which she felt in him, by provoking him to speak in her hearing for the first time. In a moment of hysterical agitation—and in sheer despair of knowing who else to confide in—the poor, foolish, blind, lonely girl had opened her heart to me. What was I to do?

If the case had been an ordinary one, the whole affair would have been simply ridiculous.

But the case of Lucilla was not the case of girls in general.

The minds of the blind are, by cruel necessity, forced inward on themselves. They live apart from us—ah, how hopelessly far apart!—in their own dark sphere, of which we know nothing. What relief could come to Lucilla from the world outside? None! It was part of her desolate liberty to be free to dwell unremittingly on the ideal creature of her own dream. Within the narrow limit of the one impression that it had been possible for her to derive of this man—the impression of the beauty of his voice—her fancy was left to work unrestrained in the changeless darkness of her life. What a picture! I shudder as I draw it. Oh yes, it is easy, I know, to look at it the other way; to laugh at the folly of a girl, who first excites her imagination about a total stranger, and then, when she hears him speak, falls in love with his voice! But add that the girl is blind; that the girl lives habitually in the world of her own imagination; that the girl has nobody at home who can exercise a wholesome influence over her. Is there nothing pitiable in such a state of things as this? For myself—though I come of a light-hearted nation that laughs at every thing—I saw my own face looking horribly grave and old as I sat before the glass that night brushing my hair.

I looked at my bed. Bah! what was the use of going to bed?

She was her own mistress. She was perfectly free to take her next walk to Browndown alone, and to place herself, for all I knew to the contrary, at the mercy of a dishonorable and designing man. What was I? Only her companion. I had no right to interfere—and yet, if any thing happened, I should be blamed. It is so easy to say, "You ought to have done something." Who could I consult? The worthy old nurse only held the position of servant. Could I address myself to the lymphatic lady with the baby in one hand and the novel in the other? Absurd! Her step-mother was not to be thought of. Her father? Judging by hearsay, I had not derived a favorable impression of the capacity of Reverend Finch for interfering successfully in a matter of this sort. However, he was her father; and I could feel my way cautiously with him at first. Hearing Zillah moving about the corridor, I went out to her. In the course of a little gossip I introduced the name of the master of the house. How was it I had not seen him yet? For an excellent reason. He had gone to visit a friend at Brighton. It was then Tuesday. He was expected back on "sermon-day"—that is to say, on Saturday in the same week.

I returned to my room a little out of temper. In this state my mind works with wonderful freedom. I had another of my inspirations. Mr. Dubourg had taken the liberty of speaking to me that evening. Good. I determined to go alone to Browndown the next morning, and take the liberty of speaking to Mr. Dubourg.

Was this resolution inspired solely by my interest in Lucilla? Or had my own curiosity been all the time working under the surface, and influencing the course of my reflections unknown to myself? I went to bed without inquiring. I recommend you to go to bed without inquiring too.

CHAPTER THE SEVENTH.

DAYLIGHT VIEW OF THE MAN.

WHEN I put out my candle that night I made a mistake—I trusted entirely to myself to wake in good time in the morning. I ought to have told Zillah to call me.

Hours passed before I could close my eyes. It was broken rest when it came until the day dawned. Then I fell asleep at last in good earnest. When I awoke, and looked at my watch, I was amazed to find that it was ten o'clock.

I jumped out of bed, and rang for the old nurse. Was Lucilla at home? No. She had gone out for a little walk. By herself? Yes—by herself. In what direction? Up the valley, toward Browndown.

I instantly arrived at my own conclusion.

She had got the start of me—thanks to my laziness in sleeping away the precious hours of the morning in bed. The one thing to do was to follow her as speedily as possible. In half an hour more I was out for a little walk by myself—and (what do you think?) my direction also was up the valley, toward Browndown.

A pastoral solitude reigned round the lonely little house. I went on beyond it into the next winding of the valley. Not a human creature was to be seen. I returned to Browndown to reconnoitre. Ascending the rising ground on which the house was built, I approached it from the back. The windows were all open. I listened. (Do you suppose I felt scruples in such an emergency as this? Oh, pooh! pooh! who but a fool would have felt any thing of the sort!) I listened with both my ears. Through a window at the side of the house I heard the sound of voices. Advancing noiselessly on the turf, I heard the voice of Dubourg. He was answered by a woman. Aha, I had caught her! Lucilla herself!

"Wonderful!" I heard him say. "I believe you have eyes in the ends of your fingers. Take this, now, and try if you can tell me what it is."

"A little vase," she answered, speaking, I give you my word of honor, as composedly as if she had known him for years. "Wait! what metal is it? Silver? No. Gold. Did you really make this yourself, as well as the last?"

"Yes. It is an odd taste of mine, isn't it? to be fond of chasing in gold and silver. Years ago I met with a man in Italy who taught me. It amused me then, and it amuses me now. When I was recovering from an illness last spring I shaped that vase out of the plain metal, and made the ornaments on it."

"Another mystery revealed!" she exclaimed. "Now I know what you wanted with those gold and silver plates that came to you from London. Are you aware of what a character you have got here? There are some of us who suspect you of coining false money!"

They both burst out laughing as gayly as a couple of children. I declare I wished myself one of the party! But no. I had my duty to do as a respectable woman. My duty was to steal a little nearer, and see if any familiarities were passing between these two merry young people. One-half of the open window was sheltered, on the outer side, by a Venetian blind. I stood behind the blind and peeped in. (Duty! oh, dear me, painful but necessary duty!) Dubourg was sitting with his back to the window. Lucilla faced me opposite to him. Her cheeks were flushed with pleasure. She held in her lap a pretty little golden vase. Her clever fingers were passing over it rapidly, exactly as they had passed, the previous evening, over my face.

"Shall I tell you what the pattern is on your vase?" she went on.

"Can you really do that?"

"You shall judge for yourself. The pattern is made of leaves, with birds placed among them, at intervals. Stop! I think I have felt leaves like these on the old side of the rectory, against the wall. Ivy?"

"Amazing! it *is* Ivy."

"The birds," she resumed. "I shan't be satisfied till I have told you what the birds are. Haven't I got silver birds like them—only much larger—for holding pepper and mustard and sugar and so on? Owls!" she exclaimed, with a cry of triumph. "Little owls, sitting in ivy nests. What a delightful pattern! I never heard of any thing like it before."

"Keep the vase," he said. "You will honor me, you will delight me, if you will keep the vase."

She rose and shook her head—without giving him back the vase, however.

"I might take it, if you were not a stranger," she said. "Why don't you tell us who you are, and what your reason is for living all by yourself in this dull place?"

He stood before her, with his head down, and sighed bitterly.

"I know I ought to explain myself," he answered. "I can't be surprised if people are suspicious of me." He paused, and added, very earnestly, "I can't tell it to you. Oh no, not to *you*!"

"Why not?"

"Don't ask me."

She felt for the table with her ivory cane, and put the vase down on it very unwillingly.

"Good morning, Mr. Dubourg," she said.

He opened the door of the room for her in silence. Waiting close against the side of the house, I saw them appear under the porch and cross the little walled inclosure in front. As she stepped out on the open turf beyond she turned and spoke to him again.

"If you won't tell us your secret," she said, "will you tell it to some one else? Will you tell it to a friend of mine?"

"To what friend?" he asked.

"To the lady whom you met with me last night."

He hesitated. "I am afraid I offended the lady," he said.

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"So much the more reason for your explaining yourself," she rejoined. "If you will only satisfy her, I might ask you to come and see us—I might even take the vase." With that strong hint she actually gave him her hand at parting. Her perfect self-possession, her easy familiarity with this stranger—so bold and yet so innocent—petrified me. "I shall send my friend to you this morning," she said, imperiously, striking her cane on the turf. "I insist on your telling her the whole truth."

With that she signed to him that he was to follow her no farther, and went her way back to the village.

Does it not surprise you, as it surprised me? Instead of her blindness making her nervous in the presence of a man unknown to her, it appeared to have exactly the contrary effect. It made her fearless.

He stood on the spot where she had left him, watching her as she receded in the distance. His manner toward her, in the house and out of the house, had exhibited, it is only fair to say, the utmost consideration and respect. Whatever shyness there had been between them was shyness entirely on his side. I had a short stuff dress on, which made no noise over the grass. I skirted the wall of the inclosure, and approached him unsuspected from behind. "The charming creature!" he said to himself, still following her with his eyes. As the words passed his lips I touched him smartly on the shoulder with my parasol.

"Mr. Dubourg," I said, "I am waiting to hear the truth."

He started violently, and confronted me in speechless dismay, his color coming and going like the color of a young girl. Any body who understands women will understand that this behavior on his part, far from softening me toward him, only encouraged me to bully him.

"In your present position in this place, Sir," I went on, "do you think it honorable conduct on your part to decoy a young lady, to whom you are a perfect stranger, into your house—a young lady who claims, in right of her sad affliction, even more than the usual forbearance and respect which a gentleman owes to her sex?"

His shifting color settled for the time into an angry red.

"You are doing me a great injustice, ma'am," he answered. "It is a shame to say that I have failed in respect to the young lady. I feel the sincerest admiration and compassion for her. Circumstances justify me in what I have done. I could not have acted otherwise. I refer you to the young lady herself."

His voice rose higher and higher. He was thoroughly offended with me. Need I add (seeing the prospect not far off of *his* bullying *me*) that I unblushingly shifted my ground, and tried a little civility next?

"If I have done you an injustice, Sir, I ask your pardon," I answered. "Having said so much, I have only to add that I shall be satisfied if I hear what the circumstances are from yourself."

This soothed his offended dignity. His gentler manner began to show itself again.

"The truth is," he said, "that I owe my introduction to the young lady to an ill-tempered little dog belonging to the people at the inn. The dog had followed the person here who attends on me; and it startled the lady by flying out and barking at her as she passed this house. After I had driven away the dog I begged her to come in and sit down until she had recovered herself. Am I to blame for doing that? I don't deny that I felt the deepest interest in her, and that I did my best to amuse her while she honored me by remaining in my house. May I ask if I have satisfied you?"

With the best will in the world to maintain my unfavorable opinion of him, I was, by this time, fairly forced to acknowledge to myself that the opinion was wrong. His explanation was, in tone and manner, as well as in language, the explanation of a gentleman.

And, besides—though he was a little too effeminate for my taste—he really was such a handsome young man! His hair was of a fine bright chestnut color, with a natural curl in it. His eyes were of the lightest brown I had ever seen—with a singularly winning, gentle, modest expression in them. As for his complexion—so creamy and spotless and fair—he had no right to it: it ought to have been a woman's complexion, or at least a boy's. He looked, indeed, more like a boy than a man: his smooth face was quite uncovered, either by beard, whisker, or moustache. If he had asked me, I should have guessed him (though he was really three years older) to have been younger than Lucilla.

"Our acquaintance has begun rather oddly, Sir," I said. "You spoke strangely to me last night, and I have spoken hastily to you this morning. Accept my excuses—and let us try if we can't do each other justice in the end. I have something more to say to you before we part. Will you think me a very extraordinary woman if I suggest that you may as well invite me next to take a chair in your house?"

He laughed with the pleasantest good temper, and led the way in.

We entered the room in which he had received Lucilla, and sat down together on the two chairs near the window—with this difference, that I contrived to possess myself of the seat which he had occupied, and so to place him with his face to the light.

"Mr. Dubourg," I began, "you will already have guessed that I overheard what Miss Finch said to you at parting?"

He bowed in silent acknowledgment that it was so, and began to toy nervously with the gold vase which Lucilla had left on the table.

"What do you propose to do?" I went on. "You have spoken of the interest you feel in my young friend. If it is a true interest, it will lead you to merit her good opinion by complying with her request. Tell me plainly, if you please. Will you come and see us, in the character of a gentleman who has satisfied two ladies that they can receive him as a neighbor and a friend? Or will you oblige me to warn the rector of Dimchurch that his daughter is in danger of permitting a doubtful character to force his acquaintance on her?"

He put the vase back on the table and turned deadly pale.

"If you knew what I have suffered," he said; "if you had gone through what I have been compelled to endure—" His voice failed him; his soft brown eyes moistened; his head drooped. He said no more.

In common with all women I like a man to *be* a man. There was, to my mind, something weak and womanish in the manner in which this Dubourg met the advance which I had made to him. He not only failed to move my pity—he was in danger of stirring up my contempt.

"I too have suffered," I answered. "I too have been compelled to endure. But there is this difference between us. *My* courage is not worn out. In your place, if I knew myself to be an honorable man, I would not allow the breath of suspicion to rest on me for an instant. Cost what it might, I would vindicate myself. I should be ashamed to cry. I should speak."

That stung him. He started up on his feet.

"Have you been stared at by hundreds of cruel eyes?" he burst out, passionately. "Have you been pointed at without mercy wherever you go? Have you been put in the pillory of the newspapers? Has the photograph proclaimed your infamous notoriety in all the shop windows?" He dropped back into his chair, and wrung his hands in a frenzy. "Oh, the public!" he exclaimed—"the horrible public! I can't get away from them. I can't hide myself even here. You have had your stare at me like the rest," he cried, turning on me fiercely. "I knew it when you passed me last night."

"I never saw you out of this place," I answered. "As for the portraits of you, whoever you may be, I know nothing about them. I was far too anxious and too wretched to amuse myself by looking into shop windows before I came here. You and your name are equally strange to me. If you have any respect for yourself, tell me who you are. Out with the truth, Sir. You know as well as I do that you have gone too far to stop."

I seized him by the hand. I was wrought up by the extraordinary outburst that had swept him to the highest pitch of excitement. I was hardly conscious of what I said or did. At that supreme moment we enraged, we maddened each other. His hand closed convulsively on my hand. His eyes looked wildly into mine.

"Do you read the newspapers?" he asked.

"Yes."

"Have you seen—"

"I have *not* seen the name of Dubourg."

"My name is *not* 'Dubourg.'"

"What is it?"

He suddenly stooped over me and whispered his name in my ear.

In my turn I started, thunderstruck, to my feet.

"Good God!" I cried. "You are the man who was tried for murder last month, and who was all but hanged on the false testimony of a clock!"

THE COUNTY COURT-HOUSE.

ABOUT ten years ago there rose between the City Hall and Broadway, a little to the rear of the former, a high and unsightly wooden structure, which was used to conceal the foundations of the new County Court-house. The modest little edifice in the Park which had sufficed for the accommodation of the county courts had been some years before destroyed by fire, with a valuable library and much other property. To provide suitable quarters for the judges and other county officers became a necessity; and in 1858 the Legislature granted power to the Board of Supervisors to appoint commissioners to purchase ground for the site of a new building. The cost was limited to $250,000; but the commissioners, Messrs. WILSON G. HUNT, J. R. CURLIER, and JAMES SALMON, took a broader view of the necessities of the case, and expended in one lump $450,000 for the site, which was purchased from the city. During the official term of Mayor WOOD, the Supervisors had every thing their own way; but during Mayor OPDYKE's administration the question of the legality of the appropriations was raised. The Mayor contended that the retirement of Mr. SALMON from the commission rendered its acts illegal, and refused to sign any warrants. In April, 1862, he appointed Mr. T. G. CHURCHILL to fill the vacancy in the commission. The Supervisors took no notice of his action. The Mayor continued firm, and the Supervisors were exceedingly short.

The dead-lock continued for several months; but in December, 1862, the genius of Mr. TWEED suggested a remedy. He offered five resolutions in the Board of Supervisors taking the control entirely out of the hands of the Mayor and giving it to a special committee of their own body. The resolutions passed immediately, and the Mayor's objections were overruled by a decisive vote.

It was now generally supposed that the work would proceed rapidly, and that the building would be ready for occupation within two or three years. But two, three, five, ten years rolled away, and still the Court-house was not finished. The walls crept slowly upward. By-and-by they peered above the wooden inclosure, and took their first survey of the Park, struggled painfully upward for a year or two more, and were at length roofed by a massive roof. The process seemed like the gradual upheaval of a continent, perceptible only by measurements separated by cycles. People who saw it every day forgot when it began, and at length came to regard it as something which had never had a beginning, and, probably, would never have an ending.

There was, however, no doubt in regard to the cost of the structure. The original appropriation, intended to cover the entire cost, was $250,000. The Board of Supervisors was not to be restrained by petty notions of legality or economy. Within seven years after the laying of the corner stone of the new structure, *three and a half millions of dollars* had been expended upon it, and the result was—four walls and a roof!

While the Court-house was thus slowly progressing toward completion it was, in some unaccountable manner, in constant need of repairs, and sums which have been modestly characterized as "*perhaps exorbitant*" were required to make them. According to the statements of the *New York Times*, Mr. ANDREW J. GARVEY received during 1869 and 1870, for plastering and repairs, the sum of $2,870,464 06. This is considerably in excess of the original appropriation, and shows what contracted views the men must have had who supposed a Court-house could be built for $250,000. But Mr. GARVEY's charges sink into insignificance in comparison with those of Messrs. INGERSOLL & Co., who, during the same years, received, for furniture supplied to the new Court-house, and more repairs done to the same building, $5,663,646 83! During the same years the firm of KEYSER & Co. received, for plumbing done in the same building, $1,231,817 76.

These figures show only a portion of the money expended upon a building which is not yet completed. Enormous sums, reaching into millions, have been spent for iron and stone and marble. The exact amount can not be ascertained, but enough has come to light to show that the cost of our new County Court-house exceeds that of the magnificent English Houses of Parliament, in which a dozen buildings like the Court-house might be stowed away in odd corners.

On page 836 we give a view of this costly structure.

SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

IN the eighty-ninth number of *Nature* we find a communication from Mr. BURNEY upon the total solar eclipse which is to take place in India, Ceylon, and Australia on the 11th of December, 1871, and a detail of the measures that are likely to be accomplished by the utilization of this phenomenon in the interest of science. It is not expected that any special expedition will be sent out from England, the local observers at Madras, Melbourne, and elsewhere being thought sufficient for the occasion. In the absence of an observatory at Ceylon, it is hoped that something may be done there to supply so necessary a means of research, under the auspices of the Royal Society and Royal Astronomical Society.

Year by year, as observations are made on solar phenomena with the continually improving instruments for research, the field of inquiry becomes narrowed, so that attention can be concentrated upon the remaining points, and Mr. LOCKYER, in a paper read before the Royal Society, states that the points of special interest now are: first, spectroscopic observations made with a suitable instrument, equatorially mounted, and with reference spectra; secondly, photographic observations made in a camera with a large aperture and small focal length, equatorially mounted. The less important elements, although not undeserving of attention, are, first, photographs of the prominences; second, sketches of every thing but the changes in the corona; third, polariscopic observations, and fourth, observations of Baily's Beads.

Mr. LOCKYER considers it important to have one instrument to determine the position of the prominences before and after totality. During totality they should not be observed at all, excepting incidentally. At each place (*i. e.*, India, Ceylon, Australia) the spectroscopes should be employed for half an hour (to be on the safe side) before totality, in scrutinizing the corona at its narrowest place, and the chromosphere outside the following limb of the moon. At each place, as before defined, there should be a spectroscope, with a finder and equatorial motion (or some equivalent arrangement), directed to the sun's center, to record any changes which take place in the spectrum from, say, half an hour before to half an hour after totality, and during totality, *bien entendu*. The relative darkness or brightness of the lines should be recorded every ten seconds. This spectroscope should have moderate dispersion, large object-glasses for collimator and telescope, and with focal length such that two or three degrees round the sun should be taken in (*i. e.*, one degree to one and a half from the sun's center), and a large field.

Eight persons are considered necessary, as well as sufficient, for work at any one station—namely, one telescopic-spectroscopic observer, two assistants, one photographer, two assistants, and one spectroscopic observer with an assistant.

The general observations pointed out as of extreme importance are, first, rays before, during, and after totality—their length, direction, and color; second, colors of the various layers of the chromosphere, and of clouds and landscape, the order of these being of great importance; third, dark rays or rifts—whether they change, and whether they extend to the dark moon or stop short above the denser layers of the chromosphere; fourth, the colors of the corona between bright or dark rays; fifth, all changes in corona; sixth, comparative brightness of rays and chromosphere and outward corona.

DR. J. D. HOOKER, the director of the Royal Gardens at Kew, has issued his report on the progress and condition of the gardens during the year 1870. The number of visitors was not quite so large in 1870 as in 1869. The improvements in the laying out of the grounds of the botanic gardens, which have been in progress

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INTERIOR OF FORT M'KEE.

THE COREAN WAR.

Our readers are already in possession of the main facts of Admiral Rodgers's short but decisive campaign against the Corean barbarians, and only a brief resume will be necessary to explain the illustrations on this and the following page, engraved from photographs taken on the spot by our special artist, Mr. F. Beato, who accompanied the expedition as the official photographer.

The first illustration shows the interior of Fort M'Kee, so named in honor of the gallant young officer who was killed in the attack. It will be remembered that the expedition was undertaken with the purpose of effecting a treaty with the Coreans which should secure safety to any of our sailors who might hereafter be shipwrecked on the Corean coast. Minister Low was charged with the negotiation, but was instructed to confer fully at every step with Admiral Rodgers. The object of sending the fleet was to afford suitable conveyance to Minister Low, and to protect him if necessary; and hostilities were not to be engaged in unless an attack was made upon our forces.

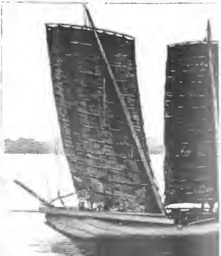
The fleet arrived off the mouth of Salt River about the last of May. Communication was at

FORT MONOCACY.

LIEUTENANT M'KEE.

once opened with the authorities, who readily gave the fleet permission to make a survey of the river. The survey was undertaken on the 1st of June, and was proceeding quietly until the boats reached a bend in the river, where an attack was made upon them from an ambuscade. The attack was repulsed with great promptitude and gallantry, and the enemy was driven from his guns and position. The Corean government having failed to apologize for this treacherous attack, an expedition was dispatched on the 10th of June to bring the enemy to his senses and to terms. In his official dispatch to the government Admiral RODGERS says:

"The operations of 10th and 11th inst., which resulted in the capture of five smaller forts, culminated on the 11th in taking by assault the enemy's stronghold, located in a most formidable position, at a very dangerous part of the river, and desperately defended. Two hundred and forty-three of the enemy's dead were counted within and around these works, and fifty flags were taken. The works were formidable not only from the natural features of the land, from shoals and violent currents in the river, but rendered artificially so by hundreds of weapons of various kinds placed by the enemy for their defense. The gallant band which encountered and overcame the perils of the navigation, which fought its way, against vastly superior numbers, through mud and marsh, over precipitous hills and across difficult ravines, and finally stormed



COREAN JUNK, BEARING DISPATCHES TO THE FLE[...]

Staff Lieutenant. Capt. Kimberly. Com. M'Crea. Com. Blake. Capt. Cooper. Secretary to Admiral. Capt. Nichols. Ad[...]

COUNCIL OF WAR ON BOARD THE FLAG-SHIP "COLORADO."

MAP SHOWING THE POSITION OF THE COREAN FORTS.

tacking party was met by a discharge of musketry from the ramparts, and the next instant was climbing over the parapet. A brief hand-to-hand conflict took place, when the yellow banner of the Corean was drawn down and the stars and stripes waved in its place. The ammunition of the Coreans had become exhausted; but, chanting a death-song, which resounded high above the din of the combat, they met our bullets with stones, our revolvers with clubs, and with desperate courage fought until conquered. Our men never flinched, but fought nobly, and won the day. Lieutenant M'Kee and three soldiers met death at this place. Our artist has portrayed a vivid view of the interior of the fort immediately after capture, the bodies of the dead lying in ghastly heaps to the point where the assault was made.

The powder magazine took fire immediately after the capture, and was soon burning fiercely. The interior of the fort was strewn with bodies apparently dead; but as the heat of the flames increased, many of the supposed corpses sprang up and ran away.

Our second illustration shows the exterior of Fort Monocacy immediately after its capture by the marines, on the 11th of June.

Our portrait of Lieutenant M'Kee is from a photograph by W. Kurtz. This gallant young officer was the first to enter the citadel when the assault was ordered, and no sooner had he set foot within the walls than he fell dead, struck by a bullet and pierced by a spear. Lieutenant M'Kee was a citizen of Kentucky. He was in the very prime of manhood, and his death was universally regretted by all who knew him.

We also give a picture of the Corean junk which put off to the fleet immediately after its arrival. On its approaching the *Colorado* Mr Drew, acting secretary of legation, went on board, and finding messengers from the Prefect of Fou Ping, invited them on board the ship. They manifested great interest in every thing. The crew of the junk were soon dispersed about the *Colorado*, and in every nook and corner could be seen some Corean loading himself up with jars, empty bottles, hard-tack, *Harper's Weekly*, and other wonders to the uncivilized. They showed perfect confidence in our friendliness, and it was with difficulty the officials could get together the junk's crew upon their departure.

Our last illustration shows the council of war held on board the flag-ship *Colorado* before the attack of June 10. The names of the officers present are printed beneath the picture, and no further explanation is required. The accompanying map will be useful as showing the situation of the forts—five in all—which were taken and demolished by the fleet.

MAKING IT EVEN.

I am an animal painter. I have studied my art in nearly every menagerie in the country, and so have come in contact with strange people, and have seen uncommon sights; and thus it was that, in order to draw at my leisure some newly arrived creatures with the wildness of the desert and jungle still within them, I joined a traveling company for the summer, and so beheld the thrilling scene I here record.

The owner of the show was a good-hearted soul of the rolling-stone sort, who never gathered as much moss as he deserved, and yet allowed no tinge of funds to interfere with social fellowship or a kindly action; and consequently the people about him worked with a friendly will, and except during the necessary journeying and labor there were generally jolly times among the employés of the Grand Unrivaled Cosmopolitan Menagerie. There was only one man who seems I had and never sang, never joked and never grumbled; who, always silent without being surly, took his share of things to do, and seemed to set himself apart from his comrades in sheer loneliness of spirit that shirked no toil and yielded no confidence. Gradually it fell upon him, as from his own choice, to attend the cages, and to perform all the jobs that the boldest sometimes shrank from as dangerous, though he showed no sign of fear, and evinced no distaste of his exceptional employment. I watched him often as he busied himself about the beasts, and had to admire in this common-looking and uncultivated man the unconscious coolness and courage with which he accomplished his self-appropriated tasks. At length my curiosity concerning him was sufficiently excited to cause me to ask Mr. Kingsley, the proprietor of the menagerie, if he knew any thing more of him than what appeared on his every-day surface.

Mr Kingsley hesitated a moment before he answered, and then slowly said: "I am rather sorry you questioned me about Quiet Bill—that's what the men call him, you know—for no one else has cared to guess that there may be more connected with him than just the business he seems to belong to; and of all the folks in this caravansary he and I are the only ones that know what he was before he came here; and if I tell you, it is just because you are the man a man for a' that, and because I know you'll keep the secret. I don't suppose you remember, as the papers are so full of murders nowadays, one that was committed five years ago in the little country town of C——. Not a cold-blooded atrocity, though, but the result of jealousy, provocation, and liquor, and not altogether unjustifiable, either. Bill was the chap that did it, and only escaped hanging through having a smart lawyer, and got off in about the same way that 'not proven' sets a man free after a Scotch trial. But the people where he lived would have nothing to do with him; and he stood among them like an outlaw, for he had neither the money nor chance to go away, and could scarcely get a stroke of work that would earn his daily bread. I was head of a small circus then—not such a stunning concern as this on hand now; and when we put up the tent for a single day at C—— this Bill watched an opportunity to get hold of me alone, and when no one else could notice him, and told me his whole story, begging me to give him something to do to keep him from starving and suicide; and he had such a hunted-down and woe-begone look that I couldn't help pitying the poor fellow; and though I wasn't very able to take on another soul just then, I gave him what change I could spare, and bade him slip off to the next place and join us there, so that the rest of my men shouldn't know any thing about his history, and chaff him about his past—for they are a rough lot sometimes, and not overparticular about hurting feelings either in sport or spite. And so he has been along with me ever since. I have had hold of several ventures besides that and this, but make or fail, pay or put off, Bill has stuck by me truly through all. There is real grit as well as true in him, and I have seen it sharply tried more than once, and have never been sorry I gave him a helping hand at his need. But it often seems to me—though he never speaks of it—that he always thinks he is serving out his time for that old affair by taking up the hardest things he can find to do; for I do believe he has in his mind some rude idea of personal atonement for the blood he shed. And now you know all I have to tell. Do not let it speak out of your eyes to him, even though your tongue ain't likely to let it slip."

I had no occasion to guard myself thus, for, now I knew his story, it was plain to me from his face that Quiet Bill had suffered; and I have always held the doctrine that where a sin is thoroughly repented of, men should allow no dim ray of remembrance that which the good God forgives; and so, after a silent fashion, he and I became rather friendly: I talked to him, and made him talk some also about the creatures in his charge, and praised him a little once or twice, and saw the dark blood sweep up to his brow like a girl's blush; and after a while, when he had leisure, he would come and sit near me while I was sketching, and take curious but wordless note of my work, and occasionally shyly suggested to me slight points that caused me to wonder at his close and quick observation. Mr. Kingsley had always a cheery something to say to him; and as I look back now I am glad to think that Bill seemed to take unusual comfort, as time went on, out of his distant companionship with us two.

The season had been extremely hot, and August fairly blazed with the fierce, dry heat of a long drought; it was on one of those scorching, electric kind of days that make men feel listless, and beasts restless and wicked to deal with, that we halted in the suburbs of a growing city, and spread the canvas for an afternoon exhibition. The big Bengal tigress had been unusually uneasy all the morning; when lying prone on the floor of her cage, she lashed her powerful tail, and poured out low, ominous growls as if the blood-thirsty spirit of her lost liberty was angrily astir; and she would start up with a sudden bound that shook her prison, and impatiently pace its narrow limits, with yellow eyes all aflame, and snarling lip drawn up over the strong and hungry-looking teeth; and once or twice she rolled herself against the thick wires, and caught them in her great claws as if she longed to tear the resisting bars from their secured sockets. Bill kept careful watch on her antics, and I heard him say to himself, "There'll be trouble with that vixen." But the rest of the collection were feverish and fretful too, and between furnishing them all with fresh drinks, and throwing water on some to cool them off, he had quite as much as he could do before the hour fixed for the performance, without devoting especial attention to any one animal.

There was a crowded audience from far and near; whole families, from the father down to the babe in arms, were ranged on the hard benches to enjoy the acting elephants and the precocious ponies. There was even an extraordinary number of children, for a thriving Sunday-school had entered early, and noisily secured nearly all the front seats, and delighted anticipation shone on rows of chubby and eager countenances. The pea-nut boys drove a heavy trade, and the vendors of mugs of mead had a very profitable and active time; and all was going on merry as a marriage bell, in the ring and out of it, when I suddenly became aware that something serious was the matter, for I saw Bill slip quickly from behind the cage of the still fidgeting tigress, and come to a statuesque stand in full front of the amazed people, who scarcely observed him, amidst a round of uproarious applause; but he was in his shirt sleeves, and deadly pale—as well he might be, having just discovered that the mighty beast beside him had, by some unnoticed frantic effort, so loosened the structure of her cage that her next wrathful movement would render it fearfully unsafe. There was not a minute to be lost in the creature's evidently excited condition, further aggravated by the sounds of the band and tormenting attacks of exasperating flies; and Bill had rushed out in order to look for Mr. Kingsley among the audience, where he usually sat, and tell him to dismiss the crowd as rapidly and quietly as possible, as not knowing what instant the necessary power of protection would be past; but not seeing him at the moment in his accustomed place, Bill scarcely hesitated at the responsibility of announcing danger himself; but before his slow speech could be framed into words that could warn and not too severely alarm, it was too late.

The awful animal, crouching warily in a corner of its shattered inclosure, gave one abrupt vault, and swift as lightning, amidst the startled shriek of the terror-stricken throng, dashed into the open space before the encircling seats. For a second it stood still there as though dazed by its freedom, while the struggling mass of scared humanity, with scarce a regard for life or limb in each other, fled in frenzied haste and fright. But just as she had gathered herself up for her second spring our Quiet Bill made a simultaneous leap, and landed square upon her bristling back, with his muscular arms clasped tight around her swelling neck, and his legs wound close around the lithe and outstretched loins. Dismayed by this unexpected obstruction, for the space of a breath or two the tigress stood at bay; then, with a horrible roar, rolled over and over in the ring. We could hear Bill's bones break beneath her appalling efforts to dislodge him, for a sudden silence fell upon the selfish crowd that swayed aside from flight to watch this shocking contest between undaunted man and untamed brute. In vain she turned and twisted, reared and plunged. Bill held fast, though the blood poured from his mouth and blinded the beast's sight—held fast with the grip of everlasting faith, till Mr. Kingsley, snatching a loaded pistol from a trembling ruffian at his side, who had just threatened with it some women in his way of escape, stretched his firm hand, and sent a bullet straight into the savage creature's brain. One sharp convulsion of the heavy frame, one final heaving of the hardened back, and she lay still at last, with Quiet Bill partly underneath her crushing weight. Tender hands lifted him and bore his senseless body to the nearest comfortable place, and more than one strong man dropped unashamed tears over the maimed comrade who had so gallantly sacrificed his own life for others; for, if not companionable, Bill had done many a kindly deed for his associates in his own unobtrusive way, that, when his hour of trial came, the roughest remembered. Turn by turn we watched by him, but we knew that nothing more could be done for him in this world; and even in his agony he was so grateful for the interest manifested that it seemed as if he wondered that any had cared for him, and it was touching to hear him gasp out between his throes of anguish, "how good we all were to him!"

But the end came soon. The doctor told him, and he heard it calmly and bore it bravely. Mr. Kingsley and I were beside him a few moments after, when he turned to the former and earnestly said,

"I think I've made it even, Sir."

"What, Bill?"

"Why, you know, Sir, I took a life; and I reckon I saved one the other day, didn't I?"

Mr. Kingsley took the cold hand in both of his own. "Yes, indeed, Bill; many more than one, perhaps, and gave yours too!"

"Then you think it's even?"

"Yes, Bill, I do."

"And do you believe that He, the great Judge who knows all things, will hold it even too?"

"Yes, Bill, I do think so; for He is full of mercy and loving kindness."

"But He is just too," murmured the dying voice; "for I heard a preacher once say He wanted an eye for an eye, a tooth for a tooth, and then I knew I must somehow give Him a life for the one I slew, and I've always been lookin' out for the chance. It was long a-comin'; but I got it at last; and I thank Him for lettin' me make it even."

Mr. Kingsley was crying like a child. "My good old Bill," he said, "I am so sorry to lose you. You have been a faithful servant, and I shall miss you more than I can say."

A glad light flashed into the dim eyes, and, in spite of the exquisite pain of every movement, he made one supreme effort, and lifted Mr. Kingsley's hand to his white lips.

"God bless you, Sir!" he gasped out. "You took me when all the world kicked me out, and you've never given me a mean word. God bless you; you're all in life I'm loath to leave!" Then he lay silent for a little while, and we thought he was asleep, and would pass away so; but suddenly he was looking at us wide awake, and spoke out, firm and clear:

"And there was such a lot of little ones that day, too! It's all right, all right! I know I've made it even!"

And then the peace of death settled down on the pale face of Quiet Bill.

THE NEW TAMMANY ATTACK ON THE PRESS.

THE outrageous attempt of the unscrupulous Tammany Ring to revenge itself upon the New York *Times* by commencing a suit to eject it from the premises of which it has held undisputed possession for the last fourteen years has awakened general interest in the history of the "Old Brick Church" property, which is now partially occupied by the splendid edifice known as "The *Times* Building." Fourteen years ago that church was still one of the old landmarks of New York, and there were still living persons who remembered when the site on which it stood was in the outskirts of the town. The foundations were laid in 1767, more than a hundred years ago. The corporation of the city had granted the congregation a tract of ground for a church "in the fields," quite "out of town." They were a branch of the Wall Street church, and continued to be so for nearly half a century afterward. John Rodgers and Joseph Treat were the only Presbyterian pastors in the city. The new enterprise was a great effort. Living men could remember, more than fifty years before, Rev. Mr. M'Kennie had to pay £50 to be released from the prison in which Lord Cornbury consigned him for preaching without license. A few years later (1729) the Governor's council advised him against granting the petition of the Wall Street congregation "on Stoutenburg's garden" for a charter of incorporation. "We do advise and desire your Excellency," they said, "to transmit to the Right Honorable the Lords of Trade and Plantations a copy of the same Petition and the proceedings thereupon, desiring their Lordships to obtain the opinion of his Majesties learned Council on the subject-matter of said Petition, and to transmit the same to your Excellency." What these proceedings were they state themselves. "We heard council in behalf of the Petitioners, and council in behalf of Rector and Churchwardens of Trinity Church against the Petition." Long years had intervened, and still, as the corner-stone of the Brick Church was laid "in the fields," this commonest right of civil justice was not done them. As the walls went up they waited anxiously to hear from across the Atlantic an answer to their repeated petition signed by "John Rodgers, V.D.M., and Joseph Treat, V.D.M., for themselves and the rest of the Petitioners." Late in the autumn a ship arrived bringing them intelligence from the court of St. James, whether their documents had been transmitted. With the opening of the new year they were to enter upon worship in the new sanctuary. But it had been decided that "it is not expedient, upon principles of general policy, to comply with the prayer of the Petition, or to give the Presbyterian Church of New York any other privileges and immunities than it is entitled to by the laws of Toleration." The petition was dismissed the board by his Majesty, with the advice of his Privy Council. The property of the Presbyterian Church since 1732 had been, and still continued to be, vested in the Moderator and Commission of the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland.

But in spite of the denial of a charter of incorporation the Presbyterian Church continued slowly to increase. Twenty years had sufficed to fill the large stone church of Wall Street—eighty feet by sixty—full to overflowing. The church "in the fields" had begun to prosper, when the war of the Revolution intervened. Wall Street church was converted into barracks for the soldiers; the Brick Church into a hospital. Strange scenes took place within those sacred walls. "I have gone into the churches," says Ethan Allen, "and seen sundry of the prisoners in the agonies of death, in consequence of very hunger, and others speechless and near death, biting pieces of chips; others pleading for God's sake for something to eat, and at the same time shivering with cold. Hollow groans saluted my ears, and despair seemed to be imprinted on every one of their countenances. The filth of these churches .... was almost beyond description ..... I have seen in one of them seven dead, at the same time, lying among the excrements of their bodies."

On the close of the long war the scattered congregations re-assembled in their desecrated churches. Rev. James Wilson and Rev. John M'Knight were successively installed collegiate pastors, and in 1793 Samuel Miller completed the triumvirate of the pastorate. Meanwhile, almost contemporary with the Old Brick Church, arose the first Associate Reformed Church of Cedar Street. The city was extending far toward the northeast, and in 1798 the Rutger's Street church was opened for worship. This, with the Old Brick and Wall Street churches, till April, 1809, composed but one collegiate charge. In an orderly manner they were then separated by the action of Presbytery, and their history thenceforth becomes distinct. At the suggestion of Dr. Rodgers, already far advanced in years, the Old Brick Church was led to seek further ministerial aid. In June, 1810, the church called as its pastor the Rev. Gardiner Spring, whose pastorate covered nearly the whole period of the separate existence of the church. Three times the old edifice was overhauled, but the same walls stood from the year 1767 to 1857—the patriarch of New York churches for nearly a century!

In 1857 the Old Brick Church was forced to yield to the up-town current, and the property was sold, under the following circumstances. The ground, bounded by Park Row, Beekman and Nassau streets, and Printing-house Square, had

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been deeded to the trustees of the church, with the proviso that if the land should be used for any other than a religious purpose it should revert to the city. When the church wished to remove up town the property was offered to the general government for a Post-office site; but it was found, on investigation, that the trustees could not give a valid title. Subsequently the proprietors of the New York *Times* fixed upon the site as an eligible one for a newspaper office; and, after some negotiations, the city government agreed, for the sum of $50,000, to surrender all claim to the property. The transfer was at once consummated. On the receipt of its share of the purchase-money the city government gave the proprietors of the *Times* a quit-claim deed of the property, signed by the Mayor and other officials. From that time to the present, a period of more than fourteen years, they have remained in undisputed possession of the ground, upon which they have erected a building the value of which is estimated at half a million of dollars.

It will be seen from this brief *résumé* that this property has changed hands but twice in the course of a century. From time immemorial the title had been vested in the city. By the city it was deeded, under certain conditions, to the trustees of the Brick Church, by whom it was sold to the proprietors of the *Times*, the city waiving its claims in consideration of a large sum of money. Its right to do this was then unquestioned; and it would have remained forever undisputed but for the damaging exposure of the Tammany Ring which appeared in the columns of the *Times*.

Then it was that Mayor Hall, exasperated by his inability to answer or buy off the *Times*, suddenly remembered that he had been unfaithful to a sacred religious trust! For fourteen years this consecrated ground had been perverted to secular uses. A newspaper, and, still worse, a Republican newspaper, had occupied premises which the city fathers of an earlier day had solemnly set apart for sacred purposes! The Mayor's awakened conscience was, perhaps, also stung by the recollection that he himself had once been a "favored contributor" to the columns of the paper, and was thus a participator in the desecration. Shocked by the discovery of his delinquency to the cause of Christianity, the Mayor, clothing himself in metaphorical sackcloth, and strewing metaphorical ashes on his head, rushed into the presence of the Board of Aldermen, and procured the passage of the following resolution, which was moved by Alderman Woltman:

> *Whereas*, Eminent counsel are of the opinion that the title to the land known as the Brick Church property, bounded by Park Row, Nassau Street, and Beekman Street, is vested in the corporation of this city, such title never having been legally or equitably divested, and it is the duty of the corporate authorities to recover possession of this valuable property; therefore,
>
> *Resolved*, That the Mayor be, and he is hereby authorized and directed to take immediate proceedings, in the name and on behalf of the Mayor, Aldermen, and Commonalty of the city of New York, to recover possession of the said property.

The real motive for this movement is known to be personal animosity toward the men who have exposed the frauds of the Tammany Ring, and it is regarded by all fair-minded men as a most outrageous attack upon the freedom of the press. We give below a few extracts from newspapers of high standing, some of which are not in sympathy with the *Times*, to show how this act of enraged folly has been received by the people:

The New York *Evening Post* says:

"......No one imagines that any question would have been raised as to the title of the *Times* to its land but for its bitter hostility to 'the Ring.' It is not to be supposed that either the Aldermen or Mayor can expect to recover the property, but it is in their power to involve the *Times* in a tedious and expensive litigation, and, by spending a vast amount of the public money, compel the *Times* to spend a considerable sum of its own. Is this the manner in which our municipal 'statesmen' avenge their private grievances?

"The matter has already been carried far enough to demand the attention of the press of the entire country, and especially of this city. The passage of the resolution in question by the Aldermen is a distinct threat by our city fathers against the liberty of the press. It is a declaration that the official power of the government will be used to punish attacks made by the press for public reasons upon public men. It is a notice to every journal that it shall not criticise and denounce fraudulent acts by our rulers, under penalty of a persecution which, on the most frivolous pretexts, may inflict serious loss.

"There is no palliation for this interference with the freedom of the press. Think what we may of the policy, the manners, and the language of the *Times*, these things are matters for the criticism of public opinion, to which that journal appeals. They can not be made a pretext for assailing it by underhand means, for unjust legal attacks on its property, for frivolous persecutions sustained by the public treasury, and evidently designed only to annoy or to silence. Before such attacks as this the cause of the journal in question becomes the cause of the whole press and of the whole people.

"This is an outrage to which New York will not submit. We greatly mistake the temper of a free people if an effort by one city government to silence the press by persecution be not met with a more general and more indignant protest than even the continued suppression of the public accounts. Let it go out to the people of this country that 'the Tammany Ring' is bent on annoying the *Times* with a frivolous lawsuit in order to revenge itself for the 'exposures' made by it, and Messrs. Hall and Connolly will find that they have done more than public men ever did before to give popularity and influence to a journal."

The Brooklyn *Eagle* (Democratic) remarks:

"The Tammany people must be losing their wits......Such a piece of petty and impossible vexation shows the Ring to be as insanely and suicidally mean in small things as they are criminally impenetrable in great things. The men who attempt such a side war as this will demonstrate themselves to be as great fools as their journalistic adversary has demonstrated them to be knaves. It is not the money the *Times* paid to secure its land that needs investigation, but the money the *Times* has proved the Ring paid Garvey, Ingersoll, Keyser, and the rest of the brood."

The New York *Tribune* says:

"Tammany appears to have as much confidence in its judiciary as the elder Mr. Weller had in an alibi. It has seen receivers put to such vile uses in recent days that it evidently thinks these instruments infallible when foul work is to be done. It is stated that the Common Council has authorized Mr. Hall to commence suit against the *Times* newspaper to eject it from the premises it now occupies, and pending the suit the conspirators hope to gain possession of the office by means of a receiver. It will not do to treat this intention with the contempt it might seem at first to merit. We have witnessed during the past year such lamentable and shameless prostitution of the judicial character in this city that there is scarcely any depth of outrage to which some of our judges may not descend without greatly astonishing this patient public. But if there is one atom of common-sense left in that Ring of shrewd schemers, who have certainly shown great cleverness in plundering and defying the city through a term of years, they will think twice before they attempt, by the power of money and judicial corruption, to muzzle the press."

The Boston *Traveller* says:

"......Any where else this attempt, if made, would be a failure, as the title to the property is unquestionably a good one; but Tammany controls the courts of the city, and the judges make such decrees as the Ring may dictate. We shall not be surprised, therefore, to see the owners of the building put to much trouble and expense, though they must finally triumph over the malevolence which dictates the movement."

The Philadelphia *Post* says:

"......It is a deliberately organized piece of revenge upon that fearless journal for its course in exposing the corruptions of that gigantic leech upon the New York treasury. Whatever be the result of the struggle, the step is in itself evidence of the truth of the charges of the *Times*, and the persecution of that paper is only the natural hatred that every advocate of reform provokes."

We might fill our columns with similar expressions of the popular indignation, which the Tammany outrage against the press has awakened throughout the country. The better class of Democratic papers make common cause with their Republican contemporaries against this new attack upon one of the chief bulwarks of freedom and liberal institutions. The Tammany chiefs will find that their mad attempt to crush the independence of the press has but added to the force of the tempest of popular indignation that will not "blow over" till it has blown them away.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

"EXPLOSIONS" are becoming commonplace. Since the Westfield disaster occurred the "Jersey City explosion" and the "Chautauqua explosion" stirred the public mind in some slight degree; then the frequent heading of newspaper paragraphs, "Another Explosion!" awakened only the most evanescent emotion. People expect a daily dish of this kind to be served in their morning paper, just as they expect the usual quota of murders, suicides, divorces, and criminal trials. Details vary, of course. Sometimes it is only the explosion of a kerosene lamp; again it is the ignited gas of a coal mine, which mangles men, widows women, and makes children orphans. The accumulation of constantly recurring crimes and horrors, which the daily press disseminates, has seared the public mind. Only when some near calamity touches our own homes do we thoroughly awake and ask, "Who is responsible for these things? What can be done to avert a recurrence of them?"

English magazines have a circulation which seems surprisingly small to us Americans. The *Cornhill Magazine* probably falls far short of twenty thousand; *Good Words* has perhaps a somewhat larger circulation; *London Society* circulates about eighteen thousand. Graver periodicals have fewer readers. Americans would never be contented to read as little as do the masses in England.

At the grand banquet which was held at Delmonico's on the evening of the Scott centenary celebration there were on a table in the centre of the room several pots of flowers which had been sent from Abbotsford by the present proprietor, Mr. James R. Hope Scott. A gentleman from Lenox, Massachusetts, also sent a large wall-flower raised from seed obtained in Melrose Abbey, noted by Scott in the "Lay of the Last Minstrel."

Boston has taken a stand against insult and impertinence. The other day a Bostonian was roughly accosted in the street by a stranger with—

"Here, I want to go to the Tremont House!"

The deliberate reply was, "Well, you can go, if you won't be gone long."

It may be supposed that the muse the suicide will outwit since the ludicrous and unsuccessful attempts of a misanthropic individual to terminate his existence at Sing Sing. He took the time when the camp-meeting was in session for announcing his intention of departing to the land of spirits via the Hudson River. A by-stander caught him by the coat tails as he was about to plunge into the water, whereat the stranger, disgusted, sought an adjacent stable, which he prepared to hang himself. Having the rope nicely adjusted at both ends, he was about to jump from a chair, when, unfortunately, a villager rushed in and unceremoniously cut the halter. In desperation he ran out calling for "deep water." A little boy pointed out a place where the river was about three feet in depth. The mysterious stranger commenced to disrobe, resolved that no coat tails should stand in his way again. When he had removed all save his under-shirt a brawny hackman charged upon him vigorously with a horsewhip. Instead of jumping overboard, the would-be suicide went through an impromptu hornpipe. Then he closed with his assailant. After a brief struggle the stranger concluded not to die in the inhospitable village of Sing Sing. Hastily snatching his clothes, he ran up the track. He was a passenger on the next train for New York.

In an editorial on "Our Perils by Water," the *Evening Mail* remarks that the following striking propositions seem to be established by the testimony in regard to the Westfield explosion:

> *First.* That the government inspectors are, as a rule, either incompetent or careless, or both, to a criminal degree.
>
> *Second.* That a large proportion of the engineers employed on our steamers are ignorant of their duties and unfitted otherwise for their positions.
>
> *Third.* That the owners of steam-boats will run enormous risks rather than replace old and worn-out boilers with those which are new and strong.
>
> *Fourth.* That there is no settled theory among experts as to the causes of boiler explosions, or as to the best means to avert them.

The *Mail* goes on to make some statements which show to what an alarming extent dangers to human life have been permitted through non-enforcement of the laws. An experienced Western engineer testifies that on the lake steamers licenses have been given to men *without the asking of a question by the inspectors*; a letter from an influential politician, or a request from a steamboat owner, often has more weight than years of engine-building or service on the water.

Is that millennial day near at hand when "companies" and "corporations" will be held responsible just as much as single individuals, for a "criminal neglect" which sacrifices hundreds and endangers thousands of lives? Perhaps; but time will show.

In a recent report, the Sanitary Inspector of New York city comments upon the condition of Washington, West Washington, Fulton, Catharine, and other public markets. He says:

> "The defects, as observed by the Health Inspectors, are: First, from original faulty construction; second, from overcrowding; third, from lack of proper sewerage, drainage, and ventilation; fourth, from an almost total neglect to enforce the prompt and proper removal of garbage and other refuse matter. As at present managed, they are festering sinks of corruption and pollution, and a public disgrace to our city."

Nineteen versions into other languages have been made of the German national song—"Die Wacht am Rhein" (the Rhine-Watch).

It continues to be impossible to turn around at Niagara Falls without encountering newly married couples. They visit the cataract, stand alarmingly near the brink, and murmur "Beautiful!" looking all the while into each other's eyes. The marvel is that some of them have not walked off the bank in their absorption.

A "new theory of the cause of consumption" has been advanced by a physician of Belfast, Ireland. The general idea is that tubercular deposits are the inevitable results of insufficient nourishment, imperfect respiratory function, and rebreathed air. This theory is supported by analysis and by facts. The medical profession consider the matter worthy of thorough investigation. If the theory be sound, consumption may always be prevented, and often cured.

Virginia has produced a natural curiosity—if one may credit a local paper—in the shape of a bamboo root, which, held in one position, presents, clearly defined in outline and recognizable at a glance, a bull's head and three cows' heads. Reversing it, a sheep's head appears to view, exact and faithful to nature as if carved by some skilled hand. The heads of two African antelopes, a boar's head, a greyhound's, a bull-dog's, a squirrel sitting on a stump, and a tobacco-worm are seen when the root is held in other positions. This freak of nature is said to be on exhibition in Richmond.

Some of the English journals have taken advantage of the recent excitement concerning the increased expenditures of royalty, and the popular annoyance at the seclusion of the Queen, to urge the propriety of an abdication in favor of the Prince of Wales. It is believed that the retirement in which Queen Victoria lives is in a great measure rendered imperative by her health. The nervous difficulties from which she suffers might easily assume a serious character under the constant excitement of more public life. Considering hereditary predispositions, her physicians are undoubtedly wise in recommending a quiet life and frequent change of air.

A "Neglected Married Women's Society" has been formed at one of our fashionable watering-places. Good. May social reforms follow. Then we shall commend the gentlemen to organize a "Neglected Married Men's Society."

Twelve hundred men are now employed in the great work of excavating the Hoosac Tunnel.

In giving some suggestions about butter-making the *American Agriculturist* remarks: "Never let any milk stand unnecessarily in any dairy vessel, and never let any thing stand in a wooden churn—except sunshine and fresh air."

Fulton Street—certain parts of it—has been found by actual measurement to be obstructed by boxes, barrels, news stands, etc., to the extent of two-thirds of the width of the sidewalk. Have pedestrians any rights in New York? They are crowded from the sidewalks, and happy are they if suffered to cross the street by drivers of carts and carriages, who think no footman should venture into the roadway.

Just at this season when so much fruit is being canned for winter use, the newspapers abound with directions for putting up the fruit securely. We know many ladies are troubled with the air bubbles which are often seen in the glass jars after they are sealed up. An exchange gives some useful hints on this and other points, and we clip a paragraph:

> In regard to the air bubbles which often form while the bottle is filling, a little care will obviate the difficulty. In putting the fruit into the bottle do not pour in such a way as to close the whole mouth of the bottle, because that prevents the escape of the air; but

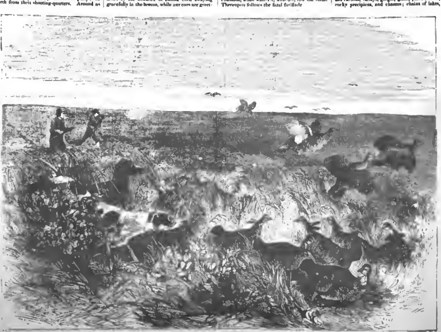
CONNEMARA WASHER-WOMAN.

AMONG THE PRAIRIE-HENS.

THE lower picture on this page depicts a scene on the Western prairies. Let us imagine that it is a bracing September morning, and the red rays of the sun are just glancing over the gentle undulations of a rolling prairie as our party issue forth from their shooting-quarters. Around us on every side, as far as the eye can reach, is an undulating prairie covered with grass and wild flowers, among them that exquisite scarlet flower, the painted cup, whose beauty BRYANT has celebrated, with here and there a stubble field, where wheat and oats have been cut, and golden acres by the hundred of Indian corn swaying gracefully in the breeze, while our ears are greeted with the chorus of meadow-larks and other sweet songsters of the fields. Suddenly one of the pointer dogs "stands," with head and tail erect, forming a straight line, eyes dilated, lips pasted, and nostrils quivering. "Hunt them out, Spot!" Slowly he moves on, quivering with excitement, when whir-r-r, whir-r-r, rise the birds. Thereupon follows the fatal fusillade

CONNEMARA WASHER-WOMAN.

THE tract of country, or rather promontory, lying between the picturesque old Irish town of Galway and Sligo Bay is almost entirely composed of ranges of mountains, with their attendant ravines, valleys, gorges, glens, passes, caves, rocky precipices, and chasms; chains of lakes,



AMONG THE PRAIRIE-HENS.

with their accompanying rivers and streamlets, falls and rapids, springs and fountains, tarns and cascades, all surrounded by a sea-coast of over three hundred miles, with its bays and creeks, islands and estuaries, cliffs and sands.

It is said that all over Ireland local customs are falling into decay. Dress, wakes, and all that was once distinctively Irish are dying out. If there is a place where they linger with more tenacity than another, it is in and around the old town of Galway. There is something really melancholy in the gradual atrophy of this once famous city, whose trade, population, prosperity, and buildings are going to ruin with extraordinary rapidity. As is well known, it once had an intimate connection with Spain, and its men and women, by their tall figures and dark eyes and hair, show the intermixture of blood. Even some of the old, dilapidated buildings in the by-streets are said to be after the pattern of houses in Seville and Madrid. The lover of the picturesque should be thankful for even the smallest mercies, and will welcome gratefully the blue cloaks of the women, of the same tone and make scrupulously adhered to in all the districts, and the refreshing red petticoats of almost Eastern dye. The cloth for these fabrics is woven and dyed in many a household on winters' nights. These warm and graceful Connemara cloaks, which a few years ago were so popular with ladies, and are not yet out of fashion, are almost an exact copy of these garments.

The upper illustration on page 844 shows one of the ancient customs that still linger in that picturesque region. The stalwart but graceful maid washing the family linen in a shallow stream is a sight familiar to every traveler in the West of Ireland, and it also recalls the fashion which still obtains on the banks of the Seine.

JAMES RENFORTH.

DEATH AT THE OAR.

THE great boat-race between the St. John and the Tyne crews, which took place on the Kennebecasis River on the 23d of August, was marked by a melancholy incident—the death of the celebrated oarsman, JAMES RENFORTH, whose portrait is given on this page. The course—of which we give a sketch below—was over a stretch of the Kennebecasis River, and a finer one probably could not be found in any part of the world. This river comes out of the rocks and pine woods to the northeast of St. John, New Brunswick, and joins the St. John River about three miles above the mouth of the latter stream. Until near the end of its course it is an insignificant creek; but where it meets the tide it spreads out into a very pretty and placid lake, with water of a rich brown color, and bold, hilly shores, dotted with here and there a farm-house, and checkered with green upland meadows and patches of elders and dwarf pines. This lake is some twelve miles long and from two to four wide, and midway in its length is a high island four miles long, rising from the water in some places in precipitous rocky cliffs, and in others in gentle slopes of pasture land. Between this island and the eastern shore of the river was the race-course. The stream at this place is about a mile wide. The course was exactly three miles long, and to make the distance accurate it was measured upon the ice last winter. It extended from Torryburn Cove—a point seven miles from the city—up the river, in a perfectly straight line, to a point off Salmon Creek, where the stake boats were anchored, not far from the little village of Rothesay. The boats started from the cove, and the St. John crew rowed up the stream to the stake boats, which they rounded, and returned to the starting point, making the race a distance of six miles. There is very little current or tide in the Kennebecasis at this place. Booms were anchored, extending for 300 yards from the starting buoys, and none of the steamers or sail-boats containing spectators were allowed to go up the river beyond these booms. The rival crews had thus a broad, free course, as wide as the river itself. A railroad runs along the eastern shore of the Kennebecasis, past the course, as does also a broad macadamized road from the city; so that there were abundant means of access, by railroad and river, from St. John to the course. From many places on the hills on either shore there was a fine view of the whole course, so that the lookers-on could watch the race from beginning to end.

The great interest in the race arose from the fact that it was a return match between the crews that rowed last year at Lachine, near Montreal, when the St. John crew, who had carried off the prize at the great Paris regatta of 1867, were decisively beaten by an English crew from the Tyne. They did not rest easy after their defeat until they had arranged with their conquerors for a second contest. They had lost the Lachine race, they believed, by the roughness of the water, but others held that their defeat was owing to too great confidence and too little training.

By the articles of agreement it was stipulated that the race should be rowed on the 23d of August, between 7 and 10 A.M., if the water was perfectly smooth; "if the water, in the opinion of the umpires, or, in case of disagreement, by the decision of the referee, is not smooth, the referee shall be empowered to postpone the race to the same hours on the day following, and so on, from day to day, until the state of the water

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THE BOAT-RACE BETWEEN THE ST. JOHN AND THE TYNE CREWS ON THE KENNEBECASIS RIVER, AUGUST 23, 1871.—[

SWEDISH FARE

The Swedes are a nice people enough, and singularly careful in their eating; every thing is scrupulously clean, and there is an absence of grease about their compounds truly delightful.

"Smörgos" is their peculiarity. Literally it means "bettered goose," so called on the *lucus a non lucendo* principle, as goose does not appear in it at all.

The smörgos is placed upon a side-table, and consists of a numerous collection of small glass dishes containing all kinds of eatables—generally raw—such as dried fish, raw herrings, tiny slices of smoked salmon or sausages, dried reindeer, scraped cheese, spen-bröd (barley bread), and other varieties of black bread and biscuit. In the centre of the viands stand two large decanters, one of gin, the other of weak Curaçoa.

The custom of the country is to walk up to this sideboard with the smörgos on it, and spoil your appetite for breakfast with raw herring and cheese parings, washed down with neat gin.

It not unnaturally struck our travelers as looking "odd to see a lady take a piece of bread with her fingers, lay it on the palm of her left hand, spread it with butter, and plaster on the top of this a raw split herring," devour it, and then rush off to the large table and sit down to her breakfast or dinner, as the case may be. The Swedish gentlemen were unanimous in abusing smörgos, but added, "it was a custom of the country, and would never be given up." These Swedish gentlemen, though "native there and to the manner born," seem to have considered the practice any thing but lady-like, and not likely to advance the growth of polished manners in their countrywomen. Under the circumstances, they behaved as Dr. Johnson did to Mrs. Thrale's mother's spaniel, that had not the luck to possess good breeding—"Because one must not wish ill to the lady in such cases, one curses the cur." And because these Swedish censors could not with gallantry wish their wives a fit of indigestion, they heartily wished ill to the custom of smörgos.

An improved investment inquiry has been reported for the First-Mortgage Bonds of the Chesapeake and Ohio Railroad Company, at the ruling price of 92 per cent. and accrued interest. The loan is being marketed at a rate considerably in excess of the money requirements of the Company, notwithstanding the fact that the work of construction is being vigorously prosecuted on the unfinished portion of the road (200 miles), of which ninety-five miles will be completed within the next six weeks, and added to the 227 miles already in actual operation. This will leave but 10½ miles to be constructed in order to give a through line of railway communication direct from Richmond to the Ohio River, where connections will be at once established with all the leading points of the West. It is confidently expected that the enterprise will be brought to completion in the summer of the coming year.

HELMBOLD REDIVIVUS.

Various malicious rumors having been circulated by evil-minded persons detrimental to Dr. Helmbold—the latest a report of a gunning accident at Long Branch—we are happy to state that the indomitable Doctor never was in better health and spirits, and may be seen daily at 594 Broadway. His prospects are bright; and ere long the great advertiser will shine more brilliant than ever. With Helmbold there is no such word as fail. A brighter future awaits the irrepressible than ever was heard of in the annals of medicine.—[*Exchange.*]

CURE WITHOUT MEDICINES.

Paralysis and other Affections of the Nerves; their Cure by Special Movements. By Geo. H. Taylor, M.D. Price $1, by mail, postpaid. Address S. R. Wells, 389 Broadway, New York.—[Com.]

Gray hairs prevented, dandruff removed, the scalp cleansed, and the hair made to grow thick by the use of Hall's Vegetable Sicilian Hair Renewer.—[*Com.*]

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Grand Military Festival and Fête Champêtre

IN AID OF

The Union Home and School for the Education and Maintenance of the Destitute and Orphan Children of Soldiers and Sailors,

TO BE HELD AT

FASHION COURSE, WEST FLUSHING, L. I.,

Commencing OCTOBER 2, 1871,

AND TO CONTINUE TWO WEEKS.

TO THE PUBLIC.

We, the Officers and Managers of the Union Home and School, ask the assistance of all benevolently disposed persons in aid of the institution under our charge. Through the kindness of Major-General Alexander Shaler, Hon. John H. White, Col. E. B. Lansing, George H. Purser, Benj. W. Hitchcock, and others, a grand Military Festival and Fête Champêtre has been arranged to be held in October next, and we earnestly invite the public to patronize and assist the undertaking.

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In view of the approaching Military Festival, the Flushing and Northside Railway Company have made ample arrangements to run special trains solely for transporting passengers to and from West Flushing Station. Special excursion tickets will be printed for the trip, at the usual rate, to which regular passengers are now supplied.

Desiring to assist the charitable undertaking, our Railroad Company has decided to donate one-third of the gross receipts for these excursion tickets to the Home and School.

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PHELAN & COLLENDER.

Wishing to aid the enterprise, I cheerfully tender the services of my Company to perform at the Festival any afternoon the manager may designate.

JOSH HART, Manager Globe Theatre.

The Mutual Base-Ball Club of this city will be pleased to participate in any game or games to be played during the Fête Champêtre.

ALEX. V. DAVIDSON, Secretary M. B. B. Club.

Desiring to aid the Union Home and School, I tender my services on the Tight-rope for the first week of the Festival free of charge.

HARRY LESLIE, the "Hero of Niagara."

Subscriptions of one dollar each for single admission tickets, and ten dollars each for season tickets (twelve admissions), can be mailed to the undersigned.

With the kind letters of approval already received, the promoters of the Festival feel sanguine that the undertaking will not only prove a pecuniary success, but that, as a testimonial benefit from the public, it will enlist a widespread interest, and be one of the most enjoyable series of entertainments ever given in this country.

BENJAMIN W. HITCHCOCK, General Manager,
Store, 29 Beekman Street, New York.

The Festival will be opened on **Monday, October 2, 1871,** at 10 A.M., at the celebrated Fashion Course, in West Flushing, L. I., and will continue (Sundays excepted) for two weeks. About September 15 a complete programme, with order of exercises and appointments for each day, will be advertised and distributed in circulars. For the present the management can only announce the following general outline:

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Which will be of a highly interesting character.

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To Butcher's Cart .... First Premium, New Cart, $100.
To Butcher's Cart .... Second Premium, Harness, 50.

CARTMEN'S (2 Horse Truck) RACE—Trot.

First Premium, New Truck, $200 .... Second Premium, Harness, $100.

GROCERS' RACE—Trot.

First Premium, New Wagon, $200 .... Second Premium, Harness, $50.

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First Premium, New Wagon, $200 .... Second Premium, Harness, $50.

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Under the saddle. One mile for $100. Entrance fee and season ticket, $10.

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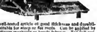

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THE REISSUE OF

HARPER'S WEEKLY

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

VOL. XV.—No. 768.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 16, 1871.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1871, by Harper & Brothers, in the Office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington.

ONE MORE UNFORTUNATE.

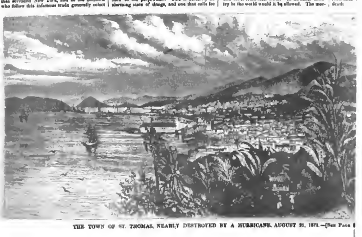
On Saturday afternoon, the 26th of August, a common truck, bringing an ordinary packing-trunk, was driven up to the baggage office of the Hudson River Railroad dépôt. A woman who was waiting there received the trunk, paid the cartman, and then proceeded to buy a ticket for Chicago, whither she had the baggage checked. There was nothing in her demeanor to attract attention, still less to excite suspicion. But when the porter began to stow away the trunks and packages in the baggage car, his attention was arrested by an offensive odor proceeding from this trunk. After consultation the dépôt officials decided to open it. This was done, and when the lid was raised the trunk was discovered to contain the dead body of a young woman, perfectly nude. For an instant the spectators stood horror stricken and mute, and then, with reverent hands, covered up the poor, crushed remains from prying eyes.

Subsequent investigations by the police disclosed a sad but, alas! too common story. It was ascertained that the poor girl's name was ALICE A. BOWLSBY, that her family resided in Paterson, New Jersey, and that she had come to New York to seek the aid of an infamous quack doctor in concealing the evidence of her fall from virtue. It is unnecessary for us, after the full developments published in the daily press, to go into the painful details of this tragedy. The assassin by whom the unfortunate girl was murdered—with or without intent is still unknown—is in custody, and will be placed on trial without delay. A young man who is supposed to have been too intimate with the dead girl has committed suicide rather than be questioned in court in regard to his share in bringing her to ruin and death.

But we can not let this sad tragedy pass out of the public mind without calling attention to circumstances that ought to awaken the alarm and indignation of every thoughtful person in the community. The fate of ALICE BOWLSBY is by no means an isolated one, and it differs from hundreds of others only in being brought to light. We speak entirely within bounds in saying that the trade of the abortionists in this city alone sends hundreds of victims to the grave every year. They do not all die directly under the hands of the assassin. Some languish for weeks, some for months. But many die under treatment, and the fact that so few cases come to light is owing to the extraordinary precautions taken to conceal the evidences of the crime. It is supposed that many bodies are thrown at night into the rivers that surround New York, and as the assassins who follow this infamous trade generally select dark and secluded streets and alleys for their dens, they possess every facility for concealment. Only by an accident was the murder of ALICE BOWLSBY brought to light and traced back to the perpetrator. This is certainly an alarming state of things, and one that calls for speedy and effective means of remedy. No half-way measures will suffice.

The impunity with which these assassins ply their trade is a burning disgrace to New York and other American cities. In no other country in the world would it be allowed. The mor-

ALICE A. BOWLSBY.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY J. M. CLARK, NEWARK, NEW JERSEY.]



THE TOWN OF ST. THOMAS, NEARLY DESTROYED BY A HURRICANE, AUGUST 21, 1871.—[SEE PAGE

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 16, 1871.

FOUR MONTHS FOR ONE DOLLAR.

"POOR MISS FINCH,"

a new and beautifully illustrated serial story, by

WILKIE COLLINS,

author of "The Woman in White," "The Moonstone," etc., was commenced in HARPER'S WEEKLY for September 2.

New Subscribers will be supplied with the WEEKLY from that date to the close of the year, four months, for ONE DOLLAR.

The SUPPLEMENT to this Number of HARPER'S WEEKLY, which is supplied to our readers gratuitously, contains a fine political Cartoon, entitled

President Grant, and Why they Don't Like Him,

presenting in a very striking manner the principal reasons for the furious attacks upon the President; a sketch of

Horace Greeley,

with a splendid Portrait, and views of his Birth-place and his present Home at Chappaqua; the continuation of "LORD KILGOBBIN," by CHARLES LEVER; and other attractive features.

THE DEMOCRATIC CAMP.

JUDGE NICHOLSON, of Tennessee, Mr. JACOB THOMPSON, of BUCHANAN's cabinet, and other Southern Democrats, advise their party friends in the Southern States not to elect delegates to the next Democratic Convention, but to allow the nominations to be made and the platform to be prepared by Northern Democrats, with the understanding that the Southern wing will support every thing which the Convention does. The reason proposed for this policy is that the chances of party success would be increased by making it impossible to declare the party action to have been controlled by the Southern element. This is ingenious, but the result would be that the Southern ascendency in the party would be stronger than ever. For if the Convention of the Northern wing should declare for the New Departure, and its candidates be elected, two things would happen: the Southern wing, which has always ruled the party, and which has certain convictions and purposes, would resume its supremacy; and once in power, it would decline to be governed by the declarations of a Convention in which it was not represented, ; in whose action it would insist that it only acquiesced without necessarily justifying or approving it.

Mr. NICHOLSON and Mr. THOMPSON undoubtedly see that their party is radically divided. They know, what is very evident, that the mass of the Southern Democrats suppose that the New Departure means unquestioning submission to the negro vote and to the Ku-Klux legislation, and that it is, by implication, a condemnation of the lost cause. They know also that there is no such submission, and no intention of it; that the Southern wing of the party means, if it can only get into power, "to be even" with the Republicans. These gentlemen, therefore, justly apprehend danger in the Convention. The wing of the party which has principles for which it has fought, and which it still cherishes, will not eat the platform of the last Convention, made by itself, without protest. If in the Ohio Convention, under the leadership of the author of the New Departure, there was a very positive and resolute minority in opposition, how much more serious will be the hostility in the National Convention! Moreover, the experience of the last Convention, like the whole history of the party, shows that the Southern element is still the really controlling force of the party, and would prevail in the next Convention or breed fatal discord. Either result would be disastrous, and therefore that element think Mr. THOMPSON and Judge NICHOLSON had better stay at home.

Nor will the shallow interpretation of the New Departure as a mere declaration of accomplished facts probably affect the Southern sentiment. "The amendments," it is alleged by the Northern advocates of the new policy, "have been declared by the proper authority parts of the Constitution. It is idle, therefore, to dispute it. We must make our fight upon their administration, upon the way in which they are to be enforced. This is the true Democratic ground." But the Southern rejoinder is conclusive, that according to the Democratic theory the declaration of the amendments is part of the usurpation; that they have never been properly adopted; that they are therefore totally invalid; and that the true Democratic ground is the authorized declaration of the whole party that the entire system of reconstruction, of which the amendments are the security, is a usurpation, unconstitutional and void.

The subterfuge of the method of enforcement does not deceive the Southern Democrats. "Since we have declared the thing to be enforced unconstitutional and void," they say, "why do you try to cozen us with rhetoric about the methods of enforcement?" They are not wise, and they do not comprehend the situation, but they are consistent. The Northern Democrats do understand the situation, and perceive that it requires them to be inconsistent. They know that the people mean to sustain the Republican reconstruction. That can not be disturbed, and therefore any party which hopes for success must profess acquiescence. The fatal difficulty of the New Departure is that the Southern Democrats don't understand it, and the Northern Democrats don't believe it. A few persons in that party have at last discovered that the legitimate ground of party difference in a free government is administration. But a difference as to the nature of the government itself is revolutionary. When the question is who rightfully holds the purse and the sword, not how shall they be used, there are breakers ahead. English history shows it, and our own history proves it. The Virginia and Kentucky resolutions of 1798 were the political dogmas of the Democratic party, and they led, logically, to the war. The New York Tammany resolutions of 1868, declaring a part of the Constitution void, are no less revolutionary.

If, therefore, the Democratic party would return within the legitimate constitutional sphere of difference, it must rescind those resolutions. It may, if it chooses, declare that in case of success it would propose other amendments nullifying them; but if it proposes to contest the validity of the Constitution, it may spare itself trouble and expense, for it is already defeated. This is what the Southern wing neither sees nor believes, and therefore its leaders advise its absence from the Convention, that the revolutionary element which it represents may bide its time. But if this advice should be disregarded—as it undoubtedly will be—if the Southern Democrats come to the Convention and quietly follow the lead of their Northern associates, will it be a political combination to which the government and welfare of a country recently saved from the same hands can be safely intrusted?

THE TAINT OF TAMMANY.

EVERY Republican in New York who believes that the State can be and ought to be recovered from the control of Tammany at the autumn election deplores the difference between the State and the old city committee. But the difference is too bitter to be adjusted by regrets. It will be carried to the State Convention, and there decided by the good sense of the representatives of the whole party. Meanwhile the *Tribune* identifies itself with the old committee, and exhorts the "gentlemen of the interior," if they think the *Tribune* has worked for Tammany, to vote its friends out of the next State Convention.

But the question is not of the *Tribune*, but of the old city committee. The charge is that that committee is tainted with Tammany influence. The *Tribune* replies that those who make the charge were formerly Tammany allies. That is still not the question. The *Tribune* again replies that a part of the State Committee hold office under the Administration. But that is no answer to the charge that a part of the city committee are practically in league with Tammany. Again the *Tribune* speaks of "all manner of stories invented" against the old committee, of "pretexts," and misrepresentations.

Is the charge, then, false? This is the point which the Convention must decide. Is it an invention that there is Tammany influence in the old city committee? If it be, if there is reason to suppose that the new organization is probably quite as much tainted with Tammany as the old, the State Convention will undoubtedly and very properly refuse to recognize it. But meanwhile, also, the *Tribune* is the chief witness of the Tammany influence.

A year ago, in speaking of the city committee then existing, the *Tribune* demanded to know why it sat with closed doors, and proceeded to say, "We do not necessarily impugn motives when we state the notorious fact that the Tammany Ring has for years maintained its ill-gotten and wickedly abused power by the help of its familiars who claim to be Republicans *par excellence*." At that time the *Tribune* believed that there was Tammany taint in the committee. And upon what ground did it believe it? The *Tribune* itself answered the question. "A number of men," it said, "holding office in the Tax Commission and other branches of the city government likewise have places on Republican committees or in other responsible posts in our organization......Gentlemen, we call on you to resign your places under Tammany, or your places on Republican committees." The *Tribune* then mentions by name certain Republicans as doing the dirty work of Tammany.

With the new year a new committee appeared, and some of the very men whom the *Tribune* especially denounced as Tammany agents were elected members. They have not resigned; they are members to-day. Have they relinquished their connection with Tammany? If they have not, they are the very men by whose agency, as the *Tribune* last year declared, the Tammany Ring maintains its power.

If the State Convention agrees with the *Tribune*, it will necessarily condemn the committee of which friends of Tammany are members. The *Tribune* constantly protests, indeed, that those who are now opposed to Tammany were formerly its friends. The Convention will doubtless be sorry to hear it; but the question will still remain, which committee is tainted by Tammany *to-day*? The *Tribune* will doubtless grant an amnesty to Tammany Republicans of six years ago, as it does to rebels; but does its clemency extend to those of whom itself says, "We must cut off the Tammany Republicans, who bear our flag the better to aid our enemy..... who find their reward in Tammany appointments?"

If the gentlemen of the interior find such men upon the new committee, we hope that they will cut off them and their organization. If they find them, and some whom the *Tribune* has especially named, upon the old committee, we hope they will do likewise, nor be deterred by the fact that those who ask for that justice are accused of a former Tammany alliance.

To vote against Tammany influence is certainly not to vote against the Republicanism of the *Tribune* or of its editor, who seems to us to do himself and his paper profound injustice when he insists upon identifying them with what he has so pointedly denounced.

GENERAL BUTLER'S CAMPAIGN.

GENERAL BUTLER began his political campaign in Massachusetts by a speech at Springfield which of itself should secure his total defeat. We wish now to speak of one point only in the speech, and that is its attacks upon the motives of every editor whose paper opposes the General's election. He adduced in each case some wretched personal reason for the hostility of the press, and seemed to suppose that his mere assertion not only established the truth of the charge, but disposed of the force of the arguments against him. He said, at the close of his speech, that he would leave his character to any good soldier who had served under him in the field. But before the words were uttered General HAWLEY, of Connecticut, one of his best soldiers, and editor of the Hartford *Courant*, telegraphed to the audience that General BUTLER was a liar. For the General had explained General HAWLEY's hostility to him in his journal by what he called his dismissal for cowardice by General BUTLER's order. General HAWLEY has published a statement which is conclusive of the extreme inaccuracy of General BUTLER's assertion.

But in Springfield the General naturally addressed himself upon this point to the Springfield *Republican*, the chief paper of Western Massachusetts, and one of the leading journals of New England. It is now mainly edited by Mr. F. B. SANBORN, and is a very vigorous and trenchant critic of the General. Mr. SANBORN was one of the earliest and most faithful friends of JOHN BROWN, and he is perfectly well known to the radicals of Massachusetts. General BUTLER, having no defense against the arguments of the *Republican*, and being familiar with the worst practice of his profession, contented himself with "blackguarding the plaintiff's attorney." He asserted that the editor of the *Republican* ran away from JOHN BROWN when he fell into trouble, and did not dare to testify for him before a committee of the Senate. Mr. SANBORN rose at the reporters' table, and asked if the General meant to allude to him. The General said that he did; upon which Mr. SANBORN declared that the statement was false, and asked permission to reply to so gross a slander. But the chairman, ex-Lieutenant-Governor TRASK, who was evidently resolved that the General should say what he chose, declined, remarking that the editor of the *Republican* abused every body, but that the paper did not rule every body in Springfield. Of course Mr. SANBORN was compelled to be silent.

Now the facts are that when JOHN BROWN was captured Fugitive Slave Bill MASON tried to get certain prominent New England antislavery men into the power of his committee and of Southern mobs. A gang of official slave-hounds, under cover of the night, entered Mr. SANBORN's house, in Concord, Massachusetts, and tried by main force to kidnap him for MASON's purpose. They handcuffed their victim, but he stoutly resisted. He held the bullies at bay; nor did his sister spare her efforts. The town was roused as when the redcoats came in 1775. Judge HOAR—the ex-Attorney-General—a citizen of Concord and a magistrate, issued a writ of *habeas corpus*, and the gang escaped. They were indicted for their crime by the Grand Jury of the county, and a personal suit for damages was brought by Mr. SANBORN. General BUTLER became the counsel of the baffled kidnappers; but, at Mr. SANBORN's request, when BUTLER entered the service the District-Attorney refrained from prosecuting the indictment, and Mr. SANBORN discontinued his own suit for damages.

And now General BUTLER, who ten years ago denounced old JOHN BROWN as a traitor and murderer and felon, undertakes to win Republican votes in Massachusetts by slandering one of the earliest and truest and most unswerving of the old man's friends; and he does it because he is unable to reply to the arguments which that friend urges why the great mass of Massachusetts men, who ten years ago did not think JOHN BROWN a scoundrel, should not now vote into JOHN A. ANDREW's seat a man who did. General BUTLER says that if he can have his way, and be elected Governor of Massachusetts, he will put Mr SANBORN off the Board of Charities. If General BUTLER could have had his way, ROBERT TOOMBS would have called his slave roll upon Bunker Hill; and had he done so, the General should have been the first to answer.

General BUTLER must remember—nor should Massachusetts forget—that he was a full-grown man when he did all that one man could do to put the State of Massachusetts, which he now aspires to govern, under the heel of the slave power. We have steadily acknowledged his service in the war, but, except for men like him, there would have been no war. It was by the aid of Northern dough-faces that the slave power ruled the country, and it was because of them that it believed it could destroy the government. If there was any man in New England who ought to have gone in the war and to have served faithfully to undo the mischief of a life, General BUTLER was the man. Republicans will let by-gones be by-gones. But when an old agent of JAMES M. MASON and JEFFERSON DAVIS to crush the Northern conscience strives to carry Massachusetts by maligning men who bravely fought to the end a longer and more terrible battle for liberty and America than ever General BUTLER saw in the field, it is time for Massachusetts Republicans to pause and consider.

SECRETARY DELANO UPON THE ADMINISTRATION.

THE Republican campaign for the next election in Ohio opened by a number of speeches simultaneously delivered at various chief points in the State by General NOYES, the candidate for Governor, and other distinguished Republicans. Among these addresses that of Mr. DELANO, Secretary of the Interior, at Sandusky, is especially notable. It was devoted to a comprehensive statement of the conduct and results of General GRANT's administration; and is a calm, lucid, and convincing exposition, which corrects a great deal of the incessant misrepresentation of an administration which has quietly and honorably effected great results.

Mr DELANO's financial statements are clear and satisfactory. During the first two years and five months of this administration the public debt has been reduced $242,122,401, and at the same time taxation has been greatly lessened. This has been done by strictly enforcing the laws and by reducing the public expenditures, which has increased the receipts $[illegible],000,000, and has saved in the Treasury $120,000,000, which has been faithfully applied to the diminution of the debt. Mr DELANO contrasts this result with "Democratic financiering" in the city of New York, where the debt has increased in twenty-eight months more than fifty millions of dollars; where more was paid for repairs, carpets, and furniture for county offices than the United States paid in the same time for the transport of all the mails; and more was paid in eleven months for plastering than the entire expense of the United States for foreign intercourse during the present administration. Is this the financial system which should be transferred to Washington? In regard to the debt itself, the secretary's wish is to see its interest properly paid, and its principal steadily and yearly reduced.

He proceeds simply and candidly to consider the Indian policy, which is one of the glories of the Administration, and he reviews in detail its foreign policy. Mr WASHBURNE's conduct in Paris is most justly praised, and the main points of our relations

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with every great country are plainly stated. The Treaty of Washington Mr. Delano truly describes as a subject for the congratulation of all civilized nations. He stigmatizes as a great blunder the supposition that the President originated the project of the annexation of San Domingo, or that he has used undue means to effect it; and sketches the history of our negotiations with the island during the last twenty-five years. But the secretary does not consider in detail the method pursued by us pending the Babcock treaty, which is the objection made by Senators Sumner and Schurz.

No one can read this clear and dispassionate review of the administration of General Grant, the spirit of which Mr. Delano describes in the title of his address as "Peace, Justice, Economy," without renewed admiration for the honest and patriotic purpose which has inspired it, and greater confidence in the sagacity of the people who support it. Judged by what it has done, what it will yet do will be no less worthy of the principles and the character of the Republican party.

THE LESSON OF THE SUMMER.

The frightful slaughter of travelers which has marked this summer in every part of the country should at least secure greater safety of travel. The explosion of the *Westfield* of New York, and of the *Ocean Wave* at Mobile, with the collision upon the Eastern Railroad near Boston, and upon the Erie in Pennsylvania, were in no sense accidents. They were the results either of criminal carelessness or of astounding ignorance. In the case of the *Westfield*, for instance, if the boilers were sound, as the inspectors testified by their certificate, the explosion was due to the grossest neglect upon the part of those in charge. If the boilers were unsound, the inspection is merely a farce of pretentious ignorance. There was no accident. There was no visitation of Providence, in the usual technical sense. And, indeed, we may ask the clergymen and others who publicly declared the explosion of the *Westfield* to be a Providential judgment upon those who go pleasuring on Sundays whether the collision upon the Eastern Railroad was a Providential judgment upon those who travel on Saturday night. The slaughter which is caused by carelessness, like the disease which is produced by filth, can not justly be ascribed to Providence. That method of explanation is a stupid fatalism unknown to Christianity.

Undoubtedly there is too little regard for human life in this country. These events are the proof of it. Our national creed is a happy-go-lucky philosophy. We are so fond of the maxim of self-dependence, and so full of disdain of supervision, that we are jealous of the most ordinary safeguards as tyrannical or childish. A little care would have prevented all the disasters of this summer, which have made every man reluctant to travel. But nobody cared to take the care. Upon a railroad safety depends upon punctuality. Every fool knows it. But the train that was destroyed at Revere left more than half an hour after its time. Twice within a month we have left Springfield, in Massachusetts, by the Connecticut River train, and upon both occasions it left more than twenty minutes after the hour, as marked by the railroad clock in the station. Had there been a disaster from running to make up time, or by collision, the blame would have been thrown upon Providence, but it seems to me that it would really belong to the officer whose duty it is to start the train. We advise railroad passengers to time the trains by which they travel, that, if they escape, they may help to determine where the responsibility rests.

The great railroads in this country, those especially which connect great cities with suburbs and country neighborhoods, like the Hudson, New Haven, and New Jersey roads out of New York, and the Eastern and Maine and others out of Boston, are so pressed with travel that only the utmost incessant vigilance can secure safety. In every station there should be a clock conspicuously placed, and a loud bell or gong should signalize the moment of departure. The condition of the track, so far as regards the movements of other trains, should be telegraphically reported from station to station. At every regular stopping place the wheels should be well tested. Wherever the rails cross another road there should be a bridge or a well-served gate, or if it be in woods or solitary places, there should be the plainest painted warning, kept constantly in repair. And every passenger should be a committee to see that these and similar obvious and simple rules are observed.

But all such precautions would be vain if the president and directors of the company are gentlemen who think that education is unnecessary to an engineer. Indeed, it is this spirit which every intelligent American should resist. It shows itself every where. It asserts that "good common-sense" is all that is wanted any where—by which it means good humored and well-meaning ignorance. It declares that steamboat engineers are none the better for book-learning, and sneers at any method of ascertaining the fitness of applicants for the public service as theoretical. But in the midst of the melancholy catastrophes of this summer, why is not the theory that knowledge and care are better than ignorance as sound as the theory that the devil-take-the-hindmost is the only truly American principle?

DR. HOWE AND SAN DOMINGO.

Dr. Howe, one of the Commissioners to San Domingo, and a gentleman, like Bayard, *sans peur et sans reproche*, has published a card upon the annexation question, in reply to certain strictures. He deplores the general indifference to the subject in this country, and declares that the clamor of party has drowned the voice of humanity. That, indeed, explains his view of the question. The Dominican Republic wishes to be annexed. Annexation will be of the utmost advantage to it. It is a grievous error and wrong, he thinks, not to stretch out our hands to a neighbor who implores our protection. Dr. Howe vehemently asserts that the report of the committee has fallen still-born, that dogmatists crammed with Congress library lore have prejudiced the country, and that San Domingo is, for the time, "a dead cock in the political pit." Republicans will not touch it lest it disturb party integrity. Democrats forbear lest they should miss the opportunity of annexing the island themselves. The President, he thinks, has been assailed with fierce injustice, for he has been the real protector of republicanism both in San Domingo and in Hayti. Dr. Howe concludes with an eloquent description of the charms of the island, and an earnest hope that it may not fall into European hands.

His card is the ardent plea of a most honest advocate. We regret, indeed, his sneer at the sanctity of international law; for if the comity of nations, founded upon a constantly higher humanity, is to be despised and disregarded, we go back to barbarism, where there are no "figments of international laws." And but for "our worship of the fetish of international law" the Treaty of Washington would not have been negotiated. It is to be regretted, also, that a man of Dr Howe's high intelligence should have permitted himself a sneer at "Congress library lore," regard for which, he thinks, has set aside the consideration of the San Domingo report. Is not that report part of the very lore he depreciates? The collections of the library upon the subject are composed of the reports of observers upon the island. But is the work of the Commission more than such a report?

Dr. Howe states very trenchantly what, so far as we are aware, has never been doubted, that annexation would be a very great advantage for the Dominican Republic. But there is another question, and that is our own advantage. Nor is that, in a mean sense, merely a selfish consideration. The "high mission" of America, to which Dr. Howe alludes, is, indeed, the extension of liberty. But there are "entangling alliances" of annexation as well as of offensive and defensive treaties. We must extend liberty not only or chiefly by incorporating into our national system all nations who may wish to join us, but by carefully preserving the conditions under which alone liberty is possible. Liberty might lose infinitely, instead of gaining, if we should annex the whole of South America, Mexico, and the West Indies. If the country is indifferent to the subject, it is not because it is deaf to the voice of humanity and liberty, but because it is not at all sure that that voice pleads for annexation.

"WOULD YOU EAT A 'TOLERABLE' EGG?"

In regretting some remarks in the *Weekly* upon General Butler, a Massachusetts Republican writes: "The point is not that General Butler is a man of strictest principle and rectitude in every respect, but is he not a [illegible] of consistency to the main—for ten years at least—of patriotism, of ability, of loyalty, and of a certain amount of real political honesty, if that is not a solecism or Hibernicism?"

Massachusetts, we remind our correspondent, is one of the most advanced political communities in the world. It is owing to the profound and enlightened sentiment of justice which makes it, in American politics, overwhelmingly Republican. Its Republican majority is seventy or eighty thousand. It has Charles Sumner for its Senator. It had John A. Andrew and other spotless men for its Governors. Will it now elect for its chief magistrate a man whom one of his friends admits to be not a man of strict honesty? That was the question we asked; and we said, and we repeat, that should the Massachusetts Republicans nominate him they would degrade and demoralize the party every where. If we are reduced to nominating men whom we know and declare not to be upright, the time has come for the Republican party to dissolve.

He is not exactly honest, he can not be called strictly upright, says our correspondent, but is he not in the main consistent—at least has he not been so for ten years?—and has he not a certain amount of real political honesty? To repeat the words is to answer them. The very doubt which the correspondent expresses infects all confidence and all respect. If you begin by conceding that a man is not strictly honest, how can you invoke respect for his patriotism or loyalty? You have cracked his whole character, and every part is weakened. If we were to make a distinction, which our correspondent invites by his remark, between Republicans of principle and those of policy, to which would General Butler belong? Are there none of the other kind left for Governor in Massachusetts?

PERSONAL.

In one of his exceedingly interesting "Reminiscences of Public Men" Colonel Forney tells a capital anecdote of a Western citizen. John Guy, who kept the National Hotel at Washington, bore a striking resemblance to General Lewis Cass, who was one of his guests. Guy dressed like Cass, and although not so portly, his face, including the wart, was strangely similar. One day a Western friend of the house came in, after a long ride, dusty and tired, and, walking up to the office, encountered General Cass, who was quietly standing there. Mistaking him for Guy, he slapped him on the shoulder and exclaimed, "Well, old fellow, here I am! The last time I hung my hat up in your shanty one of your clerks sent me to the fourth story, but now that I have got hold of you, I insist upon a lower room." The General, a most dignified personage, taken aback by this startling salute, coldly replied, "You have committed a mistake, Sir. I am not Mr. Guy; I am General Cass, of Michigan," and angrily turned away. The Western man was shocked at the unconscious outrage he had committed; but before he had recovered from his mortification General Cass, who had passed around the office, confronted him again, when, a second time mistaking him for Guy, he faced him and said, "Here you are at last! I have just made a devil of a mistake. I met old Cass, and took him for you, and I am afraid the Michigander has gone off mad." What General Cass would have said may well be imagined, if the real Guy had not approached and rescued the innocent offender from the twice-assailed and twice-angered statesman.

—Professor George F. Comfort, author of a series of German Grammars and a German Reader, published by Harper & Brothers, has been selected as professor of modern languages in the new university at Syracuse.

—Ralph Waldo Emerson has nearly finished, and will soon give to the public, his "Poetical Hand-Book for Schools and Students," to the preparation of which he has given much care and time.

—As it stands at present, the Board of Arbitration under the Treaty of Washington is composed of Charles Francis Adams, of the United States; Chief Justice Cockburn, of England; General Menabrea, of Italy; Jacques Staempfli, of Switzerland. The Board will be complete when the Emperor of Brazil names the fifth member.

—Mr. Secretary Delano has indicated a desire to retire from public life as soon as the President can find it agreeable to find a successor, and he flatly denies that he desires to be the successor of John Sherman in the United States Senate. There are two curious incidents in the political history of Mr. Delano. In 1847, when he was candidate for Governor of Ohio, he lacked but two votes of a nomination. In 1852, when a candidate for the United States Senate, he was short by just two votes. But his public career has, on the whole, been a success. He is an able speaker, has served three terms in Congress, was Commissary General of Ohio in 1861, member of the Ohio Legislature in 1863, and has since filled the offices of Commissioner of Internal Revenue and Secretary of the Interior. He is sixty two.

—Mr. James R. Doolittle, the Democratic candidate for Governor of Wisconsin, is a gentleman who has displayed considerable activity in "swinging around the circle." He commenced political life as District-Attorney of Wyoming County, New York. He was then a "Hunker." Afterward, at the Baltimore Convention which nominated General Cass for the Presidency, he was a "barn-burner," and one of the spokesmen selected to advocate the claims of that delegation to seats in the Convention. In 1853 he went to Wisconsin, and was chosen Judge of the First Circuit of that State. Having "swung around," he was elected by the Republicans to the United States Senate in 1857, and re-elected in 1863. Toward the expiration of his term, finding his prospects of re-election quite foggy, he "swung off" again, and now turns up a "genuine old original Jacobs" Democrat, and the candidate of that party for Governor. He is an active politician.

—Francis P. Blair, Sen., now nearly eighty, and well preserved, physically and mentally, is said to be enjoying in high degree the comforts of "Silver Spring," his fine estate near Washington. Mr. Blair's success in life is the result of his power with the pen. When "nullification" was first developed, in the first year of Jackson's administration, an article against it written by Mr. Blair in a newspaper of Kentucky attracted the notice of the President, and resulted in an invitation to Mr. B., though not then personally known to General Jackson, to remove to Washington and edit the *Globe*, which was started by him. Mr. Blair retained control of the paper during the administrations of Jackson, Van Buren, Harrison, and Tyler, until the accession

BADEN-BADEN.

THE glories and infamies of Baden-Baden, the most celebrated gambling place in the world, will come to an end this year. The contract of the lessees of the gambling salons with the government expires, and the Grand Duke has determined not to renew it. The familiar cry of "*Faites votre jeu, messieurs; le jeu est fait*" will now no longer be heard, and Baden-Baden will have to trust to her other amusements for popularity. Owing to the war, last year's season was broken off suddenly, but this year the town is as full as usual, and the well known *Conversations-Haus* as crammed as ever.

The illustration on this page represents the outside of this magnificent structure, where visitors, weary of the unceasing din and excitement of the gambling den inside, sit in the cool evening air under the colonnades, and refresh themselves with an ice or the inevitable *café* while listening to the pleasing strains of JOHANN STRAUSS and his magnificent band. Baden-Baden has many attractions besides those that have made the name notorious for years as the resort of the worst characters in Europe. The scenery is delightful, the air salubrious, and the town itself one of the pleasantest in all Germany. The Grand Duchy is particularly rich in mineral waters, there being no less than seventy medicinal springs within its limits, the most celebrated of which are in Baden-Baden. Visitors who resort there for other purposes than spending their own or winning other people's money find plenty of amusement during the gay season, such as balls, a capital opera, a Viennese ballet, races, steeple-chases, hunts, grand *fêtes-champêtres*, and, of late years, pigeon-shooting matches *à l'Anglaise*. The gambling saloons are, however, the principal attraction, and when they are finally closed Baden-Baden will subside into an ordinary watering-place. The wealth, the rank, the fashion that have given it celebrity, and provided its varied round of entertainments, will seek other places of dissipation and amusement. The suppression of the gambling saloons has long been demanded by the moral sense of Europe. They made vice respectable, and every year allured thousands of people to ruin. Terrible tragedies have been enacted in these splendid palaces of iniquity, and if their history were faithfully told it would cast into the shade the most harrowing fictions of the novelist. But this season ends their infamous career, and the better part of the world applauds the firmness of the Grand Duke in resisting the pressure that was brought to bear upon him to secure a renewal of the contract. The other and only less notorious gambling saloons at Homburg are to share the same fate.

THE LAST YEAR OF THE BADEN-BADEN GAMBLING-TABLES—THE EVENING CONCERT.

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THE LATE REV. EZRA STILES GANNETT, D.D.—PHOT. BY J. W. BLACK, BOSTON.—[SEE PAGE 8[illegible].]

THE LATE CHARLES SCRIBNER.—P[illegible]

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1871, by Harper & Brothers, in the Office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington.]

POOR MISS FINCH.

A Domestic Story.

By WILKIE COLLINS,

Author of "The Woman in White," "No Name," "The Moonstone," "Man and Wife," etc.

WITH ORIGINAL ILLUSTRATIONS.

THE SERVANT AND THE [illegible].

CHAPTER THE EIGHTH.

THE PERJURY OF THE CLOCK.

We looked at one another in silence. Both alike, we were obliged to wait a little and recover ourselves.

I may occupy the interval by answering two questions which will arise in your minds in this place. How did Dubourg come to be tried for his life? And what was the connection between this serious matter and the false testimony of a clock?

The reply to both these inquiries is to be found in the story which I call the Perjury of the Clock.

In briefly relating this curious incidental narrative (which I take from a statement of the circumstances placed in my possession) I shall speak of our new acquaintance at Browndown—and shall continue to speak of him throughout these pages—by his assumed name. In the first place, it was the maiden name of his mother, and he had a right to take it if he pleased. In the second place, the date of our domestic drama at Dimchurch goes back as far as the years fifty-eight and fifty-nine; and real names are (now that it is all over) of no consequence to any body. With "Dubourg" we have begun. With "Dubourg" let us go on to the end.

On a summer evening, some years ago, a man was found murdered in a field near a certain town in the West of England. The name of the field was "Pardon's Piece."

The man was a small carpenter and builder in the town, who bore an indifferent character. On the evening in question, a distant relative of his, employed as farm bailiff by a gentleman in the neighborhood, happened to be passing a stile which led from the field into a road, and saw a gentleman leaving the field by way of that stile rather in a hurry. He recognized the gentleman (whom he knew by sight only) as Mr. Dubourg.

The two passed each other on the road in opposite directions. After a certain lapse of time—estimated as being half an hour—the farm bailiff had occasion to pass back along the same road. On reaching the stile he heard an alarm raised, and entered the field to see what was the matter. He found several persons running from the farther side of Pardon's Piece toward a boy who was standing at the back of a cattle-shed, [illegible] a common part of the vicinity, [illegible] terror. At the boy's feet lay, face downward, the dead body of a man, with his head horribly beaten in. His watch was under him, hanging out of his pocket by the chain. It had stopped—evidently in consequence of the [illegible] of its owner's fall on [illegible]—at half past eight. The body was still warm. All the other valuables, like the watch, were left on it. The farm bailiff at once recognized the man as the carpenter and builder mentioned above.

At the preliminary inquiry the stoppage of the watch at half past eight was taken as offering good circumstantial evidence that the blow which had killed the man had been struck at that time.

The next question was—if any one had been seen near the body at half past eight? The farm bailiff declared that he had met Mr. Dubourg hastily leaving the field by the stile at that very time. Asked if he had looked at his watch, he owned that he had not done so. Certain previous circumstances, which he mentioned as having impressed themselves on his memory, enabled him to feel sure of the truth of this assertion without having consulted his watch. He was pressed on this important point, but he held to his declaration. At half past eight he had seen Mr. Dubourg hurriedly leave the field. At half past eight the watch of the murdered man had stopped.

Had any other person been observed in or near the field at that time?

No witness could be discovered who had seen any body else near the place. Had the weapon turned up with which the blow had been struck? It had not been found. Was any one known (robbery having plainly not been the motive of the crime) to have entertained a grudge against the murdered man? It was no secret that he associated with doubtful characters, male and female; but suspicion failed to point to any one of them in particular.

In this state of things there was no alternative but to request Mr. Dubourg—well known in and out of the town, as a young gentleman of independent fortune, bearing an excellent character—to give some account of himself.

He immediately admitted that he had passed through the field. But, in contradiction to the farm bailiff, he declared that he had looked at his watch at the moment before he crossed the stile, and that the time by it was exactly a quarter past eight. Five minutes later—that is to say, ten minutes before the murder had been committed, on the evidence of the dead man's watch—he had paid a visit to a lady living near Pardon's Piece, and had remained with her until [illegible] [illegible] leaving the lady's [illegible] told him that it was a quarter to [illegible].

Here was the defense called an "alibi." It [illegible]

"JICKS WILL HAVE SOMETHING [illegible]"

had his "alibi" to appeal to, and his character to appeal to; and nobody doubted the result.

The lady appeared as witness.

Confronted with Mr. Dubourg on the question of time, and forced to answer, she absolutely contradicted him, on the testimony of the clock on her own mantel-piece. In substance her evidence was simply this. She had looked at her clock when Mr. Dubourg entered the room, thinking it rather a late hour for a visitor to call on her. The clock (regulated by the maker only the day before) pointed to twenty-five minutes to nine. Practical experiment showed that the time required to walk the distance, at a rapid pace, from the stile to the lady's house, was just five minutes. Here, then, was the statement of the farm bailiff (himself a respectable witness) corroborated by another witness of excellent position and character. The clock, on being examined next, was found to be right. The evidence of the clock-maker proved that he kept the key, and that there had been no necessity to set the clock and wind it up again, since he had performed both those acts on the day preceding Mr. Dubourg's visit. The accuracy of the clock thus vouched for, the conclusion on the evidence was irresistible. Mr. Dubourg stood convicted of having been in the field at the time when the murder was committed; of having, by his own admission, had a quarrel with the murdered man not long before, terminating in an assault and a threat on his side; and, lastly, of having attempted to set up an alibi by a false statement of the question of time. There was no alternative but to commit him to take his trial at the Assizes, charged with the murder of the builder in Pardon's Piece.

The trial occupied two days.

No new facts of importance were discovered in the interval. The evidence followed the course which it had taken at the preliminary examination—with this difference only, that it was more carefully sifted. Mr. Dubourg had the double advantage of securing the services of the leading barrister in the circuit, and of moving the irrepressible sympathies of the jury, shocked at his position, and eager for proof of his innocence. By the end of the first day the evidence had told against him with such irresistible force that his own counsel despaired of the result. When the prisoner took his place in the dock on the second day there was but one conviction in the minds of the people in court: every body said, "The clock will hang him."

It was nearly two in the afternoon; and the proceedings were on the point of being adjourned for half an hour, when the attorney for the prisoner was seen to hand a paper to the counsel for the defense.

The counsel rose, showing signs of agitation which roused the curiosity of the audience. He demanded the immediate hearing of a new witness, whose evidence in the prisoner's favor he declared to be too important to be delayed for a single moment. After a short colloquy between the judge and the barristers on either side the Court decided to continue the sitting.

The witness, appearing in the box, proved to be a young woman in delicate health. On the evening when the prisoner had paid his visit to the lady she was in that lady's service as housemaid. The day after she had been permitted (by previous arrangement with her mistress) to take a week's holiday, and to go on a visit to her parents, in the west of Cornwall. While there she had fallen ill, and had not been strong enough since to return to her employment. Having given this preliminary account of herself, the house-maid then narrated the following extraordinary particulars in relation to her mistress's clock.

On the morning of the day when Mr. Dubourg had called at the house she had been cleaning the mantel-piece. She had rubbed the part of it which was under the clock with her duster, had accidentally struck the pendulum, and had stopped it. Having once before done this, she had been severely reproved. Fearing that a repetition of the offense, only the day after the clock had been regulated by the maker, might lead perhaps to the withdrawal of her leave of absence, she had determined to put matters right again, if possible, by herself.

After poking under the clock in the dark, and failing to set the pendulum going again properly in that way, she next attempted to lift the clock, and give it a shake. It was set in a marble case, with a bronze figure on the top, and it was so heavy that she was obliged to hunt for something which she could use as a lever. The thing proved to be not easy to find on the spur of the moment. Having at last laid her hand on what she wanted, she contrived so to lift the clock a few inches and drop it again on the mantel-piece as to set it going once more.

The next necessity was, of course, to move the hands on. Here again she was met by an obstacle. There was a difficulty in opening the glass case which protected the dial. After vainly searching for some instrument to help her, she got from the footman (without telling him what she wanted it for) a small chisel. With this she opened the case—after accidentally scratching the brass frame of it—and set the hands of the clock by guess. She was flurried at the time, fearing that her mistress would discover her. Later in the day she found that she had over-estimated the interval of time that had passed while she was attempting to put the clock right. She had, in fact, set it exactly *a quarter of an hour too fast.*

No safe opportunity of secretly putting the clock right again had occurred until the last thing at night. She had then moved the hands back to the right time. At the hour of the evening when Mr. Dubourg had called on her mistress she positively swore that the clock was a quarter of an hour too fast. It had pointed, as her mistress had declared, to twenty-five minutes to nine—the right time then being, as Mr. Dubourg had asserted, twenty minutes past eight.

Questioned as to why she had refrained from giving this extraordinary evidence at the inquiry before the magistrate, she declared that in the distant Cornish village to which she had gone the next day, and in which her illness had detained her from that time, nobody had heard of the inquiry or the trial. She would not have been then present to state the vitally important circumstances to which she had just sworn if the prisoner's twin brother had not found her out on the previous day, had not questioned her if she knew any thing about the clock, and had not (hearing what she had to tell) insisted on her taking the journey with him to the court the next morning.

This evidence virtually decided the trial. There was a great burst of relief in the crowded assembly when the woman's statement had come to an end.

She was closely cross-examined, as a matter of course. Her character was inquired into; corroborative evidence (relating to the chisel and the scratches on the frame) was sought for, and was obtained. The end of it was that, at a late hour on the second evening, the jury acquitted the prisoner without leaving their box. It was not too much to say that his life had been saved by his brother. His brother alone had persisted, from first to last, in obstinately disbelieving the clock—for no better reason than that the clock was the witness which asserted the prisoner's guilt! He had worried every body with incessant inquiries; he had discovered the absence of the house-maid after the trial had begun; and he had started off to interrogate the girl, knowing nothing and suspecting nothing—simply determined to persist in the one everlasting question with which he persecuted every body: "The clock is going to hang my brother; can you tell me any thing about the clock?"

Four months later the mystery of the crime was cleared up. One of the disreputable companions of the murdered man confessed on his death-bed that he had done the deed. There was nothing interesting or remarkable in the circumstances. Chance, which had put innocence in peril, had offered impunity to guilt. An infamous woman, a jealous quarrel, and an absence at the moment of witnesses on the spot—these were really the commonplace materials which had composed the tragedy of Pardon's Piece.

CHAPTER THE NINTH.

THE HERO OF THE TRIAL.

"You have forced it out of me. Now you have had your way, never mind my feelings. Go!"

Those were the first words the Hero of the Trial said to me, when he was able to speak again. He withdrew, with a curious sullen resignation, to the farther end of the room. There he stood looking at me as a man might have looked who carried some contagion about him, and who wished to preserve a healthy fellow-creature from the peril of touching him.

"Why should I go?" I asked.

"You are a bold woman," he said, "to remain in the same room with a man who has been pointed at as a murderer, and who has been tried for his life."

The same unhealthy state of mind which had brought him to Dimchurch, and which had led him to speak to me as he had spoken on the previous evening, was, as I understood it, now irritating him against me as a person who had made his own quick temper the means of entrapping him into letting out the truth. How was I to deal with a man in this condition? I decided to perform the feat which you call in England "taking the bull by the horns."

"I see but one man here," I said: "a man honorably acquitted of a crime which he was incapable of committing—a man who deserves my interest, and claims my sympathy. Shake hands, Mr. Dubourg."

I spoke to him in a good hearty voice, and I gave him a good hearty squeeze. The poor, weak, lonely, persecuted young fellow dropped his head on my shoulder like a child, and burst out crying.

"Don't despise me," he said, as soon as he had got his breath again. "It breaks a man down to have stood in the dock, and to have had hundreds of hard-hearted people staring at him in horror, without his deserving it. Besides, I have been very lonely, ma'am, since my brother left me."

We sat down again side by side. He was the strangest compound of anomalies I had ever met with. Throw him into one of those passions in which he flamed out so easily, and you would have said, This is a tiger. Wait till he had cooled down again to his customary mild temperature, and you would have said, with equal truth, This is a lamb.

"One thing rather surprises me, Mr. Dubourg," I went on. "I can't quite understand—"

"Don't call me 'Mr. Dubourg,'" he interposed. "You remind me of the disgrace which has forced me to change my name. Call me by my Christian name. It's a foreign name. You are a foreigner by your accent—you will like me all the better for having a foreign name. I am christened 'Oscar,' after my mother's brother—my mother was a Jersey woman. Call me 'Oscar.' What is it you don't understand?"

"In your present situation," I resumed, "I don't understand your brother leaving you here all by yourself."

He was on the point of flaming out again at that.

"Not a word against my brother!" he exclaimed, fiercely. "My brother is the noblest creature that God ever created! You must own that yourself; you know what he did at the trial. I should have died on the scaffold but for that angel. I insist on it that he is not a man. He is an angel!"

(I admitted that his brother was an angel. The concession instantly pacified him.)

"People say there is no difference between us," he went on, drawing his chair companionably close to mine. "Ah, people are so shallow! Personally, I grant you, we are exactly alike. (You have heard that we are twins?) But there it ends, unfortunately for me. Nugent (my brother was christened Nugent, after my father)—Nugent is a hero! Nugent is a genius! I should have died if he hadn't taken care of me after the trial. I had nobody but him. We are orphans; we have no brothers or sisters. Nugent felt the disgrace even more than I felt it, but *he* could control himself. It fell more heavily on him than it did on me. I'll tell you why. Nugent was in a fair way to make our family name—the name that we have been obliged to drop—famous all over the world. He is a painter—a landscape painter. Have you never heard of him? Ah, you soon will! Where do you think he has gone to? He has gone to the wilds of America in search of new subjects. He is going to found a school of landscape painting. On an immense scale! A scale that has never been attempted yet! Dear fellow! Shall I tell you what he said when he left me here? Noble words—I call them noble words. 'Oscar, I go to make our assumed name famous. You shall be honorably known—you shall be illustrious—as the brother of Nugent Dubourg.' Do you think I could stand in the way of such a career as that? After what he has sacrificed for me, could I let Such a Man stagnate here—for no better purpose than to keep me company? What does it matter about my feeling lonely? Who am I? Oh, if you had seen how he bore with the horrible notoriety that followed us after the trial! He was constantly stared at and pointed at, for me. Not a word of complaint escaped him. He snapped his fingers at it. '*That* for public opinion!' he said. What strength of mind—eh? From one place after another we moved and moved, and still there were the photographs and the newspapers and the whole infamous story ('romance in real life,' they called it) known beforehand to every body. *He* never lost heart. 'We shall find a place yet' (that was the cheerful way he put it). 'You have nothing to do with it, Oscar; you are safe in my hands; I promise you exactly the place of refuge you want.' It was he who got all the information, and found out this lonely part of England where you live. *I* thought it pretty as we wandered about the hills; it wasn't half grand enough for *him*. We lost ourselves. I began to feel nervous. He didn't mind it a bit. 'You have Me with you,' he said. 'My luck is always to be depended on. Mark what I say! We shall stumble on a village!' You will hardly believe me—in ten minutes more we stumbled, exactly as he had foretold, on this place. He didn't leave me—when I had prevailed on him to go—without a recommendation. He recommended me to the landlord of the inn here. He said, 'My brother is delicate; my brother wishes to live in retirement; you will oblige me by looking after my brother.' Wasn't it kind? The landlord seemed to be quite affected by it. Nugent cried when he took leave of me. Ah, what would I not give to have a heart like his, and a mind like his! It's something—isn't it?—to have a face like him. I often say that to myself when I look in the glass. Excuse my running on in this way. When I once begin to talk of Nugent, I don't know when to leave off."

One thing, at any rate, was plainly discernible in this otherwise inscrutable young man. He adored his twin brother.

It would have been equally clear to me that Mr. Nugent Dubourg deserved to be worshiped if I could have reconciled to my mind his leaving his brother to shift for himself in such a place as Dimchurch. I was obliged to remind myself of the admirable service which he had rendered at the trial before I could decide to do him the justice of suspending my opinion of him in his absence. Having accomplished this act of magnanimity, I took advantage of the first opportunity to change the subject. The most tiresome information that I am acquainted with is the information which tells us of the virtues of an absent person—when that absent person happens to be a stranger.

"Is it true that you have taken Browndown for six months?" I asked. "Are you really going to settle at Dimchurch?"

"Yes—if you keep my secret," he answered. "The people here know nothing about me. Don't, pray don't, tell them who I am! You will drive me away if you do."

"I must tell Miss Finch who you are," I said.

"No! no! no!" he exclaimed, eagerly. "I can't bear the idea of her knowing it. I have been so horribly degraded. What will she think of me?" He burst into another explosion of rhapsodies on the subject of Lucilla—mixed up with renewed petitions to me to keep his story concealed from every body. I lost all patience with his want of common fortitude and common sense.

"Young Oscar, I should like to box your ears!" I said. "You are in a villainously unwholesome state about this matter. Have you nothing else to think of? Have you no profession? Are you not obliged to work for your living?"

I spoke, as you perceive, with some force of expression, aided by a corresponding asperity of voice and manner.

Mr. Oscar Dubourg looked at me with the puzzled air of a man who feels an overflow of new ideas forcing itself into his mind. He modestly admitted the degrading truth. From his childhood upward he had only to put his hand in his pocket and to find the money there, without any preliminary necessity of earning it first. His father had been a fashionable portrait painter, and had married one of his sitters, an heiress. Oscar and Nugent had been left in the detestable position of independent gentlemen. The dignity of labor was a dignity unknown to these degraded young men. "I despise a wealthy idler," I said to Oscar, with my republican severity. "You want the ennobling influences of labor to make a man of you. Nobody has a right to be idle; nobody has a right to be rich. You would be in a more wholesome state of mind about yourself, my young gentleman, if you had to earn your bread and cheese before you ate it."

He stared at me piteously. The noble sentiments which I had inherited from Doctor Pratolungo completely bewildered Mr. Oscar Dubourg.

"Don't be angry with me," he said, in his innocent way. "I couldn't eat my cheese if I did earn it. I can't digest cheese. Besides, I employ myself as much as I can." He took his little golden vase from the table behind him, and told me what I had already heard him tell Lucilla while I was listening at the window. "You would have found me at work this morning," he went on, "if the stupid people who send me my metal plates had not made a mistake. The alloy, in the gold and silver both, is all wrong this time. I must return the plates to be melted again before I can do any thing with them. They are all ready to go back to-day when the cart comes. If there are any laboring people here who want money, I'm sure I will give them some of mine with the greatest pleasure. It isn't my fault, ma'am, that my father married my mother. And how could I help it if he left two thousand a year each to my brother and me?"

Two thousand a year each to his brother and him! And the illustrious Pratolungo had never known what it was to have five pounds sterling at his disposal before his union with Me!

I lifted my eyes to the ceiling. In my righteous indignation I forgot Lucilla and her curiosity about Oscar; I forgot Oscar and his horror of Lucilla discovering who he was. I opened my lips to speak. In another moment I should have launched my thunder-bolts against the whole infamous system of modern society, when I was silenced by the most extraordinary and unexpected interruption that ever closed a woman's lips.

CHAPTER THE TENTH.

FIRST APPEARANCE OF JICKS.

THERE walked in at the open door of the room—softly, suddenly, composedly—a chubby female child, who could not possibly have been more than three years old. She had on hat or cap on her head. A dirty pinafore covered her from her chin to her feet. This amazing apparition advanced into the middle of the room, holding hugged under one arm a ragged and disreputable-looking doll; stared hard, first at Oscar, then at me; advanced to my knees, laid the disreputable doll on my lap, and pointing to a vacant chair at my side, claimed the rights of hospitality in these words:

"Jicks will sit down."

How was it possible, under these circumstances, to attack the infamous system of modern society? It was only possible to lift "Jicks."

"Do you know who this is?" I inquired, as I lifted our visitor on to the chair.

Oscar burst out laughing. Like me, he now saw this mysterious young lady for the first time. Like me, he wondered what the extraordinary nickname under which she had presented herself could possibly mean.

We looked at the child. The child—with its legs stretched out straight before it, terminating in a pair of little dusty boots with holes in them—lifted its large round eyes, overshadowed by a penthouse of unbrushed flaxen hair, looked gravely at us in return, and made a second call on our hospitality as follows:

"Jicks will have something to drink."

While Oscar ran into the kitchen for some milk, I succeeded in discovering the identity of "Jicks."

Something—I can not well explain what—in the manner in which the child had drifted into the room with her doll reminded me of the lymphatic lady of the rectory, drifting backward and forward with the baby in one hand and the novel in the other. I took the liberty of examining "Jicks's" pinafore, and discovered the mark in one corner, "Selina Finch." Exactly as I had supposed, here was a member of Mrs. Finch's numerous family. Rather a young member, it struck me, to be wandering hatless round the environs of Dimchurch all by herself.

Oscar returned with the milk in a mug. The child, insisting on taking the mug into her own hands, steadily emptied it to the last drop, recovered her breath with a gasp, looked at me with a white mustache of milk on her upper lip, and announced the conclusion of her visit in these terms:

"Jicks will get down again."

I deposited our young friend on the floor. She took her doll, and stood for a moment deep in thought. What was she going to do next? We were not kept long in suspense. She suddenly put her little, hot, fat hand into mine, and tried to pull me *after* her out of the room.

"What do you want?" I asked.

Jicks answered in one untranslatable compound word,

"Man-Gee-gee."

I suffered myself to be pulled out of the room to see "Man-Gee-gee," to play "Man-Gee-gee," or to eat "Man-Gee-gee," it was impossible to tell which. I was pulled along the passage; I was pulled out to the front-door. There—hat-

ing approached the house inaudibly to us over the grass—stood the horse, cart, and men waiting to take the case of gold and silver plate back to London. I looked at Oscar, who had followed me. We now understood not only the masterly compound word of Jicks (signifying man and horse, and passing over cart as unimportant), but the polite attention of Jicks in entering the house to inform us, after a rest and a drink, of a circumstance which had escaped our notice. The driver of the cart had, on his own acknowledgment, been investigated and questioned by this extraordinary child, strolling up to the door of Browndown to see what he was doing there. Jicks was a public character at Dimchurch. The driver knew all about her. She had been nicknamed "Gypsy" from her wandering habits, and had shortened the name in her own dialect into "Jicks." There was no keeping her in at the rectory, try how you might. They had long since abandoned the effort in despair. Sooner or later she turned up again, or somebody brought her back, or one of the sheep-dogs found her asleep under a bush and gave the alarm. "What goes on in that child's head," said the driver, regarding Jicks with a sort of superstitious admiration, "the Lord only knows. She has a will of her own and a way of her own. She is a child, and she ain't a child. At three years of age she's a riddle none of us can guess. And that's the long and the short of what I know about her."

While this explanation was in progress the carpenter who had nailed up the case, and the carpenter's son, accompanying him, joined us in front of the house. They followed Oscar in, and came out again bearing the heavy burden of precious metal—more than one man could conveniently lift—between them.

The case deposited in the cart, carpenter senior and carpenter junior got in after it, wanting "a lift" to Brighton. Carpenter senior—a big, burly man—made a joke. "It's a lonely country between this and Brighton, Sir," he said to Oscar. "Three of us will be none too many to see your precious packing-case safe into the railway station. Oscar took it seriously. "Are there any robbers in this neighborhood?" he asked. "Lord love you, Sir!" said the driver, "robbers would starve in these parts; we have got nothing worth thieving here." Jicks, still watching the proceedings with an interest which allowed no detail to escape her notice, assumed the responsibility of starting the men on their journey. The odd child waved her chubby hand imperiously to her friend the driver, and cried in her loudest voice, "Away!" The driver touched his hat with comic respect. "All right, miss; time's money, ain't it?" He cracked his whip, and the cart rolled off noiselessly over the thick, close turf of the South Downs.

It was time for me to go back to the rectory, and to restore the wandering Jicks, for the time being, to the protection at home. I turned to Oscar to say good-by.

"I wish I was going back with you," he said.

"You will be as free as I am to come and to go to the rectory," I answered, "when they know what has passed this morning between you and me. In your own interests I am determined to tell them who you are. You have nothing to fear, and every thing to gain, by my speaking out. Clear your mind of fancies and suspicions that are unworthy of you. By to-morrow we shall be good neighbors; by the end of the week we shall be good friends. For the present, as we say in France, *au revoir!*"

I turned to take Jicks by the hand. While I had been speaking to Oscar the child had slipped away from me. Not a sign of her was to be seen.

Before we could stir a step to search for our lost Gypsy, her voice reached us, raised shrill and angry, in the regions behind us, at the side of the house.

"Go away!" we heard the child cry out impatiently. "Ugly men, go away!"

We turned the corner, and discovered two shabby strangers resting themselves against the side-wall of the house. Their cadaverous faces, their brutish expressions, and their frowsy clothes proclaimed them, to any eye, as belonging to the vilest blackguard type that the civilized earth has yet produced—the blackguard of London growth. There they lounged, with their hands in their pockets and their backs against the wall, as if they were airing themselves on the outer side of a public-house, and there stood Jicks, with her legs planted wide apart on the turf, asserting the rights of property (even at that early age!), and ordering the rascals off.

"What are you doing there?" asked Oscar, sharply.

One of the men appeared to be on the point of making an insolent answer. The other—the younger and the viler-looking villain of the two—checked him, and spoke first.

"We've had a longish walk, Sir," said the fellow, with an impudent assumption of humility; "and we've took the liberty of resting our backs against your wall, and feastin' our eyes on the beauty of your young lady here."

He pointed to the child. Jicks shook her fist at him, and ordered him off more fiercely than ever.

"There's an inn in the village," said Oscar. "Rest there, if you please—my house is not an inn."

The elder man made a second effort to speak, beginning with an oath. The younger checked him again.

"Shut up, Jim!" said the superior blackguard of the two. "The gentleman recommends the tap at the inn. Come and drink the gentleman's health." He turned to the child, and took off his hat to her with a low bow. "Wish you good-morning, miss! You're just the style, you are, that I admire. Please don't engage yourself to be married till I come back."

His savage companion was so tickled by this delicate pleasantry that he burst suddenly into a roar of laughter. Arm in arm the two ruffians walked off together in the direction of the village. Our funny little Jicks became a tragic and terrible Jicks all on a sudden. The child resented the insolence of the two men as if she really understood it. I never saw so young a creature in such a furious passion before. She picked up a stone and threw it at them before I could stop her. She screamed, and stamped her tiny feet alternately on the ground, till she was purple in the face. She threw herself down and rolled in fury on the grass. Nothing pacified her but a rash promise of Oscar's (which he was destined to hear of for many a long day afterward) to send for the police, and to have the two men soundly beaten for daring to laugh at Jicks. She got up from the ground, and dried her eyes with her knuckles, and fixed a warning look on Oscar. "Mind!" said this curious child, with her bosom still heaving under the dirty pinafore, "the men are to be beaten. And Jicks is to see it."

I said nothing to Oscar at the time, but I felt some secret uneasiness on the way home—an uneasiness inspired by the appearance of the two men in the neighborhood of Browndown.

It was impossible to say how long they might have been lurking about the outside of the house before the child discovered them. They might have heard, through the open window, what Oscar had said to me on the subject of his plates of precious metal; and they might have seen the heavy packing-case placed in the cart. I felt no apprehension about the safe arrival of the case at Brighton: the three men in the cart were men enough to take good care of it. My fears were for the future. Oscar was living, entirely by himself, in a lonely house more than half a mile distant from the village. His fancy for chasing in the precious metals might have its dangers, as well as its attractions, if it became known beyond the pastoral limits of Dimchurch. Advancing from one suspicion to another, I asked myself if the two men had roamed by mere accident into our remote part of the world, or whether they had deliberately found their way to Browndown with a purpose in view. Having this doubt in my mind, and happening to encounter the old nurse, Zillah, in the garden as I entered the rectory gates with my little charge, I put the question to her plainly, "Do you see many strangers at Dimchurch?"

"Strangers?" repeated the old woman. "Excepting yourself, ma'am, we see not such thing as a stranger here from one year's end to another."

I determined to say a warning word to Oscar at the first convenient opportunity.

THE LATE DR. GANNETT.

Among the many victims of the terrible railroad slaughter at Revere, Massachusetts, on the 26th of August, was the Rev. Dr. EZRA STILES GANNETT, one of the oldest and most distinguished divines in the Unitarian denomination, and widely respected and loved. Dr. GANNETT was born in Cambridge, Massachusetts, in May, 1801. He fitted for college at the Phillips Academy in Andover, Massachusetts, entered Harvard University in 1816, and graduated in 1820, at the age of nineteen.

The three years following he passed in the divinity school in Cambridge, and was ordained and installed as colleague of Dr. WILLIAM ELLERY CHANNING, and as pastor of the Federal Street church, Boston, in 1824. Since the death of Dr. CHANNING he was, until a short time ago, sole pastor of the same church. He was all his life an active laborer with voice and pen in the pulpit, and in the pages of theological magazines and weekly journals.

About a year ago he voluntarily withdrew from the charge of a people whom he had loved, and for whom he had toiled with all his heart for so many years. He still continued, however, to preach and lecture, and at the time of his death was on his way to preach in Lynn. His loss will be deeply felt by a large circle of friends.

THE LATE CHARLES SCRIBNER.

On page 865 our readers will find the portrait of the late Mr. CHARLES SCRIBNER, of this city, who died on Saturday, August 26, in Lucerne, Switzerland, whither he had gone in the hope of restoring his shattered health, which, for the past two years, had been so feeble that he had been able to give but little attention to business. In May last, in the hope that entire relief from care and change of scene might be beneficial, he took passage by sailing vessel for Liverpool. A brief tour through Ireland, and a stay of two or three weeks at St. Moritz, Switzerland, had greatly benefited him, and the last letters received from him showed that his mind was turning with all its old activity to business. His return in the course of the fall in renewed health was confidently anticipated; but while at Lucerne he was suddenly attacked with typhoid fever, and died after a short illness.

Mr. SCRIBNER was a native of this city, and at the time of his death was in the fifty-first year of his age. He graduated at Princeton, and subsequently studied law; but, satisfied that his health would not endure the confinement of professional life, he turned his attention to the business of book publishing, and in 1846 formed a partnership with Mr. ISAAC D. BAKER, under the firm name of BAKER & SCRIBNER, and commenced business in the old Brick Church. Mr. BAKER died in 1850, and the business was prosecuted by Mr. SCRIBNER alone until 1857, when he purchased the English importing business of Messrs. BANGS, MERWIN, & Co., and took Mr. CHARLES WELFORD as partner in that branch.

Mr. SCRIBNER was a man of ripe scholarship, excellent business judgment, and was respected and esteemed by all who came in contact with him in business or private relations.

SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

The fortieth meeting of the British Association for the Advancement of Science took place at Edinburgh on the 2d of August, lasting a week, and the reports of the proceedings are beginning to appear in the English journals. So far, we have the inaugural address of the president, Sir WILLIAM THOMPSON, and those of the chairmen of several of the sections, together with reports of proceedings of the first few days. By a time-honored custom the president's address is made to constitute a résumé of the progress of science during the preceding year, together with notices of the principal losses which have been sustained in the deaths of its votaries. The names in this latter category most prominently referred to are Sir JOHN F. HERSCHELL and Professor DE MORGAN.

The services rendered directly by the British Association in the advancement of science are also adverted to in the address, special stress being laid upon the operations of the Kew Magnetic and Meteorological Observatory.

Advices from Professor HAYDEN's exploring expedition in the Yellow Stone Lake region have been received up to the 8th of August last, and contain a satisfactory exhibit of progress. After establishing the depot of supplies already referred to on the Yellow Stone River, about one hundred and forty miles below the lake, the party ascended the river and reached the lake on the 26th of July, where they made a new camp. They then began to once to survey the lake with the most approved apparatus, by the aid of a boat taken along for the purpose, and expected to be able to ascertain the exact contour as well as the principal depths. They had already found several places in the lake where the depth reached three hundred feet, especially along the line of a certain channel way, and they confidently expected to find soundings of at least five hundred feet.

They explored one of the islands in the lake, which they called Stevenson's Island, and found it to contain about fifteen hundred acres, densely wooded, and with thick and almost impenetrable underbrush, consisting largely of gooseberry and currant bushes, loaded down with ripe fruit. On the threshold only of the wonderful natural phenomena in the way of geysers, boiling springs, etc., described by Lieutenant DOANE and Governor LANGFORD, they were satisfied that the description fell far short of the reality, which they, indeed, despaired of being able to portray, even with the aid of photographic views and sketches.

One of these geysers once in thirty-two hours threw up a column of water about eight feet in diameter to a height of over 200 feet. Hundreds were met with having columns from ten to fifty feet high, some playing all the time, and others only at intervals. The hottest springs were found to vary in temperature from 190° to 198°, the boiling point at that altitude amounting to about 195°. Most of the springs were ascertained to be divisible into two principal classes, one class containing silica, sulphur, and iron, and the other, silica and iron only.

The elevation of the lake was determined to be about 8500 feet, the altitude of the surrounding peaks being, of course, very much greater. An abundance of trout was found in the waters, of excellent flavor, although much infected with intestinal worms. Game was scarce immediately around the lake, but at a short distance it was said to be very abundant. In addition to the topographical and geological collections, others were being made in all branches of natural history, for a full account of which, as well as a description of the phenomena in general, we shall look with interest to the forthcoming report of the expedition.

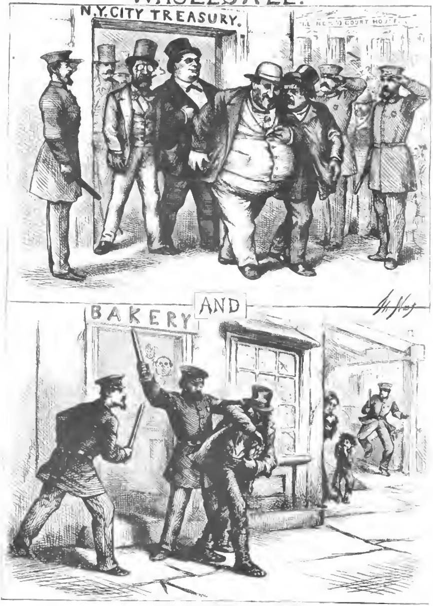
The London *Athenæum* contains a detailed account, probably from the pen of Dr. WILLIAM B. CARPENTER, of the proposed plan of extended deep-sea research to be prosecuted under the care of the British naval authorities. The article calls attention to the extent to which similar enterprises have been fostered by other governments, and expresses the hope that Great Britain will not be behind them. It is suggested that an expedition, to be continued for at least three or four years, and to direct its labors into the deep seas of various parts of the globe, should be fitted out at an early date, be fully provided with every means necessary for thorough research, and be accompanied by men of science competent to the labor connected with such an enterprise. An appeal is made to the public spirit of the authorities on the plea that Englishmen have heretofore been foremost in such work; that it is to them we owe almost all of our knowledge of deep-sea dredging; while submarine work generally, such as laying cables, is almost exclusively in their hands.

In summing up the results which have been accomplished within a few years past by different nations, the writer remarks that among the fallacies exploded is that which fixes the temperature of the deep seas in all parts of the globe at about 39° Fahrenheit. So far from this being the case, however, a temperature of 32° was reached at a depth of 600 fathoms, while in adjacent areas, and at the same depth, no less than 47° was observed. Again, instead of a supposed constant absence of animal life at and below a certain depth, we have a fauna of the utmost variety and unexampled richness in species, the differences in temperature exhibiting equally striking differences in zoological conditions.

Another point of interest is the detection, at certain depths, not only of genera, but even of species, that have their representatives in the tertiary if not the cretaceous formations of the land, and of many the differences that are noted are not greater than might occur in a gradual modification of a primitive type under long-continued physical influences. The desire is expressed, in the article referred to, to have deep-sea work in the Indian, Pacific, and Southern oceans, in view of the different conditions under which life probably presents itself there; since, if we find objects so remarkable in European and American waters, we may be prepared

THE FOUR-OARED INTERNATIONAL BOAT-RACE AT HALIFAX, NOVA SCOTIA.—FROM A SKETCH BY J. W. GRAY.—[SEE PAGE 866.]

WHOLESALE.



RETAIL.

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THE HALIFAX REGATTA.

On the 31st of August one of the most spirited and most interesting regattas on record took place in Halifax Harbor. Six crews took part in the contest—the Taylor, the Renforth, three from Nova Scotia, and the Biglin, or American crew.

The course was three nautical miles in length, commencing at the piers of the Halifax Yacht Club, at the extreme north end of the city, and extending past the wharves and town to stake boats placed at intervals across the eastern entrance to the harbor, between a high fortified island and the shore; and as the competing boats were required to double the course, the distance they rowed was nearly seven common miles. It was a bright, clear morning, and the surface of the water was smooth except for the usual long groundswell. Great crowds of excited people poured out of the city about nine o'clock, and gathered upon numerous stands erected near the club-house, on the green banks of the basin opposite, in countless small boats on the water, and upon docks, ships, and house-tops all along the city front. The race was advertised for ten o'clock, but a gale the night previous had blown away the stake boats at the lower end of the course, and it took until one o'clock to get them in order again. In drawing for position the Taylor crew got No. 1, giving them a place near the piers. The Renforth crew came next; then the three Nova Scotia crews—Roman, Paton, and Hutton; while the Biglin American crew got the worst position, on the outside, and near the eastern shore of the harbor. After a deal of hallooing and fussing the interloping small boats were finally induced to keep off the course, and at 1.54 the signal gun was fired, and the swift gigs leaped away so nearly together that it was impossible to say which got the water first. The Roman boat fell behind after a few minutes, but the other five kept together pretty steadily for the first two miles.

The advantage the two English crews had gained by getting inside positions proved to be considerable, for it gave them the smooth water inshore, along the wharves, while the Americans, being out in the stream, got the full force of the wind and rough water in mid-channel. In turning the stake boat the American crew lost full two boat-lengths through the stupidity of some judge, or other official, who was lying in a long black boat fastened to the stern of their stake boat, which considerably increased the distance they had to make. By the exertions of their powerful stroke, Coulter, they soon regained a part of this loss, but their chance of winning was irretrievably gone. On the home stretch it was apparent that the Renforth crew, deprived of the powerful stroke of their leader, had no chance for victory. They steadily lost, the other three boats drawing away from them perceptibly at every stroke. They continued to pull steadily, but were so far behind for the last two miles that no one paid any attention to them, all eyes being fixed on the three leading boats. These pulled so well together that it was impossible at times to tell which was ahead. All pulled a quick stroke of 42 to 44 to the minute, the Americans and provincials appearing to put more power to the stroke, but not pulling together with the admirable mechanical precision which long practice together had given the Englishmen. It was finally announced by the judges that the Taylor crew were victorious, in 47 minutes and 45 seconds, winning the $2000 prize. The Paton crew were 8 seconds behind the victors, and the Americans came up 7 seconds later. The Renforth boat was twelve or fifteen lengths behind.

The Americans claim that but for the loss of time in turning the stake boat, for which they were not responsible, they would have won the race. They also labored under the disadvantage of an accident to their boat. In going down the course they struck a half-sunken piece of timber, which caused their boat to leak badly. The timber appeared to be a piece of ship stuff, and they carried away from it a chip about eight inches long by five wide, which lodged across their bows, and remained there all the rest of the distance. Coulter thinks this accident threw them back three or four lengths.

The illustration on page 864 is drawn from a sketch by our special artist. It shows that part of the picturesque harbor of Halifax over which the race took place.

THE PRINCESS OF CULTURE.

By JUSTIN M'CARTHY.

In one of the Eastern States there is a town which shall be nameless here, but which has certain pretensions that may serve to identify it in the minds of some of my readers. It is comparatively a small town as yet, but it claims to be growing for its time as quickly as Chicago, to be as intellectual as Boston, and to have girls as beautiful as those of Philadelphia or Baltimore. The season of intellect and fashion was at its height in this town, some year or two ago, when a remarkable fluttering was created in all its polite circles by the arrival of a distinguished traveler from Europe. This was no ordinary lion of one season, but a man to make himself observed and heard of wherever he might happen to go. He was celebrated as a traveler, explorer, and geographer; he had written books which found readers every where; he had been present, not of mere love of adventure, and as a spectator, at nearly all the great battles which were fought within possible reach of him, from Balaklava to Solferino, from Solferino to Gettysburg, and from Gettysburg to Sadowa. He was a scholar and a thinker. He was the eldest son of an English peer, and was himself a rising man in the English House of Commons. He had won the special commendation of Stuart Mill—one of the two or three men whom the civilized world holds at any one time in whose eyes mere rank does actually count for nothing. The only obstacle to his making for himself a splendid political career was the chance of his father dying too soon, and of his being thus forced prematurely into the slumberous serenity of the House of Lords. Even this calamity, however, was not one likely to make our Briton less an object of interest and admiration to feminine eyes, for the Briton was still unmarried. Add to all this that he was little more than thirty years of age—that he was tall, good-looking, and delightful in society—and it need hardly create any surprise if his arrival in the town which is the scene of this story should have awakened an unusual amount of interest and commotion.

The Hon. Hugh Rowland Wilton, our Briton, was traveling merely for information. He had a sincere and profound anxiety to learn; and it was this very anxiety which had hitherto kept him beating about so many seas of knowledge, uncertain what course finally to steer. Personally he was a modest, simple creature, full of manhood and quiet earnestness, with as little self-conceit or even self-consciousness about him as if he had done nothing and was worth nothing. Nay, but that is a foolish way of speaking, because the most self-conscious and self-conceited people in the world are just those who have seen the least, done the least, and are worth the least. The cock, the cat, and the old woman, in one of Hans Christian Andersen's stories, believed that they monopolized all wisdom, and that the parish they lived in folded in the orb of the earth. I fancy that homely women are often vainer than pretty ones, and the duller a man is, the more dogmatic and self-conceited you generally find him.

The town in which Wilton now found himself had, among its unmarried belles, two rival queens, or, let us say, princesses, of society. One was the princess of fashion—of fashion merely, that is to say; the other was the princess of culture. The former we may dismiss altogether from our consideration; she comes in no way into the real tissue of our story. The princess of culture was Miss Julia Lee Randolph, a dark-eyed, dark-haired, handsome, queenly creature, who "went in" for intellect and education, and art and the æsthetic, and professed and honestly felt a supreme scorn for mere fashion and frivolity and wealth. Do not imagine for a moment a lean and gaunt Minerva—a creature with lank elf-locks and ink-bedabbled fingers. If Julia Randolph did wear blue stockings, she followed unconsciously Leigh Hunt's advice, and wore petticoats long enough to hide them; in other words—for Leigh Hunt's saying was a parable—she never allowed the grace and beauty of her womanhood to be sacrificed to the ostentatious display of learning and independence. She was not even above a regard for fashion; the Grecian bent of her intellect did not utterly prevent her form yielding for the hour, and just a little any, to the Grecian bend ordained by her dress-maker. But she had undeniably a supreme and almost an arrogant contempt for the weak, the dull, and the frivolous; and I am afraid she had in general a strong contempt for the great majority of her own sex. She hardly endured one-fourth of the men she met; she did not even pretend to endure one-tenth of the women.

Miss Julia Lee Randolph had read some of Hugh Wilton's books. When she heard of his coming she read them over again, and got the others he had written and read them too. She greatly admired them, having brains enough to appreciate the strong, simple, penetrating intellect that threw some fresh light on every subject it approached and examined.

"This, I think, is really a man," said Julia, with a sigh. "I have not seen many *men*. But I dare say he is ugly and awkward, or cold and formal, and stuck up like the English lord in 'Brown, Jones, and Robinson.'" Still, when she thought of his coming and the certainty of her meeting him, she felt a little of the nervous eagerness which Alexander may have felt when some new field of conquest opened before him.

There was a great reception at the house of one of the local leaders of society in honor of the arrival of the Hon. Hugh Wilton. Julia Randolph, as a very intimate friend of the lady of the house, was one of the early arrivals. She looked very handsome and stately and intellectual, and there was something like the light of battle on her face.

Her friend, the hostess, whispered to her: "Julia, my love, we look to you to keep up the intellectual repute of the place in the eyes of this British lion. My husband tells me he cares for nothing but intellect. Only take care of your heart, dear: he is very good-looking."

Julia flushed a little at the words; then slightly tossed her head, as if to say, "My heart is in no danger. Let *him* beware!"

"My dear Julia," her hostess again went on, "allow me to introduce a very particular friend of mine from the country, Miss Lena Fontaine."

Julia's thoughts were not much on women just then, and she cast rather a careless glance at the pretty little fair-haired girl, with deep gray-blue eyes, who stood before her. The young lady was tastefully and even rather elegantly dressed, in the fashion, but not extravagantly in it; so dressed, in fact, that you had nothing particular to say or think about her clothes. Miss Randolph at once set her down as wanting originality, as merely commonplace.

"I do want you two to be such friends," said the hostess.

"I am sure we shall be," said Miss Fontaine, with a smile of genuine good-will, and holding out her hand a little timidly to the tall and stately Julia.

Julia was very gracious—a good deal too gracious—in manner; but as her bright eyes took in her new acquaintance's exterior at a glance, she did not seem to care much about swearing an eternal friendship. She set down the small, pretty, smiling girl as a little wax doll, a commonplace drawing-room girl, and was quite glad that the approach of some friend allowed her to escape from the labor of trying to find baby-talk or lady-talk—which in her mind meant much the same sort of thing—for so harmless and uninteresting a creature.

The Hon. Hugh Wilton had by this time got quietly into the room somehow, and Julia found herself admiring his remarkable head and face even before it occurred to her to think that he might be the hero of the evening.

In a few moments her hostess brought Mr. Wilton to Julia, and introduced him in a tone which seemed quietly to indicate Julia's place as one of the princesses of society. Wilton saw near Miss Randolph, and the most unconscious of women could not fail to notice the glance of genuine admiration with which he paid sincere and spontaneous homage to her noble presence, her lustrous eyes, her fine features.

Here, then, had Julia really taken the field to conquer. For herself, she was quite aware of her beauty—there never was a handsome woman yet, outside the pages of a novel, who did not know herself to be handsome—but her pride was in her intellect; her strength she believed to lie in her conversation. She was really desirous to do all she could to impress Hugh Wilton.

Did she impress him?

Well, Hugh Wilton was an Englishman, and very few Englishmen are fluent at all times; most of them are not fluent at any time. But the very best of talkers are commonly men of a certain sensitive fibre, and only come out in their true force under genial and favorable conditions. Wilton had a good deal of that sensitiveness. A slight chill, a cold air of formality, had sometimes gone near to shutting him up for a whole evening. He could not talk about nothing, and he could not talk for display. Something in Julia Randolph's manner impressed him at once with the conviction that she expected him to talk his very best, and meant to talk her very best, and the conviction had a terribly damping effect. You remember that when Goethe, who, if he had been celebrated for nothing else, would have been celebrated for his conversational power, found himself seated for the first time next to Madame De Staël, he either could not or would not talk at all. She was a splendid talker, he felt convinced that she was determined to draw him out, and accordingly he either would not or could not be drawn out. Now Hugh Wilton was certainly not so brilliant in conversation as Goethe, nor was Julia Randolph such a "tempest in petticoats" as Madame De Staël; but they soon sat beside each other very much as the author of "Faust" and the author of "Corinne" might have done on that one remarkable occasion.

The thing was a failure. Wilton made desperate efforts, at which Julia almost smiled in scorn and bitterness, such obvious efforts were they; but he could not whip himself up to the pitch of true conversation. It was a relief—oh, such a relief!—to both when chance and the crowd and the coming up of new friends enabled them gracefully to separate.

"He will avoid me for the rest of the night," thought our poor princess; and she felt almost so much disposed to cry as the feeblest of her sex—say, for example, pretty little Miss Lena Fontaine yonder. "There is nothing in him, after all; he is a regular dull, conventional John Bull," said Julia to herself; but this declaration was not nearly so sincere as the other. In fact, she did not believe a word of it, and only said it in the weak hope of flattering and consoling herself; and she was not flattered or consoled. Wilton's forehead and eyes would not allow her to believe that there was nothing in him, even if she had not read what he had written, and did not know what he had done. But it was evident that she had failed to impress or enchant or even interest him, and she knew only too well that she had done her very best.

Now, ladies who do me the honor to read this, it may perhaps have happened once even to the most charming of you to meet some male creature who has, contrary to all expectation, shown himself insensible to your charms. Lay, then, your hands upon your candid hearts and say whether that very insensibility has not suddenly invested the man with a new and deeper interest in your eyes, and whether you have not become more than ever anxious to win his admiration! Julia had been dosed with flattery, implied and expressed, in her own little circle. This was the first time a man had ever bidden defiance to her charms, and this was the first man in whom she had ever felt a deep and genuine interest. No one in the crowded rooms that night ever could have guessed how near at that critical moment were Julia Randolph's bright eyes to being made all the brighter by an unconquerable tear.

A few moments after, Julia, then restored to herself, and the centre of an admiring circle, cast a glance across the room. Hugh Wilton was seated side by side with Miss Lena Fontaine herself, and was deeply engaged in conversation with her. A little longer, and he was quite absorbed by her. There was no mistaking the fact. "This is the sort of creature even men of intellect admire," thought the princess of culture, bitterly. "A pretty-faced little brainless doll!"

Julia had scarcely exchanged a word with poor Lena Fontaine, but she knew the girl must be a brainless little thing. She knew it. Look at her face! But like all these brainless little things, she has courage enough to carry on a flirtation, and that is all these men care about. At that moment Julia would have been ready to go any lengths, engage in any work which Miss Susan B. Anthony or Miss Lucy Stone might invite her to, had either of these ladies been at hand. I don't say she would have gone all the way with Dr Mary E. Walker even then: superb skirts and a queenly train always seemed to Julia Randolph the appropriate and indispensable accompaniments of her dignified womanhood. Short skirts she thought contemptible—that little thing over there talking to Mr. Wilton was just the fit sort of person to go about with petticoats above her ankles, like a peasant girl in Switzerland.

She was wrong in supposing that Wilton would avoid her for the night. They came close together many times; and he now had quite got over the depressing influence of the first meeting, and he talked to her with animation and with obvious interest. Indeed, they had quite a brilliant conversation at one time; and she was delighted with his fresh, manly, healthful intellect, and the "sweetness and light"—to adopt the words Matthew Arnold has somewhat perverted—which made their influence known through his words, and even his presence. But it was plain to Julia that his interest did not centre in her. Strange, ridiculous, incredible as it might appear, Hugh Wilton was evidently much attracted by the paltry little brainless thing whom Julia Randolph so utterly scorned.

When Julia reached her home that night she felt profoundly depressed. But for the shame of the thing—shame in her own eyes—she would have flung herself down on her bed and sobbed. She was glad to be relieved of her jewels and her flowers and her ball trappings—the glittering weapons which are so sad to one now that the battle is lost. I fancy there have been more tears shed sometimes after balls than after battles. But Julia did not shed any tears, and so was all the more wretched.

She could not sleep, and would not try to sleep. A small parcel with a note lay on her dressing table. The note came from a dear friend of hers—a lady in New York—and it announced the dispatch to her of a book which had just been published in that city, and which was already making quite a little sensation there. The lady was charmed with it herself, thought Julia would be so likewise—in any case, wanted her dear Julia's opinion of it, and accordingly had sent it.

The little parcel contained the book, which was a volume of essays or studies, and was anonymous. Julia sat down to read the book, and soon was absorbed in it. She had, after all, the true artist soul, and she at once recognized and appreciated and clung to any thing that was really high and true in art. It was a volume of thoughts, of studies, of fancies; of deep, subtile reflections on humanity and society; of tender, glowing pathos, of rich, racy humor, all the more effective because it was always dashed or tipped with melancholy, as the barb tips the shaft. It was filled all throughout with the evidences of rare and varied culture, not obtrusively exhibiting itself in quotations and allusions, but seasoning, flavoring, enriching the whole. In short, the book was an odd combination of the critic, the moralist, and the poet, blended and arranged only with such art as the writer's instinctive love of harmony and symmetry suggested.

"Now that," said Julia, as she laid the volume reluctantly down, and the faint dawn began to peep in on her pale, eager face—"that, I know, is by a woman. There is a certain delicacy, a tender tone about it, that can not be mistaken. How original and vivid and true it is! How full of humor, and yet how tender and touching! I wonder who can the writer be! Certainly no woman I know could have written any thing like it. I dare say she is some lonely, poor creature who sees herself neglected for every pretty fool who happens to come across her path."

And she sighed. For Miss Julia Randolph, the princess of her circle, now chose, all at once, to imagine herself unappreciated and neglected, just because she had not made the impression she tried to make on one man who was all but a stranger to her.

Let a few days or weeks go on. Hugh Wilton is still in the town. Julia Randolph meets him often; he comes a good deal to her house, and her father and mother delight in him. He is very friendly with her; and she—she has owned, with many secret tears, the bitter truth to herself—is in love with him. One is glad to think, for her sake, that nobody knew it but herself. Her pride, her womanhood, took care of that; for if eyes and looks, and whispered words and frequent quiet talks in corners of crowded rooms, and walks together, and rides together—if all these indications and the tongue of common rumor were not conspiring to deceive, there was something warmer and sweeter than friendship growing up between Hugh Wilton and pretty little Miss Lena Fontaine, Julia Randolph's "brainless doll."

"I suppose it will come to a marriage," said the lady in whose house Julia first met Wilton, when Julia came to visit her one morning. "He seems quite in love with her. She will be very happy, I should think."

"She will, indeed," replied Julia, almost with a sigh. Then, with a dash of malice she could not repress, she added, "I can't understand what he sees in the little creature."

"Dear Julia, are you not prejudiced against her?"

"My dear Mrs. Chandler, what an idea! How could any body be prejudiced against *her?* What is there to be prejudiced against? Outside she is very pretty—and inside, I suppose, she is nothing."

"I don't know that. She does not pretend to great talents."

"I should hope not."

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"No; but I really think you quite undervalue her. She is highly accomplished."

"Yes, I dare say. She can play an accompaniment and talk French. They all can."

"I don't mean accomplished in that way merely. But she really is a well read girl, and, I think, has some brains. You don't know her, Julia."

"I don't. I hardly ever spoke six words to her."

"Then how do you know that there is nothing in her?"

"Oh, I know it by instinct. I know it by her face and her figure—and every thing. She's a pretty little creature, and that's all. Of course that is the highest idea of women some people can form. Even very clever men don't generally care for any thing more, and I dare say Mr. Wilton will be very happy in his choice."

Mrs. Chandler was sure her friend was mistaken in Lena Fontaine; but Julia Randolph was the recognized dictator of the circle in questions of intellect, and she did not venture to fight the course any farther.

One of these nights there was a friendly, social little gathering at the house of a lady of taste and fashion. Hugh Wilton was there, and so were Lena Fontaine and Julia Randolph. There was singing, and Julia sang; she sang and played in bold, brilliant, scientific style, after the fashion of the great singers sufficiently to remind one of them, but unfortunately, as is the case with most amateurs, so long a way after them as to suggest only a sense of venturesome inferiority. Julia did her best; but she was trying to be like Grisi or Titiens, and she was not Grisi or Titiens. She could not help watching the expression on Wilton's face, and she soon saw that his mind was far away from her singing; in fact, he almost started, like a dreamer recalled to wakefulness, when the song was done and the buzz of conventional admiration was going round.

"He has no soul for music," thought Julia. "She does not sing, I suppose. I'll never sing again."

She rose from the piano with a bright, proud smile on her face and a bursting heart.

Other bitterness awaited her. Miss Lena Fontaine presently was asked to sing. She went promptly to the piano and began. Julia's eyes flashed, and she bent eagerly forward.

Miss Fontaine began in the simplest style and in low tones a tender, noble old English ballad—a song of a true nature inspired by a love stronger than death. Her voice swelled with the glowing fullness of the feeling that was in the music and in the words, until words, music, and singer became one; and you forgot the girl at the piano, even as she had evidently forgotten herself, and thought only of the thrilling tenderness, the immortal pathos and passion and beauty of the song. And the music ended with no grand crash, no theatric thunder of mechanical emotion, but sank away tenderly and softly, until "there was nothing lived 'twixt it and silence," and then silence came, and the singer quietly got up and went back to her place.

Julia Randolph's eyes were filled with tears. "There is something in this girl," she said to herself. "I think if I were a man of brains and heart I should be in love with her too."

She went home that night thoughtful and sad; and she read again and again some favorite chapters in the little book which had lately become her dear companion, and which was now a recognized success and sensation in the literary world. As she read, a strange, sweet feeling seemed to grow upon her out of the pages: there was a sort of tone in them which she seemed to have but lately heard; the words were like the echo of some familiar music.

"I don't know how it is," she said, and she bowed her head on her hand, "but this book strangely reminds me of that girl's singing. I think I should like to know her, and to have her for a friend. I should like to read this book to her. I almost fancy she could understand it. For her own sake I hope she could not. The duller she is, the more she will be admired."

"So little Lena Fontaine carries off the grand prize after all, Julia," said Mrs. Chandler to her friend a month after this.

"Yes; so I have heard," Julia replied, calmly. "I am glad of it, for both their sakes. She is worthy of one, or of any man."

Mrs. Chandler opened her eyes.

"You have changed your opinion of that girl, Julia?"

"I have, indeed, Mrs. Chandler. I did not know her at first, and I think I did not want to know her; I was, as you daresay, prejudiced against her. I have learned to know her lately, and she has taught me much. Since she returned home she has written to me several times. I am very fond of her."

"Mr. Wilton comes back from England to marry her in the fall."

"Yes, I believe so."

"She will be greatly admired in England, I think."

"She will, indeed. I shall be very sorry when she has gone."

"Did you know, Julia, that she is an authoress?"

"I did not exactly know it, but I suspected it. Indeed, I think I may say I knew it."

"You know that she is the authoress of that charming little book you admired so much?"

"I saw her in it at last. I think some faint idea of it dawned on me the first time I heard her sing. But how quiet and modest and unaffected she was! If some of us had written any thing half so good, our self-conceit would have been unendurable."

"Do you know, Julia," said Mrs. Chandler, looking quietly but keenly at her, "I thought at one time that you—in fact—that you rather admired Mr. Wilton?"

"My dear Mrs. Chandler, of course I did, and I do admire him; and therefore I am glad he is getting so good and so gifted a wife. I don't know any other woman who would have a right to marry him."

Her clear, calm eyes kept her secret well; and Mrs. Chandler never knew any more.

She never knew what a struggle had taken place in that proud nature, and how it had been disciplined to silent strength, and brought to good. Julia has put off much of her pride of intellect in conquering her love. She does not judge so rashly now either her own sex or the other; she is prepared now to spare the weak, and not even to be so very hard on the proud. She is the close and dear friend of Mr. and Mrs. Hugh Wilton, and has visited them lately in England. She will be a happy wife herself before long. She likes people with brains always; and none the less because of the "brainless little thing" from whom she has learned so much, and whom she loves so well.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

"THE GREEN OF THE PERIOD" is the curious title of a little book which appears to have given much valuable information to a correspondent of the *British Medical Journal*. It has been the general impression that wall-papers of a bright green color only were injurious to health from the arsenic used in making them. But the analysis of eminent chemists proves that every paper which contains any green in the pattern, no matter how little or of what shade, contains arsenic, as a general rule, and is, therefore, harmful. The paint greens frequently contain large quantities of arsenite of copper, the brilliant color being toned down by chalk or white-lead. Arsenic being exceedingly volatile, its effects, by inhalation both of the gaseous emanations and the impalpable dust thrown off from the paper, are highly dangerous. The *Medical Journal* is of the opinion that many of the mysterious diseases of the present day are attributable to this cause, and mentions an instance where a household of fourteen persons mysteriously suffered the effects of slow poisoning for twelve years before it was discovered to have been produced by arsenical wall-papers. During those twelve years numerous physicians were consulted, but none succeeded in affording more than a temporary relief to the peculiar and obstinate symptoms. When at length the idea was suggested that arsenic papers were causing the mischief, all papers containing green were removed and analyzed. The symptoms of poisoning were soon relieved.

It is stated that this has been a very poor season for dealers in soda-water, also for vendors of beer of various kinds. This is referred to the abundant crop of peaches. A delicious peach leaves a flavor in the mouth that nobody wants to destroy; so the money which ordinarily is spent for drinks goes for peaches. We trust there will be a good peach crop for many a year.

A late writer from St. Petersburg states that from the first appearance of the cholera, on the 18th of August, 1870, there have been in St. Petersburg 6817 cases but 3797 deaths. In Moscow but 60 cases; since the epidemic is of a very malignant character, but in some of the remote villages, where medical assistance is difficult to obtain, it has committed fearful ravages. Since the 1st of March there have been 1300 cases in Moscow but 1848 deaths.

The very latest coined words we commend to the attention of all publishers of new editions of dictionaries. These words are "carbonicidiamanic" and "splitaderfootamenissionality." We trust we have not infringed the copyright or patent-right of the coiner by this mention of them.

There are nearly one hundred establishments in this city in which the fat of animals is boiled and resolved into tallow, lard, and oil. A very useful but important business this is, no doubt, but by no means suited to be performed within the limits of a large and crowded city. Facts prove that it is not—perhaps can not be—conducted in such a manner as to be any thing but a nuisance to all in its vicinity. Many of these establishments are located between Thirtieth and Fortieth streets, on the North River, and the air in those sections is extensively pervaded with a sickening odor.

Fires have multiplied to such an alarming extent in Moscow that an investigation into their origin has commenced. Their occurrence has been referred to revenge or hostility from the Socialist party. The investigating commission have already secured four boys of about fourteen who confess to having set fire to several buildings, in return for a considerable reward offered them by unknown persons.

A man, forced by a sudden lameness to use crutches, has been investigating the number and condition of similar unfortunates in our city. He finds he has more companions in misfortune than he had supposed. From statistics furnished by a reliable policeman, it appears that on a single day in August no less than three hundred and twenty lame persons passed over Fulton Ferry. This being only one thoroughfare, we may perhaps make some general estimate of the total number of crutch-bearers in New York. Three establishments in the city devote their attention to the making of these very necessary aids in the lightest and most comfortable styles. Some of them are elegant specimens of art.

The love of the peasantry for the Czar of Russia is genuine, and has been intensified since he decreed the abolition of serfdom. They know that it was all his own doing, and the thirty millions whom he liberated from bondage may be classed among his most devoted subjects.

An exchange publishes a circular for the benefit of young men desirous to prepare themselves for life. The substance of it all is, that "Pioneer Hall" will be the name of a collegiate institution for the training of young men in some branches of knowledge, which will be necessary, now that woman, disenthralled from her fetters, shall take her place in the great arena of public affairs. Of course husbands, brothers, and sons must take their places in the home circle; but they are sadly unfitted for this service by education and experience. The proposed institute will be under the direction of a Virginia matron and an efficient corps of teachers. Cooking in the most artistic style, sweeping and scrubbing, washing and ironing of linen, as well as the washing of plates and dishes, will be taught with the utmost precision. Diplomas will be given to all young men who complete the prescribed course. Students must be provided with two brown linen aprons and six cup-towels. A small charge will be made for other necessary implements.

Many persons do not realize that our American rice is far superior in quality to that grown in the East Indies. The best rice is produced in South Carolina, and Charleston is the great rice market of our continent. During the war the rice plantations were mostly abandoned, and since the return of peace the steady cultivation of it has been a matter of difficulty. Last year, however, the crop was larger than it has been for several years. Chinese labor is called for by planters, as it is said that only African and Chinese laborers can resist the baleful miasmas of the rice swamps. Before the war the finest quality of Carolina rice was exported to Havre for manufacture into rice stone, a beautiful imitation of Parian marble, used for statuettes and other ornaments.

A lady once being asked what she thought a good remedy for bee stings, said that she had never found any thing better than to keep away from the bees! This remedy, however, is not always attainable by those whose work calls them into garden and field, or by those whose greatest pleasure is found out-of-doors among fruit and flowers. The bees have a love for sweet things that leads them into our most charming nooks and corners in the country. Some of them are polite and will not sting unless handled roughly; but it is well to know plenty of remedies, as if you are wounded and have to spend some time in hunting for an antidote the afflicted part will be swollen and less easily cured. Hartshorn is recommended, also kerosene oil, moist earth or clay, honey, soap, vinegar, bruised onions, salt and water, saleratus and water. Any of these remedies which may be at hand should be immediately applied.

A writer on health asserts that the ordinary dress that women wear diminishes their breathing capacity one-fourth, and inquires, "What woman wears her clothing as loose as that? I call a dress too tight that you fill when you draw in the fullest possible breath." This definition is very broad, and, if applied literally, few will escape the censure of dressing too tight.

"They say" is the ground upon which an immense deal of scandal is strung. Half the time this little phrase prefaces something which, if not actually slanderous, is at least damaging to the character of some absent person. Watch its use, and see if this is not the case.

An English chemist, after various experiments, announces that it requires twenty-five pounds of milk, one hundred of turnips, fifty of potatoes, fifty of carrots, nine of oatmeal, seven and a half of barley meal, and three and a half of beans, to make one pound of flesh. We suppose that his meaning is that one all, but the specified amount of any one of these articles, is necessary to the pound of flesh.

There is nothing like having a knowledge of other languages than the English, just sufficient to make apt quotations, and to use familiar words and phrases in a striking manner. It gives the impression of a classical education, as in the case of a speaker at a recent public meeting, who remarked, in an impressive and warning manner, "Remember the eyes of the vox populi are upon you!" We should suppose the vox populi would have been very attentive about that time.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

An old man picked up half a dollar in the street. "Old man, that's mine," said a fierce-looking rascal; "so hand it over." "Did yours have a hole in it?" asked the old man. "Yes," replied the other, smartly. "Then it is not thine," mildly replied the old man; "thee must learn to lie a little sharper next time, my boy."

WHEN PARIS SHOULD COME DOWN.—In the fall.

THE CHEF DE CUISINE IN A FIX.

CHEF HALL. "How on earth shall I cook all them things?"
BOSS. "Oh, any way—as *Maître d'Hôtel*."—(*Query*, METROPOLITAN?)
PETER B. "With Brain Sauce?"
CHEF HALL. "Wouldn't an Irish Stew be the best! Then they can't tell what they've got."

WHIMSICAL EXTRACTS OF WILLS.

From the Will of General Blackett, Governor of Plymouth, proved in 1780.

"I desire my body to be kept as long as it may not be offensive, and that one of my fingers or toes may be cut off to secure a certainty of my being dead. I further request my dear wife that, as she has been troubled with one old fool, she will not think of marrying a second."

From the Will of the Rev. Mr. Appleby, of St. Bride's, proved in 1788.

"I leave my body to be dressed in a flannel waistcoat, an old surtout coat, and breeches without lining and pockets, no shoes (having done walking), and a worsted wig, if one can be got, in order that I may rest comfortably."

From the Will of a Mariner of Bristol, proved in 1795.

"My executors to pay, out of the first moneys collected, to my beloved wife, if living, one shilling, which I give as a token of my love, that she may buy hazel-nuts, as I know she is better pleased with cracking them than she is with mending the holes in her stockings."

A poor fellow, whose name was George King, being in prison under sentence of death, in King George's reign, sent his Majesty the following simple but earnest petition for pardon:

"George King to King George
Sends his simple petition,
Hoping that King George would pity
Poor George King's condition;
And if King George to George King
Will grant a long day,
George King for King George
Forever will pray."

Such a poet was not to be hanged. His Majesty acknowledged the wit by returning a full and free pardon.

An old lady read about the strike of the wire-drawers in Worcester, Massachusetts, but said that of all new-fangled things wire drawers must be the queerest.

BARE FACTS.—Getting only a bite.

A young man, serenading, sung the following under the wrong window,

"My dear Carrie,
My dear Carrie—"

Just at that point an old scratch poked her head out the window and sang,

"Young man below there,
Young man below there,
Your dear Carrie
Lives four doors below here."

Do want of food and a thrashing have the same effect upon boys?—Yes, decidedly, for both make them holler.

THE A FAVORITE SUMMER RESORT WITH SCHOOL-BOYS—Long Branch.

"My friend," said a German gentleman to a Scotch friend, "have you sufficient confidence in me to lend me a sovereign?" "Oh yes, confidence enough, but no sovereign."

THE BEST TIME TO CUT CORN.—When it aches.

"Cæsar," said a negro to a colored friend of his, "what do you tink is de most useful ob de comets—de sun or de moon?" "Well, Clem, I don't know. I should be able to answer dat question unless I had been well brought up." "Well, de moon orter tike de first rank in dat persition." "Why so, nigger?" "Because de moon shines in de night when we need de light, and de sun shines in de day time when de light am ob no consequence." "Well, Clem, you is de most larned darky I ebber seed. I guess you used to sweep out a school-house for a libin'."

Young women often keep their lovers by tears. "Yes," says Grumwig—"love, like beef, is preserved by brine."

"If you ever think of marrying a widow, my son," said an anxious parent to his heir, "select one whose first husband was hung; that is the only way to prevent her throwing her memory in your face, and making annoying comparisons." "Even that won't prevent it," chuckled a crusty old bachelor; "she'll then praise him, but my hanging would be too good for you."

THE MOVEMENT OF WHICH THE TAMMANY RING IS MAKING—BASS.

COMMUNIST PRISONERS.

THE sketch on this page, which represents the prison at Versailles where a large number of Communists are confined to await trial, may be best explained by quoting the letter of the artist by whom it was made. He says:

"Wishing to see the interior of the prison and the aspect of the prisoners, I resolved to try and see an old acquaintance who had been arrested for having accepted the grade of captain from the Commune. At the gate leading to the Orangerie I was asked the name of the person I wished to see, and, after a slight interrogatory, the 'maréchal des logis' allowed me to pass, accompanied by a Garde Municipal. A group of these soldiers standing round an orange-tree inspected my pockets in search of tobacco, fermented drinks, etc., and a small bottle of gargle being found, it was immediately confiscated, the gardien saying he was not sure about the label. My sketch represents the parlor where the women are allowed to receive visits from their friends. As a rule the female prisoners are by no means of a prepossessing appearance, and mostly belong to a very low class—a class which furnished the tricoteuses and tricoteurs to former revolutions, and the pétroleuses to the Communal insurrection of 1871. Still they have not entirely lost every share of human feeling, and greet their welcome visitors with all the impulsiveness of which a French, and, what is more, a Parisian woman is capable. About 3000 of the male prisoners are confined in the right wing of the building. On either side [illegible] lay upon the ground, some of them occupied by their proprietors, and others rolled up, forming a convenient seat. Groups of Paris voyous, assembled here and there, were laughing, smoking (although tobacco is prohibited), and pushing one another. Others were sitting, or walking about the rooms, some silent, and others earnestly talking.

"On the left side of the principal building, under the shade of an awning, several more Municipals were guarding the entrance to the part where the prisoners are confined. A sergeant took down the name of the prisoner I asked for, whose Christian name I did not know, excepting that the initial was A. This, for a moment, seemed an obstacle, but the sergeant removed it by writing Auguste, Arthur, Alexandre, saying that by this arrangement the question was left open, and in case of two prisoners being called it would be easy to send one back again. While waiting the result I talked with the sergeant about the people of whom he had charge. He said some of them were to be pitied, and mentioned a widower, with seven children left to the care of an old grandmother, who was herself dependent upon her son; but yet, he said, one of the children came every day and brought some little delicacy or other. At this moment a fine young fellow, dressed in the height of fashion, with a vast display of shirt front, came up and gave in a name. He was soon called in, and on inquiry I found that he was a regular visitor, and came every day to see his father, who had been something in the Commune. Soon afterward the soldier came back and said my man was waiting in the parlor. This place consists of a portion of the first gallery, separated from the rest by a cord attached to stakes. On either side of an opening left between two of these stakes sat two functionaries—a Zouave and a Municipal—who give each person a little slip of paper bearing a number, without which it is impossible to come out again. The combination of names adopted by the sergeant proved to be a perfect failure, for I found myself face to face with a low, dirty rogue in a blouse and overalls, who signified in rather free terms his disappointment at being called for nothing, and left me forthwith, grumbling as he went away. The young man with the shirt front was taking leave of his father. He remained respectfully uncovered, while the old man, with tears in his eyes, grasped his hand firmly in both of his, at the same time kissing him repeatedly on the cheek. Close to them another father was holding one of his children in his arms, while another was pulling his blouse, and saying, 'Father, come out into the beautiful garden.' On the right a middle-aged man, with a four-pound loaf under his arm, and holding a tin can of cooked meat, was endeavoring to console a young woman who seemed inconsolable. I found that the mistake made by the soldier was partly owing to my not having mentioned that my acquaintance had been a captain. The officers of the Commune are confined in a separate part of the building."

VISIT TO COMMUNIST PRISONERS AT VERSAILLES—THE PÉTROLEUSES.

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THE REV. DR. JAMES.

This gentleman, who was chosen President of the English Wesleyan Conference at its recent meeting in Manchester, occupies a very high and influential position in the Methodist denomination. He is the son of a Wesleyan minister, and was born in the year 1816. He was educated at a school especially established for the sons of Wesleyan ministers, and entered the ministry in the year 1838. He was appointed one of the Conference assistant-secretaries in the year 1857, and Conference secretary last year. His elevation to the presidential chair is a deserved acknowledgment of his abilities and of the value of his services to Methodism. Dr. James is described as an able and lucid preacher, a correct and welcome speaker on the platform, a judicious and successful superintendent, and a kind and discriminating friend. He presides over the Conference with an easy grace, and, without any undue laxity, he holds the reins with freedom and impartiality. Dr. James is a gentleman, and this renders it impossible for him to give any captious offense in the complex cases and personal affairs upon which he must sometimes lay his official hand.

THE DUBLIN RIOT.

Our readers will remember that the recent visit of the Prince of Wales to Dublin was signalized by a sanguinary riot, of which we give a sketch on this page. A meeting had been called to take place in Phoenix Park on behalf of the Fenian prisoners, with a view to making an impression on the royal visitors; but the city authorities issued a prohibitory notice, which failing in effect, the meeting was dispersed by force. Many persons were severely injured, including some of the police, but no lives were lost. The sketch shows the steps of the Wellington Monument, which were to serve as a platform for the speakers, and down which the inspector of police was tumbled when he attempted to remonstrate with the leaders of the meeting.

THE REV JOHN D. JAMES, PRESIDENT OF THE WESLEYAN CONFERENCE, ENGLAND.

ST. THOMAS.

On the 21st of August a terrible hurricane swept over St. Thomas and some of the adjacent islands, destroying a vast amount of property and many lives. The little island of St. Kitts, one of the Caribbean group, caught the full fury of the storm, and is said to have been nearly laid in ruins.

The gale broke from the east upon the town of St. Thomas about one o'clock in the morning, shortly afterward shifting to the northeast, from which point it blew more fiercely until noon, when the wind veered round slowly to the north, and fell upon the island in a terrible hurricane. It then shifted to the northwest, and blew with great violence until five P.M., when there came a lull which lasted until six P.M. At this hour the hurricane again swept over the island from the south, but its duration was not so long as on the previous visit, nor was its violence so great. Its period of greatest fury was two hours.

During the hurricane, in the afternoon, several shocks of earthquake rendered more dreadful the situation of the people. Hundreds of dwellings were swept away, and not a house was left standing undamaged on the distressed island. Some 6000 people were rendered homeless and destitute, and many persons were killed and mangled or disabled by houses blown down, or bricks and tiles flying thickly all around during the hurricane. The streets of the city presented a frightful spectacle of ruin. On our first page we give a view of the city as it appeared before the hurricane.

The number of lives lost during this terrible hurricane has not yet been definitely ascertained, but as nearly fifty dead bodies have been exhumed from the ruins in the streets of St. Thomas, the list of casualties throughout the islands must be very large.

This is the second time within a few years that St. Thomas has been subjected to a great calamity. In November, 1867, its splendid harbor was invaded by a destructive tidal wave, while a severe earthquake carried consternation to every part of the island. Its area is about 43 square miles, and it has a population of about 13,000. It belongs to Denmark. That power was willing to cede the island to the United States, but the Senate refused to ratify the treaty negotiated while Mr. Seward was Secretary of State. St. Kitts is about twenty miles long and five in width, and contains about 2000 white and 21,000 colored inhabitants. The island has a fertile soil, and is under excellent cultivation. It belongs to Great Britain.

BAT-EATERS.

It is said that more bats and more varieties of them are found in Siam than in any other country in the world. Their places of refuge are near the temples and convents of the Talapoins, where the trees are covered with such immense numbers of them that they appear mere black masses of bats. If any one should take the liberty of disturbing them with fire or stones, he would bring the Talapoins about his ears, for they hold it an unpardonable crime to disturb the repose of any animal taking shelter near sacred places; so that the Siamese gardeners, whose pet products attract

THE LATE RIOT IN PHOENIX PARK, DUBLIN.

[illegible] when they are tired of eating mangoes and [illegible] are compelled to confine their revenge to [illegible] the delinquent in the act, and ducking him then and there.

The Siamese are not the only bat eaters in the world. Purchas, in his "Pilgrimage," tells us the people of Manduco regale themselves upon bats as large as hens; and the Cavaliere Antonio Pigafetta would have us believe that when he was at the island of Gilolo, near Ceylon, he [illegible] upon bats as large as eagles, but quite as delicate as fowls. The Chinese eat the [illegible], and its flavor has been compared, by those who have tried it, to hare. In Madagascar and Mauritius, too, the bat is reckoned among edible animals. "It was not without a considerable degree of reluctance," says Abbé Rochon, "that I first ate the bat of Madagascar, dressed in the manner of a fricasseed chicken. These bats are so hideous that the very sight of them creates disgust; yet, when one can overcome that disgust, their flesh is found to be much more palatable than that of our best fowls." Another French priest bears similar testimony in favor of the Mauritius bat, which he says, has nothing bad about it but its looks. The edible [illegible], especially so called, is of a blackish color, about sixteen inches long in the body, with wings measuring five feet in extension. It is thought to be identical with the Javanese "kalong," a gregarious bat, exceedingly abundant in some parts of Java, where it may be seen suspended to the naked branches of the trees in companies several hundreds strong, looking like some strange fruit, but letting any disturber of its slumber know by sharp and piercing shrieks that it is all alive. As soon as the sunlight dies away the kalongs rouse themselves, and depart in files, with a slow, steady flight, to the forests and village plantations, attacking every kind of fruit they come across, from the cocoa-nut of the peasants to the rarer treasures of the chiefs, if they can manage to get through the bamboo net-work protecting the choice products of the gardens of the grandees. Rats generally are no mean judges of what is good; the West Indian bat shows his cleverness in extracting green pease out of their pods by making a hole over every pea, and gratifies his sweet tooth at the expense of the sugar-canes.

ART GRAVITATING TO BERLIN.

ANOTHER of the European celebrities of art and science, HELMHOLTZ, the distinguished physiologist and professor of natural philosophy, until recently the bright particular star of the University of Heidelberg, has accepted the call tendered him to a professorship at the University of Berlin. The world is indebted to this ardent and diligent investigator for the invention of the Ophthalmoscope (*Speculum oculi*), an instrument by which the interior of the eye, and its condition, whether healthy or diseased, can be observed; also for the invention of the Tone Analyzer, an acoustical apparatus, by the use of which every sound can be scientifically analyzed, in its constituent or component parts, and the fullness, richness, or poverty of each tone determined.

This apparatus is fully described in HELMHOLTZ's celebrated work, entitled *Ueber Tonempfindungen* (On Sound Perception), a subject that has also specially engrossed the attention of Prof. TYNDALL, of London, who co-operates with HELMHOLTZ in this direction.

Our eminently scientific piano manufacturers, STEINWAY & SONS, have been continually engaged with acoustical experiments, and these have led to the invention of an apparatus (patented Dec., 1867) designated by them "The Patent Resonator," which heightens the sensibility of the sounding-board to such an extent that numerous harmonic combination tones, hitherto unknown, are developed, which produce that unparalleled richness of tone that invariably characterizes the Steinway Piano.

Their further experiments culminated in the invention and application (in conjunction with their patent resonator) of "The Free Vibrating Bridge"—for the purpose of avoiding or suppressing all false combination tones—which was patented by them in 1869.

The Royal Academies of Berlin and Stockholm recognized at once the importance of the former invention, and by diplomas conferred academical honors upon the Messrs. STEINWAY, creating them honorary life members, while HELMHOLTZ was induced by these successes to order one of their Concert Grand Pianos for his acoustical experiments at the scientific institutions in Berlin. This is certainly *a great triumph for American Industrial Art*, and a rare distinction and high compliment for the Messrs. STEINWAY.

Professor HELMHOLTZ's letter of acknowledgment to Messrs. STEINWAY & SONS is before us, and we translate it literally as follows:

BERLIN, *June* 9, 1871.

DEAR SIRS,—Herewith I beg you to accept my very best thanks for the superb Grand Piano which you have sent me, and which has safely arrived.

I am amazed at the prolonged vibration of its tones, by which the instrument becomes somewhat singable, by the lightness and delicacy of the touch (considering its great volume of tone), and by the precise and perfect cessation of the tones which the dampers effect—an element so essential to distinctness in playing.

The perceptibility of the bass tones is much improved by the use of the long scale of the strings; and it is evident that in ordinary pianos the short and too heavily weighted strings produce enharmonious secondary tones, the musical intervals become indistinct, and the quality decidedly smothered.

With such an instrument as yours placed before me, *I must modify many of my formerly expressed views regarding pianos.* I find frequently many harmonic combination tones, while such a long vibrating tone as that of your Grand Piano is much more sensitive to dissonances than that of ordinary instruments, the tones of which so quickly die away, etc., etc.

I regret not having had the pleasure of meeting Mr. WILLIAM STEINWAY here, but I still hope to make his personal acquaintance, as he promised my wife he would call again.

Once more, my very best thanks.

Yours, H. HELMHOLTZ.

To Messrs. STEINWAY & SON, New York, U. S.

[*Henry Ward Beecher—Christian Union.*]

By the advertisement of Messrs. FISK & HATCH in this paper, it will be noticed that the price of Chesapeake and Ohio Bonds has been advanced to 93 and accrued interest.—[*Com.*]

We send single WALTHAM WATCHES by Express to any part of the United States, and allow the purchaser to open the package and examine the watch before paying the bill. Send for our price-list, which gives full particulars, and please state that you saw this advertisement in *Harper's Weekly.*—HOWARD & CO., No. 865 Broadway, New York.—*All prices reduced since Feb. 1st.*—[*Com.*]

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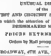

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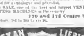

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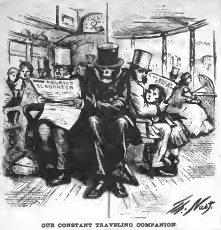

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Bishop Ames comes of New England stock, his family having emigrated to the West from Massachusetts. He was born in Ohio, and in 1831 joined the Illinois Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church. This Conference then included in its bounds a large part of the State of Indiana, where the most of the ministerial life of Bishop Ames prior to his election to the episcopacy was spent. He and his quondam colleague, Bishop Simpson, were for long years the controlling spirits of the Methodism of Indiana. Each supplemented the other. If Simpson was eloquent, Ames was sagacious; if one irresistibly swayed the masses, the other was all-powerful in counsel. It was often said of Bishop Ames in those days that if he had chosen a political career, he could have commanded any office in the gift of the State. To his honor be it recorded that he has never for a moment turned aside from the ministerial work to which he consecrated himself in early life. He has been a man of one calling, and has followed that calling with entire consistency.

His election to the episcopacy took place in 1852, his co-worker, Bishop Simpson, being elected at the same time. His episcopal career has been a great success. A happy mental organization enables him to perform a great amount of work with perfect ease. His routine duties as a presiding officer are often relieved by jets of humor, which help greatly to dissipate the asperities of debate. His personal appearance is suggestive of a broad nature, well rounded, and full of reserved power. In preaching his manner is composed and gentle, a mellow voice matches and holds the ear, and in his closing appeals there are always touches of tender pathos.

The recent trial of Dr. Lanahan brought Bishop Ames very conspicuously before the country. His courageous adherence to his convictions in forming and expressing his decision has won for him the applause of all right-minded persons. What he did on that occasion was entirely characteristic, for he is a man of unfaltering courage—one who will, at all hazards, stand by what he conceives to be the right. As of the Chevalier Bayard, so it can be said of Bishop Ames, that he is "without fear and without reproach."

THE REV. BISHOP E. R. AMES.

BISMARCK'S HOME.

A correspondent of an Austrian journal gives a description of Prince Bismarck's estate in Varzin, and of the Chancellor's mode of living there. He writes: "The village of Varzin has nothing striking about it; but when it is passed the road turns to the right, and, after climbing a hill, we pass between the cow-sheds and the barns, and thus reach the court of the country-seat which Prince Bismarck has chosen for his favorite retreat. It is a simple dwelling-house, neither better nor worse than those of the landed gentry of the district. No æsthetical architect has been employed to ornament it. It seems as if no one had been bold enough to attempt to rival the attractions of the park behind the house. Kew does not surpass it in beauty, nor do Torey and St. Germain equal it in grandeur. It was this park which induced Prince Bismarck to purchase Varzin. Close behind the house the undulations of the soil begin, and the park gradually merges into the woods, and forms, with them, one broad green ocean of foliage, which seems here and there broken into forest waves. Grand beeches, ancient oaks, pines, firs, and birch trees lend variety to the view. In the midst of them lies the estate. Its soil is neither very good nor very bad; it produces average harvests of rye, and the Baltic sand, the bane of the husbandman, only shows itself here and there. Such pieces of ground have long lain fallow. It takes six hours to drive round the estate; and Chomitz, where there was formerly a glass-house, with Bohemian workmen, also belongs to Varzin. The Wipper flows through a part of the domain, and forms its boundaries in other places. It adds both to its beauty and its value, as the rapid stream, which is well stocked with trout, is used to float the timber of Pomerania to the Baltic. Prince Bismarck only allows trees enough to be felled to let sufficient air and light into his woods. His letters to his sister show how dearly he loves farming and hunting, the forest, and the quiet life of a country gentleman. Since the first Napoleon no one has made so much noise in the world, and yet by nature he is inclined to a contemplative life.

"This year Varzin wears a more tranquil aspect than in 1870. Then the Chancellor had just retreated from the world, and was beginning to enjoy the sweets of repose, when the telegraph announced the affair at Ems; no one, however, thought of preparing to leave the country. On his return from a short excursion Prince Bismarck found despatches awaiting him. He entered the sitting-room with the words, 'In half an hour we must start.' 'But where are we going, and why so soon?' 'To Berlin, and then farther; they are getting insolent again.' On the afternoon of the following day Bismarck was in Berlin. His confidential secretary packed his papers together, and arrived two days later. When he went to the ministry, at one o'clock on the 15th July, war was declared, and Prince Bismarck had just returned with the King from Brandenburg, to which place he had hastened to meet his Majesty.

"Now there is no reason to fear that the quiet of Varzin will be disturbed by similar occurrences. The Prince and his family live a retired life, and keep all those whom curiosity brings there into the neighborhood at a distance. After breakfast the most pressing business is dispatched by the side of the pond behind the house, in the shade of the beech-trees, and then the Chancellor hastens into the forest, generally on horse-back, to inspect the improvements which are being made. He is noted for his kindness to the villagers. The landed gentry of the neighborhood frequently visit the family, where they always find a hearty welcome, and the relatives and friends of the Prince, many of whom live in the province, often spend several days with him.

"The house, though it can not be called handsome, is spacious, and there is room enough in it for twenty or thirty guests. In the course of time Prince Bismarck will probably rebuild the house, and make it into a kind of castle. In the park of Varzin there is a large heronry. The herons are the first birds to come with the spring, and the last to leave with the autumn. The males fly twice every day to the sea-shore in search of food; they are the sacred birds of Varzin. The woods abound with wild swine. Herds of from twenty to thirty may frequently be seen. Other game is also plentiful, and this year I hear it is to be hunted with the Chassepot. Thus the times change.

"Hitherto Prince Bismarck has retired to Varzin for the purpose of recruiting his health by a quiet life among the woods. This year the period of rest was less indispensable than formerly. The campaign in France has restored him to vigor, and made him seem fresher and stronger than before. Politics are a forbidden subject in the house, with the exception of the interesting episodes of the last war, which are often related and discussed. There is no stiffness at Varzin; that would be opposed alike to the character of the host and the fine tact of the hostess. I believe her chief wish is that the time may not be far distant when they will be able to retire altogether from the noise and bustle of the busy world to the quiet enjoyments of Varzin. And the 'Pomeranian Squire,' as he often calls himself, would have no objection to the change."

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

Saturday, September 23, 1871.

Circulation 122,000 Copies.

"POOR MISS FINCH,"

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WILKIE COLLINS,

author of "The Woman in White," "The Moonstone," etc., was commenced in Harper's Weekly for September 2.

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PARTY ORTHODOXY.

A REPUBLICAN in the interior of Missouri, who says that he shall support General Grant if he is renominated, writes that we seem to deny the name of Republicans to those who are not in favor of his renomination, and the *Evening Post* of this city thinks that we advise the New York Convention to recommend it. The *Post*, however, will observe that, while we stated that we supposed the Convention would point with pride to the great results of the Administration, we said nothing and implied nothing whatever about recommending a candidate. Such a measure would be extremely unwise, and we do not believe that the Convention, even should the friends of a renomination control it, will express an opinion upon the subject.

Our Missouri friend would search our files in vain to find any support for his theory that we repudiated the Republicanism of all but those who think a renomination expedient. He will find that we have uniformly said that those who deny the expediency have mentioned no other candidate upon whom there would probably be hearty agreement, and we have especially regretted that so good a Republican as Mr. Greeley has refused to state the grounds upon which he opposes the renomination of an officer who, as he declares, will be better fitted for the duties of his position in 1872 than he was in 1868. We have, however, plainly and steadily opposed what are known in this neighborhood as Tammany Republicans, who have been most graphically described and unsparingly denounced in the *Tribune*. They, indeed, are opposed to the renomination of the President; but it is not for that reason that we are unfriendly. It is because of their alliance with the Tammany Ring, of whose enormous corruption and morals the whole country is now aware. It is because no man can serve two masters, and they have chosen as theirs the most unscrupulous and perilous cabal in the country.

Our Missouri friend asserts that there is a faction of Republicans in his State who are determined to force the renomination of the President, and while frankly saying that he shall support it if made, he evidently sympathizes with the liberal Republicans, as the friends of Mr. Schurz prefer to call themselves. But another correspondent writes us upon the same subject: "The scheme of Schurz, and others that I could name, is to go into the National Convention as Republican delegates, and then say to it, as he did to the Missouri Convention last year, 'You must adopt our platform, and nominate our man upon that platform;' and bolt, as they did in Missouri, if their request is not granted." "And," says this correspondent, with some feeling, "your articles will be quoted to prove his honesty and Republicanism."

But bolting, however inexpedient and disastrous it may be to the party, does not necessarily imply dishonesty. The Free-Soilers bolted, as our friend will remember. And we certainly have no right to deny the Republicanism of a man who has always been conspicuously a Republican, who cordially sustains the great Republican settlements of the war, who now thinks, as many of the most unquestionable and trusty Republicans think, that certain other measures ought to be adopted by the party, and who distinctly declares that while he censures much in the conduct of the Republicans, there is still more in the Democratic party that displeases him. Mr. Schurz favors a general amnesty, revenue reform, and a thorough reform in the civil service; and he is opposed to the renomination of General Grant. What he may do hereafter we can not say; but certainly to-day a man may hold such views without renouncing the Republican party or being excluded from it, for they are opinions upon which the party has not declared its position.

If, however, Mr. Schurz should retire from the National Convention because he did not approve a platform which the majority adopted, or the nominations which they made, he would, of course, withdraw from the Republican organization. Yet such a step would not impeach his honesty, while, as our correspondent will admit, the result might vindicate his sagacity.

Bolters never defeat a party unless they are so numerous that it is the height of folly in party managers not to have prevented the bolt. Nor can there be a fatal schism, cleaving a party asunder, until the great issues upon which it was formed are generally felt to be settled. While slavery was to be fought at the polls and in the field, the question of protection, for instance, did not disturb the Republican ranks. When slavery is abolished, such questions as protection again become prominent; and unless there be issues more immediate and imperative, how can Mr. Greeley and Mr. Bryant remain fellow-partisans? It is because there are such issues that the Republican party will not now crumble under the tread of any bolter. Corruption in all its forms, and not least in our system of the civil service; the spirit of disaffection which survives the war, and which is the possible source of the gravest difficulties; the Democratic alliance with political ecclesiasticism; and the plain Democratic tendency to repudiation, as freshly shown in Ohio—are perils a thousandfold more threatening than the rejection or adoption of a more or less protective system.

If, therefore, Mr. Schurz or any other distinguished Republican should bolt from the next National Convention, they would not detach any considerable following unless the action of the Convention should be so foolish as to seriously shake the whole party. He advocates, for instance, as we do, general amnesty. The present proscription excludes from office—not from voting—some thousands of ex-rebels. It is unwise, indeed; but no folly could be so great as to bring those ex-rebels into power in order to carry the amnesty. Revenue reform, also, is most desirable; but with a constantly diminishing debt, and the scope and amount of taxation yearly reduced, why call upon repudiators for a sounder financial system? Civil service reform is imperative; but the National Convention will undoubtedly follow the State Conventions in demanding it. Mr. Schurz thinks that the Ku-Klux legislation was unwise and unconstitutional; but would the possible ill consequences be remedied by intrusting the government to the Ku-Klux Democracy? For the question in 1872 will be, as it always is in politics, an alternative. Will justice, liberty, peace, and prosperity be more probable under a Republican than under a Democratic Administration, even if the Republican platform be not all that some of us might wish, and the candidates not those that we prefer?

We assure our Missouri friend that we make the preference of no candidate yet mentioned a test of Republican orthodoxy. There are those, indeed, whose nomination might fairly be held to show such demoralization in the party that good Republicans could not support them; but no such alternative has yet presented itself in the Presidential debate. For reasons which we have mentioned, and shall probably often repeat, the renomination of General Grant seems to us most expedient for the Republican party. While in his administration, as in every other, there is much to be criticised, much also of what is said of him and it is sheer calumny. But if the party shall fairly decide that it will not fight it out upon that line, but prefers another leader, we shall follow the flag. And if at this time the withdrawal of General Grant from the candidacy would obviously unite the party upon a more available candidate, we believe that the President, whose patriotism and devotion to the welfare of the country have certainly been amply proved, would not hesitate to withdraw. But his retirement would not produce that result. There has been no other person mentioned upon whom there is any probability whatever of harmonious union. In 1867, when the question of the nomination was agitated, if General Grant had peremptorily declined, Mr. Chase would have been unanimously selected by the sentiment of the party. But who stands now where the Chief Justice stood then? In the actual situation, therefore, the renomination of the President is as expedient as his nomination was in 1868.

PARTIES AND CITY REFORM.

In the great meeting of the people of New York to take action in regard to the monstrous municipal frauds which have been recently exposed, Mr. Oswald Ottendorfer, one of the most respected of the German-Americans, and the editor of a Democratic journal, made a calm and careful speech. Mr. Ottendorfer's main purpose seemed to be to deprecate party action upon the subject. He has not been slow in his paper and in the German Democratic Committee to describe and denounce the city corruptions, and to call for explanations, but at the meeting he seemed to be less intent upon the wrongs than fearful that the method adopted to remedy them would be abortive because partisan. His hope was that each party Convention would condemn the frauds, and pledge its party to a repeal of the present charter and to the preparation of a new one by the voters of the city. Then every honest Democrat and honest Republican in supporting his own party would be voting for reform; and under the reform charter municipal affairs would be placed beyond party politics.

This may, perhaps, sometimes be done, but not permanently—and not probably, indeed, in a city the vote of which is so enormous that it often controls the State, and may, therefore, even determine a national election. In certain contingencies, and for especial purposes, party politics may be discarded in the city. When a dominant party, for instance, like the Democratic party in the city last autumn, is divided, the minority party may often wisely throw its vote so as to disable the more dangerous wing of the common enemy. But, as a rule, great measures of reform in this country can be carried only by party action. Mr. Ottendorfer has, of course, seen that his own editorial voice has been quite solitary among his Democratic brethren of the press. The *World*, which two years ago prattled about war to the knife with the Ring, is now the most obsequious of squires, and breakfasts daily upon its own words. The Albany *Argus* merely says sullenly that the Republicans are another. A few Democratic papers in the country have vigorously denounced the authors of the frauds; but the general instinct and effort of the Democratic press have been to deny or to extenuate the monstrous truth.

Mr. Ottendorfer sees, moreover, that, even if the charge of the *Argus* be true, and if the money fraudulently obtained has been used to buy Republican votes, those votes were bought by Democrats for the purpose of continuing and enlarging the frauds of the Democratic Ring. And he would doubtless agree that those who incessantly assert that Republicans are just as bad, "only that they haven't been found out," might, in the same way, allege that the judge is as bad as the thief, only he hasn't been exposed. Let him be exposed, then, and prove your words. When Republican frauds as immense as those proved upon the Tammany Ring, and not denied, are exposed and established in the same manner, it will be time to say that Republicans are as bad. To say it upon a general theory of human rascality is absurd.

We presume that the Republican State Convention will probably act in the spirit of the resolutions adopted by the great meeting. It will, we hope, declare for the repeal of the present city charter, and for enabling the wisest and best citizens to form a new one; and it will urge Republicans in the city and in the State to nominate no candidates to the Legislature who are not pledged to the reform of the city of New York. If, as Mr. Ottendorfer hopes, the Democratic Convention does likewise—then what? Then every intelligent man in the State, who sees the threatening danger to the country and the government of the hideous corruption now disclosed in the city, will decide which of the two parties, by its character and traditions, is the more likely to achieve the reform. It is not—as we are sure so thoughtful a political observer as Mr. Ottendorfer will agree—bad men only, but bad tendencies, bad principles, which are responsible for such rascalities as those of the Ring. It is not, therefore, to good men only, but to elevating influences, to the tendencies of intelligence and the moral sense, that we must look for the purification of our politics and the progress of civilization.

In this country the party to which the great body of the intelligent and industrious people belong, whose ascendency is maintained in the most generally prosperous and truly progressive States, is presumptively the party from which real and wise reforms are to be expected. It is not careful to call itself conservative, because its face is set forward, not backward; and it knows that the boast of conservatism is a sop to prejudice, not an appeal to heroism. On the other hand, a party which is identified with a policy of cruel injustice, whose dominance is surest among the least patriotic and the most aristocratic, ignorant, and reactionary part of the population, is not one to which a wise man will hopefully look for a policy of justice, progress, and reform. By such considerations the question of the city corruptions will be decided. We shall be very glad, in the interests of the country, if the Democratic Convention should declare unreservedly for city reform. But we shall still believe reform to be more probable under Republican ascendency.

THE LOST OPPORTUNITY IN FRANCE.

It is a curious fate which seems constantly to baffle the political hopes of France. We recently said that it was probable the Assembly would assume authority to make a constitution, and while we were saying it the deed was done. M. Thiers, who, on the 17th of February, 1871, was appointed by the Assembly chief of the executive power "while awaiting a legal establishment of the institutions of France," was, on the 31st of August, declared President by the same Assembly, which, at the same time, announced that it was entitled to constituent powers, "which have not been exercised hitherto solely from force of circumstances." But this Assembly was convoked for the sole purpose of declaring whether the war should be carried on; and having done that duty, its obvious function was to provide for the "legal establishment of the institutions of France" by calling an Assembly for that purpose.

The situation of the country when the Assembly met is not, indeed, to be forgotten. The only visible government was a revolutionary committee, self-appointed, and ratified not by the country, but by the mob of Paris. Upon the meeting of the Assembly this committee resigned its powers, leaving the Assembly the only organized authority in France. It was compelled, therefore, to take some initiative, for it could not make peace with Germany and then dissolve, leaving no government whatever. But its initiative should have gone no further than the maintenance of order and the summoning an Assembly to frame a constitution. For if it did more, if it declared itself authorized to make a constitution, it might by the same right declare itself to be the permanent government; it might proclaim M. Thiers dictator for life; it might recall Louis Napoleon, or the Count of Chambord, or the Count of Paris.

The plea for the action which it has taken probably is that, as the elections were free in January, the Assembly then elected represents in August the will of the people as fully as a fresh Assembly. But this is a reasoning which merely shows total misconception of popular and constitutional government, of which the very condition is the delegation of limited and specific powers. If, indeed, any imperative necessity whatever could be asserted, there might be some reason in the situation for an Assembly called to determine the question of peace or war assuming to decide the form of government. But no such argument can be urged. If the Assembly, instead of usurping powers not delegated, had provided for a constitutional convention freely elected, the situation in France would have been much less threatening. The usurpation was carried, amidst great tumult, by a vote of 433 yeas to 227 nays, M. Gambetta declaring that he would not accept even the republic from the present Assembly.

The precedent sometimes quoted of our own constitutional convention in 1787 is wholly inapplicable. That convention was first suggested by the States to consider the whole subject of confederation or union. Then the Congress of the Confederation resolved that such a convention was expedient "for the sole and express purpose of revising the articles of confederation." That revision took the form of the Constitution, which was accepted by the Congress, and then adopted by the people. The truth is that the English blood has the instinct of popular constitutional government. The French theorize about it, but they misconceive it and lose it. "In France," said Gustave de Beaumont, the friend and biographer of De Tocqueville (quoted in "Senior's Journals"), "we are not good balancers of inconveniences. As soon as we see the faults of an institution we break it. In England you calculate: we act on impulse. We should never have tolerated your Hanoverian kings, with their German favorites and their German policy. We should have turned them out in a year. You kept them until they were acclimatized and gradually became the best royal stock in Europe."

It is this impulse, combined with intrigue, which has led to the fatal mistake of the French Assembly. There was an opportunity of discovering the wish of France. The vast discontent which the Bourbon desolation and degradation left in that country, which lately showed itself in the Commune, and which has not in the least disappeared because it is for the moment silenced, might

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have had a chance of being heard. Not that harmony was to be expected, but that some reasonable compromise should have been sought, based upon the actual situation. Mr. Bigelow, our late minister in France, an admirable observer and close student of the country and its people, has just published a pamphlet upon France and hereditary monarchy which is well worth consideration. He says, what is probably indisputable, "There is probably no human imagination competent to devise a government for France which would be acceptable to a majority of the people; and for the simple reason that the French have been so many generations accustomed to be governed that they have no idea of the amount of personal rights or liberties a man can afford to surrender for the privilege of having the rest assured to him; and it is precisely this knowledge which constitutes political education." Mr. Bigelow thinks that the first thing to be done in France is to make the chief executive officer elective at very brief intervals. This accords with De Beaumont's view, and would be adapted to the French impulsiveness which he describes. Instead of turning him out by force upon the instant, if they disliked him, the majority would wait and vote him out to-morrow. But, so far as can be now seen, personal intrigues have again baffled the hope of peaceful progress, and France has once more lost her opportunity.

NEW YORK REPUBLICANS.

We can not forbear to express once more the earnest hope that the Republican Convention in this State will honorably compose the difficulties which now exasperate and divide the party. The feeling has recently become much imbittered. Mr. Greeley's letters, and those of Mr. Cornell, and that of General Merritt, and the card of General Palmer, show a feeling which it will require great self-command and devotion to a good cause to reconcile. The situation is this: There has been a reorganization of the party in the city. Mr. Greeley and General Merritt claim that there was no occasion for it and no authority. Mr. Cornell claims, on the other hand, that the manifest and notorious influence of Tammany upon the old committee, and the request of ten thousand good Republicans, furnished sufficient occasion; and that, without a precedent, the facts themselves authorized the reorganization.

There are many charges and counter-charges, but there is one point only upon which the Convention should fix its close attention. The fatal and enormous corruption of the Tammany Ring, which has been always suspected, is now publicly known and openly proved. It is the first duty of all honest men to rid the city and State and country of the monstrous incubus. Is there a plainer or more commanding duty of the Republican party than to purge itself of the slightest suspicion of complicity with that justly odious influence? We are sure that General Merritt would be the first to say there is not. We know, for the Tribune is the witness, that Mr. Greeley formerly asserted it with vehemence. Is, then, the old committee justly liable to the suspicion of Tammany influence? Mr. Greeley has given us the names of certain Republicans as agents of Tammany. If those Republicans, shrewd, active politicians, are upon that committee, is there not just reason for that suspicion, which can be removed only by withdrawing the party from the control of such a committee?

Well, those Republicans are upon that committee. The very members of the sub-committee that reported Mr. Greeley's name for chairman are notoriously under Tammany influence—some of them hold office by Tammany appointment. Their selection as a sub-committee shows their ascendency; and they reported Mr. Greeley's name as a blind merely. Under such circumstances, why should a precedent for reorganization by the State Committee be required? The State Committee is not a body whose duties can be precisely defined. It must—and very much at its discretion, each member being responsible to all other Republicans—do what is necessary for the welfare of the party in the State. Could any thing be more imperative than the duty of relieving the party in the city of New York from all association with Tammany when the whole country cries out at Tammany with anger and disgust? We have no doubt whatever that if Tammany had reached out its hand in a Republican glove, and had made a chairman of the Republican committee of St. Lawrence County, General Merritt would himself have moved in the State Committee that, if none existed, a precedent be made for calling a new committee, untainted with Tammany, appealing for approval to the State Convention; and the honest Republicans from Montauk to Niagara would have cried Amen!

What would be the effect upon the Republicans of New York and of the country if the Convention should, under the circumstances, sustain a committee some of whose most active members have been denounced by its own chairman as Tammany agents? The best men of both parties in the city of New York have just combined in a denunciation of the Tammany Ring as flagrantly corrupt and criminal. Will a Republican State Convention sustain a Republican committee in which the same Tammany has its agents upon the ground that there was no precedent and no express authority for providing another? Will it be said that the Tammany influence has not harmed the party? But their very presence is an incalculable mischief by destroying all confidence.

Grant that members of the new committee are public officers appointed by a Republican Administration and in harmony with it, is that a reason for preferring a Republican committee which embraces Tammany office-holders? Grant that the new committee is in favor of the renomination of the President, is that, again, a reason for retaining the influence of Tweed and Hall in Republican councils? Grant that some of the most active friends of the new organization were formerly friends of Tammany, is that a reason for supporting the present friends of Tammany? If to have been an ally of Tammany was shameful, is it honorable to be an ally now? Grant that Mr. Greeley has been a more orthodox Republican than Mr. Murphy, is that a reason for preferring a committee in which Mr. Greeley is associated with those whom he has himself exposed as Tammany agents, to a committee confessedly free from Tammany connections?

Of course there are Republicans upon the old committee who are wholly free of any suspicion of collusion with Tammany; and it is undeniable that many good Republicans have made the cause of the old committee their own. The Convention must, therefore, deal with the facts. Its first duty should be to determine, not what course will best serve the renomination of the President, but what will most surely harmonize the party, without which harmony all nominations will be ineffectual. Whatever the wishes of individuals may be, we have no doubt whatever that the Convention will really wish to secure that harmony. But it can be done only by mutual concessions. For party purposes the Convention is independent and absolute. It need be governed by no precedent, nor fear to make one. Its responsibility will be very great, for possibly in this Convention the Presidential election of next year may be lost or won.

PERSONAL.

Mr. Speaker Blaine has, in a brief letter to the Maine Standard, effectually extinguished the slanderous imputations that have been put abroad of his having acquired a large fortune by means of his public position at Washington. His letter, like his recent speech at Saratoga, is characterized by a vigor and directness that go straight to the mark. Mr. Speaker Blaine is in the very prime of his powers. Although only forty-one years of age, he has had four years of service in the Legislature of Maine (two of which as Speaker) and eight years in Congress, and is now for the second time Speaker of the House. But the record he made as editor of the Kennebec Journal and Portland Advertiser, during several years' editorial work, was quite as distinguished as his political career. Journalism is his profession, though it is quite probable that the talent and aim that have achieved so much at forty-one will still retain him in public life.

—Mr. Henry Watterson, editor of the Louisville Courier-Journal, in an "Exclusively Personal" article in that paper, of August 20, over his own signature, gives an account of his differences with the editors and proprietors of the Louisville Ledger in style so trenchant, witty, and good-humored that it must have been enjoyed immensely by Kentucky folk and people of the South generally, irrespective of party. It is the best Southern article of the kind we have seen, and worthy the columns of a journal which the ability and wit of George D. Prentice have made famous. Of Mr. Caldwell, the financial supporter of the Ledger, Mr. Watterson playfully remarks, in reply to the charge of being a card-player: "I rarely sat down to play the very small game of draw poker, which is played by the club of gentlemen of which both of us are members, that he was not on the other side of the table.... He plays an uncommon square, close game of draw poker, settles more promptly than I am always able to do, and seldom no eure or bluffs. I do not think that either of us will ever be damned for the few offenses of that sort we may have committed. But if any damning is to be done, it ought to be impartial, and I venture to demur to the effect that sends me solitary and alone to that wicked place on a 'queen full,' leaving Isaac Caldwell at the table with the prosperous and happy aspect of a Christian who never goes in on less than two pairs, nor sees a raise on less than four aces," etc., etc., and more, quite as good.

—Lord Brougham's last passion was a passion for hymns. During the last two years of his life he collected all the various hymn books he could hear of, and a verse from his favorite hymn is inscribed on the memorial tablet in the church at Cannes.

—Hon. James F. Wilson, of Iowa, is formally announced as a candidate for the United States Senate from Iowa. Mr. W. is unquestionably one of the foremost public men and ablest lawyers of the West. President Grant offered and pressed upon his acceptance two cabinet appointments, which he declined. He is now in the very prime of his powers, being only forty-three years of age. Born in Ohio, he removed to Iowa in 1856. In the following year he was elected to the Legislature, and re-elected the year following. In 1861 he was sent to Congress, and was re-elected to the Thirty-eighth, Thirty-ninth, and Fortieth Congresses. As chairman of the Judiciary Committee he at once took and maintained a high position as a lawyer and debater. He was one of the managers of the Andrew Johnson impeachment trial.

—Ismail Pacha, Khedive or Viceroy of Egypt, is not only one of the most absolute rulers of modern times, but is unquestionably one of the richest, his fortune being estimated at three hundred millions of dollars. He lives in a new palace that cost only about twice as much as our new County Court-house, except that the expense for plastering, plumbing, painting, puttying, and especially carpeting, cost infinitely less. The Khedive, who is only thirty six, was educated in Paris, and is one of the most hospitable of men. At the Suez Canal celebration he entertained all the foreigners present, some sixty thousand in all, at an expense of twenty-five millions of dollars. He is the master absolute of seven and a half millions of people.

—A brother in the country remarks that "the first Butler of whom we have any record in ancient sacred history is Pharaoh's "chief Butler," of Egypt; the best Butler known to the readers of modern profane history is General B. F. Butler, of Lowell. With the exception of the fact that the first was not a temperance man, being addicted to his "cups," the parallel between the two is striking. Both got into trouble with the national administration; both got "bottled up;" both were great dreamers; both enjoyed a poor memory; and both lived long enough to see some of their competitors "lifted up.""

—We have pleasure in announcing that among the many musical events of the coming season will be the first appearance in concert of Mrs. J. Pierce Rowe, whose connection with some of the leading families of New York, and superior musical acquirements, will render the event one of more than ordinary interest. She is a pupil of Madame Rudersdorff, and those who have heard her in private predict for her a brilliant success.

—Several of Mr. Gladstone's party are restive under the curb of that gentleman—conspicuously Mr. Vernon Harcourt, Mr. Jacob Bright, Mr. Fawcett, Mr. Lowe, and others, in and out of the ministry, who are strong in Parliament. There is some talk of organizing a Liberal Conservative party, with the Earl of Derby as leader, but it will probably be deemed impracticable. Lord Derby is a frigid, formal, accurate sort of man, able, well informed, and all that sort of thing, but by no means possessed of the realtime, tact, good temper, and talent requisite for a premier.

—Colonel J. Ross Snowden, a writer of ability on financial subjects, is preparing, at the request of the Historical Society of Pennsylvania, a memoir for the national centenary "upon the time, place, and incidents of the composition, adoption, signing, and promulgation of the Declaration of Independence." This will include pictures of the house where it was written, the desk used by Mr. Jefferson, the hall of Congress, the chair of Hancock, the bell of liberty, and as far as possible of the abode of each member of the Committee on Independence. It is also intended to illustrate the work with pictorial representations of historical places, persons, and objects connected with the Declaration.

—The Rev. W. H. Milburn, "the blind man eloquent," has recently returned from a tour extending from Minnesota to Texas. He has added to his repertoire of lectures new ones upon Richard Brinsley Sheridan, John Randolph of Roanoke, and "What a Blind Man Saw in California." Mr. Milburn's address for the season will be Jacksonville, Illinois.

—The recent death of John Slidell abroad has led to certain curious legal proceedings in Louisiana in reference to his estate. Having died intestate as to his confiscated estate, and there being no surviving widow or heirs in Louisiana, the public administrator of New Orleans petitions to be put in possession of the property. The petition claims that the property of Mr. Slidell, sold under the confiscation acts, reverted to his heirs at his death, and that he could not dispose of said property by will or testament. The Court accordingly appointed attorneys to represent the absent heirs. Mr. Slidell was a man of large wealth, and at the very outbreak of the rebellion had the sagacity to sell a large portion of his estate and invest it abroad. This enabled him to live in a certain style of elegance, while the less thoughtful refugees were compelled to get a subsistence as best they could.

—Ali Pacha, Grand Vizier of Turkey, whose recent death is reported by cable, though only fifty six years of age, has been continuously the occupant of important public positions since he was twenty-three, having at that age been chargé d'affaires at London. Immediately afterward he was Under Secretary of State, and since then successively the representative of his government at London, Vienna, and Paris. In 1867 he attained the highest position in Turkey, that of Grand Vizier. He was a man of first-class abilities, great firmness, yet with all the tact, good temper, honesty, and frankness necessary for a successful diplomatist and statesman.

—Father Hyacinthe has written a letter to Father Perraud, a priest of the Oratory, and Professor of Ecclesiastical History at the Sorbonne, in which he explains why he can not return to the place he has left vacant. He is fighting, he says, in silence and in isolation, against the fanaticism which is endeavoring to reduce the Church to the position of a mere political party. France has been invaded and ruined by the Ultramontanes, he adds, just as she has been by the Prussians, and ecclesiastically subjected by the court of Rome as she has been politically subjected by the court of Berlin.

—The members of the London School Board, the most important of the educational boards of England, are thus sketched in a letter to the Evening Mail by that clever literary man, Mr. Justin M'Carthy: "This School Board is in many respects more interesting to a stranger than the House of Commons. It is presided over by Lord Lawrence, a retired viceroy of India, and one of the very ablest of Indian administrators. This man with the broad, square brow, the look of humor about the large mouth, the careless dress and careless attitude, and the easy, forcible style of language, in which every now and then an epigram sparkles and a profound thought is mirrored as he addresses the meeting—this is the greatest scientific controversialist, the most conspicuous savant in England—Professor Huxley. Near him is an elderly, old fashioned, shabby, and demure looking person, [illegible] of tale and rather [illegible] like an undertaker in depressed circumstances—and that is Mr. Lucraft, the renowned working man, comrade of Odger and Bradlaugh, and member of the International. When he speaks, as he very often does at the meetings of the School Board, he is much more likely to back up Huxley than to agree with Lord Sandon, who sits beside him, or the Rev. Mr. Rogers, a leading member of the Established Church clergy of the city. Opposite Lucraft sits [illegible] Dixon, and near Dixon is a small, pleasant, rather pretty little lady who was once Miss Garrett, and as such fought her way bravely into the medical profession, and is now Mrs. Anderson. This lady speaks very well, and not too often, during the debates. The Board has one other feminine member, Miss Emily Davies, a quiet, formal looking lady, whom if it were not rude, one would call old maidish in appearance. Now these ladies can bear a good part in a discussion, and they do not talk too much.... A great public Board, elected by popular suffrage, and which comprises a famous Indian viceroy, some lords and some clergymen, a working man, a professional journalist, a renowned savant, and one or two ladies, is a novelty worth seeing, and still more worth studying."

—Hon. Thomas Fitch, who represented Nevada in the United States House of Representatives in the last Congress, is in Salt Lake preparing a lecture on Brigham Young, whom he regards as one of the remarkable men in history. Mr. Fitch was born in this city in 1838, was educated in our public schools, removed to Wisconsin in 1855, thence to California, editing papers for a livelihood, then to Nevada, where he succeeded in getting elected to Congress. At the last election Kendall, Democrat, defeated him by 350 votes.

—Two Belgian physicians, Drs. [illegible] and Hanes, here, after careful collation of facts, stated the following as the proportions which the consumption of tobacco bears to insanity in Belgium. From 1830 to 1836, the tobacco product being 20,000,000 kilogrammes, there were 10,000 insane reported annually. In 1852, with a production of 90,000,000 kilogrammes, there were 15,000 insane. In 1862 the product was 112,000,000 kilogrammes, the insane [illegible]. In 1864, with a tobacco product of [illegible] kilogrammes, there were 41,000 crazy Belgians.

—General John A. Dix is now a government pensioner at eight dollars per month. He served as second lieutenant of United States Infantry (regulars) in the war of 1812. Ex-Collector [illegible], now a resident of the western part of the State, was a private in the same war, and was put on the pension roll and [illegible] at the same time and at the same figure with General Dix.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

There was a mass-meeting of the citizens of New York, [illegible] held at the Cooper Institute on the evening of September 4, to consider the condition of the municipal finances. The hall was crowded, and the audience seemed to be fully [illegible] with [illegible] feeling. Ex-Mayor William F. Havemeyer presided, and vigorous and effective addresses were made by [illegible], Hon. [illegible], Hon. Robert B. Roosevelt, and Judge Pierrepont. Resolutions were adopted by the meeting expressing astonishment and alarm at the increase of the city debt by $50,000,000 since the inauguration of the present Mayor, declaring the truth of the charges made against the city and county officials [illegible] by the contemporaneous denials with which the latter have met these charges; distinctly denouncing by name William M. Tweed, Richard B. Connolly, and A. Oakey Hall as guilty of corruption, and demanding either their resignation or [illegible]; [illegible] Legislature to repeal the new charter [illegible] the appointment of a committee of seventy citizens to carry out the objects of the meeting. A very able and efficient committee was appointed.

The California State election, September 6, resulted in the election of Newton Booth, Republican, for Governor, by [illegible]. The present Governor, Haight, [illegible] elected in 1867 by a majority of [illegible].

The returns of the recent election in Wyoming Territory give the Republicans a majority of [illegible] in the Senate, and the Democrats a majority of two in the House.

The New Jersey Republican Convention at Trenton, September 7, on its second ballot nominated Cornelius Walsh for Governor.

FOREIGN NEWS.

A terrible railway accident occurred in Northern France, September 4, by which [illegible] persons were instantly killed and a large number injured.

Sentence of death has been pronounced against four women, by court-martial, convicted of incendiarism during the siege of Paris, imprisonment in a fortress against one, and ten years' solitary confinement against another.

General Manteuffel, commanding the German Army of Occupation, announced September 7 the consent of his government to the evacuation of the departments around Paris.

Rossel, the Communist leader, has been sentenced to death.

Dr. Karl Marx, the leading spirit of the International Society, died in London, September 2, aged fifty-three years.

An explosion in a coal mine near Wigan, Lancashire, England, September 6, resulted in the loss of [illegible] lives.

The English Republican Committee has issued its programme, embracing the following principles: "The application of the principle of federation to the kingdom; the abolition of titles and privileges; the suppression of monopolies; the abolition of standing armies; compulsory education; the state to provide work for those laborers who are able to work, and sustenance for those who are incapacitated from work; the nationalization of land; popular legislation; and the diffusion of republicanism."

The Emperors of Germany and Austria met at Salzburg September 8.

General Don Bravo Murillo, ex-Premier of Spain, died at Biarritz September [illegible].

Ali Pacha, Grand Vizier of Turkey, died September 6. [illegible] Mahmoud Pacha has succeeded him.

The cholera in Russia is reported to have abated, though at Tiflis the deaths still average [illegible] per day.

A destructive hurricane visited the Sandwich Islands August [illegible].

The hurricane of August 21, besides its devastations in the island of St. Thomas, was elsewhere very destructive. In the island of Antigua every estate was damaged. In the island of Tortola five churches were blown down or shattered by the hurricane. In the island of St. Kitt's [illegible] houses were destroyed, and [illegible] estates were nearly ruined. In the island of Nevis the growing crops were destroyed.

THE BRITISH ASSOCIATION AT EDINBURGH.—HUMORS OF SCIENCE.

PLACARDS HAVE BEEN AFFIXED IN SPOTS TABOOED TO BILL-STICKERS OF THE LESSER SORT.

ALL HOTELS ARE FULL, AND ALL CABS ENGAGED.

"WHAT ARE YOUR VIEWS, MR. JONES, ON THE THERMAL EQUIVALENT OF OXIDE OF CHLORINE?"

ON THE MUSCULAR DEVELOPMENT OF THE INSECT TRIBE.

"IT IS A CHEAP WAY OF ACQUIRING A CHARACTER FOR PROFOUND LEARNING, ETC."

ANTIQUARIAN RESEARCHES.

DARWIN ECLIPSED.

THE WYNDS DISPLAY THEIR USUAL BUNTING.

The meeting of the British Association brought even more visitors to Edinburgh than the Scott Centenary—not all gray-bearded savants or solemn professors, but young and pretty damsels, "who had come with papa," and trim young dandies, who had come to look after the damsels. All Edinburgh was alive with sparkling toilets and their charming wearers, while the séances were crowded with most unscientific-looking audiences. The discourses, however, were grave and scientific enough to suit the veriest sage extant, and startling were the topics brought forward and discussed, from Sir William Thomson's meteoric theory to Miss Becker's stanch advocacy of woman's rights and privileges. There is a ludicrous aspect to every thing, and the artist has portrayed the comic side of the meeting on this page.

The inscription, "Free Coup," over the mound which our savants are so carefully and anxiously inspecting, means "rubbish shot here," and that the mound, perhaps considered by them to be an ancient Gaelic tomb, is nothing more nor less than a—dust heap.

HON. ROBERT B. ROOSEVELT.—[Photographed by Sarony & Co., 680 Broadway, New York.]

ROBERT B. ROOSEVELT.

Robert B. Roosevelt, Representative in Congress from the Fourth Congressional District of New York, belongs to one of the best known of the old Knickerbocker families. He was born on the 7th of August, 1829, in Cortlandt Street; and in the course of a remarkably busy life has won distinction in law, literature, and journalism, and has thoroughly identified himself with most of the measures of municipal reform which have been successfully carried out in this city. He began the practice of the law in 1850, in partnership with his father, and until the dissolution, a few years since, of the firm of C. W. & R. B. Roosevelt devoted himself with tireless industry to the management of a widely extended practice. He nevertheless found time to contribute extensively to the magazine literature of the day, and to publish, in 1862, a book under the title of the "Game Fish of North America," followed in 1865 by "Superior Fishing," and in 1866 by the "Game Birds of the North."

Mr. Roosevelt is an enthusiastic sportsman. He early foresaw that the reckless killing of game would in time extirpate game of all kinds from the woods and waters of the State, and organized a number of sportsmen's clubs for the purpose of restraining indiscriminate and untimely slaughter. At his suggestion the New York State Fishery Commission was established in 1867, and he was appointed one of the three Commissioners—his associates being ex-Governor Seymour and Mr. Seth Green, the eminent pisciculturist. The reports of the Commission, prepared chiefly by Mr. Roosevelt, attracted wide attention, and led to the appointment of similar commissions in other States.

Mr. Roosevelt is also known as the author of "Five Acres too Much," an amusing satire upon amateur farming.

Always a firm Democrat, Mr. Roosevelt has also been, as before intimated, a consistent advocate of municipal reform and the establishment of a paid Fire Department, and a Health Department in place of the old inefficient Sanitary Board, were in no slight degree due to his exertions. When the Citizens' Association established the New York Citizen as an organ of reform, Mr. Roosevelt was associated in its conduct with the late Charles G. Halpine. Upon the death of General Halpine he succeeded to the sole charge of the paper, which he has since bought and still conducts.

In 1870 Mr. Roosevelt was elected to the Forty-second Congress by a majority of 5261 votes in a total vote of 16,900. Although the pressure of the anti-Tammany Democratic organizations forced Tammany Hall to indorse his nomination, he has never hesitated to denounce the fraudulent measures of that corrupt clique; and in taking part in the great meeting of September 4, where he delivered a scathing rebuke to the corrupt "Ring," Mr. Roosevelt was thoroughly true to his political record. A frank, honest, manly gentleman, Mr. Roosevelt is by nature an enemy of the city plunderers; and his very pride in the Democratic party has probably made him the more anxious that it should clear its skirts of the foulness inseparable from the clique now ruling Tammany Hall.

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POOR MISS FINCH.

A Domestic Story.

By WILKIE COLLINS,

Author of "The Woman in White," "No Name," "The Moonstone," "Man and Wife," etc.

WITH ORIGINAL ILLUSTRATIONS.

CHAPTER THE ELEVENTH.

BLIND LOVE.

Lucilla was at the piano when I entered the sitting-room.

"I wanted you of all things," she said. "I have sent all over the house in search of you. Where have you been?"

I told her.

She sprang to her feet with a cry of delight.

"You have persuaded him to trust you—you have discovered every thing. You only said 'I have been at Browndown'—and I heard it in your voice. Out with it! out with it!"

She never moved—she seemed hardly to breathe—while I was telling her all that had passed at the interview between Oscar and me. As soon as I had done she got up in a violent hurry, flushed and eager, and made straight for her bedroom door.

"What are you going to do?" I asked.

"I want my hat and my stick," she answered.

"You are going out?"

"Yes."

"Where?"

"Can you ask the question? To Browndown, of course!"

I begged her to wait a moment, and hear a word or two that I had to say. It is, I suppose, almost needless to add that my object in speaking to her was to protest against the glaring impropriety of her paying a second visit, in one day, to a man who was a stranger to her. I declared, in the plainest terms, that such a proceeding would be sufficient, in the estimation of any civilized community, to put her reputation in peril. The result of my interference was curious and interesting in the extreme. It showed me that the virtue called Modesty (I am not speaking of Decency, mind) is a virtue of purely artificial growth; and that the successful cultivation of it depends, in the first instance, not on the influence of the tongue, but on the influence of the eye.

Suppose the case of an average young lady (conscious of feeling a first love) to whom I might have spoken in the sense that I have just mentioned—what would she have done?

She would assuredly have shown some natural and pretty confusion, and would, in all human probability, have changed color more or less while she was listening to me. Lucilla's charming face revealed but one expression—an expression of disappointment, slightly mixed, perhaps, with surprise. I believed her to be then, what I knew her to be afterward, as pure a creature as ever walked the earth. And yet of the natural and becoming confusion, of the little inevitable feminine changes of color which I had expected to see, not so much as a vestige appeared—and this, remember, in the case of a person of unusually sensitive and impulsive nature, quick, on the most trifling occasions, to feel and to express its feelings in no ordinary degree.

What did it mean?

It meant that here was one strange side shown to me of the terrible affliction that darkened her life. It meant that modesty is essentially the growth of our own consciousness of the eyes of others judging us, and that blindness is never bashful, for the one simple reason that blindness can not see. The most modest girl in existence is bolder with her lover in the dark than in the light. The female model who "sits" for the first time in a drawing academy, and who shrinks from the ordeal, is persuaded, in the last resort, to enter the students' room by having a bandage bound over her eyes. My poor Lucilla had always the bandage over her eyes. My poor Lucilla was never to meet her lover in the light. She had grown up with the passions of a woman, and yet she had never advanced beyond the fearless and primitive innocence of a child. Ah, if ever there was a sacred charge confided to any mortal creature, here surely was a sacred charge confided to Me! I could not endure to see the poor pretty blind face turned so inscrutably toward mine, after such words as I had just said to her. She was standing within my reach. I took her by the arm, and made her sit on my knee. "My dear," I said, very earnestly, "you must not go to him again to-day."

"I have got so much to say to him!" she answered, impatiently. "I want to tell him how deeply I feel for him, and how anxious I am to make his life a happier one if I can."

"My dear Lucilla! you can't say this to a young man. It is as good as telling him, in plain words, that you are fond of him!"

"I am fond of him."

"Hush! hush! Keep it to yourself until you are sure that he is fond of you. It is the man's place, my love, not the woman's, to own the truth first in matters of this sort."

"That is very hard on the woman. If they feel it first, they ought to own it first." She paused for a moment, considering with herself, and abruptly got off my knee. "I must speak to him!" she burst out; "I must tell him that I have heard his story, and that I think all the better of him after it, instead of the worse!"

She was again on her way to get her hat. My only chance of stopping her was to invent a compromise.

"Write him a note," I said, and then suddenly remembered that she was blind. "You shall dictate," I added, "and I will hold the pen. Be content with that for to-day. For my sake, Lucilla!"

She yielded, not very willingly, poor thing. But she jealously declined to let me hold the pen.

"My first note to him must be all written by me," she said. "I can write, in my own roundabout way. It's long and tiresome; but still I can do it. Come, and see."

She led the way to a writing table in the corner of the room, and sat for a while, with the pen in her hand, thinking. Her irresistible smile broke suddenly like a glow of light over her face. "Ah!" she exclaimed, "I know how to tell him what I think!" Guiding the pen in her right hand with the fingers of her left hand, she wrote slowly in large childish characters, these words:

"TRACED WITH A FINGER DIPPED IN BLOOD—'HELP.'"

"Dear Mr. Oscar,—I have heard all about you. Please send me the little gold vase.

"Your friend,

Lucilla."

She inclosed and directed the letter, and clapped her hands for joy. "He will know what *that* means!" she said, gayly.

It was useless to attempt making a second remonstrance. I rang the bell, under protest against her receiving a present from a gentleman to whom she had spoken for the first time (that morning), and Zillah was sent off to Browndown with the letter. In making this concession I privately said to myself, "I shall keep a tight hand over them; he is the most manageable person of the two!"

The interval before the return of the nurse was not an easy interval to fill up. I proposed some music. Lucilla was still too full of her new interest to be able to give her attention to any thing else. She suddenly remembered that her father and her step-mother ought both to be informed that Mr. Dubourg was a perfectly presentable person at the rectory. She decided on writing to her father.

On this occasion she made no difficulty about permitting me to hold the pen while she told me what to write. We produced between us rather a flighty, enthusiastic, high-flown sort of letter. I felt by no means sure that we should raise a favorable impression of our new neighbor in the mind of Reverend Finch. That was, however, not my affair. I appeared to excellent advantage in the matter as the judicious foreign lady who had insisted on making inquiries. For the rest, it was a point of honor with me—writing for a person who was blind—not to change a single word in the sentences which Lucilla dictated to me. The letter completed, I wrote the address of the house in Brighton at which Mr. Finch then happened to be staying, and I was next about to close the envelope in due course, when Lucilla stopped me.

"Wait a little," she said. "Don't close the letter yet."

I wondered why the envelope was to be left open, and why Lucilla looked a little confused when she forbade me to close it. Another unexpected revelation of the influence of their affliction on the natures of the blind was waiting to enlighten me on these two points.

After consultation between us it had been decided, at Lucilla's express request, that I should inform Mrs. Finch that the mystery at Browndown was now cleared up. Lucilla openly owned to having no great relish for the society of her step-mother, or for the duty incumbent on any body who was long in the com-

"THERE, CONFRONTING US ON THE THRESHOLD, STOOD LUCILLA'S FATHER AND OSCAR DUBOURG."

pany of that fertile lady of either finding her handkerchief or holding her baby. A duplicate key of the door of communication between the two sides of the house was given to me, and I left the room.

Before performing my errand I went for a minute into my bed-chamber to put away my hat and my parasol. Returning into the corridor, and passing the door of the sitting-room, I found that it had been left ajar by some one who had entered after I had left, and I heard Lucilla's voice say, "Take that letter out of the envelope, and read it to me."

I pursued my way along the passage—very slowly, I own—and I heard the first sentences of the letter which I had written under Lucilla's dictation read aloud to her in the old nurse's voice. The incurable suspicion of the blind—always abandoned to the same melancholy distrust of the persons about them, always doubting whether some deceit is not being practiced on them by the happy people who can see—had urged Lucilla, even in the trifling matter of the letter, to put me to the test behind my back. She was using Zillah's eyes to make sure that I had really written all that she had dictated to me, exactly as, on many an after occasion, she used my eyes to make sure of Zillah's complete performance of tasks allotted to her in the house. No experience of the faithful devotion of those who live with them ever thoroughly satisfies the blind. Ah, poor things, always in the dark! always in the dark!

In opening the door of communication it appeared as if I had also opened all the doors of all the bed-chambers in the rectory. The moment I stepped into the passage, out popped the children from one room after another, like rabbits out of their burrows.

"Where is your mamma?" I asked.

The rabbits answered by one universal shriek, and popped back again into their burrows.

I went down the stairs to try my luck on the ground-floor. The window on the landing had a view over the front garden. I looked out, and saw the irrepressible Arab of the family, one small, chubby Jicks, wandering in the garden all by herself, evidently on the watch for her next opportunity of escaping from the house. This curious little creature cared nothing for the society of the other children. In-doors, she sat gravely retired in corners, taking her meals (whenever she could) on the floor. Out-of-doors, she roamed till she could walk no longer, and then lay down any where, like a little animal, to sleep. She happened to look up as I stood at the window. Seeing me, she waved her hands indicatively in the direction of the rectory gate. "What is it?" I asked. The Arab answered, "Jicks wants to get out."

At the same moment the screaming of a baby below informed me that I was in the near neighborhood of Mrs. Finch.

I advanced toward the noise, and found myself standing before the open door of a large store-room at the extreme end of the passage. In the middle of the room (issuing household commodities to the cook) sat Mrs. Finch. She was robed this time in a petticoat and a shawl; and she had the baby and the novel laid together flat on their backs in her lap.

"Eight pounds of soap? Where does it all go to, I wonder!" groaned Mrs. Finch, to the accompaniment of the baby's screams. "Five pounds of soda for the laundry? One would think we did the washing for the whole village. Six pounds of candles? You must eat candles as the Russians do. Who ever heard of burning six pounds of candles in a week? Ten pounds of sugar? Who gets it all? I never taste sugar from one year's end to another. Waste, nothing but waste!" Here Mrs. Finch looked my way, and saw me at the door. "Oh, Madame Pratolungo? How d'ye do? Don't go away. I've just done.—A bottle of blacking? My shoes are a disgrace to the house. Five pounds of rice? If I had Indian servants, five pounds of rice would last them for a year. There! take the things away into the kitchen.—Excuse my dress, Madame Pratolungo. How am I to dress, with all I have got to do? What do you say? My time must, indeed, be fully occupied? Ah, that's just where it is! When you have lost half an hour in the morning, and can't pick it up again—to say nothing of having the store-room on your mind, and the children's dinner late, and the baby fractious—one slips on a petticoat and a shawl, and gives it up in despair. What can I have done with the butcher's book? Would you mind looking among those bottles behind you? Oh, here it is under the baby. Might I trouble you to hold my book for one moment? I think the baby will be quieter if I put him the other way." Here Mrs. Finch turned the baby over on his stomach, and patted him briskly on the back. At this change in his circumstances the unappeasable infant only roared louder than ever. His mother appeared to be perfectly unaffected by the noise. This resigned domestic martyr looked placidly up at me as I stood before her, bewildered, with the novel in my hand. "Ah, that's a very interesting story," she went on. "Plenty of love in it, you know. You have come for it, haven't you? I remember I promised to lend it to you yesterday." Before I could answer, the cook appeared again in search of more household commodities. Mrs. Finch repeated the woman's demands, one by one as she made them, in tones of despair. "Another bottle of vinegar? I believe you water the garden with vinegar! More starch? The Queen's washing, I'm firmly persuaded, doesn't come to as much as ours. Sand-paper? Sand-paper means waste-paper in this profligate house. I shall tell your master. I really can not make the housekeeping money last at this rate.—Don't go, Madame Pratolungo! I shall have done directly. What? You must go? Oh, then, put the book back on my lap, please, and look behind that sack of flour. The first volume slipped down there this morning, and I haven't had time to pick it up since.—Sand-paper! Do you think I'm made of sand-paper?—Have you found the first volume? Ah, that's it. All over flour! There's a hole in the sack, I suppose.—Twelve sheets of sand-paper used in a week! What for? I defy any of you to tell me what for. Waste! waste! shameful, sinful waste!" At this point in Mrs. Finch's lamentations I made my escape with the book, and left the subject of Oscar Dubourg to be introduced at a fitter opportunity. The last words I heard, through the screams of the baby, as I ascended the stairs, were words still relating to the cook's prodigal consumption of sand-paper. Let us drop a tear, if you please, over the woes of Mrs. Finch, and leave the British matron apostrophizing domestic economy in the odorous seclusion of her own store-room.

I had just related to Lucilla the failure of my expedition to the other side of the house, when Zillah returned, bringing with her the gold vase and a letter.

Oscar's answer was judiciously modeled to imitate the brevity of Lucilla's note. "You have made me a happy man again. When may I follow the vase?" There, in two sentences, was the entire letter.

I had another discussion with Lucilla relating to the propriety of our receiving Oscar in Reverend Finch's absence. It was only possible to persuade her to wait until she had at least heard from her father by consenting to take another walk toward Browndown the next morning. This new concession satisfied her. She had received his present, she had exchanged letters with him—that was enough to content her for the time.

"Do you think he is getting fond of me?" she asked, the last thing at night, taking her gold vase to bed with her, poor dear—exactly as she might have taken a new toy to bed with her when she was a child. "Give him time, my love," I answered. "It isn't every body who can travel at your pace in such a serious matter as this." My banter had no effect upon her. "Go away with your candle," she said. "The darkness makes no difference to me. I can see him in my thoughts." She nestled her head comfortably on the pillows, and tapped me saucily on the cheek as I bent over her. "Here's the advantage I have over you now," she said. "You can't see to-night without your candle. I could go all over the house at this moment without making a false step any where."

When I left her that night, I sincerely believe "poor Miss Finch" was the happiest woman in England.

CHAPTER THE TWELFTH.

MR. FINCH SMELLS MONEY.

A domestic alarm deferred for some hours our proposed walk to Browndown.

The old nurse, Zillah, was taken ill in the night. She was so little relieved by such remedies as we were able to apply that it became necessary to summon the doctor in the morning. He lived at some distance from Dimchurch, and he had to send back to his own house for the medicines required. As a necessary result of these delays, it was close on one o'clock in the afternoon before the medical remedies had their effect, and the nurse was sufficiently recovered to permit of our leaving her to the servants' care.

We had dressed for our walk (Lucilla being ready long before I was), and had got as far as the garden gate on our way to Browndown, when we heard, on the other side of the wall, a man's voice, pitched in superbly deep bass tones, pronouncing these words:

"Believe me, my dear Sir, there is not the least difficulty. I have only to send the check to my bankers at Brighton."

Lucilla started, and caught hold of me by the arm.

"My father!" she exclaimed, in the utmost astonishment. "Who is he talking to?"

The key of the gate was in my possession. "What a grand voice your father has got!" I said, as I took the key out of my pocket. I opened the gate. There, confronting us on the threshold, arm in arm as if they had known each other from childhood, stood Lucilla's father and—Oscar Dubourg!

Reverend Finch opened the proceedings by folding his daughter affectionately in his arms.

"My dear child!" he said, "I received your letter—your most interesting letter—this morning. The moment I read it I felt that I owed a duty to Mr. Dubourg. As pastor of Dimchurch, it was clearly incumbent on me to comfort a brother in affliction. I really felt, so to speak, a longing to hold out the right hand of friendship to this sorely tried man. I borrowed my friend's carriage, and drove straight to Browndown. We have had a long and cordial talk. I have brought Mr. Dubourg home with me. He must be one of us. My dear child, Mr. Dubourg must be one of us. Let me introduce you. My eldest daughter—Mr. Dubourg."

He performed the ceremony of presentation with the most impenetrable gravity, as if he really believed that Oscar and his daughter now met each other for the first time!

Never had I set my eyes on a meaner-looking man than this rector. In height he barely reached up to my shoulder. In substance he was so miserably lean that he looked the living picture of starvation. He would have made his fortune in the streets of London if he had only gone out and shown himself to the public in ragged clothes. His face was deeply pitted with the small-pox. His short grizzly hair stood up stiff and straight on his head like hair fixed in a broom. His small whitish-gray eyes had a restless, inquisitive, hungry look in them indescribably irritating and uncomfortable to me. The one personal distinction he possessed consisted in his magnificent bass voice—a voice which had no sort of right to exist in the person who used it. Until one became accustomed to the contrast there was something perfectly unbearable in hearing those superb big notes come out of that contemptible little body. The famous Latin phrase conveys, after all, the best description I can give of Reverend Finch. He was in very truth—Voice, and nothing else.

"Madame Pratolungo, no doubt?" he went on, turning to me. "Delighted to make the acquaintance of my daughter's judicious companion and friend. You must be one of us—like Mr. Dubourg. Let me introduce you. Madame Pratolungo—Mr. Dubourg.—This is the old side of the rectory, my dear Sir. We had it put in repair—let me see: how long since?—we had it put in repair just after Mrs. Finch's last confinement but one." (I soon discovered that Mr. Finch reckoned time by his wife's confinements.) "You will find it very curious and interesting inside. Lucilla, my child!—(It has pleased Providence, Mr. Dubourg, to afflict my daughter with blindness. Inscrutable Providence!)—Lucilla, this is your side of the house. Take Mr. Dubourg's arm, and lead the way. Do the honors, my child.—Madame Pratolungo, let me offer you my arm. I regret that I was not present when you arrived, to welcome you at the rectory. Consider yourself—do pray consider yourself—one of us." He stopped, and lowered his prodigious voice to a confidential growl. "Delightful person, Mr. Dubourg. I can't tell you how pleased I am with him. And what a sad story! Cultivate Mr. Dubourg, my dear madam. As a favor to Me—cultivate Mr. Dubourg!"

He said this with an appearance of the deepest anxiety—and more, he emphasized it by affectionately squeezing my hand.

I have met with a great many audacious people in my time. But the audacity of Reverend Finch—persisting to our faces in the assumption that he had been the first to discover our neighbor, and that Lucilla and I were perfectly incapable of understanding and appreciating Oscar unassisted by him—was entirely without a parallel in my experience. I asked myself what his conduct in this matter—so entirely unexpected by Lucilla, as well as by me—could possibly mean. My knowledge of his character, obtained through his daughter, and my memory of what we had heard him say on the other side of the wall, suggested that his conduct might mean—Money.

We assembled in the sitting-room.

The only person among us who was quite at his ease was Mr. Finch. He never let his daughter and his guest alone for a single moment. "My child, show Mr. Dubourg this; show Mr. Dubourg that.—Mr. Dubourg, my daughter possesses this, my daughter possesses that." So he went on all round the room. Oscar appeared to feel a little daunted by the overwhelming attentions of his new friend. Lucilla was, as I could see, secretly irritated at finding herself authorized by her father to pay those attentions to Oscar which she would have preferred offering to him of her own accord. As for me, I was already beginning to weary of the patronizing politeness of the little priest with the big voice. It was a relief to us all when a message on domestic affairs arrived in the midst of the proceedings from Mrs. Finch, requesting to see her husband immediately on the rectory side of the house.

Forced to leave us, Reverend Finch made his farewell speech. Taking Oscar's hand into a kind of paternal custody in both his own hands, he spoke with such sonorous cordiality that the china and glass ornaments on Lucilla's chiffonier actually jingled an accompaniment to his booming bass notes.

"Come to tea, my dear Sir. Without ceremony. To-night at six. We must keep up your spirits, Mr. Dubourg. Cheerful society and a little music.—Lucilla, my dear child, you will play for Mr. Dubourg, won't you? Madame Pratolungo will do the same—at My request—I am sure. We shall make even dull Dimchurch agreeable to our new neighbor before we have done. What does the poet say? 'Fixed to no spot is happiness sincere; 'tis nowhere to be found, or every where.' How cheering! how true! Good-day; good-day!"

The glasses left off jingling. Mr. Finch's short little legs took him out of the room.

The moment his back was turned we both assailed Oscar with the same question. What had passed in the interview between himself and the rector?

Men are all alike incompetent to satisfy women when the question between the sexes is a question of small details. A woman in Oscar's position would have been able to relate to us not only the whole conversation with the rector, but every little trifling incident which had noticeably illustrated it. As things were, we could only extract from our unsatisfactory man the barest outline of the interview. The coloring and the filling in we were left to do for ourselves.

Oscar had, on his own confession, acknowledged his visitor's kindness by opening his whole heart to the sympathizing rector, and placing that wary priest and excellent man of business in possession of the completest knowledge of all his affairs. In return, Reverend Finch had spoken in the frankest manner on his side. He had drawn a sad picture of the poverty-stricken condition of Dimchurch, viewed as an ecclesiastical endowment; and he had spoken in such feeling terms of the neglected condition of the ancient and interesting church that poor simple Oscar, smitten with pity, had produced his check-book, and had subscribed on the spot toward the fund for repairing the ancient round tower. They had been still occupied with the subject of the tower and the subscription when we had opened the garden gate and had let them in. Hearing this, I now understood the motives under which our reverend friend was acting as well as if they had been my own. It was plain to my mind that the rector had taken his financial measure of Oscar, and had privately satisfied himself that if he encouraged the two young people in cultivating each other's society, money (to use his own phrase) might come of it. He had, as I believed, put forward "the round tower," in the first instance, as a feeler; and he would follow it up in due time by an appeal of a more personal nature to Oscar's well-filled purse. Brief, he was, in my opinion, quite sharp enough (after having studied his young friend's character) to foresee an addition to his income rather than a subtraction from it, if the relations between Oscar and his daughter ended in a marriage.

Whether Lucilla arrived, on her side, at the same conclusion as mine is what I can not venture positively to declare. I can only relate that she looked ill at ease as the facts came out, and that she took the first opportunity of extinguishing her father, viewed as a topic of conversation.

As for Oscar, it was enough for him that he had already secured his place as friend of the house. He took leave of us in the highest spirits. I had my eye on them when he and Lucilla said good-by. She squeezed his hand. I saw her do it. At the rate at which things were now going on I began to ask myself whether Reverend Finch would not appear at tea-time in his robes of office, and celebrate the marriage of his "sorely tried" young friend between the first cup and the second.

At our little social assembly in the evening nothing passed worthy of much remark.

Lucilla and I (I can not resist recording this) were both beautifully dressed in honor of the occasion, Mrs. Finch serving us to perfection by way of contrast. She had made an immense effort—she was half dressed. Her evening costume was an ancient green silk skirt (with traces of past babies visible on it to an experienced eye), topped by the everlasting blue merino jacket. "I lose every thing belonging to me," Mrs. Finch whispered in my ear. "I have got a body to this dress, and it can't be found any where." The rector's prodigious voice was never silent; the pompous and plausible little man talked, talked, talked in deeper and deeper bass, until the very tea-cups on the table shuddered under the influence of him. The elder children, admitted to the family festival, ate till they could eat no more, stared till they could stare no more, yawned till they could yawn no more—and then went to bed. Oscar got on well with every body. Mrs. Finch was naturally interested in him as one of twins, though she was also surprised and disappointed on hearing that his mother had begun and ended with his brother and himself. As for Lucilla she sat in silent happiness, absorbed in the inexhaustible delight of hearing Oscar's voice. She found as many varieties of expression in listening to her beloved tones as the rest of us find in looking at our beloved faces. We had music later in the evening, and I then heard for the first time how charmingly Lucilla played. She was a born musician, with a delicacy and subtlety of touch such as few even of the greatest artists possess. Oscar was enchanted. In a word, the evening was a complete success.

I contrived when our guest took his departure to say my contemplated word to him in private on the subject of his solitary position at Browndown.

Those doubts of Oscar's security in his lonely house, which I have described as having been suggested to me by the discovery of the two ruffians lurking under the wall, still maintained their place in my mind, and still urged me to warn him to take precautions of some sort before the precious metals which he had sent to London to be melted came back to him again. He gave me the opportunity I wanted by looking at his watch and apologizing for protracting his visit to a terribly late hour for the country—the hour of midnight.

"Is your servant sitting up for you?" I asked, assuming to be ignorant of his domestic arrangements.

He pulled out of his pocket a great clumsy key.

"This is my only servant at Browndown," he said. "By four or five in the afternoon the people at the inn have done all for me that I want. After that time there is nobody in the house but myself."

He shook hands with us. The rector escorted him as far as the front-door. I slipped out while they were saying their last words, and joined Oscar when he advanced alone into the garden.

"I want a breath of fresh air," I said. "I'll go with you as far as the gate."

He began to talk of Lucilla directly. I surprised him by returning abruptly to the subject of his position at Browndown.

"Do you think it's wise?" I asked, "to be all by yourself at night in such a lonely house as yours? Why don't you have a man-servant?"

"I detest strange servants," he answered. "I infinitely prefer being by myself."

"When do you expect your gold and silver plates to be returned to you?"

"In about a week."

"What would be the value of them in money, at a rough guess?"

"At a rough guess, about seventy or eighty pounds."

"In a week's time, then," I said, "you will have seventy or eighty pounds' worth of property at Browndown—property which a thief need only put into the melting-pot to have no fear of its being traced into his hands."

Oscar stopped and looked at me.

"What can you be thinking of?" he asked. "There are no thieves in this primitive place."

"There are thieves in other places," I an-

swered, "and they may come here. Have you forgotten those two men whom we caught hanging about Browndown yesterday?"

He smiled. I had recalled to him a humorous association—nothing more.

"It was not we who caught them," he said. "It was that strange child. What do you say to my having Jicks to sleep in the house and take care of me?"

"I am not joking," I rejoined. "I never met with two more ill-looking villains in my life. The window was open when you were telling me about the necessity for making the plates again. They may have as well as we do that your gold and silver will be returned to you after a time."

"What an imagination you have got!" he exclaimed. "You see a couple of shabby excursionists from Brighton who have wandered to Dimchurch, and you instantly transform them into a pair of house-breakers in a conspiracy to rob and murder me. You and my brother Nugent would just suit each other. His imagination runs away with him exactly like yours."

"Take my advice," I answered, gravely. "Don't persist in sleeping at Browndown without a living creature in the house with you."

He was in wild good spirits. He kissed my hand, and thanked me in his voluble, exaggerated way for the interest that I took in him. "All right!" he said, as he opened the gate. "I'll have a living creature in the house with me. I'll get a dog."

We parted. I had told him what was on my mind. I could do no more. After all, it might be quite possible that his view was the right one, and mine the wrong.

CHAPTER THE THIRTEENTH.

SECOND APPEARANCE OF JICKS.

Five more days passed.

During that interval we saw our neighbor constantly. Either Oscar came to the rectory or we went to Browndown. Reverend Finch waited, with a masterly assumption of suspecting nothing, until the relations between the two young people were ripe enough to develop into relations of acknowledged love. They were already (under Lucilla's influence) advancing rapidly to that point. You are not to blame my poor blind girl, if you please, for frankly encouraging the man she loved. He was the most backward man—viewed as a suitor—whom I ever met with. The fonder he grew of her the more timid and self-distrustful he became. I own I don't like a modest man; and I can not honestly say that Mr. Oscar Dubourg, on closer acquaintance, advanced himself much in my estimation. However, Lucilla understood him, and that was enough. She was determined to have the completest possible image of him in her mind. Every body in the house who had seen him (the children included) she examined and cross-examined on the subject of his personal appearance, as she had already examined and cross-examined me. His features and his color, his height and his breadth, his ornaments and his clothes—on all these points she collected evidence in every direction and in the smallest detail. It was an especial relief and delight to her to hear on all sides that his complexion was fair. There was no reasoning with her against her blind horror of dark shades of color, whether seen in men, women, or things. She was quite unable to account for it; she could only declare it.

"I have the strangest instincts of my own about some things," she said to me one day. "For instance, I knew that Oscar was bright and fair—I mean I felt it in myself—on that delightful evening when I first heard the sound of his voice. It went straight from my ear to my heart, and it described him just as the rest of you have described him to me since. Mrs. Finch tells me his complexion is lighter than mine. Do you think so too? I am so glad to hear that he is fairer than I am! Did you ever meet before with a person like me? I have the oddest ideas in this blind head of mine. I associate life and beauty with light colors, and death and crime with dark colors. If I married a man with a dark complexion, and if I recovered my sight afterward, I should run away from him."

This singular prejudice of hers against dark people was a little annoying to me on personal grounds. It was a sort of reflection on my own taste. Between ourselves, the late Doctor Pratolungo was of a fine mahogany brown all over.

As for affairs in general at Dimchurch, my chronicle of the five days finds little to dwell on that is worth recording.

We were not startled by any second appearance of the two ruffians at Browndown; neither was any change made by Oscar in his domestic establishment. He was favored with more than one visit from our little wandering Jicks. On each occasion the child gravely reminded him of his rash promise to appeal to the police, and visit with corporal punishment the two ugly strangers who had laughed at her. When were the men to be beaten? and when was Jicks to see it? Such were the serious questions with which this young lady regularly opened the proceedings on each occasion when she favored Oscar with a morning call.

On the sixth day the gold and silver plates were returned to Browndown from the manufactory in London.

The next morning a note arrived for me from Oscar. It ran thus:

"DEAR MADAME PRATOLUNGO,—I regret to inform you that nothing happened to me last night. My locks and bolts are in their usual good order, my gold and silver plates are safe in the workshop, and I myself am now eating my breakfast with an uncut throat.

"Yours ever, OSCAR."

After this there was no more to be said. Jicks might persist in remembering the two ill-looking strangers. Older and wiser people dismissed them from all farther consideration.

Saturday came—making the tenth day since the memorable morning when I had forced Oscar to disclose himself to me in the little side room at Browndown.

In the forenoon we had a visit from him at the rectory. In the afternoon we went to Browndown to see him begin a new piece of chasing in gold—a casket for holding gloves—destined to take its place on Lucilla's toilet-table when it was done. We left him industriously at work, determined to go on as long as the daylight lasted.

Early in the evening Lucilla sat down at her piano-forte, and I paid a visit by appointment to the nursery side of the house.

Unhappy Mrs. Finch had determined to institute a complete reform of her wardrobe. She had entreated me to give her the benefit of "my French taste" in the capacity of confidential critic and adviser. "I can't afford to buy any new things," said the poor lady. "But a deal might be done in altering what I have got by me if a clever person took the matter up." Who could resist that piteous appeal? I resigned myself to the baby, the novel, and the children in general; and (Reverend Finch being out of the way, writing his sermon) I presented myself in Mrs. Finch's parlor, full of ideas, with my scissors and my pattern-paper ready to my hand.

We had only begun our operations when one of the elder children arrived with a message from the nursery.

It was tea-time; and, as usual, Jicks was missing. She was searched for, first, in the lowest regions of the house, secondly, in the garden. Not a trace of her was to be discovered in either quarter. Nobody was surprised or alarmed. We said, "Oh dear! she has gone to Browndown again!" and immersed ourselves once more in the shabby recesses of Mrs. Finch's wardrobe.

I had just decided that the blue merino jacket was an article of wearing apparel which had done its duty, and earned its right to final retirement from the scene, when a plaintive cry reached my ear through the open door which led into the back garden.

I stopped and looked at Mrs. Finch.

The cry was repeated, louder and nearer—recognizable this time as a cry in a child's voice. The door of the room had been left ajar when we sent the messenger back to the nursery. I threw it open, and found myself face to face with Jicks in the passage.

I felt every nerve in my body shudder at the sight of the child.

The poor little thing was white and wild with terror. She was incapable of uttering a word. When I knelt down to fondle and soothe her she caught convulsively at my hand, and attempted to raise me. I got on my feet again. She repeated her dumb cry more loudly, and tried to drag me out of the house. She was so weak that she staggered under the effort. I took her up in my arms. One of my hands, as I embraced her, touched the top of her frock, just below the back of her neck. I felt something on my fingers. I looked at them. Gracious God! I was stained with blood!

I turned the child round. My own blood froze. Her mother, standing behind me, screamed with horror.

The dear little thing's white frock was spotted and splashed with wet blood. Not her own blood. There was not a scratch on her. I looked closer at the horrid marks. They had been drawn purposely on her—drawn, as it seemed, with a finger. I took her out into the light. It was writing! A word had been feebly traced on the back of her frock. I made out something like the letter "H." Then a letter which it was impossible to read. Then another next to it, which might have been "L," or might have been "I." Then a last letter, which I guessed to be "P."

Was the word—"Help?"

Yes!—traced on the back of the child's frock, with a finger dipped in blood—"HELP."

MINING OPERATIONS AT HALLET'S POINT.

We give on page 886 an illustration representing the mining operations at Hallet's Point (Hell Gate), now being conducted by the government, under the superintendence of General JOHN NEWTON, and having for their object the opening of a navigable channel between East River and Long Island Sound. The operations undertaken involve the solution of an important problem of engineering as regards the most economical and effective process of submarine blasting.

Our engraving represents the shaft sunk into the rock that is to be removed, the tunnels leading therefrom, and the coffer-dam surrounding the rock. This dam was commenced in August, 1869, and was finished in the October following. It is an irregular polygon in shape, having a circumference of 443 feet, and a mean interior diameter of about 100 feet. It is built between high and low water marks.

The excavation of the shaft immediately followed the construction of the dam, and during the spring of 1870 the shaft had been sunk to the depth of twenty-two feet below low-water. The work was then suspended until another appropriation should be made by Congress.

The process of blasting was described by a writer in *Van Nostrand's Engineering Magazine* for March, 1869, as follows:

"The apparatus designed for drilling the sunken rocks for the introduction of the charge consists of a water-tight iron casing, in form a depressed semi-spheroid, seven feet in diameter. It has three solid steel feet, by which the stability on the rock is secured. Rising from the upper part of the casing is a conical wrought iron frame, supporting the upper end of the drill shaft by means of two parallel rods entering into sockets in a cast ring at the top of the frame. The drill bar passing up through the centre of the top is furnished at the bottom with a bit one and a half inches diameter, having imbedded in its face [illegible], and rotating at the rate of from 200 to 300 revolutions per minute, advancing at the rate of from one to one and a half inches in the same time. The feed is caused by a differential gearing, which steadily operates to advance the drill into the rock, the d[illegible] being washed away by the water forced into contact with the bit through a small rubber hose. The water-tight chamber of the machine contains a pair of engines working at right angles to each other, with a horizontal stroke. As soon as the hole is completely drilled, and also when the drill shaft is withdrawn from the rock, information of this is given by a magnetic bell, which is acted upon by a double wire cord, insulated from the water, and passing down one of the parallel rods or tubes upon which the cross-head is fixed. This drill weighs nearly five tons. It is worked from a wrecking tug, with a derrick, by means of steam supplied from the boiler of the tug. To prevent the steam being condensed in its passage through the water to the engine, it is conveyed in a hose surrounded by another, through which the exhausted steam passes. The rock at Hell Gate is that known as the [illegible] granite, and is much softer than either the Quincy or Maine granite, on which the drill has been satisfactorily tested. After a number of holes are drilled over a certain space, a diver descends and charges them with cartridges of nitro-glycerine, which is exploded in the usual manner. The fragments are raised by automatic grapnels."

The theory of the mining operations conducted by General NEWTON contemplates the removal of as much rock as can be excavated with safety previous to the final explosion, the result of which will be the sinking of the remaining mass into the deep pit excavated for its reception. This mass remaining for the final explosion will be supported by piers, each of which will be charged with powder. These piers are a part of the solid rock left standing. For, from the bottom of the main shaft, tunnels proceed in all directions—ten in number—each extending from 175 to 300 feet outward, and all connected together by cross galleries at intervals of twenty-five feet. These tunnels were commenced toward the close of July, 1870, the shaft being at the same time sunk to a line of nearly thirty-four feet below low water. The tunnels are of various cross section—some over twenty feet in height, and varying in width from ten to fifteen feet.

The above description conveys a general idea of one of the most important works connected with the maritime prosperity of New York city.

SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

WHEN ocean cables were first submerged, various apprehensions of probable injury were entertained, some of which have proved to be well founded, and others less so. It was supposed that worms or mollusks would burrow in the substance of the envelope, and ultimately penetrate to the centre of the wires; or, again, that the attachment of barnacles, mollusks, or other marine animals on the exterior would invite the attacks of the sharks, rays, and other fish of powerful jaws, and induce them to subject the bunch of matter to such a mastication as should produce serious harm to the cable. To what extent any accidents have happened from this source it is perhaps difficult to say; but we now learn that the Florida cable between Punta Rosa and Key West has been injured in numerous places, as supposed by sea turtles biting through or crushing it in their teeth, to such an extent as to destroy its continuity. It is, perhaps, a question whether the turtle be chargeable with these operations; and we think it is quite as probable that, under the circumstances, some ray or other fish has attacked it, and for the reasons already suggested.

In view of the great waste of labor and the concomitant expense in the present mode of conducting the herring and other great fisheries of England, by means of row or sail boats, the experiment has lately been tried, with a very satisfactory result, of tending the nets by means of small steamboats, and it is likely that before long all the establishments of this kind, of any magnitude, will be provided with auxiliary steam power. These boats are generally about thirty-seven feet long and nine broad, being well timbered and strong, and capable of standing a heavy sea. They carry five days' provisions, and will steam at the rate of nine miles an hour. The cost of working, including the salary of the men and boys, fuel, depreciation of value, etc., is given at about three dollars per day. One single firm has supplied about 130 of these boats within the last three years. They are, however, not considered serviceable in trawling, as the varying income does not admit of a sufficiently large profit for the payment of the excess of expenditure in the way of engines and fuel.

According to Dr UHLER, of Baltimore, the European cabbage butterfly (*Pieris brassicæ*), the pest of the agriculturist, has reached Baltimore in its invasion of the United States. It has been known for some years more to the eastward, and has been slowly but surely creeping along, until it bids fair to involve the whole country in its ravages.

The Imperial Academy of Sciences of Vienna has offered a prize of twenty Austrian ducats, or a gold medal of the same value, for the discovery of not less than eight new telescopic comets prior to the 1st of June, 1872. This is in view of the fact that, whatever the progress made in astronomy generally, but little has been added to our knowledge of the comets; and at the present day we can only catalogue two or three hundred out of the many thousands that doubtless belong to our system. As observatories have their regular work, which will not permit time to search for these bodies, it is expected that professors and private parties, in possession of good telescopic instruments, will enter the field in competition for the prize.

We have already briefly adverted to the death of EDOUARD CLAPARÈDE, and we now borrow a few facts in regard to him from a late number of *Nature*. Notwithstanding the immense amount of valuable work accomplished by this author, we learn that for three years his health has been such as to cause his friends to anticipate a fatal termination at any moment, suffering as he did under a complication of pulmonary and heart disease. He was only thirty-nine when he died, but the magnitude of what he had accomplished was in excess of what might have been expected had he lived to the average period of life of students of science. A native of Switzerland, he wrote French and German with equal facility, and memoirs are to be found by him in both languages. His earliest publication of any magnitude was one upon the infusoria, and although superseded by later treatises, it may be considered as furnishing the foundation of modern views on the subject. It is, perhaps, in the department of marine worms that he is best known, his papers upon those of the Hebrides and the shores of the Mediterranean being of great extent, and remarkable for the accuracy of their illustrations, and the minuteness of detail of their history. His latest paper was upon the anatomy and reproduction of some marine polypes, and it is said he left behind him a large work on the embryology of insects. The most striking of the actual discoveries made by CLAPARÈDE, according to his biographer in *Nature*, was in reference to the annelids—namely, that a species of *Nereis* lays eggs sexually fertilized, which on hatching produce a worm which has been placed in quite a distinct genus (*Heteronereis*), and this worm lays similar true eggs, which sometimes produce a second kind of *Heteronereis*. The difference between *Heteronereis* and *Nereis* is very great, even in such details as the form of the setæ of the feet. At present this appears to be the only *real* case of alternation of generations on record, if by "generations" we understand "sexual generations."

As is well known to many of our readers, the Smithsonian Institution, for a number of years past, has conducted a very extended system of international exchanges, by means of which all the scientific establishments in America have been kept in communication with other institutions abroad, with no trouble and no expense to themselves beyond that attendant upon the delivery at Washington of the packages to be forwarded. At the present time it is understood that by far the greatest percentage of material interchanged between the two worlds passes through the hands of the Smithsonian, the packages being sent to different agents abroad and distributed by them, who, in turn, receive and transmit to Washington the returns from foreign countries.

Quite recently the learned societies and public libraries of Holland have undertaken to co-operate with the Institution in this enterprise, by forming a Central Scientific Bureau of the Netherlands, at which the packages intended for transmission to America are to be collected, and forwarded from time to time to the Smithsonian Institution, which will distribute them to the parties addressed. The Bureau also proposes to establish special agencies in different parts of Europe, and has already announced the firm of J. B. BAILLIÈRE & SON, of Paris, as the agents for France, to whom all French institutions are requested to address such copies of their works as may be intended for the Netherlands.

The Emperor of Brazil, who is so eminent among crowned heads for his interest in science, and his own scientific accomplishments, is enjoying his visit to England very greatly, devoting much of his time to the examination of learned establishments, among which the astronomical appear to be favorites. The aid extended by him to travelers in his own country is well known; and to the facilities supplied by his direction to Professor AGASSIZ is due much of the great success which that gentleman met with during his Brazilian labors.

The report of the Fish Commissioners of the State of Connecticut, recently presented to the General Assembly, is a document of much importance in the history of pisciculture, and embodies the results of the investigations and experiences for the past year. The history of what has been done in regard to the raising of black bass, shad, and salmon contains many important announcements—especially in reference to the increase of shad since the first experiments of artificial planting in the Connecticut River. In 1867 about 40,000,000 shad were hatched under the direction of Mr SETH GREEN, and placed in the river a short distance below Holyoke dam, and their return as mature fish was awaited with great anxiety. About [illegible] were introduced into the same river in 1868, but nothing was done in 1869, in order to see whether the first experiments were successful. In 1870, corresponding to three years' growth of the young shad of 1867, these fish appeared in numbers greater than had been known for twenty years—vessels sailing through Long Island Sound observing immense shoals of them advancing through the water, all making toward Connecticut River. In one day over 28,000 shad of good size were taken about Saybrook, and corresponding numbers elsewhere. Although it is not absolutely certain that these shad were the same with those introduced in 1867, yet there is every reason to entertain such a belief—this being corroborated by the fact that up to the date of the report (May 18) the fisheries of 1871 were even better than in 1870, many thousands being taken at a single haul, and the markets being glutted to such an extent that the finest shad could be bought at from ten to twenty-five cents per pair.

Experiments are also detailed in regard to the introduction of the so-called land-locked salmon of the St. Croix River, as well as of the true salmon, and although fisheries of these species have not yet been established, this result is confidently expected in the course of a year or two. The report concludes by a lengthened statement of the present condition of the fish pound question in the State, and commendation is expressed of the existing act of the Assembly by which all fishing by means of fixed nets is to cease after the end of 1871. A compromise, by which the pounds were to be kept closed from Saturday night to Monday morning, was found to be entirely inoperative, the fishermen refusing to accede to the requirements of the law, leaving no alternative, in the opinion of the Commissioners, but the prohibition above mentioned.

Mr. WILLIAM FERREL, of the United States Coast Survey, an eminent mathematician, has lately communicated to *Nature* a valuable paper upon the cause of low barometer in the polar regions and the central part of cyclones.

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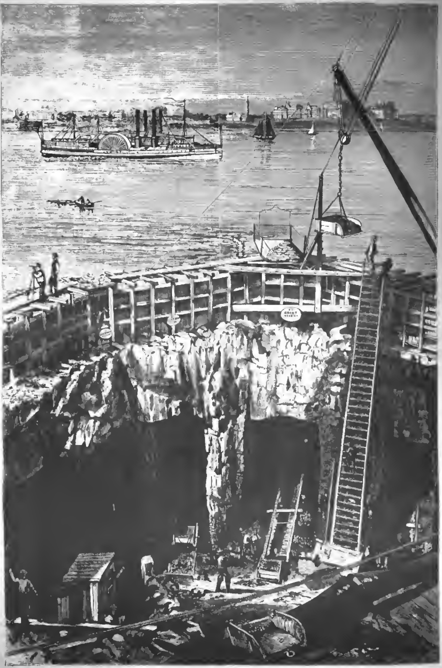

SUBMARINE MINING OPERATIONS AT HALLET'S POINT (HELL GATE).—Photographed by Rockwood & Co., 845 Broadway, New York.—[See Page 887.]

A GROUP OF VULTURES WAITING FOR THE STORM TO "BLOW OVER."—"LET US *PREY*."

REMEMBERED LOVE.

"God help us now! for we must part:
I will not wish we had not met.
Farewell! there is no other way—
I do not ask thee to forget."

God help us! how the tender voice
Broke o'er the words with accents hollow!
He looked up with a lost appeal,
But she had turned—he dare not follow.

All had been true that she had said—
His own wild words had wrought this woe;
He might have staid to be her friend,
But as her lover he must go.

Long motionless and passion-pale,
Where she had left him there he stood;
His eyes were on the far-off sea,
That came in murmuring, flood on flood.

He asked no pity from the stars—
They shine serene on misery;
But the sea's bosom heaved like his
With old deep-seated agony.

"O burning heart," he cried, "be strong!
O throbbing pulse, be calm again!
Lest it be said a woman won
A victory, where a man was slain.

"Yet have the wrecks of passion left
One bridge where I can cross to fame;
I'll do her memory so much good
At least she shall esteem my name,

"And say, 'My tempter had a soul
Far nobler than I argued then:
The few great hearts are purged by pain,
That blasts the hopes of common men.'"

He said, and joined the world again.
I hear men call him great and wise;
But an old song or simple air
Will bring the tears into his eyes,

With memories of a silent street,
A shadowed form half draped from sight,
A loving hand, a wistful face,
Lit trembling in the evening light.

He hears again the broken words,
The voice that spoke so mournfully;
He asks the traveled sea of her—
The waves, for answer, break and die.

TWO SIDES OF THE SAME STORY.

HIS SIDE.

A TELEGRAM, announcing the serious illness of my only sister, had shortened my hardly earned holiday. Though I started from the North immediately by the night mail, London would not be reached before the next morning. With the prospect of a long and cold journey, I provided plenty of rugs and furs, and, rolling myself up warmly in them, hoped to be able to allay my anxiety in sleep.

It was a bitter night in the beginning of December. Snow had been falling slightly during the day, and the country through which we hurried looked bleak and dismal. Spite of the weather, there appeared to be a good many passengers, and I was just congratulating myself on having secured an empty carriage, when, at a small country station, to my great disgust, the door was opened and a lady got in. Before I could remonstrate the door was shut, and the train again on the move.

"Confound that guard!" I mentally ejaculated; "what a lot of cold the fellow has let in!" and I proceeded to wrap my tiger-skin more tightly round me. In doing so, however, I found the unwelcome intruder had her foot on one end of it. The girl—for so I judged her to be from the slightness of her figure—moved instantly, and I caught a glimpse of her face. It was enough! The utter wretchedness, pallor, and woe-begone look arrested my hand; and noticing that she had only a small bag with her, instead of taking care of myself, I begged her to accept the loan of my rug, remarking at the same time that it was "a frightfully cold night for traveling." The girl looked up, and, uttering her thanks, accepted my offer, but sank again in a dejected attitude into her corner of the carriage.

Somehow I could not settle to sleep. In vain I shut my eyes; some strange attraction caused me to open them and look toward my companion. She was now leaning forward, gazing into the darkness with an anxious, questioning look upon her face—a look as though she were striving to see into futurity—painful to behold in one so young.

Seen in the dim light given by the lamp, I judged her to be about twenty years of age—a refined, fragile-looking girl, far too delicate to be abroad alone such a night. From her face my glance descended to her dress, which was handsome and in very good taste. She had taken off her gloves, and her small, well-formed hands were clasped tightly together on her lap. That she was laboring under some deep distress or anxiety of mind there could be no doubt.

Was it not strange for so young and pretty a girl to be traveling alone at such an hour? I had looked at my watch when she got into the carriage, and it marked midnight. No one had accompanied her to the door, not even a servant! Who was she? Where could she be going? Would she be met? Losing myself in these conjectures, I fell asleep.

The first cold, gray rays of dawn were struggling into the carriage when I awoke, making the chilly air still more chill. I glanced at my companion: she looked positively death-like, but as wide awake as ever. As we were close to London, I began to prepare my things for leaving the train. The girl returned my tiger-skin, and thanked me for it in a low voice. I made a few observations on the wretchedness of being obliged to travel all night, to which she barely responded. As I wanted to find out something about her, I went on talking; I told her I was hurrying home to my sister's sick-bed, but concluded with

"It will be too early, however, to knock them up when we reach town; so I shall go first and get some breakfast at a coffee-house where I am known, which is sure to be open."

"Is it a place a lady can go to?" to my surprise, asked my companion, "because, if so, I shall be very glad of some coffee before I continue my journey."

"If you will permit me, I shall be very happy to take you there," I answered, "and also see after your luggage, as you are not going to be met."

"Thank you," she replied, while a vivid blush crossed her pale face, "but I have only this bag with me."

On reaching London I transferred my traps into a cab, and we started together in search of breakfast. Very soon we were comfortably located beside a blazing fire, with steaming hot coffee and eatables before us. My companion ate but little, and spoke still less.

"How pretty she is!" I thought, "and how entirely the lady! Still there is something so strange about the whole affair, that I will make a mental note of every thing about her: hazel eyes and hair; arched eyebrows, well defined; large nose, pretty mouth; beautiful teeth; oval face." But I felt all the time that, without thus minutely examining each feature, her face was indelibly impressed on my mind; I was not likely soon to forget either the face or the girl.

Being very anxious for news of my sister, directly our meal was finished I paid my bill—the girl would not hear of my paying her share—and ordered the waiter to call a hansom.

"Please, a cab for me to the same time," said she.

"Now," I thought, "she will be obliged to give an address, and I shall know where she is going."

Placing her in the cab and shutting the door, I said, "Where shall I tell the driver to take you?"

A suddenly frightened look, a blush and catching of the breath, a moment's hesitation, and then "Temple Bar" was the order given. I marveled, but gave the direction, took off my hat, and the cab drove off. "Very mysterious!" I thought. However, there was no time for indulging in vain speculation; home I must hasten. My sister I found very ill, though all danger was over; but what with the necessary attention to her, and a great press of business of my own, I ceased to think further of my strange traveling companion.

Four days after, however, my eye was suddenly arrested by the following advertisement in the "sensation" column of the *Times*:

LEFT her home, on the evening of the 1st of December, a young lady. Middle height and delicate-looking; brown hair and eyes; marked eyebrows, oval face. Dressed, when last seen, in a maroon rep dress, trimmed with velvet and fringe. Is supposed to have with her a hand-bag, with initials in gold on it of "B. B." Any person giving information as to her whereabouts, or any information whatever, shall be handsomely rewarded. Apply, L. B., Post-office, Staulton.

I rubbed my eyes. Did I see clearly? Was I dreaming? No, there was the exact description of my traveling companion; date and description coincided. Then there was some mystery connected with the girl, after all. I thought so.

Five minutes' reflection and I was writing to "L. B.," giving a full account of my journey to town. The letter dispatched, I waited with what patience I could for the next move in the play.

Just as I had finished dinner the next evening and was feeling somewhat lonely, not having my sister to talk to, as I had ever been the case since we were left orphans together years ago, the servant entered, saying a gentleman was in the library who desired to see me, if possible, instantly, on very important business. The card sent in bore the name of "Colonel Byng."

"Now for the solution of the mystery!" I thought, as, quickly following the servant, I found myself in the presence of a tall, military-looking man, who came forward to meet me in great agitation, and, as I offered my hand, broke out with, "Tell me where to find my daughter, for God's sake!"

Quickly I related the circumstances of our journey; and as I ended the story the poor father dropped his head on his breast, murmuring: "All my fault, my fault. I was too harsh with the poor child; I know it now, too late. And yet I believed I was acting for the best. Sir"—turning to me—"I thank you heartily for easing my mind so far. You say you are a lawyer. I pray you unite your efforts with mine; help me to find my child."

We sat late into the night arranging plans for the following day. I prevailed upon Colonel Byng to take up his quarters at my house, that he might be on the spot to compare notes; besides, the poor man was in such a distracted state, it was not fit for him to be in a hotel alone.

Though every available means of the detective force, advertisements, etc., were used, our search proved fruitless. The unhappy father at last, worn out with anxiety, trouble, and self-upbraidings, had to return to his home, his affairs there urgently requiring his presence. His parting words to me were, "Leave no stone unturned; spare no expense; find Beatrice. I feel my actions have murdered my child."

Left to myself, I redoubled my efforts, but was baffled at every turn. I tremblingly asked myself, Could it be true? was she no more? That face, so sweet, so pure—that face which I now felt was my fate—was I never to see again? The thought was maddening. "Leave no stone unturned!" no, there could never again be rest for me until I had found her.

HER SIDE.

Things came to a climax for me that evening. How vividly I remember each particular!

The long, low drawing-room, dimly lit by the lamp placed on a small table by the fire, near which sat my step-mother, toying with some bright-colored wools, and talking merrily to the disagreeable, cynical-looking man at the opposite side of the hearth; while I, at a distant table, pretended to be reading, though all the while my father's parting words kept repeating themselves over and over again in my mind, and dancing before me on the page I in vain tried to read.

"You must accept Mr. Lomax before my return at the end of the week, Beatrice. There must and shall be no further delay; else you will remain no longer in my house."

These were the fatal words that would give me no rest. I looked across at Mr. Lomax. Accept *him*? be *his* wife? belong to *him*? the wife of a man three times my own age—a man of a morose, gloomy temper, whom I instinctively feared as well as hated, whose touch I shuddered at, whose glance seemed to blight me? Because he was rich and I poor, was I therefore to sacrifice my young life? *Never*, come what might!

"Mr. Lomax wishes you to sing, Beatrice," came from the distance—my step-mother's silvery, insincere voice. Seeing that I hesitated, she crossed quickly over and hissed in my ear, "Come, no nonsense; do as you are bid instantly, or you go to your room."

Without more ado I went to the piano, found a song that I remembered he particularly disliked, and sang it—badly.

"Really, Beatrice, I can not congratulate you either on your song or your voice," said Mrs. Byng, for once forgetting her *rôle* of amiability. "Pray sing something that will give us some little pleasure to listen to."

Mr. Lomax here joined in: "Yes, Miss Byng, you seem to forget that the last time you sang that song *I* expressed my dislike to it."

"So," thought I, "before even I have agreed to marry you, you dare censure me! I wonder what it will be after?"

However, I took a piece and played it through. Just as it was finished I found Mr. Lomax at my elbow.

"Cruel Beatrice, not to sing!" he murmured, and, suddenly encircling me with his arms, kissed me two or three times.

I struggled madly to free myself; jumped up and rushed out of the door; not, however, until I had heard Mrs. Byng's voice saying, soothingly, "Don't be dismayed, Mr. Lomax; the dear girl will come round in a day or two, I will answer for it."

Come round? *She* would answer for it!

Half crazed, I fled up the stairs, rushed to my room, and locked the door; then I plunged my face into a basinful of water, to wash away, if possible, every trace of those hated kisses. Yes; he had certainly made a masterly stroke then—he had made me realize how utterly I hated him, and how impossible it was that I could ever marry him. I felt scorched, polluted, by his touch.

And my father had said by his return it was to be a settled thing. Mrs. Byng, of course, had forced him to say that; she wanted me gone, that her child might reign supreme. Why, not content with forcing this hated marriage upon me, she had even, that very day, heaped other indignities upon me. I had had to do servants' work. Oh, what was I to do? My father had said I should not remain with him. Then I must marry Mr. Lomax? No—never! Rather would I beg.

Lightning-like, a thought flashed through my mind. Was it possible? I had restlessly been pacing the room; I now stood still. I put my hand to my head to still its throbbings. Yes, I would do it; I would save them all further trouble. I would disappear. Again I bathed my face, but this time to clear my brain. I looked at my watch—eight o'clock. I remembered suddenly that the London mail stopped at a small station, where we were hardly known, about three miles distant, at midnight: plenty of time to catch it.

My resolution was taken. I had five pounds in my dressing-case, given me only a few days previously for allowance. I took it out and began my arrangements. First I packed up a small hand-bag, into which I also put several of my ornaments, and then I got myself ready for the walk.

The sounds in the house gradually ceased. I heard Mr. Lomax go. I heard my step-mother go to her room, and the usual locking-up take place, and then all was quiet. Half an hour elapsed.

"Now or never!" I thought; and, carefully unfastening my door, I crept down stairs, went into the dining-room and took a glass of wine, and, putting into my pocket some biscuits left on the table, I noiselessly opened the French window and stepped out on the terrace.

Free! As lightly as possible I glided, more than walked, past the front of the house, without daring one farewell glance at the place that, until Mrs. Byng's advent, had been a happy home to me, but that lately had been worse than a prison; and, with a sigh of relief, found myself beyond the gates, with the long stretch of road before me.

How solitary it looked! Hitherto I had acted in a sort of maze; but the cold night air, in reviving, also brought me back to the present moment. Should I ever be able to walk those dreadful three miles alone? Looking up suddenly I saw afar the light glimmering from Mrs. Byng's window: that decided my fate. I ran swiftly on.

Snow was lying on the ground; every bush and twig stood sharply out against the sky clearly defined. As I passed under a belt of fir-trees the slight noise of my own footsteps startled me, and I glanced behind to be seized with fear at my own shadow. Turning the corner of the road, a dark moving thing came toward me. What *could* it be? My feet seemed rooted to the ground, else I must have turned and fled backward. However, as it came nearer, it proved to be only a horse with a clog on its leg. Taking courage, I rushed past it, and leaving the road, crossed two fields, and began to skirt the river, that being a short-cut to the station.

How dark and cold it looked as it glided on! But yet it fascinated me, and I stopped to gaze at it for a moment. What evil spirit was it that possessed me that second? With a shudder I sprang quickly forward, and ran on my way afresh; nor did I slacken speed until the station lights came in view. Not one human being had met me. So far I might hope that I had gained my liberty.

Putting on a thick veil, I entered and took my ticket for London—only just in time, for the train came up the next minute. How thankful was I to be even in *such* a haven of refuge! Shrinking back into the first seat, I found I was not alone—a gentleman sat in the opposite side of the carriage; we had not gone far when he offered me his rug, which I gladly accepted, for it was dreadfully cold, and then he seemed to sleep.

During that long night I underwent a fiery ordeal of doubt and fear. No sleep visited my eyes; my future plans had to be made, but chaos reigned supreme in my mind, and anxious questioning as to whether, after all, I had acted rightly would perplex me. Would the shock harm my father, who, until Mrs. Byng entered the house, had invariably been kind to me? But no! He had been so harsh lately because I had declared I could not do as he wished with respect to Mr. Lomax. The net had gradually closed around me. Each day for the last two months I had in vain pleaded to be left free; he had tightened the strings, Mrs. Byng keeping him up to the mark; he had declared I should agree to this marriage, or leave *his* house. Well, the bird had got free a little sooner than they expected, that was all! Free? But whither next?

At last that night—as every other time, good or evil, must—came to an end. As soon as it was light my companion began to prepare for leaving the train. I looked at his face; it was good and kind: should I confide in him and beg his help? No; henceforth it was for me to act alone; my rash step had forfeited the woman's prerogative of being taken care of; already punishment came in that thought! However, I plucked up courage to ask him to take me to some place for breakfast; and then, when in a cab, after he had bidden me adieu, I felt as though my one remaining friend was gone: there had been a sense of protection even in his presence.

The need of action, however, recalled me to myself. After driving a short distance toward Temple Bar I ordered the cabman to take me again north; and, reaching a part of London I knew, from having been near at school, I got out and paid the man, and then, taking my bag in my hand, sought for some quiet, inexpensive lodging. Finally, after a weary walk, I succeeded in getting a cheap bedroom in a respectable street; after ordering some necessary things I sat down to consider the next step to take. Certainly, a suitable change of dress; I would go and buy new things at once. Then I went to a servants' registry office and put my name down for a lady's-maid place. My money would not hold out long: then I might gain an honest livelihood, I thought in my inexperience. Surely in the vortex of London one's identity could be lost!

That night sleep came, and the whole of the next day illness kept me prisoner. It was the reaction; the mind, though still steadfast and firm, could not altogether master the body, which was weak and tender. At last, shaken and feeble, I succeeded in dressing. Horror of horrors! on counting my small stock of money I found it would be barely sufficient to pay the expenses of the past day. Hastily I put on my bonnet, and started in search of a situation. I, Beatrice Byng! A list was given me, but at each house where I applied the place had just been filled up. Having parted with some of my jewels, I continued my search for a situation, and at the end of a few weeks was sent to see a lady who was looking out for a maid for her daughters. How odd it felt to be shown into her presence as a servant! I know I behaved strangely: illness had made me nervous. After putting a few general questions, the lady asked for my character.

"I have not lived out before," I answered.

"Then, at all events, young woman, you can give me some reference?"

"No, ma'am," I said; "I can only ask you to try me without any one speaking for me. I will do my utmost to please you."

"Really, this is most abominable of Mrs. Rogers, sending me a person without any character; pray go instantly. I never have any thing to do with such as you."

A burning blush overspread my face, and I withdrew; how I got out of the house I know not. That was the last situation I would seek! Utterly hopeless, and worn out in mind and body, I walked up and down the terraces and squares, dreading to go back to my lonely room, though fearing to be seen and recognized even now. One thought alone brought comfort—far better this life even than that of the betrothed of Mr. Lomax!

It seemed to my excited imagination that people put their heads out of their carriages to look after me. I wondered to myself if I looked as strange and unreal as I felt. Walking along, I caught glimpses of comfortable kitchens, bright fires, and groups of merry servants. It was just dusk. As one house a carriage load of children

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was being put down—one young mother even came to the door to meet her child—there was a joyous greeting and much laughter. How the voices thrilled through me! So had I once been. And now, a fugitive and almost starving, I crept along. How good the smell of that dinner being cooked! (I had tasted nothing that day.) A peal of bells struck my ear. Christmas-eve! So it was. Choking back my tears, I hastened on: no Christmas greetings for me—no kiss, no presents, no joy. No one to take any care whether I lived or died.

With these thoughts I crept back to my lodging. They came and told me even there that they were going out to a family gathering.

"Very well," I responded, "only let me be."

The landlady looked at me sorrowfully, and saying I had best go to bed and get warm—I had no fire—and that she would send me up some tea, left me to my own sad thoughts.

Bitter tears came to my aid, my brain else had been crazed; repentance for my rash step began to make itself felt. Conscience whispered that I had not considered sufficiently its possible effect upon others. After all, was not the punishment merited? But then the alternative—marriage with a man I despised as well as hated! Ah, well! Welcome death before that!

The Christmas bells rang all that evening and far into the night. I sank into a sort of trance; cold and hunger alike were forgotten. I saw a well-lit room; warmth and plenty prevailed; merry childish figures ran about; my father sat at the head of a well-covered table; round him were many bright faces; a little girl dressed to represent Christmas danced up to him; he took her up in his arms and kissed her brow.... It was myself.... I tried to speak.... and awoke.

Where was I? Was it really me lying there all alone with the cold moonlight resting on my forehead? Was I still dreaming? I sat up and gave a shuddering glance round. Ah, yes! This was all real, and I had run away from home—so I had. It seemed a long time ago—years almost. How odd and ill I felt! Surely I was not going to die there, in that room, all alone? I screamed aloud; there was no answer—no one heeded the lonely lodger. I put my clasped hands above my head, and prayed for calmness and help in my extremity. Then my thoughts wandered again to death. Perhaps I should be found there in the morning lying cold and stiff; they would shake their heads and murmur, "Poor young thing!" The landlady would find a directed envelope in my pocket, and then my father would come up and identify me. I should be put in my coffin carefully, and buried in some London cemetery among strangers, far away from any one who had ever loved me. My father would repent then his harshness—perchance weep—too late. He would look at me, all so still and white, and know it was his doing that I lay there. How sad it would be to see one so young dead! Would my face change much? I wondered. They would let my long hair down on the pillow, and, perhaps, strew a few flowers over me; caring for me too late—not late! Mrs. Byng then would grieve, and Mr Lomax also. But where should I be—the I that lay there?

Sleep came at last, full of troubled dreams, but blessed, as it brought forgetfulness of the present. Christmas morning, in trying to rise, I fainted; so had to remain where I was. They brought me food out of pity; the woman of the house sat by my bedside, and begged to be allowed to write to my friends.

"There must be some one who cares for you, poor child," she said.

"No one," I sadly answered; "only let me alone."

The next day she again stood at the bottom of my bed: her husband wanted his rent; he refused even to get bread until he was paid; she could not change his resolution. Payment, or else I was to be turned into the street, ill or well.

"You shall have your money, and I will quit the room to-day," I said, as I emptied the contents of my purse into her willing hands. There was only just enough—not a penny over—and all my ornaments I had already pawned. What to do next, alas, I knew not.

Despair gave momentary strength. I rose and dressed. One look at the glass before I left. No one would recognize Beatrice Byng now—no farther fear of that. Sunken eyes, hollow cheeks, white lips. The old bright Beatrice Byng, then, was really already dead; it was merely her spirit or ghost that moved along now!

Mechanically I took up my bag, and passed out of the house, homeless and friendless.

Wandering aimlessly up and down some quiet terrace near, I felt my little strength was going; money for food must be had somehow. A lamp-post before a well-lit house attracted my attention: surely I might lean against it—no one would say me "nay" there. A sudden impulse, a quick resolve, and I broke out with a hymn I loved: "While shepherds watched their flocks." It was as though an angel sang within me, the voice was so pure and clear. The door of the house opened; some one came to my side; money was held out. I looked up, and saw dimly through a film of tears a gentleman. "Miss Byng!" was all he said; and I lost consciousness.

* * * * * *

HIS SIDE.

She fell into these arms. After all, it was decreed that I should find her. I carried her into my house, my sister, who was now quite well, helping me. We laid her in our best guest-chamber. Many days and nights death and love fought together; but love gained the mastery: my darling was restored to health. Day by day she grew to know how I loved her; day by day her heart became mine. In the sweet spring-time, when flowers bloomed and the violets gave out their perfume, we were married.

Colonel Byng gave his daughter away; but Mrs. Byng never even sent a message. I find it hard to forgive her; but Beatrice whispers, "If it had not been for her, we should never have met."

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

TRUNKS and their owners are on the homeward route, if not already there. A general exodus from all fashionable watering-places and mountain resorts commenced as early as the 1st of September, and still the tide pours into the city; for it matters not how cool August may be, nor how hot is September, it is the style for the "season" to close with the summer. We fancy many a family, wearied of the discomforts of hotel life, are glad enough to escape from the little close rooms where they sweltered through the "season," to the comfortable quarters in their own houses. Meanwhile some sensible people have just started on an autumn trip. They will find plenty of vacant rooms, and can exercise a choice in that matter. But unless they make a wise selection of places to visit they will find hotel attendance on the wane; carpets will be rolled up, furniture deficient in rooms, silver spoons and sugar-bowls packed up, and every thing in a migratory state. They will realize that the summer hotels are about returning to town, and are not anxious for late visitors. But aside from this difficulty, and September traveling is delightful. Yet the masses now return to their daily routine of duty, the majority fresher and brighter for something of change and rest. The hum of business grows louder, the streets more crowded. The "season" is over—the season of fashionable absence and gayety. Would that it were also true that the season of dreadful disasters and horrible crimes was over!

The waste of Ridgewood water in Brooklyn is awakening some remonstrance. It is stated, on the report of the authorities, that in 1860, when the population numbered 250,000, 5,742,300 gallons of water were disposed of daily by the citizens of Brooklyn. In 1870, with a population of 400,000, the daily supply of water is represented by 22,000,000 gallons. When 5,742,300 gallons were used the supply was equivalent to about twenty-eight gallons daily for each person. If 22,000,000 gallons be equally distributed among 400,000 citizens, each one will receive fifty-five gallons per diem, which amount is nearly two barrels.

"There are others hurt a great deal worse than I am. Go and attend to them. I can bear it." Such was the heroic reply of a wounded woman who, after the railroad accident at Revere, was asked by a passenger what he could do for her. She was at the time lying on the grass, her right arm fearfully crushed between the elbow and the shoulder, and her face badly scalded.

The great tunnel under Mont Cenis, which is to be opened the 17th of September, will then have been completed three months before the time stipulated in the contract—namely, December, 1871. The works were commenced in 1857, and have thus been fourteen years in hand. The rate of progress has been about three yards per day. On the French side there is still part of the connecting line—about six miles in length—incomplete. This will not be ready until a month after the opening of the tunnel.

For thirty-five years past the oak grove of Martha's Vineyard has been the scene of camp-meeting worship for one week in August.

"Murder will out" is an old adage, and with rare exceptions has proved true. Often it is a very little thing, and one most unlikely to be thought of, which affords a clew to the crime, and fastens it upon the guilty party. The fact that recently certain dentistry work upon the teeth of a young woman found dead helped prove the identity of the body suggests a case which many years ago greatly excited the public mind. A professor of a Boston literary institution murdered Dr Parkman, a practicing physician. In various ways, by acids and fire, the murderer believed he had destroyed all trace of his victim. But the ashes of the furnace in the building were examined by the detectives, and there appeared the evidence of identity and of guilt—a set of false teeth, on the gold of which was imprinted the name "Parkman." A city dentist recognized his own work, and this, with other circumstances, convicted the murderer.

Moscow proposes to celebrate next year the two hundredth anniversary of the birth of Peter the Great by a grand national musical festival.

Somebody says, "Think thirteen times before you reply once to any supposed rudeness, insult, or inattention."

The Academy of Science in Paris did not suspend its sittings in one single instance during the siege—a remarkable fact, amidst all the turmoil and confusion which surrounded it. It has just published its doings during that time.

When the Emperor of Russia was about to visit Warsaw, orders were given that in every house which had two doors one should be locked—evidently for the purpose of preventing escapes. Each house proprietor was directed, under severe penalties, at once to communicate the arrival of any stranger to the police. Every window was to be illuminated during three nights after the emperor's arrival, and those who occupied rooms with balconies were ordered to hang out at least two flags with the Russian colors. Men were commanded to wear a particular style of hat, under penalty of being punished for disrespect to the emperor.

The Rothschild family is about to celebrate the centenary of the banking house to which it owes its fortune. The first one established at Frankfort in 1771 by Meyer-Anselm.

A physician of Washington estimates the number of cases of cancer now under treatment in the United States at 100,000, with an average of 100 deaths a week.

The causes of physical degeneracy were discussed at the recent meeting of the British Science Association in Edinburgh. One thought the decline arose from hard drudgery, confined occupations, adulteration of food, and particularly from the employment of women and children in unhealthy occupations; another assigned intemperance as the cause; another insufficient food; and another still the extensive use of tea. But the most remarkable opinion expressed—and it was one which carried the weight of the highest authorities present—was that the great care now taken by physicians to preserve the lives of invalids and those constitutionally weak led to the deterioration of the human race. Formerly the weak and invalid died out, leaving the strong to multiply and replenish the earth; but the success of medical practitioners now enabled the delicate and sickly to survive and propagate feeble constitutions. The obvious remedy for this—namely, that we should tomahawk the infirm, as the red Indians do—was cynically suggested; but it was decided that, by saving the feeble, humanity gained in moral what it lost in physical advantages.

The champion woman lives in South Carolina: age, ninety-seven; health, rugged; occupation, weaving; amusement, walking a couple of miles to see her grandson, and harnessing a mule to a buggy for a drive when she likes. The champion man lives in the same township: age, one hundred and seven; occupation, talking—his eye-sight being gone. Another centenarian abides in St. Augustine, Florida. He is only a hundred and two, but he can read without spectacles, and, being strong and hearty, thinks there is good prospect of another century before him.

Wise and efficient policemen they have in Chicago. A few nights ago one of these worthies discovered a house on fire. Very discreetly he went off to give the alarm; then he returned to arouse the family. Meanwhile a woman had been suffocated, and her husband and child dreadfully burned.

A curious medical experiment was tried in Russia not long since, which illustrates the influence of the mind on the body. Some murderers were placed, without knowing it, in four beds where four persons had died of the cholera. They did not take the disease. Afterward they were told that they were to sleep in beds where some persons had died of malignant cholera; but the beds were, in fact, new, and had not been used at all. Nevertheless, three of them died of the disease within four hours.

A death-dealing machine, the result of forty years' labor, is the invention of a Mr Walters, of Birmingham, England. His grand aim has been "to try to Christianize all those who have to take away life, and for their ears and eyes to hasten from the dying struggles and shrieks of God's creatures." The patentee asserts that his machine "honestly and momentously deprives of life any animal the great Creator ever formed, from the beautiful bird-of-paradise to the mighty elephant."

The largest family gathering New England has ever witnessed was on August 23, when over three thousand Howes assembled in Framingham, Massachusetts. Harmony Grove was the spot chosen for this remarkable family meeting. A mammoth tent was erected, orations delivered, poems read, and songs sung. After the three thousand had dined there were more speeches, general conversation followed, some very ancient relics were inspected, "Auld Lang Syne" was sung, and the young folks fell to dancing. The youngest representative of the Howe family present was but four months old; and there was to been one who has passed his eighty-second birthday.

The New York Times, after stating that the following paragraph has appeared in several journals without query or correction—"The gallantry of Sir Philip Sidney, when he threw his costly cloak on the muddy ground, upon which the queen might step over dry-shod, is quoted as the highest example of chivalric devotion to the sex"—goes on to say that the writer of this forgot to mention that Sir Philip Sidney did this as Queen Elizabeth was on her way to the funeral of Sir Walter Raleigh, who was killed by a needle-gun on the field of Zutphen, and who drew not the ball, saying, "It gives me no pain, my Prince; you need it more than I do." This was about the time that Alexander the Great discovered America, and, overcome with emotion, exclaimed to Peter the Hermit, "Almost thou persuadest me to be a Christian," which so touched the Earl of Chesterfield that he uttered his famous compliment, "Praise from Sir Morton Peto is praise indeed!" This sounds very much like some of those worded jumbles which used to be given out in our school-days as a test of memory.

The most sensible brothers we have ever heard of live in Michigan. We are sorry we do not know their names, as well as that of the town which is so fortunate as to have them for citizens. Were all men like them, lawyers would fall at once. These brothers are farmers, well off as regards property, and generally harmonious. But one day they had a little falling out, and one threatened to do the other an injury. The threatened one thought best to apply to a district official for protection. Accordingly the two rode into town together, put up their team, drank each other's health, and then together visited a justice of the peace. That official listened to the complaint, issued a warrant for the arrest, the accused pleaded guilty, and the accuser became his surety in the sum of two hundred dollars for his good behavior one year.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

An Oxford professor, addressing a class of law students at graduation, said, "Young gentlemen, you are about to launch out upon the ocean of law; do not, like squirrels, skip from tree to tree and from branch to branch, leaving the fragments behind."

The following epitaph is by Moore, on an attorney named Shaw:

"Here lies John Shaw,
Attorney at law;
And when he died
The devil cried,
'Give me your paw,
John Shaw,
Attorney at law!'"

A reckless party, recently sold out, said his goods were more easily moved than he was.

"Come, Bob, tell us how much you cleared at the late races on Long Island?" "Cleared!" said Bob; "why, I cleared—my pockets."

"Abuse not him in word," said Don Quixote to Sancho, "whom you are resolved to chastise in deed." This aphorism is clearly stolen by the Don from the antediluvian story of the negro sailor who, being strapped up for the lash, cut short a predatory homily of the captain by saying, "If you preaches, preaches; or if you floggee, floggee; but don't both preachee and floggee too!"

Is a soldier supposed to be raw until he has been exposed to fire?

Why is the crow a brave bird?—Because he never shows the white feather.

The ceremony of tying the knot is very much simplified in the Hoosier State as the following scene will show: "What is your name, Sir?" "Matty." "What is your name, miss?" "Polly." "Matty, do you love Polly?" "No mistake." "Polly, do you love Matty?" "Well, I reckon." "Well, then,

'I pronounce you man and wife
All the days of your life.'"

"Pat, where's your brother?" "Och, thin, me darlint, he's dead, Sir." "But how did he die?" "Well, Sir, you see he fell off the scaffold one day when the priest was talkin' to him."

"Corn bread?" said an Irish waiter; "we haven't got it; and isn't it corn bade you mane?"

What is the worst kind of fare soldiers can live on?—Warfare.

A New Orleans thief returned some abstracted clothing that proved too small, and wrote to the owner that he would wait for him to grow.

A Little Sweet—General Tom Thumb.

SONG OF THE RING.

[ALTERED FROM WATTS.]

How doth the busy Tweed B.
Improve each shining hour,
And gather money every way
That lies within his power!

How skillfully he fixes his nest,
And puts it in the 'list'!
How little labor he performs,
Yet what a sum he makes!

In some such occupation, Boss,
I would be busy, too—
Some light and easy job, you know,
That idle hands may do.

In working not, but drawing pay,
Let all my days be passed,
For Slippery Dick will never give
A true account at last.

"IT'S MONEY MAKES THE MAYOR GO."

THE NEW FOUR-IN-HAND CLUB.

DR. JOHNSON considered it one of the greatest enjoyments in life to ride—by which he meant be driven—along an English turnpike-road with a pretty woman by his side. There is no need to suppose that the pretty woman was his main consideration. The doctor liked the society of pretty women, and he liked driving on turnpike roads: nothing could be more logical than to like a combination of the two. But pretty women apart, the mode of traveling in the old days must have added much to the enjoyment of life. The journey occupied more time, but people had more time to spare. If business was in question, the delay was allowed for; were pleasure the object in view, the adventures on the road became a part of the enjoyment. Now, the man of business is allowed no rest, and the man of pleasure—whatever his wealth and power—who seeks change of scene must make a sacrifice of hours, and even days, of his life while on the move. We are all so accustomed to the monotony of railway traveling that we find it difficult to realize the idea of traveling by coach. In England this latter method of traveling is becoming quite common. As a matter of course, an excursion behind four horses seems to Englishmen inseparable from a holiday—something connected with a race, a review, or a picnic, or a drive somewhere out to dinner. Pass any day by the White Horse Cellar in Piccadilly, and you might suppose that there was no such thing as a railway between London and Windsor, London and Brighton, or London and Tunbridge Wells. Coaches are announced to run regularly from that time-honored hostelry to all of those pleasant places—that is to say, during the summer months.

Thus there is a revival of coaching in these days, and the means of effecting it has been the formation of a new Four-in-hand Club, such as is represented in our illustration. Coaching, as a pastime, had well-nigh disappeared in England. The present generation knew it only by tradition, and such celebrities as Sir VINCENT COTTON and Sir HENRY PEYTON were regarded as myths. The old Four-in-hand Club revived "the rein" to some extent, but not very considerably; and a fresh organization has been required to bring the institution into its present condition. The club has, in all, sixty teams; so it may well be a good customer to breeders; and it will probably boast a larger number next season, as it has eighty members on its list. Among the best-known members are Lord CARRINGTON, Colonel ARMYTAGE, the Hon. GREVILLA NUGENT, Messrs. COPELAND, CAREY, EDWARDS, MURIETTA, FOSTER, CHAINE, HARTOPP, HOPE, etc. Altogether, the "coaching club" may be considered a thorough success; and deserves well of the public, not merely for its influence upon horseflesh, but for the animation which it gives to so many out-of-door occasions.

THE FOUR-IN-HAND CLUB.

ELDER FREDERICK EVANS AT HOME.

THE advent of Shaker FREDERICK EVANS in England, and his recent exposition of the Shaker doctrines, have excited there a general interest about this sect and their opinions. The Shakers, or, as they call themselves, the "United Society of Believers in Christ's Second Appearing," are a quiet and unostentatious sect, numbering about nine thousand persons. Like many others, this sect was founded in the old country, but the promoters being only seven in number, and finding no chance of peaceably establishing themselves in England, emigrated to America, where they founded a community, and are now one of the most flourishing of the many religious societies thus established in the New World. The peculiarity of their doctrines is a belief that the Saviour has already risen again, in the person of an English factory girl named Ann Smith, and that, therefore, there will be no other resurrection. They enforce celibacy, and hold that every man should labor and divide his earnings with the community. In fact, their ideas are wholly Communistic—*i. e.*, an equal division of labor and property. An excellent account of the sect, its rise and progress, together with a full exposition of the Shaker belief, has been given by Mr HEPWORTH DIXON in his "New America," as well as a description of Mount Lebanon, where, indeed, Elder EVANS is head and chief; and our illustration on this page represents Elder FREDERICK EVANS at home—that is, in the meeting-house, explaining to his disciples the mysteries of the "Resurrectionist Doctrine." Mr DIXON describes Elder EVANS as a "man of ideas," and it now appears that his intention is to form a Shaker settlement in England. Our sketch, taken in Mount Lebanon, will portray the costume of the community, thus described by Mr. DIXON: "The men are oddly attired in a sort of Arab sack, with a linen collar, and no tie, an under-vest buttoned to the throat, and falling below the thighs; loose trowsers, rather short; and broad-brimmed hat, nearly always made of straw. The women are habited in a small muslin cap; a white kerchief wrapped round the chest and shoulders; a sacque, or shirt, dropping in a straight line from the waist to the ankle; white socks, and shoes."

ELDER FREDERICK EVANS AT HOME.

THE PROPOSED RESEARCHES IN THE BED OF THE TIBER.

IN connection with the announcement recently made that the Italian government have it in contemplation to cleanse the bed of the Tiber, in the hope of discovering statues and other objects of archæological value, it may be interesting to read the words of Addison on the same subject, written more than a century and a half since. He writes:

"The great magazine for all kinds of treasure is supposed to be the bed of the Tiber. We may be sure when the Romans lay under the apprehension of seeing their city sacked by a barbarous enemy—as they have done more than once—that they would take care to bestow such of their

riches this way as could best bear the water, besides what the insolence of a brutal conqueror may be supposed to have contributed, who had an ambition to waste and destroy all the beauties of so celebrated a city. I need not mention the old common shore (sewer) of Rome, which ran from all parts of the town, with a current and violence of an ordinary river, nor the frequent inundations of the Tiber, which may have swept away many of the ornaments of its banks, nor the several statues that the Romans themselves flung into it when they would revenge themselves on the memory of an ill citizen, a dead tyrant, or a discarded favorite. At Rome they have so general an opinion of the riches of this river that the Jews have formerly proffered the Pope to cleanse it, so that they might have for their pains what they found in the bosom of it. I have seen the valley near Ponte Molle which they proposed to fashion into a new channel for it till they had cleared the old for its reception. The Pope, however, would not comply with the proposal, as fearing the heats might advance too far before they had finished their work, and produce a pestilence among his people; though I don't see why such a design might not be executed now with as little danger as in Augustus's time, were there as many hands employed on it."—*Remarks on Several Parts of Italy, etc., in the Years 1701, 1702, 1703, by the late Right Hon. Joseph Addison.*

Really the exploration of the bed of the Tiber is a sensation. The deposits of three thousand years have to be—we can not say unearthed—unsanded. Fires, inundations, the wrecks of heavy-laden galleys, the ruins of palaces and temples, have all helped to feed the imperial stream with magnificent waste. Moreover, we are reminded that Tiber was the receptacle of the statues, armor, and diadem of an unpopular emperor and the asylum of treasures saved from the grasp of barbarian invader. But how about the coins? Can any archaic gem eclipse their unique eloquence? On the coins of stately Rome and captivating empire Greece the old world perpetuated the myriad phases of its marvelous complexity. The chained Dacian and his Roman conqueror; Judæa weeping beneath the palm, and her Gentile sentinel; the dusky Libyan, on his elephant-drawn car, holding the scorpion, personating Africa; the crocodile, sistrum, and ibis of Egypt; the barbarian weapons and the coils that creep in the streams of Spain; the camels and spears of Arabia; the bow and quiver of Parthia; the wheaten chaplet of Sicily; the parsley coronet of Achaia; the queenly figure of Italy, with her belt of towers; that of Britain leaning on a rock in the beating heart of Ocean—some or all of these long hidden numismatic transcripts of character, fact, and feature Father Tiber will now be made to disgorge. The Italian Association, which is headed by Signor Alessandro Castellani, and supported by the learned of Europe and America, reckons on a practical alliance for the accomplishment of its artistic aim: for it will be helped by the company formed to quell insurgent Tiber, which, instead of being allowed his periodical mischievous inundations, will be chained to his yellow bed. Which shall we have most to admire, ancient art or modern engineering?

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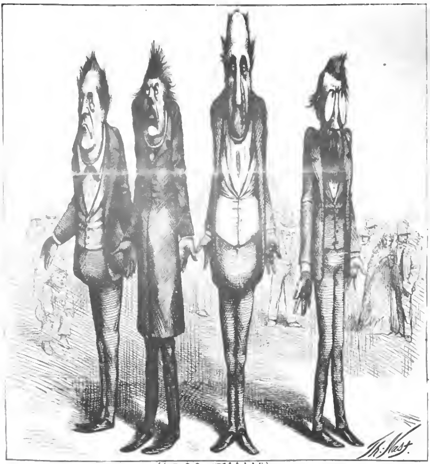
HARPER'S WEEKLY.

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

Vol. XV.—No. 770.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 30, 1871. [WITH A SUPPLEMENT. PRICE TEN CENTS.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1871, by Harper & Brothers, in the Office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington.



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See Page [illegible].

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SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 30, 1871.

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THE VOICE OF CALIFORNIA.

THE recovery of the State of California by the Republicans is a very significant fact. It shows that the Democratic reaction which has been so fondly believed is a delusion. It proves how frail is the hold of the Democratic party any where except in such States as Kentucky and Maryland, and how profound is the distrust of it which is instinctive in this generation of Americans. Indeed, nothing but unpardonable folly and blindness can deprive the Republican party of its ascendency. The strength of the Democratic opposition is derived solely from the dissatisfaction of some Republicans with their own party course. That is to say, it is wholly negative, not positive. Indeed, all the actual tendencies of the Democratic party, as distinguished from its formal professions, are plainly perilous.

Thus it professes regard for the freedom of industry; but its real feeling, as its last national declaration showed, is for repudiation, which, by destroying the public faith, would be industrial ruin. It professes regard for individual liberty, but not only is it still largely controlled by the old slavery spirit of hatred of equal rights, but it allies itself with the only political Church in the country, and a Church necessarily hostile to political freedom. It professes profound respect for the Constitution, but, as a fact, it furnished the doctrines and the men who sought to sever the Union; and every man in the country who excuses the attempt and hates the Union and the Constitution, which is its bond, belongs to the Democratic party. Indeed, if any where there is contemptuous disregard of human rights—if there is an argument in favor of public dishonor—if there is hostility to the government—if there is pandering to ecclesiastical meddling in politics—if there is an appeal to ignorance and a surrender of the rights of citizens to the threats of a mob—it proceeds from the Democratic party. And now when the most flagrant and incredible corruption, the most astounding theft of the money of the people, is exposed, it is seen to have been perpetrated under the auspices of the chief leaders of that party in the greatest State of the Union.

It is not, therefore, surprising that there is a universal conviction that whatever the offenses of the Republican party, they are not to be remedied by Democratic success. If the Republican financial system is unsound, repudiation is not a sounder policy. If the wisdom of Republican Ku-Klux legislation is questionable, there is no question of the peril of laws made by those who excuse the Ku-Klux. If the Republican view of the national power is extravagant, the Democratic theory of State sovereignty is destructive. If the Republican mingling of morals with politics be sometimes crude, the Democratic sneer at moral ideas is always perilous. These are facts which are constantly evident to the public mind. There is a great liberality of abuse of party fidelity, but party fidelity is only another name for perception of tendencies. When certain measures are carried there is a loud cry that the party work is done; that the party is an association for certain purposes, and that it naturally dissolves when they are accomplished. How, then, if when slavery was abolished and could not extend into the Territories, and the war being fought out, could not be renewed, the Republican party had disbanded? The issues, as they are called, were settled. Why should the party continue?

Because issues, or questions of policy, are determined by principles and tendencies. The old philosophers said that a man was by nature either a Stoic or an Epicurean. It is as true of politics as of philosophy. The Republican party continued after slavery was abolished and the war ended, because the spirit and tendency of the Democratic party were as threatening and dangerous as ever. It continues to-day for the same reason. No platforms, no professions, no new departures, will avail to change the political instinct of the country. A man who has been a sot until fifty may sign the pledge, and swear by all that he holds sacred to drink no more; but he is not trusted like one who has been always sober. The devil that controlled him is under duress; but he is the same old devil. Nobody believes THIERS to be a republican, although he is called President. Nobody supposes that the Orleanists and the imperialists will cease to intrigue because they sit in what is called a republican Assembly. The election in California, and the feeling in the country, of which every one is conscious who is in the way of knowing its expression, show that Democratic success is not believed to be a remedy for Republican remissness.

The duty of Republicans, then, is plain. It is, not to rely upon the popular distrust of the Democrats, but to continue to prove that the party should be trusted for itself. This can be done only by applying its general principles to other questions as they arise. It is in its nature, for instance, the party of freedom, and it must, therefore, wisely defend liberty of production and exchange. It is the party of honesty, and it must, therefore—as its conventions in Ohio, Wisconsin, New Jersey, and Maryland demand—provide for a thorough reform of the civil service. The New Jersey and Maryland Republicans, indeed, were not content with a general declaration. They resolved that they were "in favor of such a reform of the civil service as shall make appointments to public office dependent upon fitness and character, and *allow removals for cause only.*" Indeed, the "thorough reform" of the service which the Ohio Republicans demand would of itself alone commend the party to those who are doubtful, and secure its continual victory. The California election is both a declaration and an exhortation. It declares that there is no good reason for trusting the Democratic party, and it exhorts the Republicans to come up higher, and persevere in well-doing.

THE TEST OF PUBLIC VIRTUE.

THE theft of the vouchers from the Controller's office was no more surprising than the omission to publish the accounts. When the exposures of the Tammany frauds were first made in the *Times*, nobody doubted, and nobody has doubted for a moment since. There was general satisfaction, indeed, that the immense corruption which was universally understood to exist had now been established to a degree which offered a chance to the people to right their wrongs. And it did not need the crowning evidence of the theft to persuade the tax-payers that the chief city officers had betrayed their trust and were utterly dishonored. The disclosures, indeed, were known to be authentic, because the circumstances of their revelation to the *Times* were not unknown. It was for this reason that neither the Ring nor any of its servants dared to deny the truth of the charges. They sneered and evaded and prevaricated, but with each new subterfuge the scorn and indignation, not of New York alone, but of the whole country, deepened, so that if the persons implicated had frankly confessed the truth of every charge, the public belief in their guilt would not have been more assured.

The facts were first published toward the end of July. The effect was prodigious. The publication was the most crushing blow ever dealt on Tammany. The action that would follow was a test of the character and temper of our political system, for it would show whether the exposure of enormous official corruption would rouse the people to purge their city government, or whether they were subjugated heart and soul by the Ring. The Ring, bloated with unquestioned and absolute power—a power which had bullied or bribed so many opponents to silence—scornfully affected to laugh the storm away. The Mayor said that it was a thing of impotent wrath upon the part of the *Times*, which was angry because its bill against the city had not been paid, and that the ridiculous breeze would soon blow over. But the fire of facts from the *Times* was so constant and overwhelming that the Mayor felt obliged to issue an official defense, in which he admitted that the same paid might have been exorbitant, but that he and the Controller only countersigned the swindles ministerially; that is, they merely connived at the cheating. It was simultaneously shown, however, that they were not obliged to sign even "ministerially," and that they might have prevented the swindles if they had wished.

The public wrath was by this time fully active. Every thing said and done by the Ring had only increased it, and, as a desperate device to turn the force of the exposure, the Ring and its lackeys shouted that the *Times* was a swindler, because the frauds which it professed to make known had been already published in an official paper. This was gravely set forth by the *World*, which was at its wit's end to weaken the evidence of offenses which it had itself vaguely charged a few months before. But the rejoinder to every feeble plea of the swindlers and their apologists was perfect. It was shown that this defense was only a sneer that the tax-payers ought have sooner known that they were cheated; and that, in fact, the approval of the bills by the Mayor, and their payment by the Controller, did not appear in the official journals, as alleged.

Thus every pretense of explanation and excuse was utterly swept away, while the public did not fail to see that there was no denial whatever. The Ring announced that the documents were to be published; but week after week passed, and nothing appeared. Meanwhile the law requiring publication had been steadily disregarded until the frauds were charged. The Mayor appealed to the Chamber of Commerce to appoint a committee to investigate. But the vice-president conclusively answered that all that the public required was a simple statement of the truth. The power of the Ring to use a committee for its own purpose had been illustrated in that of last year, whose certificate, however honestly meant, had disastrously deceived the public. Foiled upon every hand in its hope to divert or confuse the attention of the people from its enormous offenses, the Ring then resolved to seek vengeance upon the *Times* by a suit to eject it from its property. This was a blow of pitiful malice, which, of course, recoiled upon the Ring, as it was a confession both of guilt and of impotent rage.

At last the people assembled in a great meeting of all parties, and, after reciting the character and extent of the frauds alleged against their city authorities, appointed a committee to take measures of redress. It was one of the most imposing and significant meetings ever held in New York, and the committee was composed of trusty citizens. The aldermen and supervisors also had invited a committee of citizens to join them in investigation, and while a motion for an injunction was arguing before one of the judges of the Supreme Court, the committee invited the Controller to lay before them his vouchers. Pending their request the vouchers were stolen from his custody, and the Mayor, with a natural talent for farce, after declaring that "our constituents," in view of "the untoward circumstances," would naturally withhold "desirable public confidence," threw himself upon his dear friend's "magnanimity" and asked his resignation.

The theft, of course, was either a desperate device of the Ring, or the sign of the scattering of rogues. And perhaps even finer than the Mayor's affectionate request to his friend to resign was the *World's* double-leaded assertion that if the Controller were "so mad or so blind as to disregard the firm demand of the Mayor, he will find before night that a scorching and relentless public indignation will make the city too hot to hold him." But the Controller very truly and contemptuously replied to the Mayor that they were in the same boat, and that there was no more reason for him to resign than for his Honor to do likewise. He peremptorily declined to be thrown as a tub to the whale, and to permit the Mayor to sacrifice him for his Honor's advantage. And thereupon the *World*, which the day before had talked of a city too hot to hold him, mildly observed that Mr. CONNOLLY made a great mistake in holding on; and journals which should have known better suggested that "the firmness" of the Mayor might yet reinstate him in public confidence. His firmness being, to speak plainly, only a determination to try to save himself by sacrificing his "pal."

These are the facts of one of the most signal tests to which the public character has ever been submitted in this country. The Ring is clever and unscrupulous. It has intrenched itself in power at every cost. It has contemptuously flung the rights of American citizens to a religious mob, and, relying upon the ignorance and prejudice of the most lawless class, defies the intelligence and the moral courage of the city. It is a contest, which is as yet undecided, between the best and the worst elements in our society. If the people should conquer, and the Ring be ignominiously broken, it will be one of the most encouraging events in our history. But if the Ring should be victorious, faith in the force of public virtue, and consequently of popular government, will be seriously diminished.

REPUBLICAN UNION IN NEW YORK.

IF the Republican leaders in this State are resolved upon union and harmony, New York can be recovered, as California has been. But, as we have suggested, union is impossible without substantial concessions. If they can not or will not be made, the great opportunity offered by the demoralization of Tammany will be lost. And it will be a fatal blunder to count upon the breaking of the Ring as a excuse for indifference to Republican harmony. The moral impetus that would be given to the campaign by a settlement of the Republican feud would alone be sufficient for victory. But when to this should be added the result of the disclosures of Democratic municipal corruption, the triumph of the Republicans would be signal. The method and details of a settlement will doubtless occur to the Convention. A Convention of New York Republicans, notwithstanding the snares of wire-pullers and politicians, is usually an assembly of intelligent and sagacious men, who truly represent the best character of the citizens. There are black sheep among them, as in every flock; but their perception and judgment, as a whole, are most trustworthy.

If, therefore, the delegates are resolved that there shall be peace in the party, there will be peace. If the leaders are reluctant, there can be some tribune of the people who is not what is called a leader, and he, supported by the sentiment of the Convention, can appeal both to leaders and to followers to forget their differences for the common cause. We do not trust too much to the probability of fraternal feeling harmonizing those whose pride and interests clash, but we may safely believe that every body will see that his most selfish purposes require party success, and that harmony is its indispensable condition. Both the Senators have declared, one in his speech at Niagara, the other in his letter to Mr. GRISWOLD, that there must be union. The Republicans of New York, who feel that Democratic ascendency in the country would be a national disaster, will watch the Convention with the closest scrutiny to see if the words that have been spoken upon both sides are verified by deeds.

We do not insinuate that there is no difference in the characters of public men and leaders, or in the feelings with which they are justly regarded. In what we say elsewhere of General BUTLER, that is sufficiently clear. There is no greater nor, unfortunately, more common folly than asserting that there is no difference between parties, and that all men in political life are selfish and mean in method and aim. But that is not the question in our Convention. We must all have our personal preferences, and upon many grounds; but we are to remember that the Convention is to secure a Republican success, and that it is to provide a common ground upon which those of different personal preferences elsewhere may stand together for united action. Should it fail to do this, the Convention will disappoint not only the Republicans of New York, but of the whole country.

CHARACTER AND POLITICS.

THE Massachusetts Republican who, in what he said of General BUTLER as a candidate for Governor, seemed to us to declare his satisfaction with a tolerable egg, writes courteously to say that he meant only to imply that the General is as honest and upright as his competitors, that his Republican and loyal record is unimpeachable, and that he would undoubtedly use the moral and religious sentiment of Massachusetts to smite wickedness in high and low places if he had only a chance. Our correspondent, a man of the utmost purity of feeling and purpose, but curiously wanting, as it seems to us, in clearness of perception, adds that, if it can be shown that the General ought not to be trusted, he will forego his intention of voting for him.

We should be very sorry to oppose upon insufficient grounds the election of a man who has rendered any service to the country in an emergency. But it must not be forgotten that certain services in war are often effective from the very qualities that incapacitate a man for honorable civil service. General BUTLER was known before the war. He was a lawyer and a politician before he was a soldier. Our correspondent is a Massachusetts man, and he knows, of course, whether the General's civil career was noted for its honorable character, and whether his reputation was one that commended him to the respect and confidence of his State. Governor ANDREW, ex-Attorney-General HOAR, and General BUTLER were all con-

temporary lawyers in the same State. They were all able men. But was there not a profound difference between the feeling of good citizens and honest men toward Governor ANDREW and Judge HOAR, and toward General BUTLER? What was the reason of the difference? And may not the very qualities which made the latter a sharp and unscrupulous lawyer have also made him efficient in certain military situations without necessarily inspiring either respect or confidence? It must not be forgotten that his services were not distinctively military, for nobody supposes General BUTLER to be a soldier. They were civil services under a military régime, and they did not inspire confidence in his character. Therefore the argument in his favor, drawn from the hatred of the rebels, does not seem to us very persuasive.

Since the war the General has been noted politically chiefly for favoring repudiation—and if certain Western Republicans have done the same, as our correspondent intimates, so much the worse for them—and for attempting to embroil us with England. For neither of these performances is he to be honored or trusted. Then he has professed interest in the temperance cause, and in the extension of suffrage to women, and in the laboring class, and in the Irish. That he does not sincerely hold the views which he expresses upon these subjects we have no right to say; but we do say that the universal, logical, and irresistible opinion is that he favors all these causes not from any profound conviction, but merely from policy. And this opinion is founded upon the impression which his whole career has produced upon the public mind. It is true that many other politicians inspire the same kind of distrust. But also it is true that some do not; and the duty of citizens like our Massachusetts friend is to support those who do not. JOHN A. ANDREW favored the non-extension of slavery; but every body knew that he did so from principle—not from a selfish regard to his own political advantage; and every body knew it not because he said so in speeches, but because his character said so. For it is character only that gives worth to words.

Our friend would certainly not support an unscrupulous man merely because he was able, and he says that if the General can be shown to be untrustworthy he will leave him. But if the consideration of his professional and political life and the reputation which attends them—if the sum total of his impression, which we call character, does not seem conclusive—single instances would probably be produced in vain. Yet let our correspondent look at this. In his Springfield speech General BUTLER said that he displaced General HAWLEY from command in the Army of the James for inefficiency and incompetence, and he was never again seen on the field. The truth is that the last communication in the field from BUTLER, as General of the Army of the James, to HAWLEY was a letter of commendation; that HAWLEY did not leave the Army of the James until two weeks after BUTLER had been sent home, as we all know, in disgrace; and that HAWLEY remained in service to the end of the war, was then honorably discharged, and received his brevet major-generalship for "honorable and meritorious services in the war." Now after the falsity of BUTLER's statement at Springfield had been exposed he made another in correction of it at Worcester, which was as promptly refuted. We ask our friend if this is the kind of person who is likely to use the moral and religious sentiment of Massachusetts to smite wickedness in high and low places?

It is because General BUTLER's career has been made up of just such details as this that he is considered unscrupulous and untrustworthy. Whatever his "smartness" may be, his character does not inspire respect. And it is no reply to say that other men are no better. Other men are better. Men are all sinners, but there is a very great difference between WASHINGTON and ARNOLD, between LINCOLN and AARON BURR. Mr. WENDELL PHILLIPS is reported to have said in a speech at Salisbury Beach that BUTLER was the greatest statesman that Massachusetts has produced for many a year. If Mr. PHILLIPS be correctly reported, he has again illustrated his tendency to confide in professions rather than in character. But if Massachusetts wishes to lose the position which she has so long nobly maintained, let her surrender to such statesmanship as General BUTLER's, and believe that character and general respect are of no value to public men. If there is no man of higher character, no man who is more respected than General BUTLER, who can be nominated by the Republicans of Massachusetts, the result of the election in that State will undoubtedly be more surprising—but for very different reasons—than that in California. It is our duty as Republicans to nominate men above all suspicion. If we do not, we ought to be defeated. If unscrupulous men are to be elected, let it not be by Republicans; for unscrupulous smart men ruin every party and every cause.

TAMMANY'S LOST CAUSE.

On Saturday, September 16, Controller CONNOLLY, objecting to being made the scape-goat of the other members of the Tammany Ring, took measures to checkmate their designs. To this end, he sought the advice of Judge TILDEN and ex-Mayor HAVEMEYER. The latter gentleman gave his views in a carefully prepared letter, in which he advised Mr. CONNOLLY that inasmuch as he could not resign, on the assumption of his innocence of the charges brought against him, and also that, inasmuch as he had stated, in declining to resign at the request of Mayor HALL, that the official acts for which he had been impeached were "supervised and approved by the superior vigilance" of the Mayor, who, in his affidavit in the injunction case, had adopted and vindicated those acts, it would be a fresh betrayal of trust to surrender his office into the hands of a confederate.

"No man," says Mr. HAVEMEYER, in this letter, "selected by Mayor HALL can, without some other moral support from the community, have the public confidence. He will be compromised by a suspected understanding with the 'Bodies' of the 'Ring,' or by the acceptance of the favor. You practically make your own successors. As the law now stands, he can assume your office only by an arrangement, to which you are a party, to create a vacancy for him. The man you give place to ought not to be a tool of those implicated in the transactions which excite the public distrust and alarm. He should be the nominee of the citizens now seeking to protect the people. In that way alone can he have the confidence of the public, or improve the credit of the city.

"Fortunately the law affords a perfect solution of the case. By section 4 of chapter 574 of the Laws of 1871, you are authorized to appoint a Deputy Controller, who shall 'in addition to his other powers, possess every power and shall perform every duty belonging to the office of Controller, whenever the said Controller shall by due written authority, and during a period to be specified in such authority, designate and authorize the said Deputy Controller to possess the power and perform the duty aforesaid.'"

Mr. HAVEMEYER, therefore, advised Mr. CONNOLLY to forthwith appoint Mr. ANDREW H. GREEN as such Deputy Controller, to leave him to exercise the full powers of the office without conditions and without interference, with complete custody of all the books and papers of the office, and with the appointment of all persons whom he may think necessary to protect public property and interests, and to enable him to carry out the most searching investigation, and aid the committees appointed for that purpose.

Mr. CONNOLLY immediately acted upon this advice, in which Judge TILDEN concurred. He notified Deputy Controller STORRS of his removal, and appointed Mr. GREEN to fill the vacancy until the 1st day of February, 1872, one month after the meeting of the State Legislature. Mr. GREEN accepted the appointment, was immediately qualified for the position, and took possession of the office.

This was plainly a direct blow to the other members of the Ring, and Mayor HALL, in order to ward it off, pretended to regard Mr. CONNOLLY's act as a virtual resignation of his office, and immediately appointed General GEORGE B. M'CLELLAN to fill the vacancy. The Mayor had also obtained new light on the subject of his power to remove. In his letter to Mr. CONNOLLY requesting that gentleman to resign, he said: "*I can not suspend any head of department, not even pending an investigation. I can only present charges to the Common Pleas, who alone can remove, after a considerable time for trial.*" Yet, in his letter accepting what he is pleased to consider Mr. CONNOLLY's resignation, he states that he has been "advised that when the power of appointment to office is given without restriction upon, or without express statutory enactment regarding, the power of removal, the latter exists as an incident to the power of appointment, and that the process of impeachment is merely co-ordinate but not conflicting power to remove in effect an impeached officer by producing a vacancy." Therefore, to make assurance doubly sure, the Mayor not only accepts Mr. CONNOLLY's "virtual resignation," but also removes him from office! The Mayor's letter to General M'CLELLAN, tendering him the office of Controller, is urgent and almost beseeching in tone, and concludes with these ominous words: "I am confident your acceptance of the Controllership will at once restore that public confidence in the financial administration of the city which is absolutely necessary, in my judgment, to preserve not alone *the public credit*, but the public peace." The words we have placed in italics indicate the desperate position in which the Tammany Ring has been placed.

Mr. GREEN is a Democrat, but not a partisan. He was formerly President of the Board of Education. On the establishment of the Central Park Commission he became one of the most active and influential members of that body, and to his taste and good management New York owes the most attractive features of the Park. He possesses the confidence of the honest men of all parties, and enters upon the duties of his office without regard to politics, and with the simple desire to serve his fellow-citizens.

General M'CLELLAN has declined the appointment; and Mr. GREEN having possession of the office, it may require legal measures to displace him, in which process weeks may be consumed before the conclusion is reached.

PERSONAL.

SIR CURTIS LAMPSON, of cable celebrity, has sent from London to his native town of New Haven, Addison County, Vermont, eight hundred volumes of valuable books, including rare works of reference, to form a nucleus for a public library.

—Earl RUSSELL is occupying his declining years in writing "The Foreign Policy of England from 1570 to 1870." Earl RUSSELL has been continuously in public life since 1813, and besides having filled nearly every office in the English ministry, he has made a creditable record in literature. Fifty-two years ago he wrote the "Life of William, Lord Russell," and since then memoirs of THOMAS MOORE and CHARLES JAMES FOX.

—TISCHENDORF, one of the most eminent of modern Biblical scholars, is now in Spain, where he thinks he has found new testimony in support of Bible history.

—Minister DELONG, who managed in the "effectual way" to secure an audience between Mr. SEWARD and the Emperor of Japan, the first audience ever accorded to a foreigner of private station, has recently compelled the British *chargé* at Yokohama to apologize for insulting remarks concerning Americans in general and himself in particular. He also compelled the English editor of the Japan *Mail* to publish an abject apology for publishing a scurrilous document purporting to have been issued from the American consulate.

—A recent number of the London *Saturday Review* contains an elaborate notice of Professor DRAPER's "History of the American Civil War," reprinted in England by LONGMANS, GREEN, & Co. The writer, although he does not attempt to disguise his sympathy for "the lost cause," and affirms his belief that no thoroughly candid and impartial history of the war will ever be written, admits that no Northern author has approached so nearly the standard of historical candor, in treating of the causes which led to the rupture between the North and South, as Dr. DRAPER. He says:

"In that portion of the record in which the Northern side is generally most violently and most exclusively pressed upon the reader—the story of the long political struggle which preceded the appeal to arms, and in which the passions that rendered civil war inevitable were aroused, exasperated, and rooted in the hearts of the contending peoples—he makes an evident and studious effort to be not only accurate but liberal, not only to state the facts correctly, but to do justice to the motives and the convictions of men whom he regards as utterly and unpardonably wrong. He not only tells his tale as truthfully as he can, but he gives at great length and with great care the case of the South as presented to his own mind by the defenders of Southern institutions and the vindicators of Southern claims," etc.

The reviewer also acknowledges that Professor DRAPER's narrative of military movements "is honorably distinguished by a desire to be candid, and to avoid abusive language," and that "he speaks of the Confederate chiefs and armies with the decorous and respectful hostility due to a brave and unfortunate enemy." That the work should thus impress a writer who sympathizes heartily with the South and who makes an elaborate attempt to show that it constitutes the most ample vindication of the motives and acts of the Southern leaders before and during the war is a very high tribute to Professor DRAPER's candor as an observer of political events, and of the impartiality and trustworthiness of his record.

—Our readers will be glad to learn that the popular and distinguished novelist, WILKIE COLLINS, proposes, health and business engagements permitting, to make a lecturing tour through the United States the coming winter. Mr. COLLINS has had this visit in contemplation a long time, and last year was prevented from coming only by the positive prohibition of his medical adviser, who enjoined upon him a few months of absolute rest from literary labor. He prudently acted upon this advice, and is now, we learn, completely restored to health, and may look forward to many years of literary activity in a field in which he has achieved notable success and a popularity scarcely inferior to that attained by DICKENS in his palmiest days. Should he be able to make his contemplated visit to America, he will meet with a most hearty and flattering reception from the thousands who have learned to admire him through his novels, which have long formed one of the attractions of *Harper's Weekly*. Mr. COLLINS is now forty-seven, and in the very prime of his powers. His father was a landscape painter, famous for the beauty and finish of his pictures.

—Ex-Governor HAMILTON, of Texas, expresses an opinion that will apply in more localities than Texas when he says he never saw any members of the present State government steal any thing, but "when we see a poor, miserable chap who never had a hundred and fifty dollars in his life come to Austin, borrow money to pay his expenses, and presently find him being a thousand dollars a night at faro, driving around in a fancy team, making liquor bills, wine bills, and all sorts of bills, and buying a buggy and fine horses to go home on, we know he is a thief as well as if we had seen him steal."

—In the telegraphic dispatches from Europe on the 13th of the present month was one dated at Salzburg on that day to the effect that it had been "decided by Prince BISMARCK, Count VON BEUST, and the other diplomatists who remained at Salzburg after the departure of the Emperors WILLIAM and FRANCIS JOSEPH, to suppress the International Society, and to settle finally the Schleswig question." The Schleswig question for half a century has been more or less a subject of European diplomacy. It was supposed to have been finally settled in 1852. We remember a little anecdote about it. While Lord Palmerston was Prime Minister he had necessarily to receive and be courteous to all sorts of public and Parliamentary bores. One evening at a social gathering a rather pompous, many-acred member of Parliament approached him and said, "My lord, I am a little curious to know something about that Schleswig-Holstein controversy." "Ah, indeed!" replied the old statesman, with his usual *bonhomie*. "Well, you see, my dear Sir, that was one of the most difficult and complicated questions that has troubled us this many a year, and there really were never but two men in England who thoroughly understood it—one was old Mr. MAL[illegible], of the Foreign office, and the other is myself. Now old Mr. MELLISH, you know, is dead, and I, my dear Sir—*I have forgotten all about it!*"

—Mr. JENKINS, author of that clever satire on the social life of England, "Ginx's Baby," having heard that Captain VIVIAN, of the War-office, had accepted a permanent under-secretaryship, and thus created a vacancy in the representation of the Cornish borough of Truro, forthwith posted off to that borough, and immediately commenced a canvass against one AUGUSTUS SMITH, a millionaire, owner of the Scilly Isles, and that sort of thing. Mr. JENKINS means business, and whether successful or not in this attempt, proposes ultimately to be heard in Parliament.

—M. DUFAURE, the new Vice-President of France, is a man advanced in years, being seventy-three. He was educated for the bar, and practiced with distinguished success until he was thirty-six, since which he has been much in public life. In 1838 under the SOULT ministry, he became Councilor of State, and afterward Minister of Public Works. After the revolution of February, 1848, he was elected to the Chamber of Deputies, and in 1849 became Minister of the Interior. When LOUIS NAPOLEON, as President, resolved to usurp the whole power of the state, M. DUFAURE was one of the representatives who escaped seizure and imprisonment. He was not in the confidence of LOUIS NAPOLEON, and therefore not in prominent place during the imperial sway. Even now he is not understood to be a very ardent republican, and should he be called to succeed M. THIERS, France would turn on imperial curve to felicitate itself.

—The Grand Duke ALEXIS, who is now breasting the waves on his way to this country, displayed his gallantry to a lady some years ago in a way that should commend him to their good graces. He was on a boating excursion on Lake Onega. At no great distance from his barge a young Russian nobleman was rowing his sister in a small skiff. He seemed to be unskillful in the management of his oars, and, in consequence, his frail bark was capsized. Without a moment's hesitation the Grand Duke plunged into the water, and succeeded, not without great difficulty and of much personal peril, in rescuing the young girl. For this display of heroism he received a gold medal at the hands of his father, the Emperor, and still prouder wears this decoration on gala occasions as the noblest which decks his breast.

—Colonel JOHN FORSYTH, editor of the Mobile *Register*, is now in the North for rest and recreation. Colonel FORSYTH is one of the representative men of the South. His father before him was one of the ablest men of his section of the country. He was Attorney-General of Georgia at twenty-eight, member of Congress at thirty-two, and United States Senator at thirty-seven. In 1830 at the age of thirty-nine, he was our minister to Spain, and conducted the negotiations by which Florida was ceded to the United States. In 1827 he was Governor of Georgia, and in 1829 again sent to the United States Senate. He opposed the South Carolina movement of nullification from the beginning, and voted in favor of Mr. CLAY's compromise act. In 1834 he was appointed Secretary of State by General JACKSON, holding that position during the three remaining years of his administration, and during the four years of Mr. VAN BUREN's term. He was not only a man of great abilities, but was distinguished for the dignity and elegance of his manners. Colonel JOHN FORSYTH inherits many of the qualities of his father. Without having filled so many high offices, he has, nevertheless, been a power in Southern politics and in national conventions. He was appointed minister of the United States in Mexico by President PIERCE. But his chief distinction has been acquired in the editorial conduct of the Mobile *Register*, one of the ablest journals of the South.

—Mr. CORNELIUS WALSH, just nominated by the Republican candidate for Governor of New Jersey, is a practical mechanic, and has acquired a fortune by his business. Thirty years ago, when working fourteen hours a day as a tiler and polisher, he boarded with Major JOHN EDWARDS, and it was certainly one of the delightful compensations of life to see MAJOR EDWARDS acting as vice-president of a thousand of New Jersey's best citizens assembled in convention to nominate a rival magistrate, and that the nominee should be the humble artisan who was his old time boarder.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

THE Maine State election, which took place September 11, resulted in a decisive Republican triumph, PERHAM's majority over the Democratic candidate for Governor reaching [illegible].

In California the Republicans have also been victorious. They have a majority in the Legislature on joint ballot, which will insure the election of a Republican United States Senator from that State.

The Illinois Episcopal Convention, held recently at Chicago, amended their constitution, so that now a clergyman of that denomination who shall resort to the civil courts for the purpose of avoiding ecclesiastical proceedings will be suspended from the functions of his ministry.

A band of Apaches, leaving their women and children at the Peace Commissioners' reservation in New Mexico, recently visited Camp Crittenden, Arizona, and ran off with sixty-three head of government cavalry horses.

From the official returns at Washington there is every reason to think that the cotton crop this season will be fully up to the yearly average.

It is announced that the President has selected Hon. W. M. Meredith, of Pennsylvania, and Hon. Caleb Cushing, of Massachusetts, as counsel of the United States before the Tribunal of Arbitration at Geneva, to be organized under the Treaty of Washington, and that these gentlemen have accepted the appointment.

Major Hodge, a paymaster of the United States army, has confessed to defalcations amounting to nearly half a million of dollars. He has been placed under arrest to await trial.

FOREIGN NEWS.

PRESIDENT THIERS has sent a message to the French Assembly, in which he discusses the necessity for needed rest, and promises to labor in their absence for the reorganization of the country. He also instructs the Deputies to inquire of their constituents whether they are in favor of a monarchy or a republic. The document was very coldly received, and a committee of twenty-five was appointed by the Assembly to supervise the President's conduct during the recess.

The Mont Cenis Tunnel was formally opened on the 17th instant, in the presence of the representatives of France and Italy.

INTERNATIONAL FOUR-OARED BOAT-RACE ON SARATOGA LAKE, SEPTEMBER 11, 1871.—FROM A SKETCH BY THOMAS HART.—[SEE PAGE [illegible].]

THE SARATOGA BOAT-RACE.

On the opposite page we give an illustration of the spirited and brilliantly contested international boat-race which took place, September 11, on Saratoga Lake. Five crews were entered for the contest—the Ward brothers, the Tyne, the Taylor-Winship, the Biglin, the Pittsburg, and the Poughkeepsie. Saratoga Lake, the scene of the race, is a beautiful sheet of water about four miles from the village. It extends about nine miles from north to south, and varies from half a mile to three miles in width. The grand stand was erected on the high bank on the western side of the lake, about a quarter of a mile from the southern end, and commanded an excellent view of the first and last mile of the course. The starting point was directly opposite the grand stand, and the boats went two miles almost directly up the lake to stake boats, where each turned around a separate point, and returned to the place of starting. A high bank rises from the water along the western shore, and upon this were many points from which the boats could be seen through a portion of the course. Hundreds of carriages were drawn up along the top of this bluff, and thousands of people collected on its abrupt slopes hours before the time set for the start. Every position that afforded a good point of view was occupied by eager spectators.

The day for the race was in every respect propitious—clear, cool, and still. There was scarcely a ripple on the surface of the lake. The start was made at nineteen minutes past ten o'clock. It was soon evident that the Ward crew had the most flattering chance of success. In less than eleven minutes they rounded the stake boat in advance of their competitors, and rowed home in splendid style, pulling about thirty-nine strokes to the minute. They crossed the line in twenty-four minutes and forty seconds from the time of starting, leading the Tyne boat by about three lengths. The distance rowed was exactly four miles.

The Ward brothers who won this finely contested race, and carried off the principal prize, $2000, are a splendid set of men. Long ago they achieved an American reputation, which the result of this race will make world-wide. Henry Ward, or "Hank," as he is familiarly called, is a large, powerful man, forty-three years of age, and weighing about 180 pounds. Joshua Ward is thirty-three years old. He is the brightest and most intelligent member of the crew. The other brothers are Gilbert and Ellis, the first thirty, the second twenty-four years of age. For several weeks previous to the race the brothers practiced vigorously on the lake. The morning pull was a good stiff spurt of five miles, and after this tugging and perspiration in the hot sun there was rubbing and drying of the skin and a siesta until the second meal. This over, and time given for the important work of proper digestion of solid food, a second turn of the oars was taken at three o'clock, and the same distance rowed, with, perhaps, an aim at speed part of the way. More rubbing down and rest until supper followed, which, with more stretching of the muscles in a brisk walk under the trees and along the country road, made up the quantity of work required of the brothers. They do not drink coffee, and smoking is strictly prohibited.

Joshua. Henry. Gilbert. Ellis.

THE WARD BROTHERS, WINNERS OF THE SARATOGA INTERNATIONAL REGATTA.—[From a Photograph by Baker & Record, Saratoga Springs.]

THE "UNION TORPEDO" EXPLOSION IN BEEKMAN STREET, NEW YORK.—From a Sketch by Stanley Fox.—[See Page 918.]

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1871, by Harper & Brothers, in the Office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington.]

POOR MISS FINCH.

A Domestic Story.

By WILKIE COLLINS,

Author of "The Woman in White," "No Name," "The Moonstone," "Man and Wife," etc.

WITH ORIGINAL ILLUSTRATIONS.

CHAPTER THE FOURTEENTH.

DISCOVERIES AT BROWNDOWN.

It is needless to tell you at what conclusion I arrived as soon as I was sufficiently myself to think at all.

Thanks to my adventurous past life, I have got the habit of deciding quickly in serious emergencies of all sorts. In the present emergency—as I saw it—there were two things to be done. One, to go instantly with help to Browndown: the other, to keep the knowledge of what had happened from Lucilla until I could get back again and prepare her for the discovery.

I looked at Mrs. Finch. She had dropped helplessly into a chair. "Rouse yourself!" I said, and shook her. It was no time for sympathizing with swoons and hysterics. The child was still in my arms, fast yielding, poor little thing, to the exhaustion of fatigue and terror. I could do nothing until I had relieved myself of the charge of her. Mrs. Finch looked up at me, trembling and sobbing. I put the child in her lap. Jicks feebly resisted being taken from me; but soon gave up, and dropped her weary little head on her mother's bosom. "Can you take off her frock?" I asked, with another shake—a good one this time.

The prospect of a domestic occupation (of any sort) appeared to rouse Mrs. Finch. She looked at the baby, in its cradle in one corner of the room, and at the novel, reposing on a chair in another corner of the room. The presence of these two familiar objects appeared to encourage her. She shivered, she swallowed a sob, she recovered her breath, she began to undo the frock.

"Put it away carefully," I said, "and say nothing to any body of what has happened until I come back. You can see for yourself that the child is not hurt. Soothe her, and wait here. Is Mr. Finch in the study?"

Mrs. Finch swallowed another sob, and said, Yes. The child made a last effort. "Jicks will go with you," said the indomitable little Arab, faintly. I ran out of the room, and left the three babies—big, little, and least—together.

After knocking at the study door without receiving any reply, I opened it and went in. Reverend Finch, comfortably prostrate in a large arm-chair (with his sermon-paper spread out in fair white sheets by his side), started up, and confronted me in the character of a clergyman that moment awakened from a sound sleep.

The rector of Dimchurch instantly recovered his dignity.

"I beg your pardon, Madame Pratolungo. I was deep in thought. Please state your business briefly." Saying those words, he waved his hand magnificently over his empty sheets of paper, and added in his deepest bass: "Sermon day!"

I told him in the plainest words what I had seen on his child's frock, and what I feared had happened at Browndown. He turned deadly pale. If I ever yet set my two eyes on a man thoroughly frightened, Reverend Finch was that man.

"Do you anticipate danger?" he inquired. "Is it your opinion that criminal persons are in or near the house?"

"It is my opinion that there is not a moment to be lost," I answered. "We must go to Browndown; and we must get what help we can on the way."

I opened the door, and waited for him to come out with me. Mr. Finch (still apparently preoccupied with the question of the criminal persons) looked as if he wished himself a hundred miles from his own rectory at that particular moment. But he was the master of the house; he was the principal man in the place—he had no other alternative, as matters now stood, than to take his hat and go.

We went out together into the village. My reverend companion was silent for the first time in my limited experience of him. We inquired for the one policeman who patrolled the district. He was away on his rounds. We asked if any body had seen the doctor. No; it was not the doctor's day for visiting Dimchurch. I had heard the landlord of the Cross Hands described as a capable and respectable man; and I suggested stopping at the inn and taking him with us. Mr. Finch instantly brightened at that proposal. His sense of his own importance rose again, like the mercury in a thermometer when you put it into a warm bath.

"Exactly what I was about to suggest," he said. "Gootheridge, of the Cross Hands, is a very worthy person—for his station in life. Let us have Gootheridge, by all means. Don't be alarmed, Madame Pratolungo. We are all in the hands of Providence. It is most fortunate for you that I was at home. What would you have done without me? Now don't pray don't be alarmed. In case of criminal persons—I have my stick, as you see. I am not tall, but I possess immense physical strength. I am, so to speak, all muscle. Feel!"

He held out one of his wizen little arms. It was about half the size of my arm. If I had not been far too anxious to think of playing tricks, I should certainly have declared that it was needless, with such a tower of strength by my side, to disturb the landlord. I dare not assert that Mr. Finch actually detected the turn my thoughts were taking—I can only declare that he did certainly shout for Gootheridge in a violent hurry the moment we were in sight of the inn.

The landlord came out; and, hearing what our errand was, instantly consented to join us.

"Take your gun," said Mr. Finch.

Gootheridge took his gun. We hastened on to the house.

"Were Mrs. Gootheridge and your daughter at Browndown to-day?" I asked.

"Yes, ma'am; they were both at Browndown. They finished up their work as usual, and left the house more than an hour since."

"Did any thing out of the common happen while they were there?"

"Nothing that I heard of, ma'am."

I considered with myself for a minute, and ventured on putting a few more questions to Mr. Gootheridge.

"Have any strangers been seen here this evening?" I inquired.

"Yes, ma'am. Nearly an hour ago two strangers drove by my house in a chaise."

"In what direction?"

"Coming from Brighton way, and going toward Browndown."

"Did you notice the men?"

"Not particularly, ma'am. I was busy at the time."

A sickening suspicion that the two strangers in the chaise might be the two men whom I had seen lurking under the wall forced its way into my mind. I said no more until we reached the house.

All was quiet. The one sign of any thing unusual was in the plain traces of the passage of wheels over the turf in front of Browndown. The landlord was the first to see them. "The chaise must have stopped at the house, Sir," he said, addressing himself to the rector.

Reverend Finch was suffering under a second suspension of speech. All he could say as we approached the door of the silent and solitary building—and he said that with extreme difficulty—was, "Pray let us be careful!"

The landlord was the first to reach the door. I was behind him. The rector—at some little distance—acted as rear-guard, with the South Downs behind him to retreat upon. Gootheridge rapped smartly on the door, and called out, "Mr. Dubourg!" There was no answer. There was only a dreadful silence. The suspense was more than I could endure. I pushed by the landlord, and turned the handle of the unlocked door.

"Let me go first, ma'am," said Gootheridge.

He pushed by me in his turn. I followed him close. We entered the house, and called again. Again there was no answer. We looked into the little sitting-room on one side of the passage, and into the dining-room on the other. Both were empty. We went on to the back of the house, where the room was situated which Oscar called his workshop. When we tried the door of the workshop it was locked.

We knocked, and called again. The horrid silence was all that followed, as before.

I tried the key-hole with my finger. The key was not in the lock. I knelt down and looked through the key-hole. The next instant I was up again on my feet, wild and giddy with horror.

"Burst open the door!" I screamed. "I can just see his hand lying on the floor!"

The landlord, like the rector, was a little man; and the door, like every thing else at Browndown, was of the clumsiest and heaviest construction. Unaided by instruments, we should all three together have been too weak to burst it open. In this difficulty, Reverend Finch proved to be—for the first time, and also for the last—of some use.

"Stay!" he said. "My friends, if the back garden gate is open, we can get in by the window."

Neither the landlord nor I had thought of the window. We ran round to the back of the house, seeing the marks of the chaise wheels leading in the same direction. The gate in the wall was wide open. We crossed the little garden. The window of the workshop—opening to the ground—gave us admission, as the rector had foretold. We entered the room.

There he lay—poor, harmless, unlucky Oscar—senseless, in a pool of his own blood. A blow on the left side of his head had, to all appearance, felled him on the spot. The wound had split the scalp. Whether it had also split the skull was more than I was surgeon enough to be able to say. I had gathered some experience of how to deal with wounded men when I served the sacred cause of Freedom with my glorious Pratolungo. Cold water, vinegar, and linen for bandages—these were all in the house, and these I called for. Gootheridge found the key of the door flung aside in a corner of the room. He got the water and the vinegar, while I ran up stairs to Oscar's bedroom and provided myself with some of his handkerchiefs. In a few minutes I had a cold-water bandage over the wound, and was bathing his face in vinegar and water. He was still insensible; but he lived. Reverend Finch—not of the slightest help to any body—assumed the duty of feeling Oscar's pulse. He did it as if, under the circumstances, this was the one meritorious action that could be performed. He looked as if nobody could feel a pulse but himself. "Most fortunate," he said, counting the slow, faint throbbing to the poor fellow's wrist—"most fortunate that I was at home. What would you have done without me?"

The next necessity was, of course, to send for the doctor, and to get help in the mean time to carry Oscar up stairs to his bed. Gootheridge volunteered to borrow a horse, and to ride off for the doctor. We arranged that he was to send his wife and his wife's brother to help me. This settled, the one last embarrassment left to deal with was the embarrassment of Mr. Finch. Now that we were free from all fear of encountering bad characters in the house, the fee-fo-fum of the little man's big voice went on unintermittingly, like a machine at work in the neighborhood. I had another of my inspirations—sitting on the floor with Oscar's head on my lap. I gave my reverend companion something to do. "Look about the room," I said; "see if the packing-case with the gold and silver plates is here or not."

Mr. Finch did not quite relish being treated like an ordinary mortal, and being told what he was to do.

"Compose yourself, Madame Pratolungo," he said. "No hysterical activity, if you please. This business is in My hands. Quite needless, ma'am, to tell Me to look for the packing-case."

"Quite needless," I agreed. "I know beforehand the packing-case is gone."

That answer instantly set him fussing about the room. Not a sign of the case was to be seen.

All doubt in my mind was at an end now. The two ruffians lounging against the wall had justified—horribly justified—my worst suspicions of them.

On the arrival of Mrs. Gootheridge and her brother we carried him up to his room. We laid him on the bed, with his neck-tie off and his throat free, and the air blowing over him from the open window. He showed no sign yet of coming to his senses. But still the pulse went faintly on. No change was discernible for the worse.

It was useless to hope for the doctor's arrival before another hour at least. I felt the necessity of getting back at once to the rectory, so as to be able to tell Lucilla (with all needful preparation) the melancholy truth. Otherwise, the news of what had happened would get abroad in the village, and might come to her ears, in the worst possible way, through one of the servants. To my infinite relief, Mr. Finch, when I rose to go, excused himself from accompanying me. He had discovered that it was his duty, as rector, to give the earliest information of the outrage at Browndown to the legal authorities. He went his way to the nearest magistrate. And I went mine—leaving Oscar under the care of Mrs. Gootheridge and her brother—back to the house. Mr. Finch's last words at parting reminded me once more that we had one thing at least to be thankful for under the circumstances, and as they otherwise were.

"Most fortunate, Madame Pratolungo, that I was at home. What would you have done without me?"

CHAPTER THE FIFTEENTH.

EVENTS AT THE BEDSIDE.

I am, if you will be so good as to remember, constitutionally French, and, therefore, constitutionally averse to distressing myself, if I can possibly help it. For this reason, I really can not summon courage to describe what passed between my blind Lucilla and me when I returned to our pretty sitting-room. She made me cry at the time; and she would make me (and perhaps you) cry again now, if I wrote the little melancholy story of what this tender young creature suffered when I told her my miserable news. I won't write it! I am dead against tears. They affect the nose; and my nose is my best feature. Let us use our eyes, my fair friends, to conquer—not to cry.

Be it enough to say that when I went back to Browndown Lucilla went with me.

I now observed her, for the first time, to be jealous of the eyes of us happy people who could see. The instant she entered she insisted on being near enough to the bed to hear us or to touch us as we waited on the injured man. This was at once followed by her taking the place occupied by Mrs. Gootheridge at the bed head, and herself bathing Oscar's face and forehead. She was even jealous of me, when she discovered that I was moistening the bandages on the wound. I irritated her into boldly kissing the poor insensible face in our presence! The landlady of the Cross Hands was one of my sort—she took cheerful views of things. "Sweet on him, eh, ma'am?" she whispered in my ear; "we shall have a wedding in Dimchurch." In presence of these kissings and whisperings Mrs. Gootheridge's brother, as the only man present, began to look very uncomfortable. This worthy creature belonged to that large and respectable order of Englishmen who don't know what to do with their hands, or how to get out of a room. I took pity on him; he was, I assure you, a fine man. "Smoke your pipe, Sir, in the garden," I said; "we will call to you from the window if we want you up here." Mrs. Gootheridge's brother cast on me one look of unutterable gratitude, and escaped as if he had been let out of a trap.

At last the doctor arrived.

His first words were an indescribable relief to us. The skull of our poor Oscar was not injured. There was concussion of the brain, and there was a scalp wound—inflicted evidently with a blunt instrument. As to the wound, I had done all that was necessary in the doctor's absence. As to the injury to the brain, time and care would put every thing right again. "Make your minds easy, ladies," said this angel of a man. "There is no reason for feeling the slightest alarm about him."

He came to his senses—that is to say, he opened his eyes and looked vacantly about him—between four and five hours after the time when we had found him on the floor of the workshop.

His mind, poor fellow, was still all astray. He recognized nobody. He imitated the action of writing with his finger, and said, very earnestly, over and over again, "Go home, Jicks; go home, go home!"—fancying himself (as I suppose) lying helpless on the floor, and sending the child back to us to give the alarm. Later in the night he fell asleep. All through the next day he still wandered in his mind when he spoke. It was not till the day after that he began feebly to recover his reason. The first person he recognized was Lucilla. She was engaged at the moment in brushing his beautiful chestnut hair. To her unutterable joy he patted her hand and murmured her name. She bent over him; and, under cover of the hair-brush, whispered something in his ear which made the young fellow's pale face flush, and his dull eyes brighten with pleasure. A day or two afterward she owned to me that she had said, "Get well, for my sake." She was not in the least ashamed of having spoken to that plain purpose. On the contrary, she triumphed in it. "Leave him to me," said Lucilla, in the most positive manner. "I mean first to cure him; and then I mean to be his wife."

In a week more he was in complete possession of his faculties, but still wretchedly weak, and only gaining ground very slowly after the shock that he had suffered.

He was now able to tell us, by a little at a time, of what had happened in the workshop.

After Mrs. Gootheridge and her daughter had quitted the house at their usual hour he had gone up to his room, had remained there some little time, and had then gone down stairs again. On approaching the workshop he heard voices talking in whispers in the room. The

"GET WELL, FOR MY SAKE."

him instantly occurred to him that something was wrong. He softly tried the door, and found it locked—the robbers having no doubt taken that precaution to prevent their being surprised at their thieving work by any person in the house. The one other way of getting into the room was the way that we had tried. He went round to the back garden, and found an empty chaise drawn up outside the door. The circumstance thoroughly puzzled him. But for the mysterious locking of the workshop door it would have suggested to him nothing more alarming than the arrival of some unexpected visitors. Eager to solve the mystery, he crossed the garden; and, entering the room, found himself face to face with the same two men whom Jicks had discovered ten days previously lounging against the garden wall.

As he approached the window they were both busily engaged, with their backs toward him, in cording up the packing-case which contained the metal plates.

They rose and faced him as he stepped into the room. The act of robbery which he found them coolly perpetrating in broad daylight instantly set his irritable temper in a flame. He rushed at the younger of the two men—being the one nearest to him. The ruffian sprang aside out of his reach, snatched up from the table on which it was lying ready a short loaded staff of leather called "a life preserver," and struck him with it on the head before he had recovered himself and could face his man once more.

From that moment he remembered nothing until he had regained his consciousness after the first shock of the blow.

He found himself lying, giddy and bleeding, on the floor; and he saw the child (who must have strayed into the room while he was senseless) standing, petrified with fear, looking at him. The idea of making use of her—as the only living being near—to give the alarm, came to him instinctively the moment he recognized her. He coaxed the little creature to venture within reach of his hand, and, dipping his finger in the blood that was flowing from him, traced on the terrible message which I had spelled out on the back of her frock. That done, he exerted his last remains of strength to push her gently toward the open window, and direct her to go home. He fainted from loss of blood while he was still repeating the words, "Go home! go home!" and still seeing, or fancying that he saw, the child stopping obstinately in the room, stupefied with terror. Of the time at which she found the courage and the sense to run home, and of all that had happened after that, he was necessarily ignorant. His next conscious impression was the impression, already recorded, of seeing Lucilla sitting by his bedside.

The account of the matter thus given by Oscar was followed by a supplementary statement provided by the police.

The machinery of the law was put in action, and the village was kept in a fever of excitement for days together. Never was there a more complete investigation—and never was a poorer result achieved. Substantially, nothing was discovered beyond what I had already found out for myself. The robbery was declared to have been (as I had supposed) a planned thing. Though we had none of us noticed them at the rectory, it was ascertained that the thieves had been at Dimchurch on the day when the unlucky plates were first delivered at Browndown. Having taken their time to examine the house, and to make themselves acquainted with the domestic habits of the persons in it, the rogues had paid their second visit to the village—no doubt to commit the robbery—on the occasion when we had discovered them. Foiled by the unexpected return of the gold and silver to London, they had waited again, had followed the plates back to Browndown, and had effected their object—thanks to the lonely situation of the house, and to the murderous blow which had stretched Oscar senseless on the floor.

More than one witness had met them on the road back to Brighton, with the packing-case in the chaise. But when they returned to the livery-stables from which they had hired the vehicle, the case was not to be seen. Accomplices in Brighton had, in all probability, assisted them in getting rid of it, and in shifting the plates into ordinary articles of luggage which would attract no special attention at the railway station. This was the explanation given by the police. Right or wrong, the one fact remains that the villains were not caught, and that the assault and robbery at Oscar's house may be added to the long list of crimes cleverly enough committed to defy the vengeance of the law.

For ourselves, we all agreed—led by Lucilla—to indulge in no useless lamentations, and to be grateful that Oscar had escaped without serious injury. The mischief was done; and there was an end of it.

In this philosophical spirit we looked at the affair while our invalid was recovering. We all plumed ourselves on our excellent good sense—and (ah, poor stupid human wretches!) we were all fatally wrong. So far from the mischief being at an end, the mischief had only begun. The true results of the robbery at Browndown were yet to show themselves, and were yet to be felt in the strangest and the saddest way by every member of the little circle assembled at Dimchurch.

CHAPTER THE SIXTEENTH.

THE RESULT OF THE ROBBERY.

BETWEEN five and six weeks passed. Oscar was out of his bedroom, and was well of his wound.

During this lapse of time Lucilla steadily pursued that process of her own of curing him which was to end in marrying him. Never had I seen such nursing before—never do I expect to see such nursing again. From morning to night she interested him, and kept him in good spirits. The charming creature actually made her blindness a means of lightening the weary hours of the man she loved.

Sometimes she would sit before Oscar's looking-glass, and burlesque all the innumerable tricks, artifices, and vanities of a coquette arraying herself for conquest, with such wonderful truth and humor of mimicry that you would have sworn she possessed the use of her eyes. Sometimes she would show him her extraordinary power of calculating, by the sound of a person's voice, the exact position which that person occupied toward her in a room. Selecting me as the victim, she would first provide herself with one of the nosegays always placed by her own hands at Oscar's bedside, and would then tell me to take up my position noiselessly in any part of the room that I pleased, and to say "Lucilla." The instant the words were out of my mouth the nosegay flew from her hand and hit me in the face. She never once missed her aim on any of the occasions when this experiment was tried, and she never once flagged in her childish enjoyment of the exhibition of her own skill.

Nobody was allowed to pour out Oscar's medicine but herself. She knew when the spoon into which it was to be measured was full by the sound which the liquid made in falling into it. When he was able to sit up in his bed, and when she was standing at the pillow-side, she could tell him how near his head was to hers by the change which he produced, when he bent forward or when he drew back, in the action of the air on her face. In the same way she knew as well as he knew when the sun was out, and when it was behind a cloud, judging by the differing effect of the air at such times on her forehead and on her cheeks.

All the litter of little objects accumulating in a sick-room she kept in perfect order on a system of her own. She delighted in putting the room tidy late in the evening, when we helpless people who could see were beginning to think of lighting the candles. The time when we could just discern her flitting to and fro in the dark in her bright summer dress—now visible as she passed the window, now lost in the shadows at the end of the room—was the time when she began to clear the tables of the things that had been wanted in the day, and to replace them by the things which would be wanted at night. We were only allowed to light the candles when they showed us the room magically put in order during the darkness, as if the fairies had done it. She laughed scornfully at our surprise, and said she sincerely pitied the poor useless people who could only see.

The same pleasure which she had in arranging the room in the dark, she also felt in wandering all over the house in the dark, and in making herself thoroughly acquainted with every inch of it from top to bottom. As soon as Oscar was well enough to go down stairs, she insisted on leading him.

"You have been so long up in your bedroom," she said, "that you must have forgotten the rest of the house. Take my arm, and come along. Now we are out in the passage. Mind! there is a step down just in this place. And now a step up again. Here is a sharp corner to turn at the top of the staircase. And there is a rod out of the stair-carpet, and an awkward fold in it that might throw you down." So she took him into his own drawing-room, as if it was he that was blind and she who had the use of her eyes. Who could resist such a nurse as this? Is it wonderful that I heard a sound suspiciously like the sound of a kiss, on that first day of convalescence, when I happened for a moment to be out of the room? I strongly suspected her of leading the way in that also. She was so wonderfully composed when I came back, and he was so wonderfully flurried.

In a week from his convalescence Lucilla completed the cure of the patient. In other words, she received from Oscar an offer of marriage. I have not the slightest doubt in my own mind that he required assistance in bringing this delicate matter to a climax—and that Lucilla helped him.

I may be right or I may be wrong about this. But I can at least certify that Lucilla was in such mad high spirits when she told me the news, out in the garden, on a lovely autumn morning, that she actually danced for joy; and, more improper still, she made me, at my discreet time of life, dance too. She took me round the waist, and we waltzed on the grass, Mrs. Finch standing by in the condemned blue merino jacket (with the baby in one hand and the novel in the other), and warning us both that if we lost half an hour out of our day in whirling each other round the lawn, we should never succeed in picking it up again in that house. We went on whirling, for all that, until we were both out of breath. Nothing short of downright exhaustion could tame Lucilla. As for me, I am, I sincerely believe, the rashest person of my age now in existence. (What is my age? Ah! I am always discreet about that; it is the one exception.) Set down my rashness to my French nationality, my easy conscience, and my excellent stomach—and let us go on with our story.

There was a private interview at Browndown, later on that day, between Oscar and Reverend Finch.

Of what passed on this occasion I was not informed. The rector came back among us, with his head high in the air, strutting magnificently on his wiry little legs. He embraced his daughter in pathetic silence, and gave me his hand with a serene smile of condescension worthy of the greatest humbug (say Louis the Fourteenth) that ever sat on a throne. When he spoke, his voice was so big that I really thought it would have burst him. The vapor of words in which he enveloped himself (condensed on paper) amounted to these two statements. First, that he hailed in Oscar—not having, I suppose, children enough already of his own—the advent of another son. Secondly, that he saw the finger of Providence in every thing that had happened. Alas for me! my irreverent French nature saw nothing but the finger of Finch—in Oscar's pocket.

The wedding-day was not then actually fixed. It was only generally arranged that the marriage should take place in about six weeks.

This interval was intended to serve a double purpose. It was to give the lawyers time to prepare the marriage-settlements, and to give Oscar time to completely recover his health. Some anxiety was felt by all of us on this latter subject. His wound was well, and his mind was itself again. But still there was something wrong with him, for all that.

Those curious contradictions in his character which I have already mentioned showed themselves more strangely than ever. The man who had found the courage (when his blood was up) to measure himself alone and unarmed, against two robbers, was now unable to enter the room in which the struggle had taken place without trembling from head to foot. He who had laughed at me when I begged him not to sleep in the house by himself, now had two men (a gardener and an in-door servant) domiciled in Browndown to protect him, and felt no sense of security even in that. He was constantly dreaming that the ruffian with the "life preserver" was attacking him again, or that he was lying bleeding on the floor, and coaxing Jicks to venture within reach of his hand. If any of us hinted at his occupying himself once more with his favorite art, he stopped his ears and entreated us not to renew his horrible associations with the past. He could not even look at his box of chasing tools. The doctor—summoned to say what was the matter with him—told us that his nervous system had been shaken, and frankly acknowledged that there was nothing to be done but to wait until time set him right again.

I am afraid I must confess that I myself took no very indulgent view of the patient's case.

It was his duty to exert himself, as I thought. He appeared to me to be too indolent to make a proper effort to better his own condition. Lucilla and I had more than one animated discussion about him. On a certain evening when we were at the piano gossiping, and playing in the intervals, she was downright angry with me for not sympathizing with her darling as unreservedly as she did. "I have noticed one thing, Madame Pratolungo," she said to me, with a flushed face and a heightened tone: "you have never done Oscar justice from the first."

(Mark those trifling words. The time is coming when you will hear of them again.)

The preparations for the contemplated marriage went on. The lawyers produced their sketch of the settlements, and Oscar wrote (to an address in New York given to him by Nugent) to tell his brother of the approaching change in his life, and of the circumstances which had brought it about.

The marriage-settlement was not shown to me, but from certain signs and tokens I guessed that Oscar's perfect disinterestedness on the question of money had been turned to profitable account by Oscar's future father-in-law. Reverend Finch was reported to have shed tears when he first read the document. And Lucilla came out of the study, after an interview with her father, more thoroughly and vehemently indignant than I had ever seen her yet. "Don't ask what is the matter!" she said to me between her teeth. "I am ashamed to tell you." When Oscar came in, a little later, she fell on her knees—literally fell on her knees—before him. Some overmastering agitation was in possession of her whole being, which made her, for the moment, reckless of what she said or did. "I worship you!" she burst out, hysterically, kissing his hand. "You are the noblest of living men. I can never, never be worthy of you!" The interpretation of these high-flown sayings and doings was, to my mind, briefly this: Oscar's money in the rector's pocket, and the rector's daughter used as the means.

The interval expired; the weeks succeeded each other. All had been long since ready for the marriage, and still the marriage did not take place.

Far from becoming himself again, with time to help him, as the doctor had foretold, Oscar steadily grew worse. All the nervous symptoms (to use the medical phrase) which I have already described strengthened instead of loosening their hold on him. He grew thinner and thinner, and paler and paler. Early in the month of November we sent for the doctor again. The question to be put to him this time was the question (suggested by Lucilla) of trying as a last remedy change of air.

Something—I forget what—delayed the arrival of our medical man. Oscar had given up all idea of seeing him that day, and had come to us at the rectory, when the doctor drove into Dimchurch. He was stopped before he went on to Browndown, and he and his patient saw each other alone in Lucilla's sitting-room.

They were a long time together. Lucilla, waiting with me in my bed-chamber, grew impatient. She begged me to knock at the sitting-room door, and inquire when she might be permitted to assist at the consultation.

I found doctor and patient standing together at the window, talking quietly. Evidently nothing had passed to excite either of them in the smallest degree. Oscar looked a little pale and weary, but he, like his medical adviser, was perfectly composed.

"There is a young lady in the next room," I said, "who is getting anxious to hear what your consultation has ended in."

The doctor looked at Oscar and smiled.

"There is really nothing to tell Miss Finch," he said. "Mr. Dubourg and I have gone all over the case again, and nothing new has come of it. His nervous system has not recovered its balance as soon as I expected. I am sorry; but I am not in the least alarmed. At his age nature is sure to come right in the end. He must be patient, and the young lady must be patient. I can say no more."

"Do you see any objection to his trying change of air?" I inquired.

"None whatever. Let him go where he likes, and amuse himself as he likes. You are all of you a little disposed to take Mr. Dubourg's case too seriously. Except the nervous derangement (unpleasant enough in itself, I grant), there is really nothing the matter with him. He has not a trace of organic disease anywhere. The pulse," continued the doctor, laying his fingers lightly on Oscar's wrist, "is perfectly satisfactory. I never felt a quieter pulse in my life."

As the words passed his lips a frightful contortion fastened itself on Oscar's face.

His eyes turned up hideously.

From head to foot his whole body was wrenched round, as if giant hands had twisted it, toward the right.

Before I could speak, he was in convulsions on the floor at the doctor's feet.

"Good God!" what is this?" I cried out.

The doctor loosened his cravat and moved away the furniture that was near him. That done, he waited, looking at the writhing figure on the floor.

"Can you do nothing more?" I asked.

He shook his head gravely. "Nothing more."

"What is it?"

"An epileptic fit."

THE CINCINNATI FOUNTAIN.

On page 917 will be found an engraving of the elaborate and beautiful fountain which, through the beneficent liberality of two of her citizens—one of whom, however, does not survive to witness the fulfillment of his generous purpose—the Queen City of the West will soon count among her rarest attractions. Its history is briefly this. Two liberal-minded residents of Cincinnati—Messrs. DAVIDSON and PROBASCO—some years ago conceived the project of erecting in that city a public fountain which should be at once an ornament to the place and a practical benefit to the people. Their idea was to have the structure display, in some artistic and picturesque form, the beauty and the blessings of water. With this view Mr. PROBASCO visited Europe in 1866 to consult with eminent artists in regard to it, and in Munich, the art capital of Germany, made the acquaintance of Herr MILLER, the celebrated founder, in whom he found a ready and enthusiastic coadjutor. Many designs were laid before him, but Mr. PROBASCO, with excellent sense and taste, rejected every suggestion that implied obligation to ancient mythology and literature. He would have neither water gods nor nymphs. At length Herr MILLER produced a design of his own—a dream which had been worked out for him by the artist KRELING—the fundamental idea of which was the portrayal of the blessings of water. The designer had asked himself what are the chief benefits which mankind owe to this element. They are commerce by navigation; irrigation; water turns our mills to grind our corn; water gives us crops; with mineral waters we heal the sick; with other waters we preserve our health by bathing; with water we put out fire; on water frozen we amuse our childhood in skating and sliding. These and kindred ideas the artist has symbolized in enduring bronze.

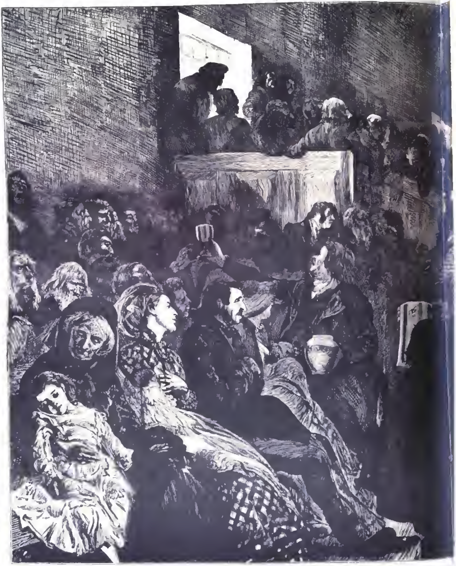
The structure is surmounted by a beautiful figure, representing the genius of water, through whose outspread hands, extended to bless, falls an exquisitely fine shower, like gentle rain. Underneath, about the massive pedestal, stand four colossal groups, representing the most obvious benefits of water—a mechanic on a burning roof, imploring Heaven for rain; a farmer beside his plow, whose labor will have no fruit without the kindly showers; a young girl leading her sick father to the healing fountain; a mother taking her child to the bath.

Underneath these groups are four elegant basins, ornamented in the richest style of the *Renaissance*, from which thirty-six streams of water play into a circular moat at the base of the structure. The pediment, to which these basins are attached, is richly adorned with compositions in relief, representing the uses of water in the most varied forms of human industry—as in navigation, fishing, as motive power directly applied in various kinds of mills, and indirectly in steam. These compositions are exquisitely finished, while the meaning of every design may be discerned at a glance.

The base of the fountain is of fine Bavarian syenite, as is also the surrounding basin, or moat. This stone has a beautiful color, takes a very fine polish, and is almost indestructible by weather.

An inscription upon the capital, just underneath the figure of the genius, sets forth that the fountain is the gift to the People of Cincinnati from Mr. HENRY PROBASCO and Mr. TYLER DAVIDSON (his brother-in-law, now deceased). Other inscriptions on the pediment ascribe the design and model to the artist KRELING, and the work of casting to Herr MILLER.

Our engraving of this beautiful structure is from a photograph taken in Munich, where the fountain was for some time exhibited to admiring crowds. It is to be hoped that worthy residents of other cities will be led to imitate the example of Mr. PROBASCO and Mr. DAVIDSON, and to distribute a little of their superfluous wealth in ways so useful and so conducive to the pleasure and cultivation of the people.



"SACRAMENT" IN THE MORMON TABE

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NACLE, SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH.—[See Page 914.]

THE MORMON TABERNACLE.

The Mormon Temple, or Tabernacle, as the "faithful" prefer to call their sacred edifice, is a large, showy structure, of very little pretension to architectural beauty. It is 250 feet long, with many sand-stone columns supporting the roof, the concave of which forms an unbroken arch. There is room enough in the interior to seat 8000 people. An immense organ is placed at the further end of the Tabernacle, just in front of it the pulpit, on either hand the choir seats, while a few steps below the platform is the dais where sit the chiefs and apostles of the church. The exercises comprise a prayer, a hymn, the administering of bread and water to the "faithful," and finally the sermon by Brigham Young. He speaks simply, plainly, and strongly. He loves, especially if there are gentiles present, to dilate upon the trials of his people, and their coming to their valley barefooted and naked, of their success, and the proofs that they were a chosen people—showing here, as in private, the strange magnetic influence which he wields with so much effect upon the minds of his disciples.

The double-page illustration which we give this week shows the administration of the "sacrament," large pewter vessels, of which several may be seen in front of the pulpit, being used for the purpose. All present, men, women, children, and babes in arms, partake. The peculiar great-coats which some of the men wear are fashioned out of colored blankets, intended originally for the reds; and it must be admitted that the white man wears his blanket with a difference which is not an improvement as regards taste. Although the red Indian is not the chivalrous, graceful warrior of Cooper, he is decidedly picturesque, and knows how to drape himself artistically. The white man gets hold of his blanket, cuts it up into a great-coat, and dresses himself inartistically.

"TOO THIN."

On Saturday, September 9, Controller Connolly was requested by the Joint Committee for the examination of the city and county accounts to produce before them on the following Tuesday the vouchers for the claims against the county presented for 1870, and paid by him. During Sunday night these vouchers disappeared under the following circumstances: The private watchman in the County Bureau office, in the new Court-house, where these important papers were kept, says that about six o'clock on Sunday evening he left his post to get his supper, leaving the office to watch itself. When he returned, about two hours afterward—he must have been very leisurely in taking supper—he discovered that a hole large enough to admit a man's arm had been made in the lower corner of the west window in the door opening from the hall into the County Bureau office. Although his suspicion that "something was wrong" was aroused by this discovery, the watchman made no examination and raised no alarm, although a police station is just within call of his post, but waited until the janitor of the building made his appearance, about eight o'clock next morning, to whom he naïvely remarked that he didn't "like the looks of it." The janitor immediately went into the County Bureau office, where he discovered that the doors of the middle case, under the long desk on the west side of that office, had been broken open, and that several packages of documents had been taken therefrom.

Still nothing was done until the arrival of the Controller and his deputy, about one o'clock in the afternoon. Informed by the janitor of what had occurred, they examined the forced case, and found that all but seven packages of the vouchers for the paid claims against the city for 1870 were gone. These vouchers were in large packages, and were mixed up with packages of vouchers for paid claims against the county for 1869, none of which were missing.

Appearances indicate that access was gained to the office as follows: The glass was partially cut with a diamond, and then forced out by a sharp, quick blow. Through the hole thus made the inside catch of the lock was reached, and the door easily opened. The bolt of the lock to the case containing the vouchers was forced back, and the lock wrenched almost off. Several experts examined the glass and the case, and expressed the opinion that the cutting and forcing were not the work of an experienced burglar.

The news spread like wild-fire through the city. Crowds gathered in the streets and about the bulletins of the newspapers, excitedly discussing the latest rumors, and asking, "Who stole the vouchers?" Public suspicion pointed strongly in one direction, and Mayor Hall, unable to resist the pressure of public sentiment, lost no time in writing to the Controller that the "exigency" required his retirement from the head of the Finance Department, in order that another gentleman might be appointed who would be enabled to investigate the affair and restore public confidence. Mr. Connolly, in a letter which is admirable for its cool impudence, declined to resign, plainly told the Mayor that both were in the same boat, and that if one went overboard the other must follow suit.

No fresh discoveries have been made in regard to the disappearance of the vouchers, but the impression is strengthened that but one set of persons in the city could have committed this singular robbery. When the detectives who examined the premises were asked whether it was not very strange that the thief or thieves had opened only those two lockers containing the vouchers that were wanted, and there was not a mark of a jimmy on any other article of furniture in the room, they smiled, and replied that it was evident the rascals were well informed as to the lockers they intended to open. The faces of the crowds that entered the office to examine the cut window and damaged lockers were a study. Having gratified their curiosity, they invariably turned away with a sneering smile or laugh of derision, while many audibly exclaimed, "Too thin!"—a sentiment which Mr. Nast has admirably illustrated in his cartoon on our front page this week.

So much for the stolen vouchers. There is, however, another feature of Mr. Connolly's case. A suit was recently commenced before Judge Barnard, of the Supreme Court, to enjoin the Controller from further disbursement of the public funds. A temporary injunction was immediately granted, and a day set to hear counsel on the question whether it should be made perpetual. Mayor Hall pretended to be very much amused by this proceeding. He characterized it as "one of Judge Barnard's jokes," and professed to believe the motion for a perpetual injunction would be denied. The Judge's "joke" has, however, proved to be no laughing matter for Connolly. To every body's surprise, the injunction, after elaborate argument on both sides, was declared perpetual, and the Judge, while lightly animadverting on the acts of Tweed, Sweeny, and Hall, spoke in the severest manner of the Controller's administration of the affairs of his office. Whether this action indicates a desire to regain public confidence, or whether it is merely a shrewd dodge to save a part of the Ring by the sacrifice of one member of the fraternity, are questions which time alone can determine.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

The island of New Guinea, which has recently been brought before the public in connection with negotiations respecting it between England and Holland, is a spot of peculiar interest to adventurous travelers, because very little is known to us concerning it. Comprising two hundred thousand square miles, and about fourteen hundred miles in length, it is yet an unexplored region, within whose boundaries no white man has penetrated, probably, fifty miles. Snow-clad mountains of great height are visible from the northern and southern coasts; doubtless there are large rivers, and the coast abounds in thick forests. Nothing is known of the inhabitants in the vast interior. The dwellers on the coast live at war with each other, being divided into petty tribes. They are tall and dark, somewhat resembling the negro in features. The splendid bird-of-paradise comes from New Guinea, and it is believed to be the home of many other curious and beautiful birds. Here dwell also kangaroos and crocodiles, and other strange and interesting specimens of animal tribes. Rice, sago, yams, fruits, and spices of various kinds grow on this island, whose climate is moist and warm. Doubtless it is rich in vegetable productions. But our certain knowledge respecting this vast island is very limited. Its mysterious interior should awaken the curiosity of some Livingstone or Du Chaillu.

About sixty different newspapers were started in Paris during the Commune, from March 18 to May 21. Some of them died a swift death, after having issued a single number. Only two of them exist at present. The names of many of these papers are curious, as, for example, The Hyphen, the Little Bell, Cain and Abel, The Good Sense, The Wasp.

Curious five-year-old boys they have in Detroit. One specimen called at a house in the city a few days ago, and said that he was from Chicago, that his parents were both dead, and that he would like to have a home. He looked neat and intelligent, and the family decided to adopt him. Three days after, when he showed himself in the front yard for the first time, he was seen and claimed by his mother, who lives a few blocks away, and who had hunted the city over for the lad.

London contains a population of about 3,000,000; almost four times as many as New York city.

The Persian government showed great indifference and oppression in many cases during the late famine. The following instance is mentioned: The proprietor of a large garden could not at the moment pay the increased tax levied, and the governor of the district had the water necessary for irrigation cut off and led to another garden. In a few days the first garden was nothing but dry, yellow plants. The water was still kept away, and in a month all the lemon and orange trees it contained, to the number of 12,000, were dry fire-wood.

An educated Brahmin of Hindostan read with deep interest sundry articles on women which were published in the London Saturday Review. Interpreting the language literally, he mistook the cynical views of English society and highly-colored representations of English customs as statements of facts. The Review spoke of the sale of Belgravian daughters, and reported the condition of the marriage market. So the Brahmin, desirous to follow the customs of enlightened England, actually sold one of his daughters at auction for forty-five pounds sterling.

An English country gentleman—Mr. Hyford Barr by name—has a novelty in his private park, in the shape of a "snakery," which he has established, and wherein he keeps a large number of innocent species of snakes. Every one to his taste.

There is a "House of Refuge"(?) in New Orleans, where boys have been punished to the extent of 240 lashes. The bodies of these poor victims were literally covered with bruises when an examination was made into the state of things. The superintendent and his assistant have been arrested. Much nearer this city is a so-called "Home," from which a boy lately escaped with a block of wood weighing eleven pounds chained and riveted to his neck. Comment is needless.

Two persons bearing the character of "undoubted veracity" witnessed a rare ride the other day—a wasp riding on a green worm. How far he had ridden they did not know; but after they saw him they watched him a distance of twenty-five feet. Occasionally the worm would stop, lie motionless as though he was dead, when the wasp, after a little, would spur him up, and he would go on. After a while the worm ceased to move, and the wasp dismounted and quickly ran and removed a little stone about two inches from where the worm lay, and then seizing the worm by the head, drew it into the hole. Presently the wasp came out, put on the gravel top over the hole, covered the stone over, and seemed to be getting ready to fly, when the observers killed him. They then dug out the worm, but it was dead.

Long articles have been written and numerous theories advanced respecting the cholera. Its ravages have been detailed, its peculiar character discussed, its past travels traced, and much advice given concerning the prevention of it. On two points all writers on this subject seem to agree—that certain stringent measures of disinfection are essential wherever cholera actually exists; and also, what is of immediate practical importance in every city, that every locality should be put in such a sanitary condition that, if cholera comes, its spread will be limited. This disease is likely to spread just in proportion to the existence of certain local facilities. The history of cholera shows plainly enough that a prudent and enlightened action on the Board of Health in every city, combined with watchful care on the part of every householder, would, if commenced in season, prevent the disease from becoming epidemic. The strictest cleanliness is the greatest safeguard the people can use. Special measures, of course, are adopted by the authorities of every city, when this dreaded disease is on its march, to prevent its invasion. But none of these make less imperative the one grand essential—namely, cleanliness, which the inhabitants of every city have a right to demand for their own protection.

A steamer of the Pacific Mail Steamship Company, the Alaska, recently brought from Hong-Kong to San Francisco about two millions of pounds of tea—a most remarkable cargo. The annual consumption of tea in the United States is about forty-two millions of pounds. Years ago tea took a tedious voyage around the Cape of Good Hope; now only a few weeks are required to transport it to San Francisco, and thence to New York.

Justin M'Carthy writes of a curiosity which was recently shown him by a London publisher in the shape of a large solid wooden box, a cube of about two feet every way, and bound at the corners with iron. The box was addressed, in painted letters, to the publishing house, and contained—what did it contain? A service of plate, a present of books, a few dozens of wine? Nothing of the sort; only the MS. of a novel which he was requested to publish! The novel was written in small and neat characters, in a series of bound volumes of the ledger and day-book style, and these volumes were numerous enough to fill completely the treasure-chest which had been so carefully provided for their reception. The publisher stated that any one of these closely written volumes would make an ordinary three-volume novel (English style), so far as words and pages were concerned. Moreover, it is said that the author or authoress of this yet unpublished work of fiction is not a lunatic, but a sane person, in the ordinary acceptation of the term.

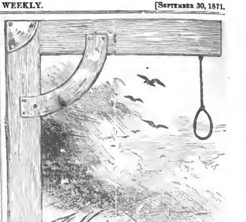
The Baden-Baden "travel costume" is said to be the greatest novelty in traveling dresses, being literally made of the rough brown bath toweling which we know as Turkish.

An English savant is so much agitated on the subject of the final fate of the earth, if not of the sun also, that he has written a book to ask, "Will the earth become a sun-spot?" The question is open for discussion.

Not many ministers nowadays possess the wonderful eloquence in reading hymns that Dr. Nettleton did. It is said that on one occasion he commenced reading the familiar hymn, "Behold a stranger at the door!" and, as with a sudden uncontrollable impulse, the whole congregation turned their heads to look. Effective reading of hymns and the Scriptures in church services is a great power.

The "Grecian bend," the "Alexandra limp," the "Saratoga droop," and the "Kangaroo jump" make a pretty quartette of terms descriptive of modern styles of walking.

The preparation of kindling-wood for the market is a recognized department of the coal and wood trade. Some of the pine used is brought from Long Island, but most of it is Virginia pine.



THE ONLY WAY TO GET OUR TAMMANY RULERS ON THE SQUARE.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

A thin, cadaverous-looking German, about fifty years of age, entered the office of a health-insurance company and inquired, "Ish in mee in vot insures de people's helse?" The agent politely answered, "I attend to that business, sir." "Vell, I vants mine helse insured: vot you charge?" "Different prices," answered the agent; "from three to ten dollars a year. Pay ten dollars a year, and you get ten dollars a week in case of sickness." "Vell," said mein Herr, "I vants ten dollar vot." The agent inquired the state of his health. "Vell, I ish sick all te time. I's shust ton at and two tree hours a tay, and te doctor says he can't do noting more good for me." "If that's the state of your health," returned the agent, "we can't insure it. We only insure persons who are in good health." At this mein Herr bristled up in great anger. "You must tink I's a pig fool! vot you tink I come pay you ten dollar for insure my helt ven I vos vell?"

A Chicago paper says of a contemporary that "it has doubled its circulation: another man takes a copy now."

In Indiana a local paper attributes a scarcity of small change to its being sent to the heathen through church collections.

Isn't it queer that contractors should be engaged to widen streets?

A baker has invented a new kind of yeast. It makes bread so light that a pound of it weighs only twelve ounces.

The Chrysalis-Time of Love—Marriage.

A wholesale house advertises: "Wanted—women to sell on commission." Gals, now's your chance.

Two teachers were discussing the efficacy of corporal punishment in education. "I can speak from large experience," said one. "I have always used it in my school, and every one knows that my scholars are the cream of our aristocracy." "The whipped cream, if you please," rejoined his opponent.

The Coming Man—Jack Frost.

"Sam, how do you like that knife I sold you last week?" "So so. It's not very sharp; yet you managed to shave me with it."

SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

A committee of the British Association, which was largely instrumental in securing the passage of an act of Parliament for the preservation of sea fowl and their eggs, now proposes to have the law extended to other species, including such of the wading and swimming birds as are fit for human food. Attention was called by the committee to the case of the very rare bird known as Pallas's sand-grouse, a native of Eastern Asia, which has occasionally visited Western Europe in immense numbers, and where it would probably have established itself but for the extermination following its appearance.

The Fourth Annual Report of the Trustees of the Peabody Museum of American Archæology and Ethnology has made its appearance, and presents a gratifying picture of the progress of this great establishment. The most important additions during the year have been a collection of stone implements from Cape Cod presented by Mr. Samuel H. Russell, a series of duplicates from the Christy collection of London, and specimens obtained from explorations in Tennessee by Mr. Dunning, and in Central America by Dr. Berendt. These are supplemented by numerous single donations of more or less value. In the course of some critical observations upon the specimens received by the Museum attention is called to the great value of a collection of crania and human bones obtained from certain mounds in Kentucky by Mr. S. S. Lyon, in the course of explorations made under the combined auspices of the Smithsonian Institution and of the Peabody Museum. The peculiarities of the crania of the American Indians have already been referred to by various writers, but some curious facts are detailed in the report in regard to other portions of the skeleton. Thus the ulna and radius, as compared with the humerus, were found to be much larger in the mound Indians, while the length

of the tibia, as compared with the femur, is longer in the whites. In quite an unusual number of Indian skeletons the two fossæ at the lower end of the humerus were found to communicate, producing a perforation. This feature, rarely met with in the white races, occurs quite frequently in the mound remains, while in the black race it appears to be still more frequent.

An additional peculiarity of the mound bones consists in the flattening of the tibia, which, until the date of the present publication, has not been recorded as occurring in America, although remains from the dolmens of France, the quaternary drift of Clichy, and the burial-caves of Cro-Magnon and Gibraltar exhibit this in a very marked degree.

As regards the pelvis, the breadth in the Indian races is found to be less than in the whites, while the three diameters of the brim of the true pelvis are greatest in the Indians. The transverse diameter and the size of the outlet of the pelvis are much the largest in the Indian, while the sacrum is less curved, supplying conditions which in the process of parturition are more favorable to the Indian women.

We have already referred at various times to enterprises on the part of the Peruvian government in exploring the less-known portions of that country, and we find in late South American journals details of a movement looking toward the examination of the regions of the Ucayale and Urubamba. The object of the expedition is to find a port which will open up to the department of Cuzco a communication with the main branch of the Amazon, and thence to the Atlantic. The work is to be under the direction of Mr. TUCKER, favorably known in similar enterprises before. The present plan is for Don RAYMUNDO ESTRELLA and another commissioner to start from the port of Illapani in two large canoes, and make their way by the Urubamba to Iquitos, which is the Peruvian naval station on the Amazon. This is for the purpose of obtaining such a knowledge of the rivers as may fit them to serve as pilots to the steamer which is to ascend the Ucayale and explore the Urubamba. They are to make their way back about thirty leagues from Cuzco.

By the Report of the Commissioners of the Herring Fisheries of Scotland for 1870, just published, we learn that the season in question proved the best known upon the coast of Scotland, the yield having amounted to over 835,000 barrels, as compared with 804,000 for 1862, the next largest. The blockade of the Baltic ports by the French had a depressing influence, without which it is supposed the catch would have been much larger. The cod and ling fishery was also improved, the increase amounting to ninety-seven hundred weight. In the various fisheries about 15,000 boats, manned by nearly 46,000 men and boys, were employed. The total estimated value of the boats, nets, lines, etc., was over $4,700,000.

A writer in *Land and Water*, calling attention to the great number of porpoises in India, proposes to utilize them in the interest of the arts by the construction of some cheap form of harpoon lance, which is to be shot into them from a boat by means of a shoulder gun. The chief value of porpoises consists in the oil, skin, and head, and in the leather, which is of the strongest character, and fitted for all uses where extreme tenacity is required.

The daily papers of August 29 contain the latest reports from Captain HALL and his steamer *Polaris*, in the form of a telegraphic dispatch from the United States ship *Congress*, dated at St. Johns, Newfoundland, August 28. It will be remembered that this vessel was detailed by the Secretary of the Navy to carry supplies of provisions and coal to be stored in Greenland for the use of the arctic expedition. She left St. Johns on her outward trip on the 3d of August, reaching Disco on the 10th, passing hundreds of immense icebergs on the way. The *Polaris* was found at Disco, having reached that place only six days in advance, although she started long before the *Congress*.

Captain HALL and his party were in good spirits and sanguine of success. The *Congress* reports that Captain HALL left Disco on the 17th of August for the north, where communication with him will, of course, be uncertain for some time to come, unless the object of the expedition in reaching the north pole can be accomplished in time to return during the present year. It is understood that instead of going by way of Jones Sound, as was the original intention, Captain HALL will proceed along the eastern side of Smith Sound. By all accounts the water is much more open than for many years past, there being comparatively little drift ice to bar progress. To the surprise of the officers of the *Congress*, the summer temperature of Greenland was found to be quite elevated, and there was a luxuriant vegetation to be seen around the settlement of Disco.

We have already adverted to the offer of Mr. JOHN HAMPDEN, of England, to forfeit five hundred pounds sterling in case he failed to prove to the satisfaction of an impartial referee that the earth is flat, and not round. The challenge was accepted by Mr. ALFRED R. WALLACE, an eminent naturalist, and, as might have been expected, the case was decided against Mr. HAMPDEN. Since that time Mr. WALLACE has been much annoyed by scurrilous attacks both upon himself and wife at the instigation of Mr. HAMPDEN, and he has been obliged to seek protection in the courts; and as the result Mr. HAMPDEN has been compelled to pay damages to the amount of six hundred pounds sterling.

The Panama papers speak of the great success which several whaling ships are now meeting with in the Bay of Panama, quite a number of whales having been killed there every day for some time past. It is stated that at the time the steamship *Chile* passed Payta a school of small whales was there in such abundance that the boats were afraid to leave the harbor.

We have already referred to the hydrographical and other explorations in Alaska by Mr. WILLIAM H. DALL, under the patronage of the Coast Survey; and we now learn that he left San Francisco for the north at the end of August, bound direct to English Harbor, Oonalaska, there to go into winter-quarters. It was his intention, according to his instructions, to make use of every favorable opportunity to survey the vicinity of that port, and in March to proceed westward, sounding and surveying as far as Kamtchatka, and then turning north and eastward to Cape Romanzoff, to return to Oonalaska, and thence proceed homeward. The vessel obtained for the expedition, although small, is conveniently adapted for its purpose, and can carry provisions for six months; and it is expected that fresh supplies will be forwarded from San Francisco in March next. The party, besides Mr. DALL, consists of Professor HARRINGTON, the astronomer, Captain W. G. HALL, sailing master, with two mates and five men.

Dr. SCLATER, at the late meeting of the British Association, presented a report of the committee for the founding of zoological stations in different parts of the globe, the idea being to establish these at points selected with reference to their expressing the peculiarities of zoological character where extensive collections in natural history can be made. It is proposed that one of these stations be at Torquay, on the southern coast of England; and a grant of five hundred pounds sterling was asked from the Association for this purpose.

The sea-fowl protection bill, passed some years ago by the British Parliament, has already produced striking results in the great multiplication of sea-fowl on the coast of England; and it is now quite a common complaint among the residents of certain districts that the birds are so numerous that they destroy, to a great extent, the young fish, including the fry of the herring, mackerel, and salmon. It is proposed, therefore, to relax somewhat from the stringency of the law, so as to allow the taking of a certain number for food, feathers, and oil; this permission, as is contended, being necessary to keep the species down to a reasonable degree of abundance.

Among other interesting communications to the late meeting of the British Association is one by Mr. KENT upon the zoological results of the dredging expedition of the yacht *Norna*, off the coast of Spain and Portugal, in 1870; great credit being given to her owner, Mr. MARSHALL HALL, for thus utilizing a summer's excursion in the interest of science. Many interesting collections were obtained, embracing new forms of the group of silicious sponges, to which *Euplectella*, or "Venus's flower-basket," and *Hyalonema*, or the "glass rope sponge," belong. These were obtained at from 400 to 800 fathoms, off Cape St. Vincent, at the mouth of the Setubal River, and included specimens of *Hyalonema* scarcely to be distinguished from the well-known Japan species. A species of *Pecten* (*P. contrarium*) was found identical with a common fossil of the Norwich Crag, and other invertebrates obtained more nearly related to Japanese and Chinese species than to any known Atlantic or Mediterranean forms.

The material obtained during the cruise was readily separable into two portions: the first, that collected from the shore-line down to a depth of 100 fathoms, which presented an interblending of Mediterranean species with those inhabiting a more temperate coast of Europe; the second, embracing those taken at a depth of more than 400 fathoms, remarkable for their northern or colder water character and affinities.

It is much to be desired that some of the owners of the many powerful steam and sailing yachts in the United States may be induced to follow the example of Mr. HALL, as the field of exploration outside of a few miles from shore, along the Atlantic coast, is almost entirely unworked, with the exception of what has been done by the United States Coast Survey, and this, however rich in results, covering but a small portion of the ground. During the summer season a week or two might be spent off the coast, at distances varying from twenty to a few hundred miles, with perfect ease and safety; and by means of apparatus costing but little, and with the companionship of some man of science, always readily obtainable, it would be a more rational occupation than that of junketing in harbors, or sailing races for the mere purpose of ascertaining which of several boats is the swiftest.

THE PRIESTS AND THE CHILDREN.

BY EUGENE LAWRENCE.

No more alarming fact appears in the condition of our city—not even the gross corruption of its rulers and the total decay of public morality—than that its free-school system has received a fatal blow. Its children are ceasing to attend school. Each year the usual increase in attendance has been three or four thousand, but since 1869 it has scarcely been as many hundred. Population advances, but the number of pupils in the public schools remains nearly unchanged. Should this condition of things continue, it is easy to see that in a few years the system of general education must sink into decay, and wholly fail to supply that basis of intelligence and virtue upon which all free governments must rest.

To destroy our free schools, and perhaps our free institutions, has been for many years the constant aim of the extreme section of the Romish Church. The Romish Church has become identified with the society of LOYOLA; the Jesuits rule at Rome; the daring and aggressive spirit of that singular body has found a suitable instrument in the Irish Catholics; the Irish Catholics govern New York. Such is the unhappy condition of our free city that the priestly influence which has been cast off with abhorrence in all foreign lands—except, perhaps, in distracted France—has thrown its blight upon the very sources of our advancing intelligence and prosperity. In Italy a vigorous free-school system has been introduced in defiance of the intrigues of the priests or the anathemas of the pope. In Rome itself, beneath the shadow of the Vatican, education is open to all. Spain is slowly imitating Italy. And it is scarcely three years since fifteen hundred school-masters, the most valuable and progressive portion of the Austrian population, met in an assembly at Vienna and demanded from their government the perfect freedom of the public schools. Their request was granted; education was relieved from the intolerable burden of priestly interference; the pope in vain hurled anathema or allocution against the rising intelligence of the people.

But while Vienna, Madrid, or Rome have, with signal courage, defied the spiritual and temporal power of their former tyrants, the Irish Catholics, the last adherents of the infallible pope, have made haste to lay New York at his feet. Of all the great capitals ours is the only one that is priest-ridden. The Jesuits and the Irish appoint our Mayor and Controller, our judges and Police Commissioners, the Board of Aldermen, the Board of Education; and the results of this Catholic rule have become apparent in such enormous peculation, such a wide system of daring robbery, such a rapid growth of crime, such rulers and such officials, as have scarcely been known in the worst governed capitals of Europe. The poor are ground down by an intolerable taxation; corrupt officials, in uncounted numbers, plunder the people at will; the Romish Church grasps its full share of the spoil. In Madrid, Rome, and Florence, so recently the centres of priestly intolerance, the indignant people have confiscated the ill-gotten gains of the Church, sold monasteries, convents, Jesuit colleges and abbey lands, and applied their proceeds to the relief of the embarrassed nation. In New York, within a few years, Romish colleges and convents, churches, hospitals, cathedrals, have sprung up in startling numbers, and were paid for, either secretly or openly, from the already bankrupt treasury of the city. Already we need a HENRY VIII. to break up our monasteries, and may well imitate the example of Italy or Spain.

Yet, had our priestly rulers spared our children, we might have exercised some patience. They might take our money, did they leave us any hope for the new generation. There is—or there was—no more cheering sight than one of our crowded public schools, where a thousand children might often be seen, happy, hopeful, intelligent, learning from careful teachers neatness, good order, and self-control, as well as grammar or spelling, and, whether taken from the cellar or the dram-shop, being rapidly transformed into decency and morality. The public school was a centre of light and progress in the least reputable quarters of the city. Nor has any expense or foresight been spared to make this part of our civic institutions as perfect as we could devise. Nowhere are finer school buildings, more costly appliances, or the inventions of eminent educators more zealously applied. Its common-school system has done more for the well-being and good order of our city than all its courts and judges, police or prisons; for the welfare of every community rests upon the education of its children.

But bitter is the hatred with which our Catholic rulers have ever looked upon the public school. Accustomed to control the ignorant masses of Ireland or of unreformed Italy and Spain, fearful that these people, if educated, would revolt from their tyranny, at least in political matters, the foreign priests and their American converts have for twenty years waged a ceaseless war against the cause of education. Their papers teemed with denunciations of the common-school system. They demanded that the method of instruction introduced by our ancestors at the foundation of their free institutions, and rapidly advancing toward perfection beneath the labors of eminent educators—a HENRY BARNARD or a HORACE MANN—should be at once abandoned; that denominational schools should be established, in which might be taught, at the public expense, the politics of the Dark Ages or the worship of Mary; where republican institutions might be denounced, the foundations of freedom sapped and undermined at will; where sect should be trained in hostility against sect, and possibly a tone of morality inculcated such as that which has now made the civic government of New York a shame and a reproach to freemen.

They pursued their assaults with persistent audacity. Their first pretext was that, by law, some passages from the Holy Scriptures were directed to be read each morning in the public school. The more liberal Catholics never objected to so profitable a regulation, but the Jesuitical faction exclaimed against it as a fearful insult. They required that the Bible should be wholly disused in popular education; that the principle of papal Rome should be adopted by American educators. They even boldly violated the express law, and in several Catholic schools the Bible has never been read for twenty years. Next they complained of history—not certainly without some cause, for history must be scarcely less unpalatable to the Jesuit than the Bible; and so successful were they in their appeal that the grievance was redressed, and the study of history, it is stated by a teacher, has sunk to nothing in the New York schools. Text-books have been rewritten; truth often modified or suppressed; yet still our foreign rulers were never content. With their growing strength they gained the control of the Board of Education. That body, which had once been made up of intelligent and honest citizens, was now composed, in great part, of the ignorant and often the vicious, of disreputable men who had gained influence in corrupt politics; of the least worthy section of the ruling party. The schools at once began to decline. Teachers were sometimes appointed wholly unfit for their duties, and from their small salaries a considerable bribe was often exacted by their avaricious patrons. The office of teacher was, in fact, put up for sale. The discipline of the schools grew imperfect; the Protestant teacher was often made to feel the impertinences of his ignorant masters.

Triumphant and vigorous, the extreme faction next resolved to create a rival system. They established private schools in different parts of the city; they boldly demanded that they should be supported from the public funds. Nothing could now resist the influence of the priests. The city officials hastened to serve their masters, and a law was passed by which a certain revenue was appropriated to the maintenance of private schools. The common-school system was, in fact, abandoned in principle, and seminaries established, wholly sectarian in character, where, at the expense of the city, children might be taught the doctrines of LOYOLA, or a blind obedience to a foreign Church.

And now came the final blow. The priests had determined to take the control of the common schools from the people, and place it in the hands of a body of men wholly under their influence. If this were done, they modestly suggested, there would be an end of all controversy. In the Board of Education there were still several honest men, elected by the people, who were conscientious and resolute, who gave trouble, who must be put out of the way. This could be accomplished only by abolishing the board altogether. The winter of 1871 came—the most memorable for painful and disgraceful incidents in the history of the city of New York. It was the culmination of the triumph of our priestly rulers. A band of men, united at least in interest, ruled the city, and even the State, with a despotic power seldom equaled, who owed their offices to the priests. A new charter was created realizing that power, almost perpetual. The wealth of the city was wasted in enormous salaries to judges, officials, and countless dependents, the faithful servants of the Romish Church; and every Catholic institution, from the Protectory to the Foundling Asylum, enjoyed its share of the plunder of the impoverished city.

In this carnival of extravagance and corruption the Board of Education was swept away, and its powers lodged in a new board of twelve men appointed by the Mayor. It is stated that nearly all its members hold office under the city government; that the people have lost all control over the public schools; that no one can be appointed a teacher who is without influence with the ruling faction; that the Bible is being rapidly excluded from all the Catholic schools; that an effort is apparent in several wards to drive away the Protestant teachers; that in one school the children were found celebrating the Catholic feast of the Ascension; that since 1869 there has been a steady decline in the numbers of the pupils, in the discipline and value of the schools. So faithful to its Romish masters is the new board that it has excluded from its list of school-books most of the publications of an eminent publishing house because these periodicals have spared neither the pope nor his New York associates; nor can it be doubted that the destruction of our common-school system must be the final result of the continuance of our present rulers in power.

To save the children from the priests, therefore; to preserve from desecration or decay that generous system of instruction devised by our fathers, which can alone teach equality and fraternity among all citizens; to save the foundations of our freedom—must now be the aim of every honest man. Against the enemies of the children who will not help us? We claim the aid of every Protestant yet unbribed; of every liberal Catholic who has seen with joy the emancipation of Austria, Italy, or Spain from a spiritual tyranny; of every German who, in his country's danger, felt the sincerity of republican sympathy; of the Irishman who has discovered with gratitude and joy that here at least he may find a peaceful home, equality, and freedom; that his children may here rise by industry and virtue to any station they may deserve to win; that here he need feel himself no stranger. We claim the aid of the enlightened Romish priest to restrain the fanaticism of his unreflecting brethren, to check them in their mad crusade against the cherished institutions of their adopted home.

We might appeal even to the Romish Church itself to settle the end of its political agitators before they lead it to its ruin. We have no hostility, as citizens, to any sect or any creed. We rebuke only the guilty. But for any sect or any party that forces upon us unworthy rulers, that seeks to embarrass the progress of education, that corrupts the sources of our civilization, and fosters among us the dishonesty and the empty show of European courts, we are certain a fearful retribution will be found in the general indignation of the people. The common-school system is dear to every American; the school-master is rising every day to new importance in the nation. He who offends either can not hope to escape unpunished.

One happy result may flow from our disasters. The fate of New York under its priestly rulers will serve as a warning to every city, town, or village from the Atlantic to the Pacific. No one need any longer turn to history to observe the effect of Romish influence. It lies before him: our treasury rifled; our credit shaken; the poor laborer asking vainly for his honest wages day after day; the rich official reveling in disreputable gains; an enormous debt heaped upon us we know not how; our schools decaying, our teachers cowering before their Catholic masters; our press, when it ventures to complain, threatened with violence or insulted by offered bribes; the interests of the city neglected, its honorable reputation gone. We may trust, too, that from our disasters and our humiliation a new spirit may arise among our people; that economy, honesty, simplicity may return to us; that every vestige of the priestly rule may be swept away; and that the citizen of New York may yet be suffered to speak the truth with as little danger of personal violence in his own city as if he were in Rome, Madrid, or Vienna.

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THE AMERICAN RIVER GANGES.

THE PRIESTS AND THE CHILDREN.—[SEE PAGE 918.]

THE NEW FOUNTAIN PRESENTED TO THE CITY OF CINCINNATI.—[See Page 911.]

A CRIMINAL CATASTROPHE.

During the siege of Richmond the James River was defended against the Union gun-boats by torpedoes filled with an explosive mixture of exceptional power. The secret of the compound, the principal ingredient of which was nitro-glycerine, became known to parties who put it to use in the manufacture of toy torpedoes for children, by whom they were prized for the fearful racket they made when exploded. They were soon discovered to be highly dangerous. Children met with dreadful accidents in playing with them. The life of grown persons was endangered in the street, where these dangerous playthings were thrown by careless hands. The manufacture and sale were at length prohibited; but the men who had obtained a patent for this "infernal machine" in disguise paid no attention to the action of the authorities. Under the firm name of "KLEMMER & GOLDSCHMIDT" they carried on the manufacture in a shed building in East New York, whence they distributed the torpedoes to every part of the country. Several severe accidents have occurred at the factory, but none of a fatal character.

On the 14th inst. a truck load of these terrible toys was stationed in front of the store-house of Messrs. KLEMMER & GOLDSCHMIDT, Beekman Street, New York. The truckman was assisting Mr. GOLDSCHMIDT in unloading them, when, it is supposed, a box containing several hundred torpedoes slipped to the sidewalk and exploded. Mr. GOLDSCHMIDT was fatally injured. The unfortunate truckman was blown upon an adjoining awning and street lamp, and hung suspended there, his head and shoulders projecting beyond the edge of the awning. He had scarcely a shred of clothing left upon him, and was shockingly mangled, and died soon after his removal to the hospital. A lad of fourteen, who was sitting in a cellar-way near by, was instantly killed; and an old man of seventy-six, who was passing at the time, was so badly injured that he died soon afterward. Several others were seriously wounded. A pitiable spectacle was exhibited by the truck horses. One had the lower jaw broken by a fragment of wood, and both were covered with deep gashes in the sides and haunches. No one had the humanity to kill them, and they stood for two hours in the street before an agent of Mr. BERGH could be procured to say what should be done with them. They were then led away to a stable.

The building before which the torpedoes were unloading was very much shattered, and there was scarcely a whole pane of glass left in the windows on either side of the street the distance of a block from where the explosion took place. The truck was flattened to the pavement, portions of it were scattered over the street, and not a single wheel was left entire. Providentially the street was comparatively clear at the time, or the loss of life would have been greater. A street car filled with passengers had passed the building but a moment before; a delay of a few seconds might have added scores to the list of fatalities. Our illustration on page 909 shows the scene of this terrible catastrophe immediately after the explosion.

CONVERTING U. S. FIVE-TWENTIES.

MESSRS. JAY COOKE & CO. have issued the following financial circular relative to the general conditions of the loan market, and the exchanging of government bonds for railroad securities:

Office of JAY COOKE & CO., }
NEW YORK, *September 20, 1871.* }

The signal success of the New Five per Cent. Government Loan foreshadows the early funding of the entire Public Debt at 5 per cent, or a less rate, and indicates that the average rate of interest on loanable capital in this country will not henceforward be much above 6 per cent., the tendency being to an equalization of rates between America and Europe.

The present holders of Five-Twenties must, therefore, decide whether it is not best to make at once such a change of investment as will enable them to realize as *profit*, or add to their capital, the present average premium of 14 per cent., while at the same time largely increasing their annual income.

To holders of United States Securities who wish to improve the present most favorable opportunity for changing their investment at a large profit we strongly recommend Northern Pacific Seven-Thirty First Mortgage Bonds (principal and interest payable in gold), now selling at par in currency. They are in large and rapidly increasing demand, and with their high rate of interest, ample security, and their convertibility into the Lands of the Company at 10 per cent. premium, they constitute a most desirable investment, and can hardly fail to advance considerably above par at an early day.

The holder of a $1000 Five-Twenty bond who exchanges it now for Northern Pacifics thereby increases his principal by 14¼ per cent., receiving $1142 in Northern Pacifics for $1000 in Five-Twenties. He also permanently increases the yearly interest income on his investment more than 30 per cent., to from $60 in gold to $83 22 in gold.

This most unusual opportunity for the profitable conversion of Government Bonds into Corporate Securities of undoubted reliability can not long continue. The increasing abundance of loanable capital both at home and abroad, the almost certain rise in value of all desirable railroad mortgages, the rapid absorption of Northern Pacific Seven-Thirties, and the probable early substitution of a six per cent. bond for the remainder of the Northern Pacific loan, and the early funding of the remainder of the National Debt at lower rates, promise very soon to change the entire aspect of the loan market which is just now so peculiarly favorable to investors.

This state of things suggests prompt action on the part of those who wish to exchange securities so as to profit by the present high premium on Five-Twenties. JAY COOKE & CO.,
Philadelphia, New York, and Washington.

THE JEWELERS' ART IN NEW YORK.

The time was when the question of "who read an American book?" scarcely elicited a reply. As to American art (at least in regard to that most esthetic portion of it, the setting and fashioning of precious stones, with the detail of their ornamentation), our productions, until of late years, were of a singularly crude and unclassified character. Most of us can recollect the time when, about jewelry, ideas of quantity, to the disregard of quality, were most in vogue. Our fathers, as far as art in bijouterie went, were satisfied with the mediocre. (Twenty years ago, if a five-dollar gold piece was rolled out to three or four times its size, it would have been an acceptable ornament.) Now, however, all this is changed, and they have learned to be critical in their taste. Purchasers look not only at the designs, but give a critical examination to the work, and no article of jewelry defective in any way, even on the back, displaying coarse workmanship, is severely criticised, and often rejected. More of beauty in design are sought after. The quantity of the precious metals used is not so much cared for as delicacy in the details of execution. We do not purchase because the ornament is simply massive, but because a skillful artificer has fashioned it with taste. The mounting of stones in every branch of the jewelers' art may be compared to the effects of a picture in its frame. The whole should be harmoniously blended, so that nothing can shock or jar the display. To arrive at the present state of perfection has been a difficult task. Public taste had to be directed, and purer models introduced, which gradually eliminated what was bad and glaring. Artists and workmen in all the various branches were educated, and the jewelers' art in America has been revolutionized. The results have fully rewarded the labor expended. We were never made so fully conscious of this advance in taste as when we visited the establishment of Messrs. BRAUN & MATEIN, No. 33 John Street (which, unlike other stores, are found situated up stairs), and saw their rich collection of jewels, in Brooches, Pendants, Necklaces, and Bracelets, which for happiness of conception and admirable workmanship fully rival the most celebrated works of European jewelers.—[Com.]

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We sell Waltham Watches in Gold and Silver Cases only, but at prices so low that there is no longer any inducement to purchase the worthless watches with which the country has been flooded. For full particulars and prices, send for our Illustrated Price-List, and mention *Harper's Weekly*.—HOWARD & CO., No. 865 Broadway, New York.—The new "*Boy's Watch*" is now ready.—[Com.]

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THOSE of our readers who desire their hair to take the same color as when young should use Hall's Vegetable Sicilian Hair Renewer.—[Com.]

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THE CAUSE AND CURE OF CONSUMPTION.—The primary cause of Consumption is derangement of the digestive organs. This derangement produces deficient nutrition and assimilation. By assimilation I mean that process by which the nutriment of the food is converted into blood, and thence into the solids of the body. Persons with digestion thus impaired, having the slightest predisposition to pulmonary disease, or if they take cold, will be very liable to have Consumption of the Lungs in some of its forms; and I hold that it will be impossible to cure any case of Consumption without first restoring a good digestion and healthy assimilation. The very first thing to be done is to cleanse the stomach and bowels from all diseased mucus and slime, which is clogging these organs so that they can not perform their functions, and then rouse up and restore the liver to a healthy action. For this purpose the surest and best remedy is Schenck's Mandrake Pills. These Pills clean the stomach and bowels of all the dead and morbid slime that is causing disease and decay in the whole system. They will clear out the liver of all diseased bile that has accumulated there, and arouse it up to a new and healthy action, by which natural and healthy bile is secreted.

The stomach, bowels, and liver are thus cleansed by the use of Schenck's Mandrake Pills; but there remains in the stomach an excess of acid, the organ is torpid and the appetite poor. In the bowels the lacteals are weak, and requiring strength and support. It is in a condition like this that Schenck's Seaweed Tonic proves to be the most valuable remedy ever discovered. It is alkaline, and its use will neutralize all excess of acid, making the stomach sweet and fresh; it will give permanent tone to this important organ, and create a good, hearty appetite, and prepare the system for the first process of a good digestion, and ultimately make good, healthy, living blood. After this preparatory treatment, what remains to cure most cases of Consumption is the free and persevering use of Schenck's Pulmonic Syrup. The Pulmonic Syrup nourishes the system, purifies the blood, and is readily absorbed into the circulation, and thence distributed to the diseased lungs. There it ripens all morbid matters, whether in the form of abscesses or tubercles, and then assists Nature to expel all the diseased matter in the form of free expectoration, when once it ripens. It is then, by the great healing and purifying properties of Schenck's Pulmonic Syrup that all ulcers and cavities are healed up sound, and my patient is cured.

The essential thing to be done in curing Consumption is to get up a good appetite and a good digestion, so that the body will grow in flesh and get strong. If a person has diseased lungs, a cavity or abscess there, the cavity can not heal, the matter can not ripen, so long as the system is below par. What is necessary to cure is a new order of things—a good appetite, a good nutrition, the body to grow in flesh and get fat; then Nature is helped, the cavities will heal, the matter will ripen and be thrown off in large quantities, and the person regain health and strength. This is the true and only plan to cure Consumption, and if a person is very bad, if the lungs are not entirely destroyed, or even if one lung is entirely gone, if there is enough vitality left in the other to heal up, there is hope.

I have seen many persons cured with only one sound lung, live and enjoy life to a good old age. This is what Schenck's Medicines will do to cure Consumption. They will clean out the stomach, sweeten and strengthen it, get up a good digestion, and give Nature the assistance she needs to clear the system of all the disease that is in the lungs, whatever the form may be.

It is important that, while using Schenck's Medicines, care should be exercised not to take cold; keep in-doors in cool and damp weather; avoid night air, and take out-door exercise only in a genial and warm sunshine.

I wish it distinctly understood that when I recommend a patient to be careful in regard to taking cold while using my medicines, I do so for a special reason. A man who has but partially recovered from the effects of a bad cold is far more liable to a relapse than one who has been entirely cured, and it is precisely the same in regard to consumption. So long as the lungs are not perfectly healed, just so long is there imminent danger of a full return of the disease. Hence it is that I so strenuously caution pulmonary patients against exposing themselves to an atmosphere that is not genial and pleasant. Confirmed consumptives' lungs are a mass of sores, which the least change of atmosphere will inflame. The grand secret of my success with my medicines consists in my ability to subdue inflammation instead of provoking it, as many of the faculty do. An inflamed lung can not with safety to the patient be exposed to the biting blasts of winter or the chilling winds of spring or autumn. It should be carefully shielded from all irritating influences. The utmost caution should be observed in this particular, as without it a cure, under almost any circumstances, is an impossibility.

The person should be kept on a wholesome and nutritious diet, and all the medicines continued until the body has restored to it the natural quantity of flesh and strength.

I was myself cured by this treatment of the worst kind of Consumption, and have lived to get fat and hearty these many years, with one lung mostly gone. I have cured thousands since, and very many have been cured by this treatment whom I have never seen.

About the 1st of October I expect to take possession of my new building at the northeast corner of Sixth and Arch Streets, where I shall be pleased to give advice to all who may require it.

Full directions accompany all my remedies, so that a person in any part of the world can be readily cured by a strict observance of the same.

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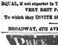

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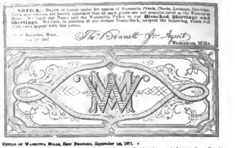

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A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

VOL. XV.—No. 771.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 7, 1871. [WITH A SUPPLEMENT. PRICE TEN CENTS.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1871, by Harper & Brothers, in the Office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington.

A SCHOOL-BOARD CAPTURE.

THE English Elementary Education Act contains several features which perhaps might be to advantage incorporated in our own school laws. Among other sensible provisions there is one, to be put in force at the discretion of the local school boards, for compelling the attendance at school of children not otherwise learning or working. The justice and wisdom of such legislation had been established by sound argument and sad practical experience, which proved that the community suffers a huge amount of mischief in every way from the idleness and ignorance, too readily enducted to positive crime, so frightfully prevailing among the poor, neglected youth of large towns. In London society has been obliged in self-defense to resolve on the application of a forcible treatment to remedy this growing evil, and the operations of the School Board of that city have already been extended to the apprehension of vagrant boys and their committal to the industrial schools.

The officer employed by the board in this service is an ex-policeman, well acquainted with the haunts and habits of juvenile vagrants. He knows exactly when and where to lay hold upon those most in need of attention. He has been accustomed now and then to seek them, with a police constable to aid him, at a very early hour of the morning, some time before daybreak, in those nooks and corners of the great city where they are apt to lie down and find the wretched shelter of the outcast—in railway arches or beside the abutment piers of bridges, or in the sheds of building yards, or in the cellars of un-

A LONDON SCHOOL-BOARD CAPTURE.

ful. One looks in vain for the "reckless gambler" one has read about and talked about, for "reckless" is the very last word by which one would describe the ring of business-like people who come day after day with the hope of making money by an ingenious dodge. Their talk, if one listens to it over the dinner-table, turns altogether on this business-like aspect of the question. Nobody takes the least interest in its romantic or poetic side, in the wonderful runs of luck, or the terrible stories of ruin and despair which form the stock in trade of the novelist; the talk might be that of a conference of commercial travelers.

Most of the talkers announce themselves frankly as men of business. No doubt at Monaco, as elsewhere, there is the usual aristocratic fringe—the Russian prince who flings away an estate at a sitting, the half blind countess from the Faubourg St. Germain, the Polish dancer with a score of titles, the English "milord." But the bulk of the players have the look and air of people who have made their money in trade. It is well to look on at such a scene, if only to strip off the romance which has been so profusely showered over it. As a matter of fact, nothing is more prosaic, nothing meaner in tone, nothing more utterly devoid of interest, than a gambling-table; and the fascination which it exercises over some minds is incomprehensible to those who regard it without permitting themselves to take part in the play.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 14, 1871.

Circulation 135,000 Copies.

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The Rising Generation

of young men are depicted in the forcible style which characterizes his pictures; an interesting illustrated Memoir of MRS. CATHARINE SEDGWICK; *a fine view of* WEST LAUREL HILL CEMETERY, *near Philadelphia, the continuation of "*LORD KILGOBBIN;*" and other features of interest.*

WAGGERY IN POLITICS.

MR. TILDEN, the chairman of the Democratic State Committee of New York, is a wag. With exquisite humor he selects the moment when the most flagrant political corruption in our history is exposed in the city where the Democratic party has an unquestioned ascendency to declare that "the present demoralization has happened under the ascendency of the Republican party." The phrase is cunningly chosen, for it is true that the Republican party controls the country. But to insinuate that it is therefore responsible for the swindling of Democrats in New York is an excellent jesting as it would be to state that it was during the Presidency of WASHINGTON that GENET insulted the Government, and as if WASHINGTON were really responsible. But after this delicate insinuation Mr. TILDEN proceeds boldly to declare that "there is no doubt the tendency of the principles and measures of the Republican party is unfavorable to purity in government." Mr. TILDEN is a humorist. He knows that every intelligent man in the country who hears a Democrat gravely making this remark at this time in the city of New York will shout, with Mr. Squeers, "Here's richness!"

With all other honest men Mr. TILDEN sees and deplores the corruption of our politics. In the present movement of purification in the city he has taken an energetic and effective part, so active and shrewd, indeed, that the *World*, the chief paper of his party in the city, sneered at him. We wish Mr. TILDEN and his friends success in their attempts to cleanse the Augean stable of their party. But why should they interrupt the good work to declare that the defilement proceeds from the Republicans? Even the Albany *Argus* confesses that the Democrats were the buyers in the Legislature. They were the active, positive corrupting power. But the source of the evil is far behind. "Purity in government" in this country was assailed before any of the present Tammany Ring were in active life. The corruption in our politics is due to three chief causes, and each of them is identified with the Democratic party.

The first of these causes was the deliberate and dogged support of slavery. The ground of the fathers upon the subject was that slavery was rapidly disappearing, and they would not admit the word slave into the Constitution. But from the moment that slavery became profitable its systematic defense began. It was defended economically, politically, socially, morally, and religiously, and the defender was the Democratic party. Its position was an insult to God and man. It falsified the fundamental principle of the government, and sacrificed all the vital securities of liberty. The Democratic argument for a generation was a revolting sophistry. Its policy depended upon appeals to the basest and cruelest prejudices. Ignorance and cupidity were the conditions of its success. The party, mastered by the great slave lords, became a mere instrument for confirming and perpetuating slavery by degrading the national conscience. This demoralization became so evident in 1848 that many of the best men left the party. But it did not change its course. It would rule or ruin, and at last, for the sake of slavery, attempted the forcible destruction of the Union.

The second cause of the corruption of our politics was the prostitution of the civil service to party patronage. This was the work of the greatest of Democratic Presidents, General JACKSON. He wholly changed the practice of the government. HENRY CLAY, in the Senate, denounced the innovation as full of fatal perils for the country. WILLIAM L. MARCY, a Democrat, whom Mr. TILDEN mentions as an example of political morality, replied to Mr. CLAY, and announced the maxim upon which the Democratic President was then acting—"to the victors belong the spoils." From that time to this it has been the rule. It has filled the public service with intrigue and incompetency. It has caused the absorption of the executive prerogative by the Legislature. It has destroyed the first great balance of the Constitution. It has made the national election a mere grab game for plunder. And for this vast and incalculable demoralization the Democratic party is responsible.

The third cause of the corruption of our politics is the reckless pandering to the ignorance of the foreign population and to the political priesthood. The significant but contemptible illustration of this spirit is the conduct of the Democratic Mayor of New York in wearing a suit of green clothes upon St. Patrick's Day, and in surrendering the rights of American citizens to the threat of a religious mob. It has been the policy of the Democratic party to buy the "Irish vote" at any price. If the Democratic leaders thought that the suppression of the right of peaceful assembly and free speech, or conniving at the overthrow of the public-school system, or sneering at "niggers" would secure that vote, they did not hesitate. So wholly identified was the party with these degrading and demoralizing tendencies, and with all the dangerous elements of a great community, that when we have sometimes remonstrated with honest men for allowing certain theories to serve them as excuses for supporting the party, they have replied, "But what would become of us if some good men did not remain to try and hold the party in check?"

These are the great obvious causes of the corruption of our politics. The inflation and speculation that have followed the war, the chances of contracts during the war, the general relaxation of moral fibre which necessarily succeeds a war, are all to be included also. But these are due to the war, which was the effort to withstand the logical consequences of Democratic ascendency. It had depended upon the party patronage, and upon its servility to foreign ignorance and ecclesiastical ambition, to corrupt and intimidate the country in order to perpetuate slavery. The Republican party was the uprising of the country against this conspiracy of iniquity. Does Mr. TILDEN suppose that if the desperate course of the Democratic party had not been checked in 1860 by the election of Mr. LINCOLN and a Republican administration, the moral character of the country would have been purer to-day than it is? Does he believe that if M'CLELLAN had been elected upon the Democratic surrender platform of '64, or SEYMOUR upon the Democratic repudiation platform of '68, that "purity in government" would have been promoted?

The last national Democratic platform declared for a violation of the national faith. The Democratic General EWING, in the present Ohio canvass, renews the proposition. Does Mr. TILDEN think that a great party can gravely recommend rascality without developing knavery in its ranks? Or does he suppose that in the greatest State of the Union—where Mr. WILLIAM M. TWEED has long been Democratic dictator, buying the Legislature, forcing the Governor to sign the Erie bill, plundering the people of the city with contemptuous audacity, enriching himself and his Ring beyond reckoning—a gentleman can arise and remark that the Republican party is the great author of corruption, without filling the land with uproarious laughter? It is the Democratic party that fostered slavery; that prostituted the civil service; that pandered to ignorance and ecclesiastical wiles; that plunged us into war, which has occasioned speculation, extravagance, and a wild greed of riches at any cost; and therefore, says Mr. TILDEN, "there is no doubt the tendency of the principles and measures of the Republican party is unfavorable to purity in government." Mr. TILDEN is a wag.

A DISSOLVING VIEW OF THE WHITE HOUSE.

THE constant reference in newspaper paragraphs to the health of Chief Justice CHASE, and the reports of interviews in which he expresses his views of the political situation, and the letters written by him to politicians and committees, show that he is still looking toward the White House. A recent letter to the *Tribune*, in speaking of Mr. CHASE and his candidacy, says, very truly, that the situation is no longer what it was in 1868. Indeed, it is very different. Up to that time Mr. CHASE had been a Republican leader. From the first he had been faithful, and while others faltered, he had never swerved. As late as the autumn of 1867 he was considered by many of the shrewdest Republican politicians as the undoubted candidate in 1868. They relied upon his political experience and ability, his identification with the radical policy of the party, his popularity among the colored voters in the Southern States, his unshaken fidelity to the party, and also upon his skill as a political manager and his influence upon the national banking interest. There was no other equally conspicuous Republican, they said, and Mr. CHASE is a statesman. He is the natural choice of the party.

This was a very common view among the managers, who, as is so often the case, omitted the considerations that lie beyond party routine. In February of 1868 it was very evident that these politicians were mistaken, and that General GRANT was to be the candidate. Mr. CHASE is a politician also, and he saw it. It was plain that he saw it when the impeachment trial began, because, although he did nothing for which he could be technically and formally blamed, the Republican leaders felt that they had lost his sympathy. As July approached, when the Democratic Convention was to meet, there were obscure hints of a new departure—of a conference at which Mr. SEYMOUR had urged Mr. CHASE as the Democratic candidate. Presently it was known that there was a determination to nominate him if possible at Tammany Hall. It was believed that the Democratic situation was so desperate that the party principles and traditions might be thrown overboard, and the country carried in a fog for the Democratic candidate. The risk was great, but it was better than ruin.

The theory was preposterous, but it was seriously held by many persons, who still believe that if Mr. CHASE had been nominated by the Democrats he would have been elected. Do they also think that if Mr. SEYMOUR should now announce that, upon the whole, he found that he had more sympathy with Republicans than with Democrats, he would be a good candidate to put the result of 1872 beyond question? So resolute was the purpose of some Democrats to nominate Mr. CHASE, that Mr. SEYMOUR, the president of the Convention, had prepared a speech in which to nominate or second him. It was read to a friend, and it was in his pocket when he accepted the nomination for himself. For Mr. CHASE that was a *dies iræ*. His chance was gone forever. His nomination then would have been a stratagem which can not be repeated. The hope of the surprise was to secure Republican votes. But what Republican votes could be expected in 1872 for a Democratic candidate of 1868, who, during the intervening four years, has not been recognized as a Republican, and who openly expresses his sympathy with the Democratic party as the party of progress and reform? The question for the Democratic Convention of 1872 in regard to Mr. CHASE will be, not how many Republican votes he can divert from the Republican candidate, but whether he is a more available Democrat than Mr. HENDRICKS, or Mr. SEYMOUR, or Mr. PENDLETON.

Our political history does not furnish a more instructive lesson than that of the career of the Chief Justice. He rose steadily, in sympathy with the upward political movement of the country, and one of its chiefs, to be the permanent head of one of the three great branches of the government. But the overmastering desire of the Presidency has left him fallen from the respect of those who fought with him the glorious fight, and has not won for him the confidence of his old foes. The Democrats point to the present relations of Mr. SEWARD and Mr. CHASE with the Republican party as illustrating the renunciation of the principles and policy of that party by those who knew them best. Of men less known this might be plausibly affirmed. But it is impossible in the case of two public men so conspicuous. Had the Republican party nominated Mr. SEWARD in 1860 or 1864, or Mr. CHASE in 1868, the former would hardly have gladly prophesied an anti-Republican majority of 40,000 in New York in 1866—when the Republican majority was 30,000—and the latter would probably not feel that the welfare of the country requires the defeat of the Republicans. As there are notorious men in New York and elsewhere who constantly show that money may cost much too high a price, so there are men who have rendered great services to their country, but who now prove to the most reluctant heart that honorable political distinction may be sought at a total sacrifice of respect and confidence.

THE NEXT GOVERNOR OF MASSACHUSETTS.

THE contest for the nomination for Governor of Massachusetts ended most harmoniously. General BUTLER, who had so strenuously nominated himself for a month before the Convention met, found that he was not wanted by the party. When he discovered that fact, the General was shrewd enough to bow politely, and say, "As you please, gentlemen," and declare that he would not destroy himself by bolting. Mr. RICE had previously withdrawn his name, and so had Dr. LORING, so that the contest was between Mr. WASHBURN and General BUTLER. Late at night Mr. WILLIAM B. WASHBURN, of Greenfield, was nominated by 643 votes, to 464 for General BUTLER, and nine scattering. The result was received not only with immense applause in the hall, but by the hearty approval of all good citizens of the commonwealth.

It is a nomination upon which Massachusetts and the Republican party are to be congratulated. Mr. WASHBURN has been for some years the representative in Congress of one of the western districts of the State. His service has been noiseless, but most efficient and faithful, and his constituents have constantly refused to permit him to retire. He is universally respected, and his modest, spotless character, tried ability, and quiet devotion to duty are precisely the distinctions which are most to be sought in public men, and which contrast curiously with the claims, the methods, and the career of General BUTLER. It is just the kind of nomination which, under the circumstances, Massachusetts should have made. It rebukes Butlerism in every form. It shows that the party, in its native seat, is still true to the principles which have given it so long and so proud a dominance. It still demands unsullied character in the candidate, and unbounded trust in that character from his fellow-citizens. And the Republicans of Massachusetts know that in calling Mr. WASHBURN to the seat of JOHN A. ANDREW, they summon a man whom that illustrious leader would have most warmly welcomed.

THE RING MEETING.

THE class who do not read newspapers, who believe that every politician who treats them to free whisky is their friend, who are ready for a row upon the most fanciful provocation, who think a man who secretly steals a million and ostentatiously gives a few thousands of it for charity is a friend of the poor man, is very large in the city of New York, as it is in all great cities. Ignorance is simple and gullible. Any body who ever took the trouble to read FERNANDO WOOD's speeches at ward meetings a few years ago, or who is familiar with the history of demagoguery any where, will not be surprised by the late TWEED meeting in New York. In a city where such a man could not collect such a crowd his career would be impracticable, because in the last extremity he depends upon their muscle. A demagogue believes in muscle, if not in morality. He holds the mob as a rod in pickle for those who oppose and denounce him. The censure of newspapers and the contempt of honorable men do not disturb him, because he thinks that money will buy the silence of the papers, and that honorable men will not refuse to associate with him for public purposes, and will not dare to decline his private invitations.

Nobody has ever accused Mr. TWEED of ill nature. He is a good-humored skeptic of every thing but the power of money. His view of a difference with him, as of a denunciation of venality, is merely that it is, in the slang of his friends, "a put-up job"—that it is only a holding out for more money. Experience so often confirms his theory that it is not surprising that it is his cardinal point of faith. In the spring of 1870 there was a loud Democratic denunciation of Mr. TWEED and his associates. In April of that year Mr. CREAMER, of New York, said in the Legislature, "I know that a determined effort will be made by this gang of public robbers, who have heretofore controlled the city of New York and the Legislature and other departments of the government, to defeat any action of the government calculated to disturb them." The *World* supported the assault in the most vehement manner it could command. There was even an organization to overthrow the Ring. But presently Mr. TWEED good-humoredly pocketed the whole opposition; and except for the

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pluck of a Republican journal, he would be to-day, as he was a few months ago, the undisputed head of the Democratic party of New York.

Certainly it is not surprising that an ignorant crowd should assemble in the city of New York to shout and drink in honor of Mr. Tweed and at his expense, that they should declare him the noblest Roman extant, and nominate him for the Senate, as they would gladly nominate him dictator for life; nor is it any more surprising that he should address this crowd as the friends of his childhood, proudly challenge the fullest and closest investigation of his life and official career, and declare that every man who holds office must expect to be maligned, reviled, and traduced. If any body supposed that the exposures in the press and the indignation meeting and the Committee of Seventy would deprive Mr. Tweed and the Ring of all support, he is very ill prepared for the contest upon which the people of New York have entered. In our system there will always be a struggle between demagogues and honest men, and the victory will not be with honesty nor with liberty if we suppose that exposures will do the work.

There was one omission among the inscriptions upon the banners at the Tweed meeting, which we now supply. With a kind of prophetic insight Theodore Winthrop, who would have been a gallant soldier in this battle as in the one in which he nobly fell, wrote, in "Cecil Dreeme," what would have been most appropriately wrought in gold letters over the platform of the great Tweed meeting:

"It was one of those epochs when mankind is in a slough of despond, and must have a lift from thereabouts. It was a time when society, that drowsy Diogenes, was beginning to bestir itself after a careless slumber, and holding up the lantern of public opinion to find honest men, suddenly revealed a mighty army of rogues. Rogues every where, scurvy rogues in mean places, showy rogues in high places; rogues cheating [illegible] in cheap shops, rogues defrauding for millions in splendid bank parlors, princely rogues claiming princely salaries for unperformable services, and puny rogues, corrupted by such example, stealing the [illegible] [illegible] and their puny pay, and give them their [illegible] [illegible] rogues bartering up a million's worth of [illegible] as [illegible] in their fob and rogues as potent for ill on a smaller scale keeping back the widow's mite, and storing the orphan's portion with the usurer. Rogues every where! and the great, stern, steady eye of public opinion, at last fully open, and detecting each rogue in the place he had crept or strode into, fixing him there in his dastard shame or his guilty bravado, and branding him Thief, so that all mankind could know him."

HONEST CANDIDATES ONLY.

The determination of a great many persons to vote only for honest men at the next election is a good sign in a bad time. It shows, indeed, the conviction that corruption is universal; but it shows also an independence which can remedy corruption. It is undoubtedly true, as we have said before, that great reforms can be effected only by great parties. But to do pure work a party must be pure, and to keep it pure its best men must not hesitate to refuse to follow it to do wrong. Now to elect dishonest or doubtful men is to do wrong. An open attack upon the very principles of the government is not so fatal to it as the corrosion of dishonesty. To a sincere Republican, who believes that his party comprises the mass of intelligent and well-meaning citizens, and that its tendencies and principles are good, a dishonest Republican is as much more repugnant than an honest Democrat, as a Copperhead was worse than a rebel. Such dishonesty is treachery in the camp. And when such men are nominated, to vote for them is to stab the party.

We know very well what is always said under such circumstances, that the other party is no better, and that it is only a choice of rascals. But there is no choice among rascals. The success of any of them is equally disastrous, and the only safe way is to oppose rascality. It was very well understood in Massachusetts that if General Butler had been nominated for Governor, thousands of the best Republicans in the State would have voted for Mr. Adams, the Democratic candidate. One of the delegates to the Convention, Mr. Babbitt, was charged by Butler with having said that he would vote for Adams if Butler were nominated; and Mr. Babbitt immediately rose in the Convention, and said that he would state publicly to the Convention, and "in the face and eyes of Benjamin F. Butler," that he had said so, and that he would vote for John Quincy Adams before he would vote for Butler. Mr. Babbitt may not have meant to vote at all; but there were a great many Republicans who would have voted for Adams, upon the ground that the election of Butler would have been a greater injury to the party and the cause than the election of Adams. They were right; for if the Republicans of the model Republican State had deliberately preferred a demagogue to a man of honor and principle, what hope of greater purity in government could have been consistently entertained of the Republican party?

This must not be forgotten in New York. The present political campaign is essentially one of honesty against corruption. That there is corruption in our own party we Republicans can not deny, and to sustain unfit candidates when it is in our discretion to nominate honorable candidates is suicidal folly. Let it be understood, therefore, that only unsuspected men will be supported at the polls. Let it be distinctly declared by influential Republicans in Chautauqua, for instance, that they will vote for an honest Democrat rather than for Mr. Bemus. Let it be understood in the city that the Republicans will unite with honest Democrats to defeat the Tammany candidates. All good men must make common cause against the great and imminent peril, and that is the corruption which is every where apparent.

THE NEW YORK REPUBLICAN TICKET.

The nominations made by the New York Republicans are such as should be heartily supported by all honest men in the State. This year's campaign is against political corruption. It is a battle for honesty and purity, and the Republicans have nominated able, active, earnest, and honest men as their leaders. Their characters and their antecedents are their credentials. The people of New York may be sure that if these men are elected their great trust will not be abused, the money of the people will not be squandered, dishonesty and extravagance will be checked, and past and present iniquities in public administration severely scrutinized and pursued. The nominations show that the party fully comprehends the crisis, and, despite its divisions, is still true to its principles and precedents.

Of the stormy session of the Convention we say nothing, because nothing can now be wisely said. The Tribune, which represents those who withdrew from the hall, promises the heartiest support of the candidates, while it will doubtless continue its warfare upon those to whose action it attributes the bolt. Meanwhile we believe that the great mass of the Republican party of New York, knowing how much is at stake in this election, and seeing that victory is thrust into our hands, will exult in the conviction that those with whose names it will conquer are men whose election the honest men of the Democratic party may safely favor, should those honest men be driven from their own Convention. Such men will, we may presume, prefer honest Republicans to Tammany Democrats, and will either directly or indirectly, by voting or abstaining from voting, help to secure the defeat of the Tammany Ring.

THE ELECTION IN PHILADELPHIA.

The citizens of Philadelphia should seize the opportunity, at the ensuing election, to range themselves on the side of municipal reform, by electing the very excellent candidates for city officers presented on the Republican ticket. The Democratic party, however loud in the profession of honest intentions, can not be trusted. Wherever it obtains control it inaugurates the Tammany Ring system, the only difference being that outside of New York its operations are on a less magnificent scale of villainy. A Republican victory this month in Philadelphia would not only insure that city against municipal corruption, but encourage those who are fighting Democratic "Rings" in New York and other cities. It would have more than a local importance. Its good effects would be felt in every city where the conflict between corruption and reform is in progress.

The Republicans of Philadelphia have put in nomination some of their most eminent and worthy citizens, who, if elected, will insure them an honest city government, faithfully and economically administered. Their candidate for Mayor, Mr. W. S. Stokley, is a gentleman of high standing in the community, and thoroughly familiar with municipal affairs, having been for ten years a member of the city councils, and having presided over both branches during the war. The office of Mayor is especially important in Philadelphia, as he has the appointment of all the men on the Police Department. At present nearly the whole force consists of Irish Roman Catholics.

The Republican candidate for City Treasurer, Mr. Peter A. B. Widener, is a gentleman of extensive business experience and sound judgment. From long personal acquaintance we believe him to possess the ability to fill with credit any position requiring financial knowledge, and his probity is above suspicion. The candidate for City Solicitor, General Collis, though still a young man, has had a varied and extensive experience. He served through the whole war, commencing as a private soldier and ultimately attaining the rank of Brevet Major-General. He is a member of the Philadelphia bar, and a gentleman of acknowledged ability and high personal character. The candidate for District Attorney, Hon. William B. Mann, has also had a wide experience in official life. He held the important office of chief or deputy prosecuting attorney for seventeen or eighteen years, and discharged the duties of his position with ability and unquestioned integrity. The other names on the ticket are also unexceptionable, and if the honest citizens of Philadelphia would perform their whole duty by themselves and the friends of reform in other cities, they should not fail to elect their candidates by so large a majority as to bury the Democratic party in that city out of sight.

PERSONAL.

Mr. William M. Meredith, one of the counsel of the United States at the arbitration to be held at Geneva, is seventy-two years of age. He graduated with distinction from the University of Pennsylvania in 1812. He represented Philadelphia in the State Legislature from 1824 to 1828, and from 1834 to 1849 was president of the Select Council of the city. On the accession of President Taylor he was appointed Secretary of the Treasury, and held that place until the death of the President, in July, 1850. From 1861 until 1867 he was Attorney-General of Pennsylvania. As an able and ready legal debater he has few equals and scarcely a superior in the country. He is also a man of varied erudition, and a most agreeable person socially.

—Mrs. E. Lynn Linton, whose fictions are among the most interesting published in Harper's Library of Select Novels, had a narrow escape recently from drowning. She fell into a river during some country ramble. She is a very clever woman—with the gentlest tongue and the sharpest pen.

—Perhaps one of the reasons that enables the Rev. Mr. [illegible] to secede from the Episcopal Church and set up on private account is that he can afford it. He is a gentleman of wealth and owns the church edifice in which he officiates. His people have strong personal attachment for him and do pretty much every thing he suggests. It is easy for one to burst the clerical bonds when one has plenty of six per cents to back it up.

—The London Publishers' Circular says: "Mr. T. Nast is widely celebrated—and has been so for years—as the leading caricaturist of America. Students of art will notice in his thin, delicate lines of [illegible] an [illegible] approach rather to French than to English art."

—Mr. James E. Harvey, for several years United States Minister to Portugal, and for the past year editor of the Washington Patriot, has been compelled by ill health to retire from that position. Mr. Harvey is a writer of superior ability, and a gentleman of varied erudition. [illegible]

—[illegible] United States.

—The King of Italy has named Count [illegible] [illegible] of the [illegible]. The Italian press are unanimous in speaking of him as admirably fitted for the place.

—[illegible], who has poetical fame in Maine, the land of his fathers, is an aged man, but ambitious. Desiring to do the State service, he ran for and was elected, a few weeks since, to the Maine Legislature. He wrote as follows to the Portland Press on the evening of the election: "As a candidate for Representative the Democrats fought me desperately, but also meanly; yet I licked them by eighty-six majority, and made the following rhymes amidst the storm of battle:

"With blanching locks and failing sight,
[illegible]
Too lean enough to stand a fight,
Or pluck enough to fight it through."

—Chief Justice Chase has gone to visit Gerrit Smith, at Peterborough, Madison County. It is gratifying to know that the Chief Justice is improving. During the summer he has travelled mostly over the northern hemisphere, and visited all the known [illegible] in the country. From the daily recurring paragraphs and telegrams relating thereto, [illegible] dwelling in other countries might become impressed with the idea that the bodily condition of the Judge is the topic that chiefly engrosses the anxiety of the American people. There is reason to believe that such a supposition is not entirely consistent with fact. For many years the oft-[illegible] infirmities of Alexander H. Stephens constituted a subject of national anxiety; but since the editing of that Atlanta paper has failed to take him off, the general tremor seems to have alighted on the central figure of the Federal judiciary. Let us hope that Mr. Smith and Peterborough will do him good.

—So far as salary is concerned, President Thiers is a little better cared for than our President. The Assembly has recently increased his salary to $[illegible] a year, with $[illegible] for contingent expenses. He is lodged, washed, warmed, and lighted free. The total amount of his pay as chief executive is said to be about $[illegible].

—Mr. John E. Holbrook, who died recently in Charleston, South Carolina, at the age of seventy-[illegible], was distinguished as a scholar and naturalist. He was the author of several valuable works on [illegible] and [illegible], and for several years Professor of Anatomy in Charleston Medical College.

—Louis Napoleon shows no abatement of his [illegible] for power. A conspiracy for his [illegible] has been discovered, in which [illegible], Prefect of Paris, is implicated. M. Thiers is in great anxiety, not on account of [illegible] the plot, but with [illegible] fear of [illegible].

—The Rev. Joseph Richardson, who died at Hingham, Massachusetts, a few weeks since, at the great age of ninety-four, lived an eventful life. He survived every person who was a member of his parish at his settlement, and at his death was older than any other person in town. He graduated at Dartmouth College in 1802. He was a member of the Massachusetts Convention to revise the Constitution in 1820-21, a member of the Massachusetts House of Representatives in the political years 1821 and 1822. In 1823 he was elected to the Senate from Plymouth County, and re-elected in 1824, and again in 1826. In the latter year he was elected a member of Congress from Plymouth District, and re-elected in 1828. At the close of his second Congressional term he retired from political life, and was succeeded by Hon. John Quincy Adams. Mr. Richardson devoted the remainder of his life, until prevented by the infirmities of age, to his parochial duties. His publications have been numerous in the form of books, essays, sermons, orations, and speeches.

—Garibaldi again comes to the front by accepting, formally, the presidency of the united democratic societies of Italy.

—Horace Wilson and M. M. Scott, of San Francisco, have been added to the corps of American professors to the Japanese Imperial College at Yeddo.

—The person from whom the late Governor Andrew is said to have imbibed his anti-slavery convictions was the Rev. Asa Rand, who died recently at Ashburnham, Massachusetts, at the age of eighty-eight. He was for some years editor of the Boston Recorder.

—His Excellency President Thiers shows no decadence of speech. During the last meeting between him and Prince Gortschakoff the latter asked M. Thiers from whom he came, and was answered "from France." "Rather vague," said the Prince, smiling. "I hope you don't imagine," said Thiers, "that I come in the name of Gambetta and Jules Favre. I am an old minister of Louis Philippe, and represent the public."

—Senator Wilson, since his return from Europe, has had a friendly gathering of people at home and told them of his European experiences. He says: "The late war, about which so much was written, turns out to be a small affair compared with ours. The Prussians had but [illegible] killed, and the French army had 300,000 taken prisoners. The Germans are slow-going, deliberate, but powerful physically. They don't drink whisky, but beer. They don't invite you to visit them at home, but at the beer-gardens. There is the best music to be found in the world at Vienna, at the [illegible]—Strauss's band. Full 40,000 soldiers were set at liberty after the review at Munich, and I only saw three or four drunk. They all desire to emigrate to this country, but are too poor to come. They get $2 or $3 per week for twelve or thirteen hours' work. No eight-hour law there; but an American would do twice as much work in the same time. They are very slow and steady." Senator W. visited the Houses of Lords and Commons, dined with many of the members, and refused more invitations than he accepted. He thinks the House of Commons the most orderly body in the world, having strict parliamentary law [illegible]. Forty members make a quorum.

—Mr. William Black's [illegible] novel, "A Daughter of Heth," recently issued by Harper & Brothers, [illegible] had an [illegible] success in England, six editions having been sold [illegible].

—Lord John Russell recently made a speech at the conference of the "National Union for the Suppression of Intemperance" that may well startle the moral sense of Great Britain. He asserted that during the five years ending with 1870 the temperate British people spent for intoxicating liquors the sum of [illegible] pounds sterling—about twenty-five hundred millions of dollars. This amount is about three times as large as the annual income of all the railways of the United Kingdom, twice as large as the capital of all the savings-banks, half as large again as the national revenue for the whole time, and fifty times as large as the collective income of all the religious and philanthropic societies in the country. The worst part of it is that the greater part of this enormous sum is paid by the working-classes. The calculations are made from the amount of liquors which pay duty.

—It has transpired that Mrs. Frances Rowe[illegible], lately deceased in England, was the lady who five years ago gave anonymously $150,000 to the Middlesex Hospital.

—It is stated that General Robert Anderson is rapidly failing in health in Europe, with no hope of recovery, and that his circumstances are any thing but affluent. It is forty-six years since the hero of Fort Sumter graduated with honor at West Point. His record in the Florida war, his gallantry in the war with Mexico, and the bullets that he received in the attack on Molino del Rey were fitting preludes to the noble part he bore in the first dawn of the rebellion, and his splendid conduct at Sumter.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

The New York Republican State Convention, at Syracuse on Thursday, September 28, made the following nominations: for Secretary of State, G. Hilton Scribner; for Controller, N. K. Hopkins; for Attorney-General, Francis C. Barlow; for State Engineer, William B. Taylor, of Oneida county; for Canal Commissioner, Alexander Barkley; for State-Prison Inspector, Thomas Kirkpatrick.

A terrible fire has been raging on the coast of Lake Michigan, between Manitowoc and Sturgeon Bay, [illegible] sweeping up every thing, and consuming houses, barns, stores, and piers in their course. The losses in Kewaunee County, [illegible], are [illegible]. The farmers are burying their household goods in the ground to save them.

The receipts of internal revenue for the month of September were $[illegible], against $[illegible] for the same month last year. The receipts for the quarter ending September 30, 1871, are $[illegible], against $[illegible] for the same quarter last year. The receipts for the current fiscal year thus far are fully up to the estimates of the Secretary of the Treasury.

Mayor Hall has attempted the suppression of a weekly illustrated paper, which contained a cartoon of the Ring, by threatening to take away the license of every street stand where it was sold.

William F. Havemeyer has brought suit against J. H. Ingersoll, on behalf of the tax-payers, to recover $[illegible].

FOREIGN NEWS.

A league is forming in Germany for the expulsion of the Jesuits.

The Pall Mall Gazette contradicts a sensational report that Mr. Disraeli had made severe strictures concerning the Queen.

It is reported that the Emperor of Austria wishes to abdicate.

The foreign embassies of the kingdom of Bavaria are to be recalled, and the country represented as a portion of the German empire.

The Court of Arbitration on the Alabama claims at Geneva, Switzerland, will not meet for two months. The Brazilian arbitrator has not yet been appointed.

THE LEVEE AT ST. LOUIS, MISSOURI.—Photographed by R. Benecke, St. Louis.—[See Page 957.]

THE ST. LOUIS LEVEE.

The beautiful city of St. Louis is built on two terraces, the lower one rising abruptly from the bed of the Mississippi to a height of about twenty feet, the second making a more gradual ascent of about forty feet, and then spreading out into a wide stretch of level country. The city extends about eight miles along these terraces, and back four or five into the plain. It is regularly laid out, the long streets on the lower terrace running parallel with the curve of the river, while elsewhere they are usually at right angles with those running westward from the river bank.

The site of St. Louis was formerly that of an Indian trading post. In 1764 a company of French merchants, having obtained from the Director-General of Louisiana the exclusive right of trading with the Indians on the Mississippi, selected this as the most eligible position on the river, and erected there a large block-house and several stores. For many years it was only a fur-trade post. The first brick house in the town was built in 1813. Four years afterward the first steamboat landing was made there. In 1822 St. Louis received its charter as a city, though still having but little over 3000 inhabitants. The growth of its present prosperity dates from the development of the magnificent regions of the Northwest, which first assumed importance about 1825.

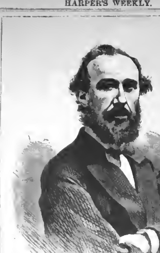
Our illustration on page 956 represents the levee, where the steamboats plying up and down the river make their landings. It extends for miles along the river bank, and, as our illustration shows, presents a very lively appearance. The Western steamboats are better subjects for the artist's pencil than those to which we are accustomed, being more picturesque in form, and the character and costumes of crew and passengers being often outlandish and curious.

HON. NEWTON BOOTH.

Newton Booth, the Republican Governor elect of California, is now forty-five years of age, having been born at Salem, a town of Southern Indiana, in the year 1826. When he was sixteen years of age his parents moved to Terre Haute, in the same State, and that place was his home until he went to California in 1850. He was a graduate of Asbury University, Indiana, in 1846, and several years later he was admitted to the bar. Upon his arrival in the Golden State he fixed his residence in Sacramento, and became a partner in a wholesale grocery house, with which he has been associated ever since, with the exception of three years, from 1856 to 1859, spent in the Eastern States.

Mr. Booth took no active part in politics before the war, except in the time of the Know-Nothing furore, when he canvassed several counties in opposition to that organization. He became an ardent Union man upon the announcement of the secession movement. In 1862 the Republicans of Sacramento elected him to the State Senate, and he filled his place with credit. He served for only one session, as, under the Constitutional amendments which went into effect in 1863, all the members of the Legislature were elected that year.

Mr. Booth was mentioned in 1867 as a proper person for Republican nominee for Governor, and in 1871 a majority of the delegates were instructed expressly or impliedly by their respective counties to vote for him, and the State Convention nominated him by acclamation. His nomination was received with general favor, every Republican newspaper organ in the State and nearly all the independent press pronounced for him, and he was elected by a large majority.



HON. NEWTON BOOTH, GOVERNOR ELECT OF CALIFORNIA.
[Photographed by Bradley & Rulofson, San Francisco.]

CAPTAIN HALL'S POLAR EXPEDITION.

We have received from Captain C. F. Hall, commanding the United States Naval North Polar Expedition, an interesting account of the voyage of the *Polaris* from New York to the island of Disco, off the western coast of Greenland, where the party waited the arrival of the supply ship *Congress*, commanded by Captain Davenport, before setting sail for the northwest passage which they hope to discover. The *Polaris* arrived at Godhaven, in the island of Disco, on the 4th of August, and six days afterward the *Congress* steamed into the little bay.

The work of transferring stores from one vessel to the other was at once commenced; and on the 17th of August, amidst the cheers of the crew of the *Congress*, and a salute of twenty-one guns from her heavy batteries, the *Polaris* steamed out of Disco Harbor bound to the northward. Captain Davenport states that the original plan of Captain Hall has been somewhat changed, and that, instead of pursuing the Jones Sound route, he will keep to the west side of Smith Sound, as the probability is that he would encounter pack ice to the southward and westward. The season, it is reported, is very open, and it is the impression aboard the *Congress* that the *Polaris* will be able to push very far north this year. All the officers and men of the *Polaris* were in excellent spirits, and appeared to be confident of success. "With a full supply of provisions," writes Captain Hall, August 17, "and an abundance of coal, we are in condition to encounter the unknown dangers of still undiscovered seas, of ice-fields to be crossed, and all the toils and hardships of the arctic regions. No rest to the explorer until he has conquered!"

The illustration on this page, representing the *Polaris* and the *Congress* in the harbor of Disco, is from a sketch taken on the spot by Lieutenant Arnold, of the *Congress*. The landscape is barren though picturesque, but Captain Davenport states that the weather was pleasant and enjoyable.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1871, by Harper & Brothers, in the Office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington.]

POOR MISS FINCH.

A Domestic Story.

By WILKIE COLLINS,

Author of "The Woman in White," "No Name," "The Moonstone," "Man and Wife," etc.

WITH ORIGINAL ILLUSTRATIONS

CHAPTER THE NINETEENTH.

(Continued.)

SECOND SIGHT OF THE DOCTOR.

I started to my feet, looked at him, and dropped back into my chair.

My mind reverted, the instant I recovered myself, to the effect produced on me when the blue man in Paris first entered my presence. In informing me of the effect of the medicine he had (you will remember) concealed from me the malady for which he had taken it. It had been left to Oscar, of all the people in the world, to enlighten me—and that by a reference to his own case! I was so shocked that I was speechless.

With his quick sensibilities, there was no need for me to express myself in words. My face revealed to him what was passing in my mind.

"You have seen a person who has taken Nitrate of Silver!" he exclaimed.

"Have you?" I asked.

"I know the price I pay for being cured," he answered, quietly.

His composure staggered me. "How long have you been taking this horrible drug?" I inquired.

"A little more than a week."

"I see no change in you yet."

"The doctor tells me there will be no visible change for weeks and weeks to come."

Those words roused a momentary hope in me. "There is time to alter your mind," I said. "For Heaven's sake reconsider your resolution before it is too late!"

He smiled bitterly. "Weak as I am," he answered, "for once my mind is made up."

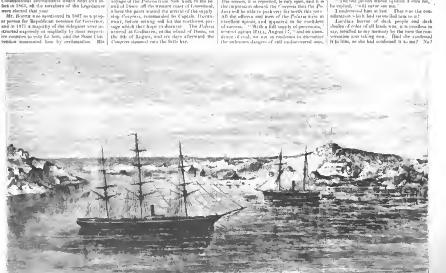
I suppose I took a woman's view of the matter. I lost my temper when I looked at his beautiful complexion, and thought of the future.

"Are you in your right senses?" I burst out. "Do you mean to tell me that you are deliberately bent on making yourself an object of horror to every body who sees you?"

"The one person whose opinion I care for," he replied, "will never see me."

I understood him at last. That was the consideration which had reconciled him to it!

Lucilla's horror of dark people and dark shades of color of all kinds was, it is needless to say, recalled to my memory by the turn the conversation was taking now. Had she confessed it to him, as she had confessed it to me? No!



The Congress. The Polaris.

THE "POLARIS" AND "CONGRESS" AT GODHAVEN, DISCO ISLAND, OFF THE COAST OF GREENLAND.
[From a Sketch by Lieutenant Arnold, of the "Congress."]

I remembered that she had expressly warned me not to admit him into our confidence in this matter. At an early period of their acquaintance she had asked him which of his parents he resembled. This had led him into telling her that his father had been a dark man. Lucilla's delicacy had at once taken the alarm. "He speaks very tenderly of his dead father," she said to me. "It may hurt him if he finds out the antipathy I have to dark people. Let us keep it to ourselves." As things now were, it was on the tip of my tongue to remind him that Lucilla would [illegible] of his disfigurement from other people; and then to warn him of the unpleasant result that might follow. On reflection, however, I thought it wiser to wait a little and sound his motives first.

"Before you tell me how I can help you," I said, "I want to know one thing more. Have you decided in this serious matter entirely by yourself? Have you taken no advice?"

"I don't want advice," he answered, sharply. "My case admits of no choice. Even such a poor, miserable creature as I am can judge for himself where there is no alternative."

"Did the doctors tell you there was no alternative?" I asked.

"The doctors hesitated to tell me. I had to force it out of them. I said, 'I appeal to your honor to answer a plain question plainly. Is there any certain prospect of my getting the better of the fits?' They only said, 'At your time of life, we may reasonably hope so.' I pressed them closer. 'Can you fix a date to which I may look forward as the date of my deliverance?' They could neither of them do it. [illegible] could say was, 'Our experience justifies [illegible] believing that you will grow out of it, but [illegible] justified in saying when.' 'Then I [illegible] years growing out of it?' They were [illegible] that it might be so. 'Or I may [illegible] out of it at all?' They tried to turn [illegible] I wouldn't have it. I said, [illegible] that one of the [illegible] Then [illegible]

[illegible]

said. "If she expresses any curiosity, in future conversations with you, about the effect of the medicine, check her at once. Keep her as ignorant of it as she is now."

"Why?"

"Why? If she knew what you know, how will she feel? Shocked and horrified, as you felt. What will she do? She will come straight here, and try, as you have tried, to persuade me to give it up. Is that true, or not?"

(Impossible to deny that it was true.)

"I am so fond of her," he went on, "that I can refuse her nothing. She would end in making me give it up. The instant her back was turned I should repent my own weakness, and return to the medicine. Here is a perpetual struggle in prospect for a man who is already worn out. Is it desirable, after what you have just seen, to expose me to that?"

It would have been useless cruelty to expose him to it. How could I do otherwise than consent to make his sacrifice of himself—his necessary sacrifice—as easy as I could? At the same time, I implored him to remember one thing.

"Mind," I said, "we can never hope to keep her in ignorance of the change in you when the change comes. Sooner or later, some one will let the secret out."

"I only want it to be concealed from her while the disfigurement of me is in progress," he answered. "When nothing she can say or do will alter it, I will tell her myself. She is so happy in the hope of my recovery! What good can be gained by telling her beforehand of the penalty that I pay for my deliverance? My ugly color will never terrify my poor darling. As for other persons, I shall not force myself on the view of the world. It is my one wish to live out of the world. The few people about me will soon get reconciled to my face. Lucilla will set them the example. She won't trouble herself [illegible]

they quieted her by declaring that the process of cure acted by general means, and did not attack the head. From that moment her curiosity was satisfied. Her mind had other objects of interest to dwell on before she left Dimchurch. She touched on the perilous topic no more.

It was arranged that I was to accompany Lucilla to London.

Oscar was to follow us when the state of his health permitted him to take the journey. As betrothed husband of Lucilla, he had his right of entry during her residence in her aunt's house. As for me, I was admitted at Lucilla's intercession. She declined to be separated from me for three months. Miss Batchford wrote, most politely, to offer me a hospitable welcome during the day. She had no second spare room at her disposal; so we settled that I was to sleep at a lodging-house in the neighborhood. In this same house Oscar was also to be accommodated when the doctors sanctioned his removal to London. It was now thought likely—if all went well—that the marriage might be celebrated, at the end of the three months, from Miss Batchford's residence in town.

Three days before the date of Lucilla's departure these plans—so far as I was concerned in them—were all overthrown.

A letter from Paris reached me, with more bad news. My absence had produced the worst possible effect on good Papa. The moment my influence had been removed he had become perfectly unmanageable. My sisters assured me that the abominable woman from whom I had rescued him would most certainly end in marrying him, after all, unless I reappeared immediately on the scene. What was to be done? Nothing was to be done but to fly into a rage, to grind my teeth, and throw down all my things, in the solitude of my own room, and then to go back to Paris.

Lucilla behaved charmingly. When she saw how angry and how distressed I was [illegible]

rapidly as his medical adviser had anticipated. It was possible—to look the worst in the face boldly—that he might not get the doctor's permission to leave Browndown before the time arrived for Lucilla's return to the rectory. In this event he could only entreat her to be patient, and to remember that though he was gaining ground but slowly, he was still gaining on. Under these circumstances Lucilla was naturally vexed and dejected. She had never (she wrote), from her girlhood upward, spent such a miserable time with her aunt as she was spending now.

On reading this letter I instantly smelt something wrong.

I corresponded with Oscar almost as frequently as with Lucilla. His last letter to me flatly contradicted his last letter to his promised wife. In writing to my address he declared himself to be rapidly advancing toward recovery. Under the new treatment, the fits succeeded each other at longer and longer intervals, and endured a shorter and shorter time. Here, then, was plainly a depressing report sent to Lucilla, and an encouraging report sent to me.

What did it mean?

Oscar's next letter to me answered the question.

"I told you in my last" (he wrote) "that the discoloration of my skin had begun. The complexion which you were once so good as to admire has disappeared forever. I am now of a livid ashen color—so like death that I sometimes startle myself when I look in the glass. In about six weeks more, so the doctor calculates, this will deepen to a blackish-blue; and then 'the saturation' (as he calls it) will be complete.

"So far from feeling any useless regrets at having taken the medicine which is producing these ugly effects, I am more grateful to my Nitrate of Silver than words can say. If you ask for the secret of this extraordinary exhibition of philosophy on my part, I can give it in one line. For the last ten days I have not had a fit. In other words, for the last ten days I have lived in Paradise. I declare I would have cheerfully lost an arm or a leg to gain the blessed peace of mind, the intoxicating confidence in the future—it is nothing less—that I feel now.

"Still, there is a drawback which prevents me from enjoying perfect tranquillity even yet. When was there ever a pleasure in the world without a lurking possibility of pain hidden away in it somewhere?

"I have lately [illegible] a peculiarity in Lucilla which is new to me, and which has produced a very [illegible] impression on my mind. My [illegible] of the change in my [illegible] appearance has now become a [illegible] [illegible]

"I SAW HER FAIR CHEEK LAID INNOCENTLY AGAINST THE LIVID BLA[illegible] OF HIS DISCOLORED SKIN."

[illegible] warned him here of Lucilla's [illegible] and of the difficulty there [illegible] reconciling her to the change in him when she heard of it. I dare say I ought. I dare say I was to blame in shrinking from inflicting new anxieties and new distresses on a man who had already suffered so much. The [illegible] Would you [illegible] If you would I hope I may [illegible] with you. What a [illegible] [illegible]

[illegible] that I left the house [illegible] to which he had determined to purchase his cure.

CHAPTER THE TWENTIETH.
[illegible] PAPA AGAIN!

The promise I had given did not expose me to the annoyance of being kept long on the watch against accidents. If we could pass safely over the next fifty days, we might feel pretty easy of the future. On the last day of the old year [illegible]

[illegible]

that cats are harmless, shudders and turns pale, for all that, if a cat is in the same room with her. Set my senseless horror of dark people against her senseless horror of cats—and say which of us has the right to be angry with the other?'"

Such was the quotation from Lucilla's letter to her father. At the end of it Oscar resumed, as follows:

"I wonder whether you will now understand me, if I own to you that I have made the worst of my case in writing to Lucilla? It is the only excuse I can produce for not joining her in London. Weary as I am of our long separation, I can not prevail on myself to run the risk of meeting her in the presence of strangers, who would instantly notice my frightful color, and betray it to her. Think of her shuddering and starting back from my hand when it took hers! No! no! I must choose my own opportunity, in this quiet place, of telling her what (I suppose) must be told—with time before me to prepare her mind for the disclosure (if it must come), and with nobody but you near to see the first mortifying effect of the shock which I shall inflict on her.

"I have only to add, before I release you, that I write these lines in the strictest confidence. You have promised not to mention my disfigurement to Lucilla, unless I first give you leave. I now, more than ever, hold you to that promise. The few people about me here are all pledged to secrecy as you are. If it is really inevitable that she should know the truth—I alone must tell it; in my own way, and in my own time."

"If it must come," "if it is really inevitable"—these phrases in Oscar's letter satisfied me that he was already beginning to comfort himself with an insanely delusive idea—the idea that it might be possible permanently to conceal the ugly personal change in him from Lucilla's knowledge.

If I had been in Dimchurch, I have no doubt I should have begun to feel seriously uneasy at the turn which things appeared to be taking now.

But distance has a very strange effect in altering one's customary way of thinking of affairs at home. Being in Italy instead of in England, I dismissed Lucilla's antipathies and Oscar's scruples, as both alike unworthy of serious consideration. Sooner or later time (I considered) would bring these two troublesome young people to their senses. Their marriage would follow, and there would be an end of it! In the mean while I continued to feast good Papa on holy families and churches. Ah, poor dear, how he yawned over Correggio and cupolas! and how fervently he promised never to fall in love again, if I would only take him back to Paris!

We set our faces homeward a day or two after the receipt of Oscar's letter. I left my reformed father resting his aching old bones in his own easy-chair; capable perhaps, even yet, of contracting a Platonic attachment to a lady of his own time of life, but capable (as I firmly believed) of nothing more. "Oh, my child, let me rest!" he said, when I wished him good-by, "and never show me a church or a picture again so long as I live!"

CHAPTER THE TWENTY-FIRST.

MADAME PRATOLUNGO RETURNS TO DIMCHURCH.

I REACHED London in the last week of Lucilla's residence under her aunt's roof, and waited in town until it was time to take her back to Dimchurch.

As soon as it had become obviously too late for Oscar to risk the dreaded meeting with Lucilla, before strangers, his correspondence had, as a matter of course, assumed a brighter tone. She was in high spirits once more, poor thing, when we met, and full of delight at having me near her again. We thoroughly enjoyed our few days in London, and took our fill of music at operas and concerts. I got on excellently well with the aunt until the last day, when something happened which betrayed me into an avowal of my political convictions.

The old lady's consternation, when she discovered that I looked hopefully forward to a coming extermination of kings and priests, and a general redistribution of property all over the civilized globe, is unutterable in words. On that occasion I made one more aristocratic trouble. I also closed Miss Batchford's door on me for the rest of my life. No matter! The day is coming when the Batchford branch of humanity will not possess a door to close. All Europe is drifting nearer and nearer to the Pratolungo programme. Cheer up, my brothers without land, and my sisters without money in the Funds! We will have it out with the infamous rich yet. Long live the Republic!

Early in the month of April Lucilla and I took leave of the Metropolis, and went back to Dimchurch.

As we drew nearer and nearer to the rectory, as Lucilla began to flush and fidget in eager anticipation of her reunion with Oscar, that uneasiness of mind which I had so readily dismissed while I was in Italy began to find its way back to me again. My imagination now set to work at drawing pictures—startling pictures of Oscar as a changed being, as a Medusa's head too terrible to be contemplated by mortal eyes. Where would he meet us? At the entrance to the village? No. At the rectory gate? No. In the quieter part of the garden which was at the back of the house? Yes! There he stood, waiting for us—alone.

Lucilla flew into his arms with a cry of delight. I stood behind and looked at them.

Ah, how vividly I remember—at the moment when she embraced him—the first shock of seeing the two faces together! The drug had done its work. I saw her fair cheek laid innocently against the livid blackish-blue of his discolored skin. Heavens! how cruelly that first embrace marked the contrast between what he had been when I left him, and what he had changed to when I saw him now! His eyes turned from her face to mine, in silent appeal to me while he held her in his arms. Their look told me the thought in him, as eloquently as if he had put it into words. "You, who love her, say—can we ever be cruel enough to tell her of *this*?"

I approached to take his hand. At the same moment Lucilla suddenly drew back from him, laid her left hand on his shoulder, and passed her right hand rapidly over his face.

For an instant I felt my heart stand still. Her miraculous sensitiveness of touch had detected the dark color of my dress on the day when we first met. Would it serve her this time as truly as it had served her then?

She paused after the first passage of her fingers over his face, with the breathless attention to what she was about which, in my own case, I remembered so well. A second time she passed her hand over him—considered again—and turned my way next.

"What does his face tell *you*?" she asked. "It tells me that he has something on his mind. What is it?"

We were safe—so far! The hateful medicine, in altering the color, had not affected the texture, of his skin. As her touch had left it on her departure, so her touch found it again on her return.

Before I could reply to Lucilla, Oscar answered for himself.

"Nothing is wrong, my darling," he said. "My nerves are a little out of order to-day; and the joy of seeing you again has overcome me for the moment—that is all."

She shook her head impatiently.

"No," she said, "it's not all." She touched his heart. "Why is it beating so fast?" She took his hand in hers. "Why has it turned so cold? I must know. I *will* know! Come in-doors."

At that awkward moment the most wearisome of living men suddenly proved himself to be the most welcome of living men. The rector appeared in the garden to receive his daughter on her return. Infolded in Reverend Finch's paternal embrace, harangued by Reverend Finch's prodigious voice, Lucilla was effectually silenced—the subject was inevitably changed. Oscar drew me aside out of hearing, while her attention was diverted from him.

"I saw *you*!" he said. "You were horrified at the first sight of me. You were relieved when you found that her touch told her nothing. Help me to keep her from suspecting it for two months more—and you will be the best friend that ever man had."

"Two months?" I repeated.

"Yes. If there is no return of the fits in two months, the doctor will consider my recovery complete. Lucilla and I may be married at the end of the time."

"My friend Oscar, are you contemplating a fraud on Lucilla?"

"What do you mean?"

"Come! come! you know what I mean! Is it honorable first to entrap her into marrying you—and then to confess to her the color of your face?"

He sighed bitterly.

"I shall fill her with horror of me if I confess it. Look at me! look at me!" he said, lifting his ghastly hands in despair to his blue face.

I was determined not to give way—even to that.

"Be a man!" I said. "Own it boldly. What is she going to marry you for? For your face that she can never see? No! For your heart that is one with her own. Trust to her natural good sense—and, better than that, to the devoted love that you have inspired in her. She will see her stupid prejudice in its true light when she feels it trying to part her from you."

"No! no! no! Remember her letter to her father. I shall lose her forever if I tell her now."

I took his arm, and tried to lead him to Lucilla. She was already trying to escape from her father; she was already longing to hear the sound of Oscar's voice again.

He obstinately shrank back. I began to feel angry with him. In another moment I should have said or done something that I might have repented of afterward if a new interruption had not happened before I could open my lips.

Another person appeared in the garden—the man servant from Browndown, with a letter for his master in his hand.

"This has just come, Sir," said the man, "by the afternoon post. It is marked 'Immediate.' I thought I had better bring it to you here."

Oscar took the letter and looked at the address. "My brother's writing!" he exclaimed. "A letter from Nugent!"

He opened the letter, and burst out with a cry of joy which brought Lucilla instantly to his side.

"What is it?" she asked, eagerly.

"Nugent is coming back! Nugent will be here in a week! Oh, Lucilla, my brother is coming to stay with me at Browndown!"

He caught her in his arms and kissed her, in the first rapture of receiving that welcome news. She forced herself away from him without answering a word. She turned her poor blind face round and round, in search for me.

"Here I am!" I said.

She roughly and angrily put her arm in mine. I saw the jealous misery in her face as she dragged me away with her to the house. Never yet had Oscar's voice, in her experience of him, sounded the note of happiness that she heard in it now! Never yet had she felt Oscar's heart or Oscar's lips as she felt it when he kissed her in the first joy of anticipating Nugent's return!

"Can he hear me?" she whispered, when we had left the lawn, and she felt the gravel under her feet.

"No. What is it?"

"I hate his brother!"

SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

Some of our readers are probably aware of the important archæological discoveries made a few years ago in the island of Cyprus, by Mr. L. Di Cesnola, United States consul at that island, and of the interest which they excited throughout the civilized world. These consisted in the finding of a buried city, and of numerous graves of the ancient Phœnicians and other early races of the island of Cyprus, previously entirely unknown. Excavations were prosecuted by him at great expense, and resulted in the accumulation of an enormous mass of treasures of art of gold, silver, bronze, pottery, etc. Various government authorities and public museums of Europe have, it is understood, opened negotiations for the acquisition of the entire collection, and it was stated that an offer had been made from Boston for their purchase; but nothing definite appears to have been accomplished. It is said that of the various offers, one on the part of the French government was most satisfactory, but that the consummation of the purchase was prevented by the late war.

It is much to be hoped that it is not too late to secure these art treasures to the United States, the value of which will be shown by the following enumeration of the specimens of the collection, especially when we bear in mind that many of them are most exquisite specimens of art, and all are of undoubted authenticity and great antiquity.

Antique Greek, Phœnician, and Roman glass-ware (unguentaria, bottles, bracelets, tear-bottles)	1700
Phœnician, Assyrian, Egyptian, and Greek vases from three feet in height to two inches	4000
Greek, Roman, and Byzantine lamps, with and without hand-reliefs and inscriptions	1400
Bronzes of every kind, strigiles, pateræ, fibulæ, specula, spear-heads, etc.	400
Phœnician, Greek, and Cypriote (?) inscriptions	66
Stone statues of every size (Temple of Venus)	964
Stone heads of every size (Temple of Venus)	730
Terra cotta statuettes, votive offerings, etc.	100
Gold objects, cylinders, scarabæi, etc.	100
	7000

These were obtained by excavating at least 8000 graves, and from the Temple of Venus at Golgos, the discovery of which by Mr. Cesnola was scarcely inferior in archæological importance to that of ancient Nineveh by Mr. Layard. In this were found numerous inscriptions in an unknown Semitic language (Cypriote?).

In the New York *Herald* we find a report of Captain Selfridge, of the Darien Surveying Expedition, addressed to the President of Colombia, which presents the same conclusions in regard to the proposed canal as those already communicated by the *Herald* reporter accompanying the expedition, and published in that paper. President Salgar is informed by Captain Selfridge that the expedition, composed of two vessels of the United States navy, left New York in January, 1870, and arrived in the Bay of Caledonia in the month of February following—a vessel of the Pacific squadron having been sent to co-operate on the Pacific coast.

From the port of Caledonia and from the port of Sasardi observations were made on two lines, which terminated on the coast of the Pacific in the confluence of the rivers Sabana and Lara. Both these, however, were found to be impracticable for a ship-canal; the Cordilleras being at no point less than 1000 feet in altitude, while the breadth of the mountain rendered the construction of tunnels impossible, even if there had been enough water to furnish the necessary lockage.

The expedition then sailed for the Bay of San Blas, in the latter part of April, 1870, and surveyed a route which, across the narrowest part of the isthmus, measured only twenty-six miles, from the Atlantic to the navigable river Bayano. The results were equally unfavorable along this line, the lowest level of the Cordilleras being found to be 1134 feet, with heights of 900 feet on either side; and the construction of a canal by this route was considered even more impracticable than by those just referred to.

In consequence of the approach of the rainy season the expedition ceased its labors, and sailed for New York on the 10th of June, 1870.

The surveys were again resumed on the part of the United States in December, and reached the mouth of the Atrato River on the 30th of the same month. The explorations of 1871 were intended to embrace routes which follow certain tributaries of the Atrato, as well as a line said to have been discovered by M. De Puydt, a Frenchman, who maintained that at no point was there an elevation of more than about 150 feet. Careful exploration, however, with an exact mercurial barometer, showed an altitude of 750 feet in the valley of Tanela before reaching the Cordilleras. The expedition then directed its principal efforts to the exploration of a line beginning at the Atrato, and following the valley of the Paranchita (a tributary of the Cacarica), crossing the Cordillera of Cué, down stream, and from that point to Pengana, and thence to a navigable point. The total length proved to be fifty-five miles, the route being generally known as that of Tuyra.

Another line was surveyed, extending from the Bay of Cupica, in the Pacific, and following the valley of the Napipi to its mouth. A third route, by way of the river Bojaya, was heard of, but too late to make any examination, and it was thought that the results of an inquiry there would not be any more satisfactory, at least, than the route by the Napipi, both rivers running very near each other.

Further prosecution of the work during the past season was impracticable, on account of the approach of the rainy season and the general exhaustion of the parties; but data enough were obtained, it is thought, to give a definite conclusion in regard to the subject of inquiry. Both the Tuyra and Napipi routes are believed by Captain Selfridge to be practicable, although a canal along the former would probably cost $140,000,000 and one along the latter $110,000,000. Neither is quite satisfactory, however, and it is a question whether any attempt will be made to realize the much talked of project on the Isthmus of Darien.

In the progress of the expedition a vast amount of light was thrown upon the general geography and physical character of the country, the natural history being illustrated by collections in the departments of botany and zoology. Captain Selfridge concludes his report by reminding the government of Colombia that the route by Nicaragua will be a formidable rival to any other more southern one, and that, unless very favorable conditions are offered, it is more than likely that the canal will ultimately be built through Nicaragua.

To such of our readers as desire an exhaustive work upon the birds of Europe, we can recommend that entitled "The History of the Birds of Europe," by Messrs. Sharpe and Dresser, of London, four parts of which have already appeared. This embraces not simply the fauna of Europe, but that of such adjacent portions of North Africa and Western Asia as have the same general forms. The attention which has been paid by the authors both to the specific character of the birds of Europe and the details of their biography qualifies them to an eminent degree for the work which they have undertaken.

The first general meeting of the German Society for the Study of Anthropology, Ethnology, and the Prehistoric Condition of Man was to be held at Schwerin in Mecklenburg, on the 23d of September.

In previous numbers of the *Weekly* we have given an account of certain deep-water explorations in the great lakes, which resulted in the detection of species of crustaceans and of fishes new to science, and belonging to marine rather than to fresh-water types. This, of course, does not prove the occurrence of other marine conditions at the bottom of the lakes, such as salinity of the water, etc., although it may perhaps excite a suspicion to that effect. Additional researches have been prosecuted during the present season in this direction, two parties being engaged in them—namely, Mr. James W. Milner, of Waukegan, and Mr. Sidney I. Smith, of Yale College, the former working principally in Lake Michigan, and the latter under the auspices of the Engineer Department, in Lake Superior. Both these gentlemen have carried on their labors at depths exceeding one hundred fathoms, and have determined the existence of various novel forms of animal life, of which due mention will be made hereafter.

The Asiatic Society of Bengal is now memorializing the government of India in regard to the subject of deep-sea dredging in the Indian waters. They express great confidence that such examinations will furnish data illustrating the modification of certain supposed laws regulating animal and vegetable life in countries essentially different, and will doubtless supply much important material for the study and explanation of many yet obscure facts in zoology and geology, physics, etc. An examination of the Bay of Bengal is suggested over a line crossing from new Juggernauth Black Temple to Cape Negrais, to be followed by another from near Madras to the Andamans or Nicobars, and another from Ceylon to the coast of Sumatra. They recommend that three persons acquainted with the mode of inquiry shall accompany each expedition, and they express their belief that an annual grant of 3000 rupees, placed at the disposal of the dredging committee, will be sufficient for the accomplishment of the desired object.

Professor J. D. WHITNEY, in a recent communication to the Academy of Sciences of San Francisco upon the use of the barometer in determining altitudes, remarked upon the effect which temperature exerts upon the instrument, and stated that the difference between the cold of winter and the heat of summer would sometimes, in the same instrument, involve a difference in the estimate of a given height of as much as seventeen feet. He hoped in time to have tables prepared which should give the allowances that must be made for each day of the year, and for different times in the day, an observation at 9 A.M. sometimes giving a different result from one taken at 3 P.M. at the same altitude on the same day. He also expressed his dissatisfaction with the aneroid barometer as a means of measuring altitudes, although he had experimented with the best that were offered in the market. He found them reliable for a certain time only, and they appeared to have spells of irregularity from which they recovered very slowly. He did not find one upon which he could rely for heights above 1000 feet.

We have already referred to a memorial, on the part of the German Fishery Association, addressed to Chancellor BISMARCK, in reference to the maintenance and continuance of the great establishment of Huningen, on the Rhine, which was founded by NAPOLEON III., at great expense, for the purpose of restocking the French waters. The memorial urged very strongly the propriety of continuing this establishment under its new regime, and expressed the hope that a competent German pisciculturist might be placed in charge. We learn that this has been acceded to, and that the enterprise will be continued with especial reference to increasing the supply of salmon and trout in the Rhine, into which river it is proposed to turn every year, for a limited period, large numbers of young fish, at least four months old. A grant of ten thousand thalers for 1871, and one of twelve thousand for 1872, is asked for, with the understanding that the final policy in regard to the establishment is to be decided upon after the expiration of these dates.

A gentleman who has spent a good deal of time in Florida is decidedly of the opinion that the wild turkey of that State is quite different from that of the North, and that it maintains a much closer relationship to the New Mexican turkey (*Meleagris mexicana*). According to his statement, the head of the wild turkey of Florida is red, like that of the domestic, its color in the Northern species of wild turkey being blue. The flesh also is white, as in the domestic turkey, and the tip of the tail silvery instead of chestnut. The hunters from Mississippi who visit lower Florida notice this difference in the color of the heads of the Florida and Mississippi turkey, and consider them distinct. The gentleman in question is not familiar with the wild turkey of Northern Florida, and confines his remarks to those on the southern portion of the gulf coast of the State.

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THE INTERIOR OF THE GAMBLING HOUSE AT

..., FROM ACTUAL SKETCHES IN THE SALON.—[See Page 938.]

INCITING TO RIOT.

Our readers have not forgotten that in Mayor Hall's letter to General M'Clellan, urging that gentleman to accept the position of Controller, there was an ominous threat of a resort to mob violence in case the Tammany Ring saw no other way of escape from the predicament in which they found themselves after the disclosure of their unlawful practices. Several of their newspaper organs took up the strain, and published articles which were nothing less than inflammatory appeals to the laborers who had been employed on the public works of the city to mob the men through whose instrumentality the operations of the Ring had been suspended. A temporary delay in paying the laborers was artfully seized upon as evidence of an intention to cheat honest working men out of their wages, and take the bread from the mouths of their wives and little ones, and they were advised to take the law into their own hands and right themselves.

The authors of these incendiary articles knew full well that if the working-men acted upon their malign advice, the result would be the re-enactment of the dreadful scenes of July, 1863, when, for several days, the mob held possession of New York city, and perpetrated outrages of which the very recital still makes one's blood run cold. Our cartoon on page 961 will serve to recall some of the incidents of those days, as well as to explain what Mayor Hall meant when he wrote to General M'Clellan that his acceptance of the offered position might be necessary to preserve the peace of the city.

It will be remembered that the outbreak occurred on the morning of July 13, 1863. At the outset it was merely a demonstration against the draft, which was then in progress, but soon the excitement spread through the city, and as the militia were absent in Pennsylvania, the only guardians left for the public peace were the regular police and a few hundred regulars in the forts. These were too few to protect the dozen miles between the extremities of the city. The mob, dispersed in one quarter, would reassemble in another, and for four days the city seemed given up to their control.

The outrages committed during this time were numerous and aggravated. Negroes were assaulted, beaten to death, mutilated, and hung; building after building was sacked and burned; gangs of desperadoes patrolled the streets, levying contributions, and ordering places of business to be closed. A colored orphan asylum, sheltering some hundreds of children, was sacked and burned.

After the first day the riot, which was at first directed against the draft, took a new turn. The entire mass of scoundrelism in the city seemed to have been let loose for indiscriminate plunder. Women, half-grown boys, and children were foremost in the work of robbery, and no man felt safe from attack. The police force did their duty manfully, aided at first by the few troops at the disposal of the authorities, and subsequently by the regiments who began to return from Pennsylvania. In the street fights which occurred many of the defenders of law and order lost their lives, while a far larger number of the rioters were killed. Gradually the bands of rioters were dispersed, and the peace of the city was restored. Several hundred persons were killed, and property to an immense amount was destroyed.

Such was the entertainment of which the Tammany Ring propose a repetition in case they find themselves too closely pressed by the friends of municipal reform, and of a government cheaply and honestly administered.

JENNIE'S SUMMONS TO ROME.

By JUSTIN M'CARTHY.

If ever there was in woman a "fiery soul, which, working out its way, fretted the pigmy body to decay, and o'er-informed the tenement of clay," such a soul seemed to be lodged in the graceful form of pretty, dark-eyed Jennie Elspeth. No positive trouble, no active ill, oppressed the girl. She had, indeed, no parents living; but that both had been dead so many years, had left her when she was so young, that their loss could hardly be supposed to bear very bitterly on the life of a girl who was now in her twentieth year. She was not poor; she had quite enough to live on of her own, not counting the property of Miss Marian Elspeth, the elderly maiden aunt with whom she had always lived, and whose money would in all probability come into Jennie's little white hands. Jennie had many friends. Even women were fond of her, although she had a quick temper and scornful ways occasionally. She had many admirers, and she might have been the belle of the little community, only that she positively would be nothing of the kind. She insisted on going her way alone, declining amusement and, so far as she could, repelling admiration.

Jennie Elspeth and her aunt lived in a pretty, pleasant New England village. It had risen up or dropped down among beautiful hills, and near a stream, which, wandering through groves of pine, gradually broadened out until at last, a noble river, with cities on its shore, it reached the sea. If Jennie loved the picturesque—and she did—there was surely enough of beauty in the surroundings of her village to have made her heart all gladness. But of late years the beauty of nature spoke in vain to the eyes of the unsatisfied girl. It never reached her heart. She was fond of long, lonely walks, along the plank-roads when the weather was not good, and in the woods during summer and the fall; but she recked little of the beauty around her. Her mind's eye was turned inward, and contemplated her own loneliness, her own dissatisfaction.

See her as she walks briskly up that hilly path leading toward the woods this bright, breezy, rather cold evening of May, when summer is beginning to glow in most other States, but when it is yet only chilly spring in this northern region of New England. What a pretty girl she is, with her bright cheeks radiant with health and the glow of exercise, and her clustering dark hair, which somehow never can be put out of order, or, rather, when it is in disarray looks just as well as if it were fresh from the hands of the *friseur*. Like every thing else that goes to make up the womanly beauty of Jennie's face and form, it is her own. Observe her walk, so firm, vigorous, elastic—how utterly unlike, in its easy energy and natural grace, the movement of the belles of the cities and of fashion, who always seem to walk as if they were set in motion by the impulse of a screw-propeller. Jennie walks like one of Wordsworth's girls—"nymph-like, the is fleet and strong;" and one can easily imagine that she could, if she would, "down the rocks leap along like rivulets in May."

With beauty, health, goodness, a safe and quiet home, picturesque scenes around her, kind friends near her, Jennie Elspeth chafes and frets and is unhappy; she complains of destiny, and hates the hills and the river and the trees, and is weary of the sun, and sickens at the routine of her calm, contracted existence.

One reason is that Jennie has a Southern, tropical nature imprisoned in a New England body and its surroundings. Nature seems to make these mistakes somehow in the cases of individuals and of nations. Look across the ocean at Ireland, and there you will see a country whose primary misfortune is that a joyous, impulsive, emotional Southern population have been mislaid somehow on Northern soil, under cold Anglo-Saxon rule, and beside what Disraeli calls "a melancholy ocean."

This want of congruity in temperament and locality is one great cause why Jennie Elspeth, even now, on the breezy hill-side, is internally railing at fate, and wishing she were either a living, active man or a dead woman. But this is not all. The girl wants something to think of, something to do, into which her whole soul can be thrown. She has too much talent and energy for her common occupations, and she has not that genius which can cut out its own path and find its own materials any where. Her mind will not shrink and stunt itself down to fit the little world in which she lives, and it is not able to create a new world of and for itself. She chafes against the little proprieties and narrow, rigid rules and small economies and petty scandals of the place. She can not bring herself into raptures over the Sunday sermon. She thinks its doctrine narrow, and its style insipid; and she is ashamed of the people who go on discussing the various oratorical merits of the Reverend Mr. Budgett as if he were Massillon, or at least Beecher or Chapin. She can not believe that the whole duty of man, in a moral sense, is to abstain from beer and tobacco. She is, in fact, perhaps without knowing it, one of the artist tribe by nature—of that class who, even if they never paint a picture, write a book, or carve a statue, are yet artists by virtue of their inborn love and homage for all that is beautiful and poetic in art. So, though she does her work at Dorcas meeting and sewing section as well as the best, it is a mere duty and drudgery to her. Her heart is not in the work, and she hates it, even though she knows it is right for her to do it, and will do it accordingly.

Suddenly turning a corner into a pretty green lane, the breeze saucily blowing her hair about her face, and for the moment confusing her, Jennie almost rushes into the arms of two gentlemen. They begin to apologize; she stammers something, and tries to get her curls away from her eyes; and both the gentlemen seem to her to be strangers. In that quiet place the sight of a strange face is almost as surprising as the foot-print on Robinson Crusoe's sand. In an instant of time Jennie has taken a mental photograph of the face of one of the gentlemen. It is dark, grave, resolute, handsome; the eyes are deep, calm, and thoughtful. Jennie feels a vague conviction that she will see that face often in her dreams.

The other gentleman she has hardly looked at, and has certainly not seen. But he looks at her, and exclaims,

"Why, Jennie Elspeth!—Miss Elspeth, surely! Don't you know me—Robert Lawton?"

Jennie knew Robert Lawton in a moment, though she had not seen him for years. Robert's record had long been considered a decidedly bad one in that locality. His mother used to be a very dear friend of Jennie's aunt, and thus Jennie had known him well while they were both young. Robert would drink wine and brandy and smoke pipes, and didn't attend church with any regularity, and would draw caricatures of the minister and all the ruling elders. When the war broke out Robert went to the front among the first, and was made prisoner and carried off to Libby Prison, where he endured some cruel, wasting, corroding years, and whence he came out at last to find that the mother who loved him better than her own life had died, not knowing whether or not her son had found a soldier's grave—her only consolation in death being that if Robert had thus been taken from her, he had fallen in the nation's cause and in gallant company. Then Robert Lawton, a much sober-faced young man, went to Europe, and, so far as his birth-place was concerned, was wholly lost for some years.

Jennie was delighted to see him. Any event, any thing new, would almost inevitably have presented itself as a pleasant excitement. But the sudden reappearance of an old friend was in itself a genuine pleasure. So she told him, and she asked him several breathless questions about himself, and where he had come, and whether he was going to stay.

"To stay?" he said. "Oh no." His way of living lay in Europe. He had come to travel in the States with his friend, and he had been seized with a longing to see the old place, where he supposed every body had forgotten him.

"For shame! Aunt hasn't forgotten you, and you must come and see her. And I never forgot you—never!"

As she spoke the words rather energetically, she found that the dark, quiet eyes of the stranger were fixed on her, and she could not help blushing a little. Robert Lawton then, for the first time, presented his friend, Mr. Louis Savard. Miss Jennie had a faint recollection of having somewhere heard or seen the name before.

They all walked together to Jennie's house, and it was, for some of them at least, a delightful evening. Aunt Marian was rejoiced to see the son of her old friend again, and she and Robert talked long over the past and the present. Jennie was left to entertain Mr. Savard as best she could. She proposed to sing to him, and actually sat at the piano; but they got into talk which seemed to her "far above singing," and the piano remained silent. Mr. Savard had apparently lived the only kind of life which Jennie thought worthy of human heart and energy. He was of French Huguenot extraction; he had traveled much, and always with a purpose; he had fought for Italy in 1859 and 1860; he had come out to America in 1861 to bear a hand in the war for freedom and the Union; he had been in Libby with Robert Lawton. Since then he had devoted himself to educational projects. Jennie remembered now having seen his name on certain books and pamphlets which had made a mark, and having read an account of a course of lectures which he had delivered, by special invitation, in Boston. She was especially impressed by the all-pervading, powerful, quiet faith which showed itself in him, so unlike her own querulous, ill-assured, dissatisfied yearnings and aspirations. His calm conviction of the reality and the value of the business of every body's life sent a new courage and hope through her, even while it made her feel ashamed of herself. His life, his conversation, his very glance seemed to inspire her as though with the old ennobling watch-word of the Church, *Sursum corda!* The girl's heart was indeed lifted up.

But the evening—the rich, thrilling, happy, hopeful evening—came to an end. Two other evenings followed; and then the friends were to leave the place. As they all stood on the threshold the night of parting, in the moonlight, and about to separate, Jennie put her hand into that of Mr. Savard, and looked up at him earnestly—she could not help herself—and asked,

"Shall we never meet any more?"

A man of a different stamp might have been flattered by the tone and manner of this impulsive question, might have misconstrued it and presumed upon it, or perhaps laughed at poor Jennie's earnestness, and thought lightly of her. But Louis Savard pressed her hand warmly and kindly, and answered,

"We shall meet again, I promise you."

Her eyes brightened, and in a moment the friends were gone, and she had never learned whither they were going or where they lived. All she knew of Robert Lawton was that he was returning to Europe. Of Louis Savard she did not even know so much.

But from that night Jennie Elspeth's life was changed. All the vague discontent was gone, and in its place had come a passionate yearning, a vehement unrest, a sleepless longing for love. She had found an ambition, a purpose, a reason for being. She was alone no longer, a waif no longer, for she had found love, and it filled her heart. She dreamed of Louis Savard night after night. "Even if I never should see him again," she often said to herself, "it is my privilege to love him—nothing can prevent that. But I shall see him again: he said so."

One strange peculiarity belonged to all her dreams of him. The scene and surroundings of the dream were always the same. Sometimes she only saw him pass before her; sometimes he and she sat or walked together, and talked long and earnestly; sometimes, on awaking, she blushed to remember that she had dreamed of him as her acknowledged lover. But the place was the same—majestic ruins, fallen columns, a stately dome, purple hills for a background. Some grand old European city, perhaps: but how did the place present itself always the same in the mind of Jennie Elspeth, who had never been in Europe?

Suddenly fate struck poor Jennie a heavy blow. One sunny morning she missed Aunt Marian from the garden, where aunt always used to walk before breakfast. Jennie went up to her room and knocked, and got no answer. She went in, and found Aunt Marian lying white and placid in her bed. Jennie's last relative and friend was dead. Jennie was alone in the world. A week or two of stupefaction, and then of agony, passed away, and Jennie awoke to the routine of life again.

She had many friends, and she received kind offers of a home. She had a sufficiency of money. She resolved to go away somewhere, any where, for the old home was odious to her, and she longed to begin some active career. In her narrow village life, she said to herself passionately, there was nothing for a woman to do; nothing worth a woman's doing. She would go away and be a teacher, an artist, a writer, an expounder of woman's mission—something, any thing, which seemed to have at once work and dignity in it; something which might satisfy her that she, a woman, was working in companionship—though all unknown—with Louis Savard. The last and only tie which bound her to her birth-place was rudely snapped when Marian Elspeth's coffin was laid in earth; and now she would leave the place forever.

The very night of her aunt's funeral Jennie dreamed a dream which, in her wild credulous condition, she regarded as a revelation and a command from destiny. Again, amidst the familiar surroundings, she saw Louis Savard, and he smiled and beckoned to her, and said, "Come!" She cried out eagerly because his figure was fading, and begged him to tell her where; and she seemed rather to read the word on his lips than to hear it spoken—the word "Rome."

She woke with a start and a cry. Yes, that was the city of her dreams—Rome. Rome itself was the place which had been shown to her. How could she have ever failed to know it? In Rome, then, she would find her destiny. There she had been ordered to go. The girl began to regard herself as one on whose behalf the powers above had condescended to make a special revelation.

Only think of the murmur, the wonder, the angry remonstrances that arose in Jennie's circle of friends and acquaintances when it became known that she had resolved to go alone to Europe, and to live in Rome! Really it needed all the influence of the dreams and the faith in the special revelation to keep up her courage and her resolve. But if you can only persuade yourself that you are a child of destiny, you may do any thing. Jennie smiled calmly at remonstrance, and set out for Rome as Joan of Arc might have started for Rheims or Charlotte Corday for Paris. Had she needed stimulus to keep her courage up, she would have found it in her renewed dreams.

Now please don't imagine that our pure New England girl was setting out on a chase for a lover. She had not the faintest idea of any thing of the kind. Her dreams and her self-delusion would have been mean and miserable indeed, if they had pointed to such an end as this. Jennie never supposed or hoped, or even wished, that she might meet Louis Savard in Rome. She would never have gone had she believed that he was to be found there. No: her delusion, such as it was, took another form. She had wrought herself into the belief that she was to be ennobled and guided in some way by her love for Savard, and that his presence in her dream was ordained as a sanction and authority for the step she was bidden to take. She solemnly believed that in Rome she would find the starting-point of a new career, and that the mysterious influence of Savard would guide her there, as it was guiding her in New England. Other and meaner or more personal hopes and thoughts she did not cherish, and would have honestly scorned.

Her resolve sustained her as Enoch Arden's did him—at least until she reached Rome. There, it must be owned, her heart sank within her. Every thing looked so prosaic, so unheroic, so mean, beggarly, and commonplace! She had yearned to be there; had throbbed with a sort of divine foreboding that there, at the very gates, she was to find the guidance to a better, fuller, more active and fruitful life than that she had before been leading; and now she was in Rome, and no guidance appeared. Life seemed there the same as every where else—narrow, grasping, egotistical, and vulgar. Trade was trade and money was money in Rome as well as elsewhere. Fashion and idleness and frivolity were as pert on the Pincian Hill as on Broadway, New York. Nay, the very ruins of the past and the art of the present, which are Rome's soul and spirit, seemed ignoble in the eyes of the disappointed girl. The ruins were but show places; the art was a more or less sordid trade. Days and days passed away as dull and devoid of purpose or light as though they were dragging along in the New England village. Jennie resolved to do something or other, though now all unguided by inner revelations, and she could think of nothing better than to try to learn the sculptor's art. She became a pupil of a clever and kindly countrywoman of her own, who was settled there; and she lived in the same house with this lady, and tried to get up artistic enthusiasm—tried to kindle the fire on the cold hearth of her disappointed and dispirited heart.

Strange phenomenon for which she could by no means account—while she was in the New England village she always dreamed of Louis Savard in Rome; now, here in Rome, she dreamed of Louis Savard, and saw him in her dreams with the New England village and its scenery around him! Yes, she hardly now passed a night here in the shadow of Rome's immortal ruins without dreaming that she stood once more near her old home, and that Louis Savard was there to welcome her!

So the days and evenings wore away, until there came one evening to be always remembered. Jennie sat alone in the studio of her friend, who was absent, and she watched the sinking sunlight, and thought of the home and the hopes that had faded out of her young life. A step was heard on the threshold, and a deep musical voice pronounced inquiringly the name of her friend, and the sound thrilled to Jennie's heart, and, turning round, she saw Louis Savard standing before her.

Her surprise was hardly so great as his, but her emotions were all undisguisedly joyful, while on his face there was so evident, so unmistakable shadow of disappointment, and even of pain. There was a constraint in his manner which soon chilled her.

"How soon," Mr. Savard asked—and there was embarrassment in every word he spoke—"how soon, Miss Elspeth, are you returning?"

"Returning! where, Mr. Savard?"

"To the States—to your home?"

"Oh, I have no home. I thought, perhaps, you might have known, or heard from some one—I have no home any more. My aunt is dead, and I have no relative alive; and I have come to live here with my friend."

"To live—actually to live—in Rome, always?"

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"Here, or somewhere else, where there are no memories—"

"Then you have really left your old home forever?"

"I think so—for a long time, at least. Why should I care to return there any more?"

Her eyes filled with tears. At that moment, when she could hardly have kept up the conversation any longer, her friend fortunately returned, and Jennie escaped abruptly to her own apartment, and was miserable there over her loneliness and Savard's strange manner. Why had he thus looked and spoken? Was it a crime that she had left her home? Or was her presence so unwelcome that he could not even conceal his displeasure at meeting her?

"Jennie dear," said her friend, tapping at the door, "won't you come down for a few moments? Mr. Savard wants to speak to you."

Jennie opened the door. "I will come, dear, if you like," she said, drearily—"if he wants me."

"He wants to know if he can take any message home for you."

"Home! where?"

"Don't you know that he is going back in a day or two to your old home to live there? I thought he had told you. There is a new university to be opened there, and he has accepted the presidency."

Jennie started. Strange news, indeed. Were her dreams, then, thus to be confirmed—those which pictured him in Rome, and those which sent him back to New England?

She went down stairs, and Mr. Savard told her in a few words what her friend had already made known. He had accepted the office of president of the new university, and he was to live in the old place—her birth-place—which she had forsaken.

"I am afraid my manner must have surprised you a little just now," he said. They happened to be again alone, the owner of the studio having quitted it for a few moments. "But, Miss Elspeth, I was sadly disappointed—I may speak frankly, may I not?—I was sadly disappointed to find that I could not look forward to a renewal over there of the acquaintanceship which began there."

"I was disappointed too," Jennie said, simply.

"Were you? But you can have no idea how much I was disappointed. I associated you in my mind with the place where I first saw you, and the prospect of meeting you there again was so pleasant that you must forgive me if I was not very glad to find you here in Rome."

Jennie did not tell him then why she had come to Rome. He told her that he had only just arrived in the city from Naples, where he had been staying with Robert Lawton, and where he received the offer from America, which he had decided on accepting. Jennie's friend and companion soon came in, and the talk became general, until Savard left.

He intended to stay only two days more in the city, but he spent nearly all that time in her company. When the time was approaching to say "farewell," Savard said to her, half sadly, half jestingly,

"Do you know, Miss Elspeth, that you are the chief cause of my leaving Europe?"

"Indeed! Tell me how?" She was almost on the brink of the confession that he was the chief cause of her coming to Europe.

"I thought of you so much and so often that I welcomed the offer which invited me back to what I supposed to be still your home. You may laugh at me if you will—and I am now a good deal ashamed of my folly, and resent at it—but I dreamed over and over again that you wanted me back in New England!"

"Can that be possible?" asked Jennie, eagerly, and coloring with an emotion he could not yet understand.

"Possible, indeed, and certain. I—who am going to teach science and philosophy—I [illegible] that mission [illegible] to an idle dream. What fools [illegible] we who think ourselves wise!" Savard [illegible], bitterly.

"Oh, Mr. [illegible] is the strangest thing in life—the strangest thing I ever heard of. I came to [illegible] no other reason in the world than because I [illegible] again and again that you [illegible]."

He gazed at her earnestly.

"[illegible]! Is this indeed so, Miss Elspeth [illegible]?"

In a few eager, trembling words she told him [illegible] and he told her how, since he first [illegible] her [illegible] thought of her always; how he had dreamed [illegible] how, in the dream she had [illegible] back to New England, now, when [illegible] offer of the presidency of the new university [illegible] home [illegible] he had [illegible] as a sort of [illegible] opportunity; how he had prepared to go back, [illegible] he might meet her; and how bitter was his disappointment when, at the first stage of his journey [illegible], he found her in Rome.

"I can't explain it all," said Jennie, looking downward. "I never believed in dreams and such nonsense, but it seems very strange."

"Perhaps not so very strange [illegible]," said Savard. "[illegible] of you so much [illegible] that it was not wonder [illegible] I should have thought of you by night. [illegible] strange [illegible]"

"[illegible] of you, and [illegible]"

"[illegible]"

[illegible]

"And I," Jennie murmured, not daring to look up—"I suppose I dreamed of you—because—oh, I don't know—and I won't tell!"

Which inconsequent and incompatible sort of explanation appeared somehow perfectly to satisfy Louis Savard. When Jennie's friend and instructress came in she was not long in perceiving that the relationship between the two had markedly changed in her absence. Louis Savard postponed his journey to America for a few weeks, and then took Jennie with him as his wife. For her, she longed to return to the place which once seemed to her so dreary, blank, and objectless, but which she now thinks the dearest spot on all the earth, the place providentially appointed for her to fulfill her destiny. She leaves Rome without a sigh; but, despite all her husband's science and philosophy, she chooses to cherish the faith that there was something marvelous in their double dreamings, and that it was the kindly whispering of some voice from spaces unfathomed by human ken which bade her to go on her pilgrimage to the Eternal City. And when her husband suggests that, after all, if she had staid at home he would have come to her just the same, she stops his mouth, and becomes unanswerable.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

Florida should bear the palm; and a scientific resident of that genial, sunny State may claim the gratitude of nations—when proof makes a theory a *fact!* The problem to cholera has been studied out by this enterprising investigator, and he announces that both that disease and yellow fever are caused by animalcule floating in the air, which could be dispersed by a system of concussion, and the epidemic crushed out of every infected atmosphere. A ton of gunpowder is estimated to be sufficient to eradicate all trace of yellow fever from such a city as Charleston. Two days is time enough to accomplish the desired result, the work being done in the night, commencing at nine o'clock. At each explosion five pounds of powder are to be used. This is the proposed plan; and to the last accounts the inventor of this system was ready to commence operations upon Charleston to prove the value of his discovery.

Rumor says that New Orleans is slowly sinking: in one locality a batture of about 700 feet long by 120 feet wide has sunk seven feet below the ordinary level. Borings have been made to investigate the strata; but to a depth of fifty feet nothing more stable than sand was found, the mixture of clay being very slight. The query is—What can be done?

The Smithsonian Institution has received a bequest of a silver punch-strainer! A lady of Wilmington, recently deceased, bestowed it by will. The story of the strainer is said to be briefly this: Dr. B. Franklin and the grandfather of the lady above mentioned were printer boys in Boston, and saved a silver dollar each from their first earnings by selling newspapers in that city. They had these dollars made into punch-strainers, and exchanged with each other, so that the strainer is made out of the dollar earned by Dr. Franklin.

Iowa considers women fitted for some positions of [illegible] would not have appointed Mrs. [illegible] State Librarian.

[illegible] is not allowed to be sold in the new town of [illegible]; but an enormous and mysterious [illegible] "Ammonia" is sold by the druggists. Evidently [illegible] a Board of Supervisors, or aldermen, or some energetic policeman, or other officials. Of course underhand work is never allowed in a town [illegible] there are the regular officials!

The removal of the Pension-office from the Patent-[illegible] to the Seaton House is making quite a [illegible] in Washington. The ground of objection among [illegible] that the Seaton House is not fire-proof, [illegible] in consequence many valuable papers upon [illegible] the rights of soldiers and their families for [illegible] may be exposed to destruction.

[illegible] the influence of President Chamberlain, of [illegible] a sort of scientific course is to be introduced into that institution. Two new courses have been [illegible] to supply an acknowledged want—[illegible] and the other of two years, in which the [illegible] and other disciplinary studies are [illegible] by such studies as are "directly [illegible]." The first course almost eliminates Greek and Latin, and aims to give instruction in the modern languages and the sciences, including the applications of the latter to the liberal and mechanic arts, so that graduates from this department may be able to enter [illegible] upon their life work. The other [illegible] years is for "advanced study in the line of [illegible] department of the college, or in specialties, or [illegible] for a learned profession." [illegible] distinct schools of Letters, Science, [illegible], Medicine, and Law.

An English farmer possesses a novelty in the form of a cow with a wooden leg. The animal having [illegible] one of her hind-legs, a skillful veterinary surgeon tried the experiment of amputation. The operation was successful. A wooden leg was provided, and the cow walks about very comfortably.

"Kangaroo venison" is a new meat. It is imported [illegible] the Australian [illegible], and those who have [illegible] it give a favorable account of its quality.

In Switzerland the telegraph has superseded the [illegible] to a much greater extent than in England [illegible]. The wires go everywhere, and a message of ten words costs only ten cents.

French chemist recommends grinding tea like coffee before pouring hot water upon it. He asserts that [illegible] process it will be made to yield nearly double the amount of exhilarating qualities.

The Empress Eugénie recently sailed from [illegible] to pay a visit to her mother [illegible] [illegible] Empress [illegible]

of those long cerberuses canes which she introduced at Biarritz some three or four years ago, reaching about a foot above her head. A little fancy round hat, with a deep scarf of black lace surrounding the crown and falling down the back, with a bunch of small feathers in front, formed the whole of her costume; and were it not that the face is much aged, and the hair unmistakably submitted to dye, but little change would be apparent. In her figure there is none. Her Majesty is much thinner, but preserves the activity and even grace of youth in her movements. She has wisely discarded the fashion of much paint. But the ladies of her suit persist in hiding their beauty behind a thick mask of red and white and blue. The King in Spain sent a telegram to Eugenie before her departure asking what honors she desired to be rendered to her on Spanish soil. Her Majesty, in reply, said that it was her wish to travel in the strictest privacy.

It is rumored that the ex-Emperor Napoleon has requested his American banker to select him a suitable residence in this country, and that an agent has just gone to England with photographs of eligible estates which may be purchased.

According to a report from the government department at Washington, about fifty-nine million sheets of official paper have been manufactured, and so careful a record has been kept of what becomes of them all that in some instances pieces as small as the half of a ten-cent bond have been made a special item of account. In contrast with the lax state of our city accounts, this is remarkable.

Cholera first appeared on this side the Atlantic in Quebec, on June 8, 1832. On June 21 of that year it had reached New York city.

The recent death of a young woman in Brooklyn, from the effects of chloroform administered preparatory to a dental operation, indicates that there are dangers attending the use of that drug which can not be foreseen even by experienced physicians.

It has been predicted—and with reason—that the immense weight of false hair worn by ladies of the present day will result hereafter in an entire lack of any growth of the natural article. The vigor of the hair-cells will be hopelessly destroyed. This is, however, a matter of no kind of consequence. Art supplies nature. Jute is made up into chignons and switches in astonishing quantities. Cotton thread and silk and sundry other articles serve the same purpose. If one is deprived of her natural head-covering, a very moderate sum of money will procure a substitute, such as it is. Doubtless it will keep the scalp warm, if that is the point. A few ladies still have a prejudice in favor of simply what hair they can grow themselves, but the majority think this is very unreasonable. Every one to her own taste in this free country.

That small pupil in Bridgeport, Connecticut, who promptly informed his teacher that the surface of the earth consisted of land and water, was rewarded by being asked the converse of the original question—namely, "What, then, do land and water make?" He immediately responded, "Mud," which is very true, and uncommonly poor mud it is when the constituent elements unite in the streets of our city.

One Professor Jevons has demonstrated that at the present rate of progress in population, manufactures, and coal mining in England, all the workable mines will be exhausted in 110 years, when England would be left without fuel, all her factories would stop, her commerce be ended, and her people, or a large portion of them, starve. Taking into account some possible diminution of the ratio of increase, he thinks that the stock may last 250 years, or possibly even 300 years. That puts off the evil day.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

A little shaver was told by his mother the other evening at the table that he could not have any more, as it was not good for him; when he somewhat astonished her by quoting a verse from a Sunday-school lesson, that "man could not live by bread alone," and added, "Now, ma, I don't think little boys can either." The juvenile had the best of that argument.

A Current Impression—A five-dollar bill.

LIFE-INSURANCE ILLUSTRATED.

That Genial Philosopher, John Billings, says a Large Policy of Life Insurance [illegible] a Man's [illegible] as [illegible] more [illegible] any Amiable Fellow [illegible].

A traveling gentleman passing a farm in Vermont saw a boy at work in a corn field by the road-side, and being of an inquiring turn of mind, he stopped his horse and thus addressed the youth: "My son, whose farm is this?" "Dad's," was the laconic reply. "Does your father raise any stock?" "[illegible]" "What kind?" continued the stranger. "[illegible], mostly," was the reply, as he proceeded to "hoe" a hill of the article.

A Colorado store-keeper salutes his customers with Fy No KUT 2 hob O.

An irascible old gent, who formerly held the position of justice of the peace, was one day accosted in the street by a youth in a manner that did not come up to his honor's idea of the respect due him. "Young man," said he, "I fine you five dollars for contempt of court." "Why, judge," said the offender, "you are not in session." "This court," replied the judge, thoroughly irritated, "is always in session, and consequently always an object of contempt."

When may a watch be said to be very improvident?—When it loses time.

Foolish Song—Stupid-ditty.

Mabel's Love-Song—Cupid-ditty.

"Look here, squire, where was you born?" said a persistent Yankee to a [illegible]. "I was born," said the victim, "in Boston, Tremont Street, No. 44, left-hand side, on the first day of August, 1810, at five o'clock in the afternoon [illegible], Dr. Warren, nurse, Sally Bergman." [illegible] several [illegible]. For a moment he was [illegible]. Soon, however, his face brightened, and he [illegible] said, "Yes, [illegible], I calculate you don't [illegible] whether it was a frame or brick house, dew ye?"

"Bill, I eat a good deal of fish [illegible] they are [illegible] good for the brain." "Is it? Well, John, I'd [illegible] you a whale."

"[illegible], you give your cows too much [illegible]" "Why, how do you [illegible]" "I judge from the appearance of the milk you [illegible] Well [illegible] the cows [illegible] drink too much water, and that makes their milk [illegible], you know."

When can not a fop stand upright?—When he is knee-bowed.

A husband advertises thus: "My wife Maria has strayed or been stolen. Whoever [illegible] his head broke. As to [illegible] for as I [illegible] any of [illegible] debts, [illegible] I'll pay here."

What should one keep after you have given it to another?—Your word.

[illegible]

FIGHT BETWEEN ELEPHANT AND BULLS AT MADRID.—[See Page 966.]

PILGRIMS TO THE HOLY WELL.

Among the most celebrated of the many holy wells of Ireland are those in the vicinity of Galway, of which an illustration is given on this page. Judging from its position on the map, this city ought to be a place of first-rate commercial importance. It possesses an excellent harbor, and it exactly faces New York, being the most westerly city in Europe. In point of mercantile activity it should be the Liverpool of the sister kingdom, yet in this respect it is far surpassed by Belfast, Dublin, and Cork. Yet Galway is a very ancient city, and was at a very remote period regarded as a position of importance. This is indicated by the supposed derivation of its name, Gaillimh, meaning, in Irish, "tribes of merchants." In the fourteenth century its commerce surpassed that of Limerick, and many years later Heylin records that an "outlandish" merchant inquired of him in what part of Golloway (*sic*) Ireland was situated, thus indicating that the sea-port was far better known among foreign traders than the island. Even in the seventeenth century Galway ranked after Dublin, but since then its prosperity began to decline.

Galway has always been a very Catholic town, and is said to have suffered more severely than other places from the jealous, narrow-minded policy, both in matters of trade and religion, which characterized the British government in the last century. At all events, it is not likely that the decay of Galway trade is due to a cause assigned by a certain French merchant, who declared that formerly his countrymen used to send their wine to Galway to render it drinkable, but now they had learned the secret at Bordeaux.

There is much to interest the visitor to Galway, especially in the magnificent coast scenery. The population, too, which partakes strongly of the old Milesian stamp, still retains some of the picturesque features of olden times. In the Claddagh, a suburb entirely inhabited by fishermen—who form an independent community governed by their own laws—the ancient costume, which reminds the traveler of Spain, may still be seen. The holiday dress of the men consists of a blue jacket, blue plush breeches, with a red handkerchief round the neck; while the women wear a blue mantle and a red body gown, and petticoat. These fisher-folk are devout Catholics, and we may fairly suppose that the pilgrims at the holy well hail from the Claddagh.

We are informed that the well in question is on the sea-shore, within a foot or two of high-water mark. The women were most attentive to their devotions, counting their beads with the greatest assiduity, but the half-grown girl and the child would occasionally stop and take a good look at any passer-by. The fame of these wells, says Mrs. S. C. Hall, is undoubtedly coeval with the introduction of Christianity, while that of some probably preceded it, the early Christian teachers having, it is believed, merely changed the object of worship, leaving the altars of idolatry unbroken and undisturbed. Such holy wells are to be found in nearly all the parishes of the kingdom; they are generally betokened by rude crosses immediately along them, by fragments of cloth, and bits of rags of all colors, hung upon the neighboring bushes and left as memorials. Sometimes the crutches of convalescent visitors are bequeathed as offerings, and not unfrequently small buildings for prayer and shelter have been raised above and around them.

PILGRIMS TO THE HOLY WELL NEAR GALWAY, IRELAND.

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ELEPHANT AND BULL FIGHT.

One illustration on page 964 represents a combat which took place at Madrid, in Spain, between the celebrated elephant Pizarro and a wild bull. The excitement among the populace of the Spanish capital, for days previous to the fight, was tremendous. The price of seats in the amphitheatre rose to a fabulous figure, and the ticket-office was besieged by a crowd of buyers, in which the nobility and the commonalty, the rich and the poor, hustled each other regardless of rank or the want of it, and only intent upon securing a place whence to witness the strange spectacle.

When at length the eventful day arrived, the amphitheatre was packed to its utmost capacity. There was some by-play of the usual bull fight [illegible], but the spectators had come for sport of a different kind, and soon grew clamorous for the elephant. The barrier gates were at length thrown wide open, and the immense form of Pizarro was seen slowly advancing into the ring. To his hind-legs was attached a massive chain, the other end of which was immediately secured by means of a ring to a post which had been firmly planted in the centre of the amphitheatre. This precaution was necessary because Pizarro was subject to violent fits of anger, during which he was liable to do a great deal of mischief.

To the intense disgust of the audience, the combat was very tame. The bull was apparently awed by the immense size of his opponent; and Pizarro cared so little for his antagonist that he occupied himself with picking up oranges and cakes thrown to him from the boxes. At length, irritated by darts and fire-crackers, the bull made a desperate charge, but, being thrown back on his haunches by the violence of the shock, he could not be induced to renew the fight. After standing still a few minutes, as if to recover from his astonishment, he slunk, thoroughly mortified, into a corner, from which neither fireworks nor the irritating red mantle could make him stir. A second bull succeeded in inflicting a slight wound on Pizarro's trunk, but, like his predecessor soon gave up in despair.

The singular combat was renewed the next day with just as tame results. The bulls were apparently perplexed to know what to make of a monster from whose huge bulk they rebounded as if they had charged against a solid wall. After one or two attempts they would retire, and [illegible] them to another charge. As for the elephant, he took things in a very cool and philosophical manner, and ate the oranges and drank the wine which was freely sent him from the boxes, with the dignity befitting a monster of his importance and presence. [illegible] was killed, and [illegible] the brute antagonists [illegible] wound, the gentle audience came to the conclusion that a bull and elephant fight was a very tame and uninteresting [illegible]. Something better was expected of Pizarro, who is known to be a vicious-tempered beast. In one of his fits of fury he [illegible] through the streets of Saragossa, in the course of which one of his tusks was broken, as shown in the illustration. At Madrid he seemed to look upon his antagonists as worthy only of passive contempt.

DURABILITY OF PRECIOUS STONES.

[illegible] the money paid for precious stones, [illegible] arises as to the lasting qualities of gems. The diamond, the hardest of stones, remains unaltered during ages, retaining its original size and lustre. [illegible] sometimes misleads the ignorant, who [illegible] it can not be broken. Early diamond searchers have been known to destroy gems of size by striking them with a hammer, when, of course, they flew to pieces. Those wearing diamonds should guard against striking them against hard objects, though the stone may not be broken, some of the facets may be chipped. The Emerald, though very hard, is brittle. Precaution should be used by those wearing these beautiful ornaments, as fractures may occur from want of care. Pearls, if exposed to grease, perfumes, lose their lustre; though Indian Pearls centuries old, well cared for, are as lustrous now as when taken from the ocean. Pearls should be wiped after wearing with a clean cloth, and [illegible] in a tight box. The Turquoise is known to change color, from a clear blue to a dull green. This [illegible] fault of the wearer allowing this charming stone to [illegible] too long in contact with the skin, from which it absorbs some oily substance. Apart from the elegance and taste in mounting, is the security offered [illegible] purchased from Messrs. [illegible] [illegible] John St. (up stairs), which makes the setting [illegible] of these costly articles their especial [illegible].—[Com.]

EXAMPLE FOR THE LADIES.

Mrs. James Stewart, of Yonkers, N. Y., reports that a Wheeler & Wilson Machine, No. [illegible], under his charge, has been [illegible] [illegible] for nearly 17 years, and will now do as [illegible] work as any machine, new or old, of any [illegible]. From September, 1868, to 1869, it [illegible] [illegible] hats, and the operator earned $654 17. [illegible] she earned [illegible].—[Com.]

SOLID GOLD AND SOLID SILVER.

[illegible]

[illegible] promotes the growth of the [illegible].—[Com.]

Hall's Vegetable Sicilian Hair Renewer is no new preparation for the public to experiment with; its success is unparalleled for restoring gray hair to its natural color, promoting its growth, and producing new hair on bald heads.—[Com.]

Pyle's O.K. Soap, Saleratus, and Cream Tartar, first-class household articles that will speak for themselves on trial, sold by all first class Grocers. James Pyle, Manufacturer, 350 Washington St., N. Y.—[Com.]

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Directions for measurement forwarded on application.
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Corner [illegible] and [illegible] Street.

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[illegible]

$10 from 50 Cts.
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BANKRUPT. From Auction, a large [illegible] Hunting-case Watches, [illegible]

CRISTADORO'S HAIR DYE.
[illegible]

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SLEEPING MADE EASY.

Sir Walter Scott, a good authority, says that a bed of heather is one of the greatest luxuries of nature. The writer goes into rhapsodies over its velvety softness, tells us how cool it is with a gusto which almost makes us wish we were mountaineers, and unctuously describes a night he himself had spent on a couch of nature's providing. Nature is surely a most indulgent mother, and no doubt the novelist was right when he said that it is a great luxury to stretch one's self at full length on the fragrant heath, with the whole world for a bedchamber, and the sky for a spangled canopy to one's couch. But, unfortunately, we live in unromantic times, and most of us are compelled to invite "nature's sweet restorer, balmy sleep," on those unpoetical arrangements called "bedsteads." Much, then, as we respect the opinion of the above gifted author, it must be confessed that he has only made us envy the favored individuals who have no trouble of mind as to what they shall sleep on; but as we are condemned to seek a substitute for this, the cheapest of all luxuries, the question naturally arises, where are we to find the next best thing on which to rest our wearied limbs? New England ingenuity answers this question to a nicety. Not even an open-air bed of heather affords the luxurious repose enjoyed by the use of the Woven Wire Mattress patented by the Woven Wire Mattress Co., of Hartford, Conn. It is the happy result of long-continued efforts to combine every element of luxury and utility, and is at once cool, invigorating, and luxurious. Being made of tempered wires interwoven, it is absolutely indestructible, and will last a lifetime. When we remember that cleanliness is the most important element in an article of furniture of this kind, and that nothing can be cleaner than a *Woven Wire* Mattress, we see that a long-desired result has been accomplished by this happy invention. The *Independent* says: "When 'sleep is life' to all of us, and health and happiness as well, the only wonder is that so many poor articles in this line are sold as long as a Wire Mattress can be procured. And, rather than not have one, we should prefer to economize in something else, and pay the slight additional expense of so perfect an article. But the Company need make no apology for the price; for, although the first cost is somewhat more than a common spring, these beds are *worth the money*, and much of the extra expense can be saved in the thin covering necessary. Then, too, they are warranted to be entirely exempt from repairs for five years. We certainly can not give our readers any better advice than to send to the Company for a bed, or buy one through their regular dealers."—*Harper's Bazar, Oct. 7*, 1871.

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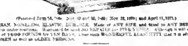
"THE POPULAR BED,"
IS THE WONDERFUL AND BEAUTIFUL
WOVEN WIRE MATTRESS.



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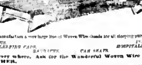

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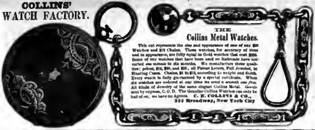

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OCT 1 1971

THE REISSUE OF

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A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

Vol. XV.—No. 772.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 14, 1871. [WITH A SUPPLEMENT PRICE TEN CENTS.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1871, by Harper & Brothers, in the Office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington.

THE GRAND DUKE ALEXIS.

The announcement that the Russian fleet, with the Grand Duke Alexis, sailed on the 26th of September from Falmouth for New York has created quite a lively stir in the fashionable circles of this country, and extensive preparations have been made to give him a reception suited to his rank, and expressive of the mutual good-will that prevails between the United States and Russia. The arrangements in this city are on a scale of splendor and magnificence never before witnessed here; and in every part of the country through which the imperial party propose traveling similar preparations are in progress.

Here the most imposing spectacle will be the reception of the Russian squadron in the Lower Bay, which will be participated in by the United States naval Squadron of Reception, the fleets of the combined yacht clubs in these waters, consisting of the New York, the Brooklyn, the Atlantic, and Bayonne clubs, and the steamers of the Committee of Reception. The combined yacht fleets will form in two divisions of escort on the starboard and port side of the Russian squadron as it steams up toward the city, convoyed by the United States men-of-war, the steamers of the Committee of Reception, and an immense fleet of excursion boats containing invited guests.

Besides the naval display, there will probably be a review of the whole First Division of the National Guard and a parade of a division of the Steam Fire Department in honor of the distinguished guest. Immediately upon his arrival in this city he will proceed to Washington, where he will be presented to the President of the United States by the Russian minister. This point of etiquette fulfilled, and after having received the hospitalities of the government of the United States, the imperial party, consisting of the Grand Duke and a very large number of distinguished Russians, both young and old, will return to New York, and the brilliant programme arranged by the Committee of Reception will be carried out. An entire day will be devoted to an inspection of the fortifications in the harbor, and the navy-yard and public institutions will be included in the round of excursions which have been planned for the gratification of the imperial party. They will also visit West Point, where the cadets will be reviewed by the Grand Duke.

The grand banquet and ball at the Academy of Music, it is expected, will be the crowning act of hospitality extended to the young sailor. No expense has been spared to make it the most gorgeous spectacle of the kind that has ever been held at the Academy.

The entire southern wing of the Clarendon Hotel has been rented by the Russian minister as the residence of the Grand Duke and his party during their stay in this city. As this portion of the hotel, until recently an elegant private residence, can be made entirely separate from the rest of the building, the party will be as secluded as they could wish.

Leaving New York after a sojourn of three or four days, the party will go West, visiting all the principal cities along the route between New York and San Francisco. It is proposed to organize a grand buffalo hunt on the Plains, near Fort Laramie, under the direction of Lieutenant-General Sheridan and the United States officers of cavalry stationed in the far West. It will be recollected that a similar entertainment was organized by General McCook for the Prince of Wales, who was, however, unable to participate in the novel sport. The imperial visitor from Russia, it is confidently asserted, will accept the proffered invitation.

An interesting incident of the Grand Duke's visit will be the presentation of the Farragut portrait, intended as a present to the Emperor of Russia. The plan is to make it a national and not a local testimonial, and the list of subscribers contains the names of prominent citizens from every section of the country.

The Grand Duke is now in his twenty-second year, having been born in January, 1850. He is the third son of the Emperor, and is cultivated and intelligent. Like Prince Bismarck, he is said to be very proud of a decoration given him in recognition of his gallantry in saving a person from drowning, under circumstances of great personal danger. As the person thus rescued was a lady, he ought to be a favorite with the fair, whom only the brave deserve. That he is decidedly good-looking can be seen from his portrait on this page.

At this season of the year the voyage across the Atlantic is apt to be long, owing to the prevalence of heavy westerly winds, and it is not likely that the Russian fleet will come in sight of Sandy Hook before the middle of October. Our people will give him a warm and friendly reception, and send him back, it is to be hoped, with new ideas of the strength and the beneficence of liberal republican institutions.

THE GRAND DUKE ALEXIS, OF RUSSIA.—[From a Photograph published by C. D. Fredricks & Co., 587 Broadway, New York.]

GAMBLING AT MONACO.

Nothing can be prettier than the modern village of Monaco, Italy, which lies at the foot of the cliff on which stood the old robber town of the same name, with its gardens, rich in fountains and statues and tropical plants, which surround the neat Parisian square of buildings. The hotel is splendidly decorated, and its cuisine claims to be the best in Europe. There is a pleasant café, the doors of the Casino itself stand hospitably open, and strangers may wander without a question from hall to reading-room, or listen in the concert-room to an excellent band which plays twice a day. The salon itself, the terrible "Hell" which one has pictured with all sorts of Dantesque accompaniments, is a pleasant room, gayly painted, with ottomans all round it, and a huge mass of gorgeous flowers in the centre.

Nothing can be more unlike one's preconceived ideas than the gambling itself or the aspect of the gamblers around the tables. Of the wild excitement, the frenzy of gain, the outbursts of despair which one has come prepared to witness, there is not a sign. The games strike the by-stander as singularly dull and uninteresting; one wearies of the perpetual deal and turn-up of the cards at rouge-et-noir, of the rattle of the ball as it dances into its pigeon-hole at roulette, of the monotonous chant of "Make your game, gentlemen," or "The game is made." The croupiers rake in their gains or poke out the winnings with the passive regularity of machines; the gamblers sit round the table with the vacuous solemnity of undertakers. The general air of the company is that of a number of well-to-do people bored out of their lives, and varying their boredom with quiet nods to the croupier and assiduous prickings of little cards.

The least exciting apparently game of all is rouge-et-noir, where the circle is most aristocratic, and thousands can be lost and won in a night. Every body looks tired, absent, inattentive; nobody takes much notice of his neighbor or of the spectators looking on; nobody cares to speak; a finger suffices to direct the croupier to push the stake on to the desired spot, a nod or a look to indicate the amount. The game goes on in a dull uniformity; nobody varies his stake; a few napoleons are added or subtracted from the heaps before each on the minutes go on; sometimes a little mark is drawn on a paper beside the player; but there is the same impassive countenance, the same bored expression every where. Now and then one player gets quietly up, and another sits quietly down. But there is nothing startling or dramatic, no frenzies of hope or exclamations of despair, nothing of the gambler of fiction with "his hands clasped on his burning forehead," and the like. To any one who is not fascinated by the mere look of rolls of napoleons pushed from one rake to another, or of gold raked about or little heaps, there is something very difficult to understand in the spell which a gaming-table exercises.

Roulette is a little more amusing, as it is more intelligible to the looker-on. The stakes are smaller, the company changes oftener, and is socially more varied. There is not such a dead, heavy correctness about these tickers of five-franc pieces as about the more desperate gamblers of rouge-et-noir; the outside fringe of lookers-on bend over with their stakes to back "a run of luck," and there is a certain quiet buzz of interest when the game is going against the bank. There is always a certain going and coming; over-dressed girls lean over and drop their stake and disappear; young clerks bring their quarter's salary; the casual visitor "doesn't mind risking a few francs" at roulette.

But even the excitement of roulette is of the gravest and dullest order. The only player who seems to throw any kind of vivacity into his gambling is a gaudy little Jew, with heavy watch-chain, who vibrates between one table and another, sees nothing of the game save the dropping of his stake at roulette, and then rushing off to drop another stake at rouge-et-noir, and finds time in his marches to spare a merry little word to a friend or two. But he is the only person who seems to know any body. Men who sit by one another year after year seem never to exchange a word.

There is not even the air of reckless adventure to excite one. The player who dashes down his all on any part of the table and trusts to fortune is a mere creature of fiction; the gambler of fact is a calculator, a man of business, with a contempt for speculation, and a firm belief in long-studied combination. Each has his little card, and ticks off the succession of numbers with the accuracy of a ledger. It is in the careful study of these statistics that each believes he discovers the secret of the game, the arrangement which, however it may be defeated for a time by inscrutable interference of ill luck, must in the end, if there is any truth in statistics, be success-

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finished houses, or wherever the homeless offspring of destitute poverty may stealthily creep. The illustration on our first page this week shows such a capture at three o'clock in the morning. The abject figures, the tattered and dirty attire, the cowering attitudes—half terrified, half guilty—the faces prematurely sharpened by want, and probably also by wickedness, of these poor little fellows can not be overdrawn. They will certainly be much better off when delivered to the tender mercies of a judicious school-master than they have ever been while left to enjoy their fatal freedom,

When wild in streets the noble savage ran.

In Prussia this system has been in force for many years, and with the best results. In that country no person can grow up ignorant of the elementary branches of education, as every boy and girl is compelled to attend school a certain part of every year, and the consequence is that Prussia has no ignorant class of people within her borders. The whole nation is intelligent. The practical worth of this national characteristic was signally displayed during the late war with France, when an educated and intelligent people came into conflict with one not less brave but less educated and less intelligent as a nation, and defeated them as no nation has ever been defeated before. It is worth while to inquire whether similar legislation could not be advantageously adopted in the several States of this Union.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 7, 1871.

Circulation 135,000 Copies.

"POOR MISS FINCH,"

a new and beautifully illustrated serial story, by

WILKIE COLLINS,

author of "The Woman in White," "The Moonstone," etc., was commenced in HARPER'S WEEKLY for September 2.

New Subscribers will be supplied with the WEEKLY from that date to the close of the year, four months, for ONE DOLLAR.

In the varied and interesting Eight-page SUPPLEMENT sent out gratuitously with this Number of HARPER'S WEEKLY will be found a powerful Political Cartoon, entitled

THE MODERN LAOCOON,

Crushed by the power of the Press in the coils of the Tammany Ring; a page of humorous illustrations, [illegible] from Nast's forthcoming Almanac for 1872; a [illegible] Historical Picture,

Lady Jane Grey's Victory over Bishop Gardiner;

[illegible] of "[illegible]," illustrated, [illegible], and other interesting reading matter.

THE EVIL AND THE REMEDY.

MR. GREELEY has written an interesting paper in the *Galaxy* upon the "one-term principle," advocating the ineligibility of the President for re-election. It is a discussion which is of greater point, however, at the beginning than at the end of any particular Presidential term, because at the end the mischief suggested will have been done. The change proposed is one of the devices to avoid the dangers of political corruption, the argument being that a President who wishes to be renominated will devote his first term to securing a second, and will make appointments to office to serve his personal interests, and not the public welfare. But the *Nation*, in considering the subject, very properly remarks that the remedy of a "one-term principle" is inadequate to the evil. In truth, the difficulty is not the abuse of patronage, but patronage itself. If a President chosen has appointing power, it is in strict obedience to the established tradition, and to a very general and serious conviction, that the offices belong to the party. And even in the [illegible] a President never acts independently, but in concert with party leaders, and with a view to the unity of the party upon which he depends for re-election. And this is the chief evil—the theory that civil appointments to the subordinate offices are to be made for the benefit of a party, and not for the public welfare.

If a President were ineligible for a second term, he would still use the patronage for the benefit of his party and of his own candidate for the succession. During his first term General JACKSON manipulated the public service for himself; during his second, for his friend VAN BUREN. The injury to the country by direct corruption and by demoralization is as great and baneful whether the patronage is used for the benefit of a party or for that of a party candidate. And the reason that the President would not be independent is not only his own party and personal preferences, but that Congress, which has practically usurped the executive prerogative of appointment, would defeat his administration if he did not yield to its will. If, therefore, the one-term principle is to be applied to the President, still more should it be applied to Congress. But even this extension of the proposition would not reach the difficulty. The remedy must be adapted to the disease; and the civil service reform, which Mr. GREELEY wisely extols in his article, and which the *Tribune* ably advocates, and upon the true ground, strikes at the very root of bitterness in our politics. "Abolish patronage altogether," says the *Tribune*; "give the place to the best man, and let him stay in it as long as he discharges the duties faithfully." And the Republican Conventions of New Jersey and Maryland, echoing those of Ohio and Wisconsin, declare that appointments to office should be determined by "fitness and character, and that removals should be made for cause only." This is better than a one-term principle. For what is the real difficulty?

A Presidential election is now a fierce contest for plunder. It is a struggle for the control of the three or four hundred millions of dollars which are to be yearly raised and spent. The objective point of the election, therefore, is the offices, through which this money is collected and disbursed; and it has become the popular creed that the successful party has "a right" to the offices. Thus party interest has taken the place of the public welfare as a political motive; and the civil service being regarded as the spoils of victory, it is logically held that those who have fought hardest shall be most richly rewarded. So fixed is this feeling that to advocate the reform of a system at once so fatal to private honesty and to the public welfare—a system which is intrinsically inconsistent with the progress and permanence of popular government—is derided as disloyalty to party, or mere theoretical folly. It is not believed possible to organize a party or to act effectively as partisans without the prospect of plunder. In mere military armies, indeed, pillage is now forbidden, and to attempt to stimulate the fidelity of a party of an officer or soldier by promising him "booty and beauty" is to insult him grossly. But in the political army we know generals of division and field-marshals who gravely assert that faithful and efficient service is not to be expected without the promise of illimitable loot.

The plain peril of the country, then, being the ferocity of party spirit, and that ferocity being excited by the hope and prospect of patronage, which is the decorous name for plunder, it is very evident what the remedy must be. It is the destruction of patronage. Destroy that, and the motive for the justly alarming fury of every Presidential election is removed; and with the removal comes greater economy and honesty in the public service. If the honorable member from the pot-house declares that patronage can't be abolished, we may be reminded that the youngest men in this country heard exactly the same remark from the same quarter, and from much higher quarters, in regard to slavery. But we see what we see. Many political evils are great, but none are yet proved to be inseparable. What is practicable and economical and reasonable in other countries, as they advance toward our fundamental principles, is not visionary or foolish here. Indeed, the most ridiculous of all figures is an American citizen who professes to believe our own political system superior to all others, and who holds it to be an integral part of that system that an election shall be a desperate fight for plunder.

An election is properly a decision by the people that a certain political policy, under officers necessary to its enforcement, shall prevail. It is not a decision that honest and efficient porters and clerks and messengers and book-keepers shall lose their places. Now this is a difficulty which is not touched by electing a President for one term only. In that case, indeed, he will not remove those officers in the hope of securing his own re-election, but he will remove them to propitiate party leaders, and in deference to prevailing party custom, [illegible] support for his [illegible]. With a one-term principle the [illegible] would still be a system of public [illegible]. The present theory of administration would be unchanged. On the other hand, if the [illegible] system is reformed, Congress [illegible] legitimate function of legislation, and the occupation of the President will not be the attempted settlement of quarrels between the ins and outs, but the prompt and economical administration of the government by officers appointed for their character and capacity. And such a President certainly ought not to be made ineligible. If the present civil service system is to continue forever, the one-term principle will not even touch the difficulty which it seeks to remove. But the Republican Conventions and the *Tribune* have touched it by proposing the abolition of patronage.

THE LESSON OF THE DAY IN NEW YORK.

THE contest in the city of New York between public virtue and official rascality, of which we spoke last week, still continues as we write, but with fair prospects of a good result. Indeed, it seems now as if we were to owe to the courage and skill of a single journal a vindication of the great principle of our popular system in the very place where the failure of that principle had been almost conceded. It was generally acknowledged that popular government in the city of New York was a failure, and the reason alleged was that intelligence and conscience could not contend with unscrupulous smartness and money; and certainly the facts seemed to justify the despair. That unscrupulous smartness and money had established in the city an imperial despotism as coarse and brutal as it was absolute. It contemptuously smoothed up the public parks for the people with the money it stole from them; and so utter was the popular subjugation that even intelligent men could be heard congratulating themselves that their masters permitted them to have clean paths and hyacinths about the City Hall. The despotism owned judges, commissions, and newspapers. The journals that boasted loudest of their independence were the heaviest chains of the empire; and honest men despised the press because of the flippant venality of such papers. The silence which the imperial Ring could not buy it sought to impose by terror.

Some few papers, however, still withstood its hand: and that its evil power might be perfect, one of its members—the present Mayor—suggested last spring what was known as the Code Amendment, the consequence of which would have been that when he or his confederates were guilty of any peculiarly enormous offense the Ring courts would justify it; and if one of the hostile papers exposed it to public contumation, the editor would be summarily held at the mercy of the judge. This last iniquity the Governor, although he was the creation of the Ring, declined to sanction, and he is understood to have been under suspicion from that moment. So hopeless was relief that there were those who began to excuse the monstrous and virtually irresponsible power by suggesting that the Ring government was not so bad after all. Possibly there had been some sharp practice, but who is perfect? Probably the Ring leaders, being now gorged with booty, would be willing to live cleanly. Lais was, perhaps, tired of debauchery, and would marry and settle down an honest woman.

The situation of the city of New York six months ago was the most fatal argument against popular government, because it was the proof that all the worst vices and forms of a despotism were compatible with a popular system even in a new country, and with its enormous advantages. To-day that argument has apparently lost its force. "At precisely twelve o'clock," says the account of an old sea fight, "a single shot from the admiral's ship began the battle." The *New York Times* published the story of INGERSOLL'S payments, exposure followed exposure, indignation kindled indignation. The whole city, the whole country, were roused, and in less than two months men of all parties had combined, the vulgar New York empire had its Sedan, like its vulgar French prototype, its newspaper organs were left mewing and gibbering. An honest man was in the Comptroller's office, and with a committee of citizens was scrutinizing the accounts. Those who had yielded to the tyranny were disgusted but wiser, and those who had steadily opposed it felt their faith in the intelligence and conscience of the people renewed and re-[illegible].

There could be no more significant spectacle than the futile wriggling of the chiefs of the imperial conspiracy against the people. The Mayor was [illegible], and the Corporation Counsel, who only remarked in a Tammany speech last year that the real [illegible] a Ring [illegible] the [illegible] Mayor [illegible] expediency and [illegible] policy" suggested that he should [illegible] the Ring which [illegible] of the people [illegible] [illegible] of [illegible] be ago [illegible] Tammany Ring was [illegible] [illegible] so firmly planted that it was supposed nothing short of civil war could overthrow it. It was even suggested by some zealous but short-sighted citizens that a vigilance committee should be appointed to hunt out the offenders, as the city of San Francisco was once cleared of public miscreants. But the appeal of a newspaper to the public honor and intelligence has demonstrated that even in this city, exceptionally peopled, and in which party discipline is most inexorable, there is patriotism, courage, and skill enough to right enormous wrongs without civil tumult or appeal to force; thereby, as we now trust the issue will prove, vindicating the power of our popular system to deal successfully, lawfully, and peacefully with the most desperate civil tyranny and corruption. In the history of the press this will not be accounted the least of its great services.

OLD AND NEW ST. PAULS.

DURING the discussion before the nomination of Governor in Massachusetts there was a very general misunderstanding of the occasional reference to the former political sympathies of General BUTLER. "What if he was a Democrat before the war?" was the indignant exclamation. "Were not hundreds of the best Republicans formerly Democrats? Wasn't PAUL a full-grown man when he persecuted the Christians? Did not two-thirds of the later Free-soil party work zealously at an earlier day for CLAY or POLK, both of them slave-holders? Suppose that BUTLER was a Democrat, and denounced JOHN BROWN as a scoundrel, and tried to push his friends into the power of the slave-lords, and wanted JEFFERSON DAVIS for President, did he not hang MUMFORD, and occupy Baltimore, and keep New York quiet at the election of '64? Let us give thanks that he and others like him were converted from error, and brought forth works meet for repentance."

This is all very well, but it is not to the point. It is no reproach to a saint that he was once a sinner. But the point to ascertain is his saintship. PAUL was certainly a good Christian, although he had persecuted the confessors; and, to mention no other of equally honored names, Mr. BRYANT is one of the most representative of Republicans, although he was formerly a Democrat. The difficulty with PAUL BUTLER, however, is too deep for the remonstrance to dispose of. It is simply a difficulty of character. He was a sinner by common consent. But is he a saint? If PAUL as a Jew had not been respected, PAUL as a Christian would never have been a saint. And if he is not reproached as a Jew, it is because he was strictly honest; and when he became a Christian, it was trust in his honesty which saved him from suspicion. But the Lowell and Essex PAUL was not respected before his conversion, and why should he be after? His vehemence and protestation of conviction are of no importance. What is wanted is character, not a gale of wind, and that the modern PAUL can not supply. In one word, General St. PAUL BUTLER does not inspire confidence. Why, then, should we be told of his red-hot radicalism?

But if the earlier PAUL, having changed from a "deathless" Jew to a suspicious Christian, had attempted to carry an election by taunting the oldest and most conspicuous Christians with shrinking from martyrdom—if he had said "When I came to throw you to the lions, and to bore your eyes with hot gimlets, you flinched like cowardly rascals," and if it were all a barefaced lie, would it have been unfair to remind the people not only that it was false, but that the man who said it was one of the chief persecutors, and had not become a saint by joining the winning side? For ourselves, when General BUTLER—whose respect for JOHN BROWN and the cause of the slave those who trust him will—slanders the courage of the most unfaltering of the original antislavery men, we shall not cease to remember, so it is that at the time when he charges that they fled he was a "grown man" trying to throttle the genius of liberty and to crush true conscience of his State, but that he was also a grown man whom honest men did not respect.

That is the difference between the ancient and the modern PAUL. When it is alleged that the latter voted for JEFFERSON DAVIS for President, the implication is that he would vote for him now if he thought it for his personal advantage. No Republican cares whether his fellow-Republican was a Whig or Democrat if he only trusts his sincerity. But if he doubts that, he doubts his Republicanism. And nothing was more remarkable [illegible] the warm contest that preceded the Massachusetts Convention than the [illegible] difference in character which was betrayed by so many good men. Apparently if JEFFERSON DAVIS should only vehemently profess [illegible] radical they would give glory to God for St. PAUL number three, and vote for him for President as persistently as St. PAUL number two voted for him at Charleston in 1860. Massachusetts BUTLER Republicans may study the consequences of confiding in "smart" and "knowing" and "dashing" men in politics in the career of the Tammany Ring in New York. We wonder if the Republicans who are so proud of General BUTLER'S radicalism ever heard of the generosity of Grimaldus! Let them ponder the story:

"Grimaldus was a lovely lad;
He gave some [illegible] that he had;
The balance then divided he
Between the old [illegible] pump and me."

HAVE WE CATILINES AMONG US?

"If you allow a single successful political or religious thief and swindler to go unpunished and shine before the people, his nefarious example will paralyze and counterbalance the work of ten thousand churches!" So says a German commenting upon the revelations in the Tammany Ring; and we remember what one of the most eloquent of orators said, recognizing the same truth, that he might denounce vice in the abstract forever without effect, but if he remarked that when he said moral meanness and cowardice, he meant the Honorable Peter Quince, his words made the most salutary impression upon young men. There are plenty of men who say of certain notorious persons, "Oh no; he isn't very honest, but he is awful smart;" and the manner and tone of the remark show plainly enough that admiration of the smartness is a much deeper feeling than censure of the dishonesty.

But every real rascal is smart. There can be no great and successful knave without ability. A man can not even be a murderer without some bravery. And if smartness is to condone rascality in our estimates of men, we shall, of course, be glad to see our children scoundrels. If a skillful pickpocket should live in a splendid style, drive a flashing equipage, hire bands of music, and blaze at a watering-place with vulgar ostentation, should we all smile, and swear that he carried himself jauntily, and that if he were not very honest, yet he did empty his neighbors' pockets with irresistible impudence? But that is what we do, whether we suppose that we would do so or not. There are many young men who would be perfectly willing to pick pockets if they could enrich themselves so enormously. They would not, indeed, care to make the same show in living; but their willingness to commit the crimes that give the means of such living comes from the good-humored, contemptuous toleration of the offenders.

There was a judge in New York who was justly of the worst reputation. Of course he pushed for recognition whenever he could; and one day a gentleman saw him at a public table with a distinguished lawyer. The judge sent his wine to the distinguished lawyer, who filled his glass, bowed, and before the whole company drank the health of the unjust judge. The gentleman afterward asked the lawyer if he was socially intimate with the judge. "Sir," replied the lawyer, indignantly, "I wouldn't have him in my house." "Why, then, do you drink his wine at a public table?" "Ah!" replied the lawyer, shrugging his shoulders, "we don't know what may happen, and we'd better be on good terms with the bench." Now as the lawyer's son saw that a man lost no social recognition by being a scoundrel, he would certainly be strongly tempted not to think ill of scoundrelism. There are men socially branded through life for attempting to cheat at cards. But there are others who constantly cheat in stocks who are socially recognized. Why do gentlemen permit themselves to be associated with knaves in the one case whom they condemn in the other? Is it upon the theory that to steal ten dollars is contemptible, but to swindle millions is imposing and admirable?

There are men whom we could all name who are notoriously dishonest. There may be a great deal of circumlocution in saying it, but that is the substance of the matter when said. For their own purposes these men, engaging in great enterprises, associate honest and reputable men with them as blinds and decoys, trusting that the sure profit of the operation will bribe the honest men to acquiescence. How many honest and reputable men we could all name who are taken in this open trap! And when they step into it they betray youth and ruin character. When business men suffer their names to be associated as directors with noted rascals, whatever their position and however concealed the rascality—or when lawyers consort socially with shysters and dishonest professional brethren, however rich or clever or conspicuous those brethren may be, they all conspire against society as CATILINE conspired against Rome, but unwittingly. They are the corruptors of youth; and their example, as the German observer truly says, counterbalances the teachings of ten thousand churches.

GIN.

We believe that the "Anti-dram-shop Party," as it prefers to be called, polled last year in this State less than two thousand votes. Of course that number does not include all who are in favor of temperance legislation, even to the point of prohibition. The small actual vote was due to want of proper organization, and to the general feeling that, great as are the unhappiness and loss produced by intemperance, it is impossible, in the present state of feeling in the country, to rally a great party upon that sole issue. The aggregate temperance vote of this State is estimated, by those familiar with the subject, at not less than two hundred thousand; and that no more imposing political organization is made by them seems to show their unwillingness to abandon their present party allegiance for the doubtful chance of separate action. Of course that is a risk which must often be taken. We are only now saying that facts show the time for the temperance secession not to have arrived.

Meanwhile the question of prohibition is one of expediency merely. The substantial point is conceded when it is universally agreed that licensing is desirable and proper. The Massachusetts Democratic Convention recently resolved that it regarded the prohibitory law as "an odious interference with personal liberty." But why is the sale of liquor restrained by license? Because society has a right to protect itself to any degree from the unnecessary burdens which it thinks would be laid upon it by the free sale of intoxicating liquor. If, then, it should choose to relieve itself of the burden still further, its right to do so could be denied only for reasons that would invalidate licensing. A license which adds to the cost of a glass of ale is, in the words of the Massachusetts resolution, an odious interference with the liberty of the drinker to buy his drink upon the same terms with his food. It is liable to the same kind of objection which the free-traders urge against a protective tariff.

But the restriction of the license is not likely to be abolished. Indeed, in England, the whole question is urgently pressed upon the consideration of thoughtful men by the ever growing and threatening problem of pauperism, behind which lies the other question—the seed of the social revolution of the future—that of the relation of capital and labor. Indeed, the facts of the case in England, as presented by Mr. BIGELOW in his late pamphlet upon hereditary monarchy in France, are very impressive. Thus, if the average of the four years before 1870 of expenditures for intoxicating drinks in England were maintained during 1870, the amount for the last five years would be £564,902,750. And deducting the sixty-four odd millions for the reasonable and salutary demand, it leaves twenty-five hundreds of millions of dollars spent for liquor in five years—which raised the poor and police rates last year to £13,541,927, which withdraws from productive industry 106,036 persons, or one from every thirty-three houses in the kingdom, "to deal its damnation out to the consumers, and which enfeebles, degrades, and corrupts the race." Mr. BIGELOW adds that when Germany demanded £500,000,000 sterling as indemnity it was thought the monstrous extortion of a conqueror; yet England deliberately accepts an equal burden, not once in a century, but for every five years.

These figures begin to startle. The London *Times* warns the publicans that they must submit to some kind of restrictive legislation. It asserts that "the evils, direct and indirect, of intemperance are so manifest as to hurry one public man after another into a policy of repression at all hazards," and says that "the present consumption of intoxicating liquors is twice what it ought to be, and that the present profits of the trade simply express public loss, and are incompatible with public welfare." While five hundred millions of pounds are lost in liquor every five years, paupers increase in England at the rate of about two millions of persons; and should the present rate continue, in another ten years one-sixth of the present ratio of population in the United Kingdom will be paupers. These are the facts which make the situation of England so grave, and which justify the expectation of decided "temperance legislation" by Parliament.

PERSONAL.

THE HON. MILLARD FILLMORE has been spending a few days among his old friends in this city. Although he has exceeded by one year the Scriptural threescore and ten, he is nevertheless in full health. It is just fifty years since Mr. FILLMORE removed to Buffalo and commenced the study of law. For four years previously he had been an apprentice to the wool-carding business. His political career commenced with his election to the State Assembly in 1829. In 1832 he was elected to Congress, in which body he served eight years. In 1847 he was elected Controller, and in 1848 Vice-President. In July, 1850, by the death of President TAYLOR, he became President, his term expiring March 4, 1853. In every relation of life Mr. FILLMORE has enjoyed the respect of his fellow-citizens. Politically no taint of "irregularity" or jobbery ever attached to him. In private life no man has been more irreproachable.

—M. CATACAZY, the Russian minister, has engaged the whole southern part of the Clarendon Hotel as the quarters of the Grand Duke ALEXIS and suite during their stay in this city. This part of the hotel was formerly a private dwelling, and can, if necessary, be entirely separated from the remainder of the building. Cunning workmen are now engaged in furbishing up the apartments in style suitable for so tremendous a prince as he is conceded to be. The grand committee on reception are looking after the court-plastering, tables, beds, and things of cognate necessity. He is to be made perfectly comfortable, regardless, etc., etc., etc.

—Of Parson BROWNLOW the Knoxville *Chronicle* says: "He was out yesterday enjoying the fine autumn atmosphere by taking a drive around town in his carriage. His many friends will be pleased to hear of his continued good health. While Democratic politicians who want his place in the Senate are waiting for his demise with ill-concealed impatience, he clings to life with tenacity, seeming to regard it as a sacred duty to disappoint them."

—An interesting archæological expedition is about to be made to Asia Minor, under the direction of Professor CURTIUS, assisted by an officer of high rank in the engineers. As it is proposed to explore some parts of the coast which are seldom visited, the imperial government of Germany will lend a gun-boat for the occasion. Professor ADLER will accompany the expedition as architect. He has been commissioned to draw up the plans for the restoration of the Church of the Knights of St. John at Jerusalem, which the sultan presented to the King of Prussia two years ago. Professor CURTIUS will commence his investigations at the plain of Troy. He does not propose to extend them beyond two months.

—Governor SEWARD has been having as pleasant a time in Paris as his physical infirmities could permit. His intellect is as clear as ever, but his bodily vigor is giving way. He is so badly paralyzed in both arms that he can not help himself at table.

—JOHN C. BRECKINRIDGE professes to have entirely abandoned politics, and is now one of the hardest working lawyers in Kentucky, with a very remunerative practice.

—Of the present condition of Mr. JOHN BRIGHT, Mr. JUSTIN M'CARTHY says: "His physical and mental state is simply this. He is as well as he ever was, and will remain so as long as he is content to wholly abstain from any mental exertion whatever. But if he should once break this condition, and begin even to think of political affairs, his mind would be gone again in a week. He is like a man who has sprained his arm, who has recovered from the injury sufficiently to use his knife and fork, but who, should he attempt to wield a cricket bat, would find his arm drop useless by his side. The bodily health of Mr. BRIGHT is perfectly good, his mental health is also perfectly good on the condition that he does not use his mind. There is no prospect that he will ever reappear in public life; his career is over. This is the second mental attack to which he has been subjected, and his physicians have told him that he could not recover from a third one."

—An American gentleman of high social position, recently returned from Europe, who has long been on terms of intimacy with LOUIS NAPOLEON, says that the ex-emperor believes in his early restoration, that the government of M. THIERS is regarded as a mere make-shift, and that his death at this time would be followed by another revolution. GAMBETTA is looked upon as an ambitious, intriguing, able man. BAZAINE waits for history to justify him.

—Among recent college changes we notice the following at Princeton: Dr. WELLING has resigned the chair of English literature to accept the presidency of Columbian College, District of Columbia. His successor has not been appointed. Rev. T. W. HUNT, formerly tutor of *belles-lettres*, resigned to go abroad to complete his studies, and Mr. E. M. TURNER, tutor of Greek, has been appointed his successor. Mr. W. C. ROBERTS, of the class of '68, and a member of the Theological Seminary, has been appointed Greek tutor.

—A gentleman who has recently visited Monticello, famous as the residence of THOMAS JEFFERSON, says the mansion is nothing but a heap of ruins, rotting and tumbling into decay. The estate comprises about 250 acres, and is now in litigation, having been confiscated by the Confederate government, and bought in by a citizen of Charlottesville. The stone over Mr. JEFFERSON'S grave is a ruin, like the house, relic hunters having chipped into it until the very shape of the original obelisk is destroyed.

—Pope PIUS, notwithstanding having overlapped the Catholic legend that "no pope shall exceed the years of Peter," continues to be in excellent health, and promises well for some years of occupancy of the papal throne. Should he live twenty years longer he would then only reach the age of his grandfather. It is a saying in his family that "a MASTAI FERRETTI dies young when he dies at ninety years."

—The Emperor of Brazil, when in London, promised the sisters of GOTTSCHALK that he would look after the manuscripts, literary and musical, of their deceased brother. It is known that GOTTSCHALK left a thousand pages of autobiography, and as he was born [illegible] and agreeable, and moved on very friendly terms with clever people in every phase of society, he could scarcely fail to have jotted down much that would interest people.

—EMILE OLLIVIER has expatriated himself from France avowedly never to return. He has put up his sign in Turin as a lawyer, and by the practice of his profession hopes to gain a livelihood. Although only forty-six, M. OLLIVIER has achieved distinction at the bar and in the Chamber of Deputies. He has published numerous judicial works, and was chosen by the ex-emperor as arbitrator of the difficulties which arose relative to the isthmus of Suez, and it was upon his report that the final decision was founded.

—It is perhaps a little singular that among the several portraits of JAMES FENIMORE COOPER—by the late Mr. ELLIOTT and others—none have, on the whole, represented him as he appeared in his later years so satisfactorily to his friends as one lately finished by an amateur, a comparative novice in the art—Rev. ALBERT BIGELOW, of Buffalo. This gentleman, long a pastor in Western New York, and now secretary of that district of the American Seamen's Friend Society, having been obliged by ill health and partial loss of hearing to suspend pastoral labor, and having a strong natural taste for the fine arts, took up the brush as a pastime in his hours of recreation. Falling in with FRANK CARPENTER, who painted the Lincoln "Emancipation Proclamation," he was greatly encouraged by valuable hints from Mr. C., who sat to him for his own portrait. His success in this led to a request from a connection of Mr. COOPER'S that he would copy one of the family portraits of that author, which had been painted from BRADY'S photograph and other sources. After examining these Mr. BIGELOW proposed, at his own risk, to try an original instead of a copy, which was gladly accepted, as in several respects superior to any yet painted, having a placid expression of thoughtful repose, which it has been found impracticable to fully preserve in the transfers from the canvas to the photograph and engraver's block.

—A Mr. EDWARD SULLIVAN, who seems to have something like a prejudice against the Premier of England, has taken the pains to contrast him with the Premier of Prussia, and puts it in print in this style: "Never since God placed man on the earth have two such antagonistic specimens of conspicuous genius ever contended in the political arena as the Prime Ministers of Prussia and England. Bold, outspoken, tenacious, jovial, comic, inflexible in argument as in purpose, imbued with hard common-sense, and with a fixed will that nothing changes, going straight to his point with a determination that no opposition can divert—Prince BISMARCK offers the complete opposite in every respect to the restless enthusiast who, impulsive as a woman, unstable as water, startles friends and foes alike with the fierce petulancy of incessant conversions."

—Speaking of Lord JOHN RUSSELL, we have seen nothing in the way of courtly description superior to the following, in the New York *Standard*: "Any body who ever saw Lord JOHN RUSSELL might well believe he was destined to reach the age of METHUSELAH. He is a little, wizen-faced, withered, shrunken-up old chap, and, in his big baggy clothes, reminds one of a kernel out shriveled in its shell. But he is as full of life as an egg is of meat, and perhaps one of the most remarkable proofs of this vitality is the vigor with which he habitually uses his nasal organ just before rising to speak. After having taken several sniffs in an enormous bandana handkerchief, he envelops his nose in its folds, squeezes both hands, and gives such an unappreciable blast, accompanied by a spasmodic movement of the whole body, that it seems as if his little frame would fly apart in all directions from the sheer violence of the convulsion. When he sits down he retires beneath the shadow of a monstrous brimmed hat, cocks his knees up against the desk or table in front of him, buries his head in his breast, and, to all appearances, becomes the very embodiment of profound resignation."

—The library of Mr. A. T. STEWART'S new residence is one of its most attractive rooms. It occupies the entire Fifth Avenue front, and is 24 by 47 feet in size. It contains eight massive book-cases of American and French walnut, surmounted with allegorical figures representing, respectively, Sculpture, Commerce, Agriculture, Science, Poetry, Music, War, and Art. Two library tables and twelve arm-chairs, finished in harmony with the book-cases, complete the adornments of this beautiful apartment.

—A memoir of the late Chief Justice TANEY, of the United States, who administered the oath of office to nine Presidents and Vice-Presidents, is in preparation by a member of the bar of Maryland. Judge TANEY, younger than LUTHER MARTIN—younger, though not much, than WIRT, and PINCKNEY and WALTER JONES—he was a contemporary of all, and the names of JOHNSON and WALLIS, and STEELE and CAMPBELL, and BRADLEY and others, in our day, are those of still active men who remember him at the bar. As the contemporary of WIRT and PINCKNEY, he may be strictly described—and yet, if tradition speak truth, how different were the three! All great, all learned, all full of the accomplishments of the law, two of them eloquent, and one of striking and showy literary pretensions—there was but one of the three who had the peculiar intellectual tone which fitted him to be a great judge. He was fifty-eight when put upon the bench, and for nearly thirty years presided over the highest tribunal of the United States.

—Elder EVANS feels aggrieved that *Harper's Weekly* should have copied from a London illustrated paper the picture to be found in our number for September 23, entitled "Elder FREDERICK EVANS at Home." We copied the picture in good faith, knowing it to be from the hand of a distinguished artist, and supposing it to be a veritable sketch from life. Elder EVANS assures us, however, that it is simply a caricature, and that it was drawn with malicious intent.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

The remains of President Lincoln were, on September 19, removed from their temporary vault to a permanent one in Oak Ridge Cemetery, Springfield, Illinois. The bodies of the two deceased children were also removed. No ceremonies were observed. Robert Lincoln was present, with several personal friends.

A movement has recently been made to enlist the entire Masonic fraternity of the country in finishing the Washington National Monument.

At a recent sale of arms and ammunition at Camp Douglas, Salt Lake City, the Mormons, [illegible] of militia purchased 500 stand of arms and 150,000 fixed cartridges.

The funeral of the late Professor Mahan, of West Point, who recently committed suicide in a moment of temporary insanity, took place September 18. Professor Mahan was in his seventieth year.

Two thousand Indian warriors are said to be moving on the Union. They have turned back the surveying party of the Northern Pacific Railroad. "Sitting Bull" is said to be at the head of this formidable army of braves.

FOREIGN NEWS.

Precursory Tongue is seriously indisposed.

Rochefort has been condemned to penal servitude for life.

A manifesto from the Count de Paris will shortly appear, adopting the Bourbon programme of the Count de Chambord.

Queen Victoria is suffering from an attack of rheumatism.

The General Transatlantic Company's steamship *Lafayette* was burned on Saturday, September 23, at her dock at Havre, where she had just arrived from New York. Her cargo was totally destroyed.

The Jesuits and certain agents of republicanism have been expelled from Rome by the Italian government.

The Roman Catholic residents of the town of Solothurn, Switzerland, have established a separate municipal government.

Twelve hundred Spanish troops have just been sent to Cuba, where the mortality among the soldiers is alarming.

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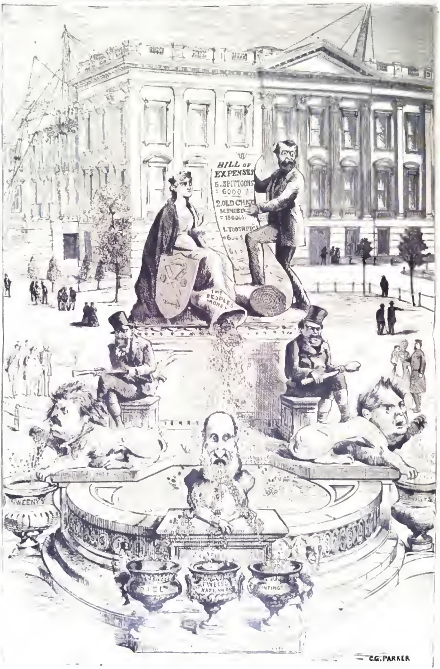
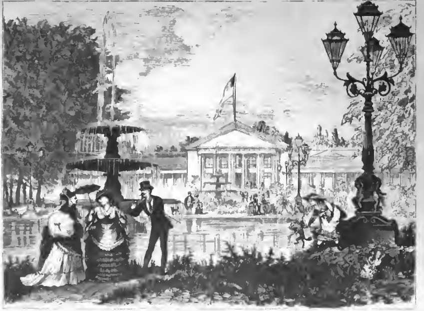


DESIGN FOR A PROPOSED MONUMENTAL FOUNTAIN IN THE CITY HALL PARK.



THE CURSAAL, OR GAMBLING HOUSE, WIESBADEN.—[See Page [illegible].]

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1871, by Harper & Brothers, in the Office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington.]

POOR MISS FINCH.

A Domestic Story

By WILKIE COLLINS,

Author of "The Woman in White," "No Name," "The Moonstone," "Man and Wife," etc.

WITH ORIGINAL ILLUSTRATIONS

CHAPTER THE SEVENTEENTH.

WHAT DOES THE DOCTOR SAY?

Before another word had been exchanged between us Lucilla entered the room. We looked at each other. If we could have spoken at that moment, I believe we should both have said, "Thank God, she is blind!"

"Have you all forgotten me?" she asked. "Oscar! where are you? What does the doctor say?"

She advanced into the room. In a moment more she would have stumbled against the prostrate man still writhing on the floor. I laid my hand on her arm and stopped her.

She suddenly caught my hand in hers. "Why did you tremble," she asked, "when you took me by the arm? Why are you trembling now?" Her delicate sense of touch was not to be deceived. I vainly denied that any thing had happened; my hand had betrayed me. "There is something wrong!" she exclaimed. "Oscar has not answered me."

The doctor came to my assistance.

"There is nothing to be [illegible]," he said. "Mr. Dubourg is not very well to-day."

She turned on the doctor with a sudden burst of anger.

"You are deceiving me!" she cried. "Something serious has happened to him. The truth! tell me the truth! Oh! it's shameful, it's heartless of both of you, to deceive a wretched blind creature like me!"

The doctor still hesitated. I told her the truth.

"Where is he?" she asked, seizing me by the two shoulders, and shaking me in the violence of her agitation.

I entreated her to wait a little; I tried to place her in a chair. She pushed me contemptuously away, and went down on the floor on her hands and knees. "I shall find him," she muttered. "I shall find him in spite of you!" She began to crawl over the floor, feeling the empty space before her with her hand. It was horrible. I followed her, and raised her again by main force.

"Don't struggle with her," said the doctor. "Let her come here. He is quiet now."

I looked at Oscar. The worst of it was over. He was exhausted—he was quite still now. The doctor's voice guided her to the place. She sat down by Oscar on the floor, and laid his head on her lap. The moment she touched him the same effect was produced on her which would be produced (if our eyes were bandaged) on us when the bandage was taken off. An instant sense of relief diffused itself through her whole being. She became her gentler and sweeter self again. "I am sorry I lost my temper," she said, with the simplicity of a child. "But you don't know how hard it is to be deceived when you are blind." She stooped as she said those words, and passed her [illegible] lightly over his forehead. "Doctor," she asked, "will this happen again?"

"I hope not."

"Are you sure not?"

"I can't say that."

"What has brought it on?"

"I am afraid the blow he received on the head has brought it on."

She asked no more questions. Her eager face passed suddenly into a state of repose. Something seemed to have come over her mind—after the doctor's answer to her last question—which absorbed her in herself. When Oscar recovered his consciousness she left it to me to answer the first natural questions which he put. When he personally addressed her she spoke to him kindly, but briefly. Something in her mind seemed to keep her apart even from him. When the doctor proposed taking him to the window, she did not insist on [illegible] on going with them. [illegible] him tenderly [illegible] be [illegible]. While [illegible] yet lingered [illegible] her, she moved away slowly [illegible] the further end of the room, [illegible] into her own dark world—shut up in her thoughts from him and from us.

The doctor tried to rouse her.

"You must not think too seriously of this," he said, following her to the window at which she stood, and dropping his voice so that Oscar could not hear him. "He has himself told you that he feels lighter and better than he felt before the fit. It has relieved instead of injuring him. There is no danger. I assure you, on my honor, there is nothing to fear."

"Can you assure me, on your honor, of one other thing," she asked, keeping her face on her side. "Can you honestly tell me that this is not the first of other fits that are to come?"

The doctor [illegible] the question.

"We [illegible] have another medical opinion," he [illegible] before we decide. The next time [illegible] a physician from Brighton shall [illegible] me."

[illegible] who had this far waited, wondering at the change in her, now opened the door. The [illegible] returned to him. They left us.

She sat down on the window seat, with her elbows on her knees and her hands grasping her forehead. A long [illegible] burst from her. She said to herself bitterly the one word—"Farewell!"

I approached her, feeling the necessity of reminding her that I was in the room.

"Farewell to what?" I asked, taking my place by her side.

"To his happiness and to mine," she answered, without lifting her head from her hands. "The dark days are coming for Oscar and for me."

"Why should you think that? You heard what the doctor said."

"The doctor doesn't know what I know."

"What you know?"

She paused before she answered me. "Do you believe in Fate?" she said, suddenly breaking the silence.

"I believe in nothing which encourages people to despair of themselves," I replied.

She went on without heeding me.

"What caused the fit which seized him in this room? The blow that struck him on the head. How did he receive the blow? In trying to defend what was his and what was mine. What had he been doing on the day when the thieves entered the house? He had been working on the casket which was meant for me. Do you see those events linked together in one chain? I believe the fit will be followed by some next event springing out of it. Something else is coming to darken his life and to darken mine. There is no wedding-day near for us. The obstacles are rising in front of him and in front of me. The next misfortune is very near us. You will see! you will

"MR. FINCH STOPPED, HORROR-STRUCK AT HIS CONDITION."

see!" She shivered as she said those words; and, shrinking away from me, huddled herself up in a corner of the window-seat.

It was useless to dispute with her, and worse than useless to sit there and encourage her to say more. I got up on my feet.

"There is one thing I believe in," I said, cheerfully. "I believe in the breeze on the hills. Come for a walk!"

She shrank closer into her corner and shook her head.

"Let me be!" she broke out, impatiently. "Leave me by myself!" She rose, repenting the words the moment they were uttered; she put her arm round my neck, and kissed me. "I didn't mean to speak so harshly," said the gentle, affectionate creature. "Sister! my heart is heavy. My life to come never looked so dark to my blind eyes as it looks now." A tear dropped from those poor sightless eyes on my cheek. She turned her head aside abruptly. "Forgive me," she murmured, "and let me go." Before I could answer she turned away to hide herself in her room. The sweet girl! How you would have pitied her—how you would have loved her!

I went out alone for my walk. She had not infected me with her superstitious forebodings of ill things to come. But there was one sad word that she had said in which I could not but agree. After what I had witnessed in that room, the wedding-day did, indeed, look further off than ever.

CHAPTER THE EIGHTEENTH.

FAMILY TROUBLES.

In four or five days more Lucilla's melancholy doubts about Oscar were confirmed. He was attacked by a second fit.

The promised consultation with the physician from Brighton took place. The new doctor did not encourage us to hope. The second fit following on close on the first was, in his opinion, a bad sign. He gave general directions for the treatment of Oscar, and left him to decide for himself whether he would or would not try change of scene. No change, the physician appeared to think, would exert any immediate influence on the recurrence of the epileptic attacks. The patient's general health might be benefited, and that was all. As for the question of the marriage, he declared without hesitation that we must for the present dismiss all consideration of it from our minds.

Lucilla received the account of what passed at the visit of the doctors with a stubborn resignation which it distressed me to see. "Remember what I told you when the first attack seized him," she said. "Our summer-time is ended; our winter is come."

Her manner, while she spoke, was the manner of a person who is waiting without hope—who feels deliberately that calamity is near. She only roused herself when Oscar came in. He was, naturally enough, in miserable spirits under the sudden alteration in all his prospects. Lucilla did her best to cheer him, and succeeded. On my side, I tried vainly to persuade him to leave Browndown, and amuse himself in some gayer place. He shrank from new faces and new scenes. Between these two melancholy young people, I felt even my native good spirits beginning to sink. If we had been all three down in the bottom of a dry well in a wilderness, we could hardly have surveyed a more dismal prospect than the prospect we were contemplating now. By good luck Oscar, like Lucilla, was passionately fond of music. We turned to the piano as our best resource in those days of our adversity. Lucilla and I took it in turns to play, and Oscar listened. I have to report that we got through a great deal of music. I have also to acknowledge that we were very dull.

As for Reverend Finch, he talked his way through his share of the troubles that were trying us now at the full compass of his voice.

If you had heard the little priest in those days you would have supposed that nobody could feel our domestic misfortunes as he felt them, and grieve over them as he grieved. He was a sight to see on the day of the medical consultation, strutting up and down his wife's sitting-room, and haranguing his audience—composed of his wife and myself. Mrs. Finch sat in one corner, with the baby and the novel, and the petticoat and the shawl. I occupied the other corner, summoned to "consult with the rector." In plain words, summoned to hear Mr. Finch declare that he was the person principally overshadowed by the cloud which hung over the household.

"I despair, Madame Pratolungo—I assure you, I despair—of conveying any idea of how *I* feel under this most melancholy state of things. You have been very good; you have shown the sympathy of a true friend. But you can not possibly understand how this blow has fallen on Me. I am crushed. Madame Pratolungo" (he appealed to me, in my corner), "Mrs. Finch" (he appealed to his wife, in *her* corner), "I am crushed. There is no other word to express it but the word I have used. Crushed." He stopped in the middle of the room. He looked expectantly at me—he looked expectantly at his wife. His face and manner said, plainly, "If both these women faint, I shall consider it a natural and becoming proceeding on their parts, after what I have just told them." I waited for the lead of the lady of the house. Mrs. Finch did not roll prostrate, with the baby and the novel, on the floor. Thus encouraged, I proposed to keep my seat. The rector waited for us. I looked as miserable as I could. Mrs. Finch cast her eyes up miserably at her husband, as if she thought him the noblest of created beings, and silently put her handkerchief to her eyes. Mr. Finch was satisfied; Mr. Finch continued: "My health has suffered—I assure you, Madame Pratolungo, My health has suffered. Since this sad occurrence my stomach has given way. My balance is lost; my usual regularity is gone. I am subject—entirely through this miserable business—to fits of morbid appetite. I want things at wrong times—breakfast in the middle of the night; dinner at four in the morning. I want something now." Mr. Finch stopped, horror-struck at his condition, pondering with his eyebrows fiercely knit, and his hand pressed convulsively on the lower buttons of his rusty black waistcoat. Mrs. Finch's watery blue eyes looked across the room at me in a mute melancholy of conjugal distress. The rector, suddenly enlightened after his consultation with his stomach, strutted to the door, flung it wide open, and called down the kitchen stairs with a voice of thunder, "Poach me an egg!" He came back into the room, held another consultation, keeping his eyes severely fixed on me, strutted back in a furious hurry to the door, and bellowed a counter-order down the kitchen stairs, "No egg! Do me a red herring!" He came back for the second time, with his eyes closed and his hand laid distractedly on his head. He appealed alternately to Mrs. Finch and to me. "See for yourselves. Mrs. Finch! Madame Pratolungo! see for yourselves what a state I am in. It's simply pitiable. I hesitate about the most trifling things. First I think I want a poached egg; then I think I want a red herring; now I don't know what I want. Upon my word of honor as a clergyman and a gentleman, I don't know what I want! Morbid appetite all day; morbid wakefulness all night—what a condition! I can't rest. I disturb my wife at night. Mrs. Finch! I disturb you at night. How many times—since this misfortune fell upon us—do I turn in bed before I fall off to sleep? Eight times? Are you certain of it? Don't exaggerate! Are you certain you counted? Very well: good creature! I never remember—I assure you, Madame Pratolungo, I never remember—such a complete upset as this before. The nearest approach to it was some years since—at my wife's last confinement but four. Mrs. Finch! was it at your last confinement but four? or your last but five? Your last but four? Are you sure? Are you certain you are not misleading our friend here? Very well. good creature! Pecuniary difficulties, Madame Pratolungo, were at the bottom of it on that last occasion. I got over the pecuniary difficulties. How am I to get over this? My plans for Oscar and Lucilla were completely arranged. My relations with my wedded children were pleasantly laid out. I saw my own future; I saw the future of my family. What do I see now? All, so to speak, annihilated at a blow. Inscrutable Providence!" He paused, and lifted his eyes and hands devotionally to the ceiling. The cook appeared with the red herring. "Inscrutable Providence," proceeded Mr. Finch, a tone lower. "Eat it, dear," said Mrs. Finch, "while it's hot." The rector paused again. His unresting tongue urged him to proceed; his undisciplined stomach clamored for the herring. The cook uncovered the dish. Mr. Finch's nose instantly sided with Mr. Finch's stomach. He stopped at "Inscrutable Providence," and peppered his herring.

Having reported how the rector spoke in the presence of the disaster which had fallen on the family, I have only to complete the picture by stating next what he did. He borrowed two hundred pounds of Oscar, and left off commanding red herrings in the day and disturbing Mrs. Finch at night immediately afterward.

The dull autumn days ended, and the long nights of winter began.

No change for the better appeared in our prospects. The doctors did their best for Oscar—without avail. The horrible fits came back, again and again. Day after day our dull lives went monotonously on. I almost began now to believe, with Lucilla, that a crisis of some sort must be at hand. "This can not last," I used to say to myself—generally when I was very hungry. "Something will happen before the year comes to its end."

The month of December began; and something happened at last. The family troubles at the rectory were matched by family troubles of my own. A letter arrived for me from one of my younger sisters at Paris. It contained alarming news of a person very dear to me—already mentioned in the first of these pages as my good Papa.

Was the venerable author of my being dangerously ill of a mortal disease? Alas! he was not exactly that, but the next worst thing to it. He was dangerously in love with a disreputable young woman. At what age? At the age of seventy-five! What can we say of my surviving parent? We can only say, This is a vigorous nature; Papa has an evergreen heart.

I am grieved to trouble you with my family concerns. But they mix themselves up intimately, as you will see in due time, with the concerns of Oscar and Lucilla. It is my unhappy destiny that I can not possibly take you through the present narrative without sooner or later disclosing the one weakness (amiable weakness) of the gayest and brightest and best-preserved man of his time.

Ah, I am now treading on egg-shells, I know! The English spectre called Propriety springs up rampant on my writing-table, and whispers furiously in my ear, "Madame Pratolungo, raise a blush on the Cheek of Innocence, and it is all over from that moment with you and your story." Oh, fashionable Cheek of Innocence, be good-natured for once, and I will rack my brains to try if I can put it to you without offense! May I picture good Papa as an elder in the Temple of Venus, burning incense incessantly on the altar of love? No. Temple of Venus is Pagan; altar of love is not proper—take them out. Let me only say of my evergreen parent that his life from youth to age had been one unintermitting recognition of the charms of the sex, and that my sisters and I (being of the sex) could not find it in our hearts to abandon him on that account. So handsome, so affectionate, so sweet-tempered; with only one fault, and that a compliment to the women, who naturally adored him in return! We accepted our destiny. For years past (since the death of Mamma) we accustomed ourselves to live in perpetual dread of his marrying some one of the hundreds of unscrupulous hussies who took possession of him; and, worse if possible than that, of his fighting duels about them with men young enough to be his grandsons. Papa was so susceptible! Papa was so brave! Over and over again I had been summoned to interfere, as the daughter who had the strongest influence over him, and had succeeded in effecting his rescue, now by one means and now by another; ending always, however, in the same sad way, by the sacrifice of money for damages—on which damages, when the woman is shameless enough to claim them, my verdict is, "Serve her right!"

On the present occasion it was the old story over again. My sisters had done their best to stop it, and had failed. I had no choice but to appear on the scene—to begin, perhaps, by boxing her ears; to end, certainly, by filling her pockets.

My absence at this time was something more than an annoyance—it was a downright *grief* to my blind Lucilla. On the morning of my departure she clung to me as if she was determined not to let me go.

"What shall I do without you?" she said. "It is hard, in these dreary days, to lose the comfort of hearing your voice. I shall feel all my security gone when I feel you no longer near me. How many days shall you be away?"

"A day to get to Paris," I answered, "and a day to get back—two. Five days (if I can do it in the time) to thunder-strike the hussy and to rescue Papa—seven. Let us say, if possible, a week."

"You must be back, no matter what happens, before the new year."

"Why?"

"I have my yearly visit to pay to my aunt. It has been twice put off. I must absolutely go to London on the last day of the old year, and stay there my allotted three months in Miss Batchford's house. I had hoped to be Oscar's wife before the time came round again—" she waited a moment to steady her voice. "That is all over now. We must be parted. If I can't leave you here to console him and to take care of him, come what may of it—I shall stay in Dimchurch."

Her staying at Dimchurch while she was still unmarried meant, under the terms of her uncle's will, sacrificing her fortune. If Reverend Finch had heard her, he would not even have been able to say "Inscrutable Providence," he would have lost his senses on the spot.

"Don't be afraid," I said; "I shall be back, Lucilla, before you go. Besides, Oscar may get better. He may be able to follow you to London, and visit you at your aunt's."

She shook her head with such a sad sad doubt of it that the tears came into my eyes. I gave her a last kiss, and hurried away.

My route was to Newhaven, and then across the Channel to Dieppe. I don't think I really knew how fond I had grown of Lucilla until I lost sight of the rectory at the turn in the road to Brighton. My natural firmness deserted me. I felt torturing presentiments that some great misfortune would happen in my absence; I astonished myself—I, the widow of the Spartan Pratolungo!—by having a good cry, like any other woman. Sooner or later we susceptible people pay with the heart-ache for the privilege of loving. No matter: heart-ache or not, one must have something to love in this world as long as our lives in it. I have lived in it—never mind how many years—and I have got Lucilla. Before Lucilla I had the Doctor. Before the Doctor—oh, my friends, we won't look back beyond the Doctor!

CHAPTER THE NINETEENTH.

SECOND RESULT OF THE ROBBERY.

The history of my proceedings in Paris can be dismissed in very few words. It is only necessary to dwell in detail on one among the many particulars which connect themselves in my memory with the rescue of good Papa.

The affair this time assumed the gravest possible aspect. The venerable victim had gone the length of renewing his youth in respect of his teeth, his hair, his complexion, and his figure (this last involving the purchase of a pair of stays). I declare I hardly knew him again, he was so outrageously and unnaturally young. The utmost stretch of my influence was exerted over him in vain. He embraced me with the most touching fervor; he expressed the noblest sentiments; but in the matter of his contemplated marriage he was immovable. Life was only tolerable to him on one condition. The beloved object, or death: such was the programme of this volcanic old man.

To make the prospect more hopeless still, the beloved object proved, on this occasion, to be a bold enough woman to play her trump card at starting.

I give the jade her due. She assumed a perfectly unassailable attitude. We had her full permission to break off the match—if we could. "I refer you to your father. Pray understand that I don't wish to marry him if his daughters object to it. He has only to say, 'Release me,' from that moment he is free." There was no contending against such a system of defense as this. We knew as well as she did that our fascinated parent would not say the word. Our sole chance was to spend money in investigating the antecedent indiscretions of this lady's life, and to produce against her proof so indisputable that not even an old man's infatuation could say, This is a lie.

We disbursed; we investigated; we secured our proof. It took a fortnight. At the end of that time we had the necessary materials in hand for opening the eyes of good Papa.

In the course of the inquiry I was brought into contact with many strange people—among others with a man who startled me, at our first interview, by presenting a personal deformity which, with all my experience of the world, I now saw, oddly enough, for the first time.

The man's face, instead of exhibiting any of the usual shades of complexion, was hideously distinguished by a superhuman—I had almost said a devilish—coloring of livid blackish *blue!* He proved to be a most kind, intelligent, and serviceable person. But when we first confronted each other his horrible color so startled me that I could not repress a cry of alarm. He not only passed over my involuntary act of rudeness in the most indulgent manner—he explained to me the cause which had produced his peculiarity of complexion, so as to put me at my ease before we entered on the delicate private inquiry which had brought us together.

"I beg your pardon," said this unfortunate man, "for not having warned you of my disfigurement before I entered the room. There are hundreds of people discolored as I am in the various parts of the civilized world; and I supposed that you had met in the course of your experience with other examples of my case. The blue tinge in my complexion is produced by the effect on the blood of Nitrate of Silver—taken internally. It is the only medicine which relieves sufferers like me from an otherwise incurable malady. We have no alternative but to accept the consequences for the sake of the cure."

He did not mention what his malady had been; and I abstained, it is needless to say, from questioning him further. I got used to his disfigurement in the course of my relations with him; and I should no doubt have forgotten my blue man in attending to more absorbing matters of interest if the effects of Nitrate of Silver as a medicine had not been once more unexpectedly forced on my attention in another quarter, and under circumstances which surprised me in no ordinary degree.

Having saved Papa on the brink of—let us say, his twentieth precipice, it became necessary to stay a few days longer and reconcile him to the hardship of being rescued in spite of himself. You would have been greatly shocked if you had seen how he suffered. He gnashed his expensive teeth; he tore his beautifully manufactured hair. In the fervor of his emotions I have no doubt he would have burst his new stays—if I had not taken them away and sold them half price, and made (to that small extent) a profit out of our calamity to set against the loss. Do what one may in the detestable system of modern society, the pivot on which it all turns is Money. Money, when you are saving Freedom! Money, when you are saving Papa! Is there no remedy for this? A word in your ear. Wait till the next revolution!

During the time of my absence I had, of course, corresponded with Lucilla.

Her letters to me—very sad and very short—reported a melancholy state of things at Dimchurch. While I had been away the dreadful epileptic seizures had attacked Oscar with increasing frequency and increasing severity. The moment I could see my way to getting back to England I wrote to Lucilla to cheer her with the intimation of my return. Two days only before my departure from Paris I received another letter from her. I was weak enough to be almost afraid to open it. Her writing to me again, when she knew that we should be reunited at such an early date, suggested that she must have some very startling news to communicate. My mind misgave me that it would prove to be news of the worst sort.

I summoned courage to open the envelope. Ah, what fools we are! For once that our presentiments come right, they prove a hundred times to be wrong. Instead of distressing me, the letter delighted me. Our gloomy prospect was brightening at last.

Thus, feeling her way over the paper in her large childish characters, Lucilla wrote:

"Dearest Friend and Sister,—I can not wait until we meet to tell you my good news. The Brighton doctor has been dismissed, and a doctor from London has been tried instead. My dear, for intellect there is nothing like London. The new man sees, thinks, and makes up his mind on the spot. He has a way of his own of treating Oscar's case, and he answers for curing him of the horrible fits. There is news for you! Come back, and let us jump for joy together. How wrong I was to doubt the future! Never, never, never will I doubt it again. This is the longest letter I have ever written.

"Your affectionate Lucilla."

To this a postscript was added, in Oscar's handwriting, as follows:

"Lucilla has told you that there is some hope for me at last. What I write in this place is written without her knowledge—for your private ear only. Take the first opportunity you can find of coming to see me at Browndown, without allowing Lucilla to hear of it. I have a great favor to ask of you. My happiness depends on your granting it. You shall know what it is when we meet. Oscar."

This postscript puzzled me.

It was not in harmony with the implicit confidence which I had observed Oscar to place habitually in Lucilla. It jarred on my experience

of his character, which presented him to me as the reverse of a reserved, secretive man. His concealment of his identity when he first came among us had been a forced concealment—due entirely to his horror of being identified with the hero of the trial. In all the ordinary relations of life he was open and unreserved to a fault. That he could have a secret to keep from Lucilla, and to confide to me, was something perfectly unintelligible to my mind. It highly excited my curiosity; it gave me a new reason for longing to get back.

I was able to make all my arrangements, and to bid adieu to my father and my sisters on the evening of the twenty-third. Early on the morning of the twenty-fourth I left Paris, and reached Dimchurch in time for the final festivities in celebration of Christmas eve.

The first hour of Christmas-day had struck on the clock in our own pretty sitting-room before I could prevail upon Lucilla to let me rest, after my journey, in bed. She was now once more the joyous, light-hearted creature of our happier time, and she had so much to say to me, that not even her father himself (on this occasion) could have talked her down. The next morning she paid the penalty of exerting herself overnight. When I went into her room she was suffering from a nervous headache, and was not able to rise at her usual hour. She proposed of her own accord that I should go alone to Browndown to see Oscar on my return. It is only doing common justice to myself to say that this was a relief to me. If she had had the use of her eyes, my conscience would have been easy enough; but I shrank from deceiving my dear blind girl even in the slightest things.

So, with Lucilla's knowledge and approval, I went to Oscar alone.

I found him fevered and anxious, ready to flame out into one of his sudden passions on the smallest provocation. Not the slightest reflection of Lucilla's recovered cheerfulness appeared in Lucilla's lover.

"Has she said any thing to you about the new doctor?" were the first words he addressed to me.

"She has told me that she feels the greatest faith in him," I answered. "She firmly believes that he speaks the truth in saying he can cure you."

"Did she show any curiosity to know how he is curing me?"

"Not the slightest curiosity that I could see. It is enough for her that you are to be cured. The rest she leaves to the doctor."

My last answer appeared to relieve him. He sighed, and leaned back in his chair. "That's right," he said to himself. "I am glad to hear that."

"Is the doctor's treatment of you a secret?" I asked.

"It must be a secret from Lucilla," he said, speaking very earnestly. "If she attempts to find it out, she must be kept—for the present, at least—from all knowledge of it. Nobody has any influence over her but you. I look to you to help me."

"Is this the favor you had to ask me?"

"Yes."

"Am I to know the secret of the medical treatment?"

"Certainly! How can I expect you to help me unless you know what a serious reason there is for keeping Lucilla in the dark?"

He laid a strong emphasis on the two words, "serious reason." I began to feel a little uneasy. I had never yet taken the slightest advantage of my poor Lucilla's blindness. And here was her promised husband—of all the people in the world—proposing to me to keep her in the dark!

"Is the new doctor's treatment dangerous?" I inquired.

"Not in the least."

"Is it not so certain as he has led Lucilla to believe?"

"It is quite certain."

"Did the other doctors know of it?"

"Yes."

"Why did they not try it?"

"They were afraid."

"Afraid? What is the treatment?"

"Medicine."

"Many medicines? or one?"

"Only one."

"What is the name of it?"

"Nitrate of Silver."

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

The Beethoven Centennial at Bonn failed to draw. The arrangements for the musical festival were good and unostentatious, but they attracted thither many leading musicians from various parts of Europe. The artists consisted primarily of about three hundred and seventy vocalists, chiefly from the Rhenish district, although in the orchestra were several musicians from Berlin, Leipsic, and London. Only Beethoven's music was given, yet the variety—mass, overture, song, symphony, quartette, solo—was wonderful. One great feature of the centenary was the performance of the celebrated Mass in D, a musical composition of rare difficulty and rare excellence. This work was rendered magnificently, and produced a brilliant effect, an enthusiastic audience paid hearty homage to art. The Mass in D is considered Beethoven's greatest composition.

From Russia we learn that in Moscow the medical faculty have come to the conclusion that it would be of special utility for women to be allowed to acquire thorough medical knowledge at competent medical schools, and afterward to practice without hinderance. The question of special classes has been inquired into, and as, in Moscow, at least, it is found impossible to institute classes solely intended for women, the faculty are of opinion that female students ought to be allowed to take their places along with the male students in the classes and lectures of the medical faculties and in the medico-chirurgical academy. The entrance examination will be the same for female as for male students. The result of the report by the faculty in the council of the Moscow University was that the views presented by the faculty were fully adopted by the council. Steps were taken to communicate with the curator of the Moscow school district, by whom steps must be taken to carry out the recommendations.

A new invention, which may serve to prevent some of the fearful railroad accidents which are so frequent nowadays, is an electric signal entirely automatic in its arrangement. A danger signal is shown half a mile distant in either direction whenever a switch is turned off the main track, and remains visible as long as the switch is turned. It can be operated a mile away, if necessary. By another invention an electric bell is rung whenever a train is within a given distance of a station. Such a system of signals would prevent such a disaster as that on the Eastern Railway.

Some of the recent disturbances in Northern India appear to have resulted from the late European war. It seems that a large number of the inhabitants of Cashmere, whose occupation was weaving shawls for the Paris market, were thrown out of employment by the war, and emigrated to the Punjaub, where some of their countrymen were settled, weaving shawls for the India market. Before long they began to use the flesh of the cow for food. The Hindoos resented the killing of this sacred animal, and the result was riots and murder.

At a recent sale in Paris of the effects of Dumas, the novelist, among a pretty collection of works of art and curious arms, were two richly chased carbines, given to Dumas—one by Schamyl and the other by Abd-el-Kader—after reading some of his stories. The principal bids were for a fine group in bronze, a present of the Duc d'Orleans to the novelist, which sold for 4100 francs, and for Dumas's two old arm-chairs, bought by his son, who was also the purchaser of more than half of the objects sold.

At a family reunion at the residence of the Rev. Peter Cartwright, in Illinois, on the occasion of his eighty-seventh birthday, one hundred and twenty children, grandchildren, and great-grandchildren of the patriarch were present. Mr. Cartwright has been a minister of the Gospel about sixty-six years, and a presiding elder of the Methodist Episcopal Church for over fifty years.

Quinine biscuit is a dietetic novelty introduced by a London baker. Each biscuit contains a quarter of a grain of quinine. Very agreeable food it is said to be for those who fancy taking their medicine in a disguised form.

Courtship and marriage seem just now to be the business of life in Paris. In a single one of the twenty arrondissements into which Paris is divided, the number of marriages for a single month is set down at two hundred.

The Boston postmaster states that out of an average receipt of sixty thousand letters a day, at least one hundred are found to be either without stamps or insufficiently paid. Hence they go to the Dead-letter Office. Boston business men, moreover, have been in the habit of opening their letters in the area of the Post-office, and throwing the envelopes on the floor. Some enterprising sharpers have considered this a good opportunity for exercising their talents. They learned the numbers of the boxes of certain firms, and took occasion to demand the letters therefrom.

Among new buildings which are in process of erection in our city is the "Old Ladies' Home" on Seventeenth Street, between Fourth and Madison avenues. It is 200 feet in length by 100 in width—built of brick, with facings of yellow stone. It contains six stories, the four upper being devoted to bedrooms, of which the house has over two hundred. The two lower stories will be divided into parlors, dining-rooms, kitchen, store-rooms, laundries, servants' rooms, offices, and other requisite apartments, including a chapel. A steam elevator will run from the basement to the top story. Each room will be warmed by a separate brick flue, which is heated at the base from coils of steam-pipe at its base. When this building is completed, the inmates of the "Home," now situated in Twentieth Street, will be transferred to it.

The new Mount Sinai Hospital, on Lexington Avenue, is nearly finished. It comprises three buildings, three stories in height, and built of brick, with white marble trimmings. The hospital proper will accommodate one hundred and twenty-five patients. There are private wards for those who are able to pay for extra accommodations.

Another year will probably be required for the completion of Mr. A. T. Stewart's hotel for women. Yet even in its unfinished state it presents an imposing appearance. It will be seven stories high, with a basement. The principal entrance will be on Fourth Avenue, through a massive portico two stories high, supported upon eight pillars. This will lead through a vestibule into a hall thirty feet wide, which will be paved with marble. Staircases will lead from the hall to the upper stories, while several elevators will afford an easier means of ascent. In the rear of the west side will be the kitchen, beneath which the laundry will be situated; above the kitchen will be a dining-room, thirty by ninety-two feet, and above that a library and reading-room of the same dimensions. The Fourth Avenue side of each story above the first will be divided into parlors, while the remainder of the building will be chiefly devoted to sleeping-rooms. The bedrooms will be of two sizes—part fourteen by eighteen feet, designed for two occupants, and part eight by nine feet, for a single occupant. The building will be thoroughly fire-proof, having iron beams in all the floors. It will be heated by steam, and supplied with all other conveniences.

The steamship *Atlantic*, the last of the Collins line of New York and Liverpool steam packets, has recently been taken to Long Island to be broken up into old iron and copper. The sad fate of the *Arctic* and *Pacific* will be remembered. The *Baltic* and *Adriatic* were sold to go under a foreign flag.

Nevada contains the richest borax deposits in the United States. It is said to be superior to the best English borax. Eleven thousand tons of borax are consumed annually in the world.

"Murderburg," "Yankee Flat," "New Jerusalem," and "Devil Gully," are some of the towns in which California glories.

Sree Rungamba Garu is a Hindoo caste lady, who has distinguished herself by a lecture which she recently delivered in Telugu, India. The subject was "Human Being." The lecture was patronized by a large number of Hindoo gentlemen. This, however, may be accounted for by the position the lady took, "acknowledging the inferiority of women and the superiority of men, in general, in point of learning." Her lecture, however, was in favor the advancement of female education in India.

Every year—so it is estimated—the United States sends 60,000 of her citizens to visit Europe. They spend there the pretty little sum of $120,000,000, says an English journal.

Never did Handel receive a more natural and pleasing tribute to his power and skill than when, on one occasion, he undertook to play the out voluntary in a crowded church. The organ was a fine one. Entranced by the music, the congregation sat as if spell-bound, not a person moved. Suddenly the usual organist came forward and took his seat, saying, with an air of superiority, "You can not dismiss a congregation. See how soon *I* can disperse them!"

The chirping and singing of the cricket and grasshopper are frequently spoken of; but they do not sing—they fiddle. By rubbing wings and legs together—each in a manner peculiar to the species—these insects produce the sounds which characterize them. Perhaps our best insect instrumental performer is the "katy-did." Each wing contains a little tambourine, and by the opening and shutting of the wings these are rubbed against each other, and produce the sound of "katy-did-she-did," which can be heard at such a long distance, and gives the insect its name. These sounds are supposed to be useful in enabling insects to find their mates, or they may indulge in them for their own gratification, and to add to the general harmony of nature.

The champion washer-woman lives in Springfield, Massachusetts. She would be welcomed in New York. She does washing for ten cents a "piece," yet she contrives to make a living. Her average income therefrom is stated at $50 a month. Last month she washed 1602 pieces, and received $160 14. Her husband manages to earn $12 a week.

The following bit of rhyme may not be the highest style of poetry, but we commend it for being sensible in the last degree. All the medical profession could take a summer vacation if people would obey these suggestions:

> Take the open air—
>   The more you take the better;
> Follow nature's laws
>   To the very letter.
>
> Let the doctors go
>   To the Bay of Biscay;
> Let alone the gin,
>   The brandy, and the whisky.
>
> Freely exercise;
>   Keep your spirits cheerful;
> Let no dread of sickness
>   Make you ever fearful.
>
> Eat the simplest food;
>   Drink the pure cold water;
> Then you will be well,
>   Or, at least, you ought to.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

Customer. "Do you call that a veal-cutlet, waiter? Why, it's an insult to every true calf in the country." Waiter. "I didn't mean to insult you, Sir."

When a man gets a handle to his name he begins to consider himself noble.

"Is my wife out of spirits?" said Jones, with a sigh,
  As her tones of a tempest gave warning;
"Quite out, Sir, indeed," was the servant's reply,
  "For she finished the bottle this morning."

Not long ago a captain of volunteers was presented with a handsome sword. He began his reply thus: "Ladies and gentlemen, this sword is the proudest day of my existence."

What poet is least distinguished for brevity?—Longfellow.

A True Prospect—Mining.

An Irishman, writing from Philadelphia the other day to his friend in the old country, concluded his letter thus: "If I live and have fortune to live till July—and tind tout whether it is so or no—I'll visit ould Ireland afore I leave Philadelphy."

The Long-sum Question—Shall a man be allowed to whip his wife?

A man was once relating a story of being on a locomotive that struck a cow standing on the track, and threw her several yards into the field, where she lit squarely upon her feet, with her head toward the train, and, strange to say, she wasn't hurt a mite. "But didn't she look scared?" inquired a listener. "Well, I don't know whether she was scared or not, but she looked a good deal discouraged."

Why is the road of transgressors so hard?—Because it is so much travelled.

"How many years have you been dumb?" sympathetically asked a gentleman of a beggar who professed to be bereft of speech. "Five years, Sir," replied the impostor, completely taken off his guard.

A farmer saw an advertised recipe to prevent wells and cisterns from freezing. He sent his money, and received the answer, "Take in your well or cistern on cold nights, and keep it by the fire."

Sheridan once said to Erskine, "Ah, Tom, had I come to the bar, I might have been what you are; but, hang it, Mrs. S——— would always obliged to write for our leg or shoulder of mutton." "Ah," said Erskine, "I always heard your literature was a joint concern."

When is water most liable to escape?—When it is only half tide.

Wanted, a man—to elope with my wife. He must be a man of courage, and strong in arm. He must be one with a healthy constitution, and able to do with little sleep. A sailor would suit best—one that's been accustomed to big blows. My wife has many good points for a man who could appreciate them. I can tell. She can talk faster than lightning can travel, and louder than a railroad whistle can scream. She doesn't care much for the amenities, but is very powerful on the necessities of life. She would be a good assistant in a vinegar factory, she's so sour, and would be a noble companion for a man living in a country where there are plenty of bears, she's so powerful in hugging. To any man who feels like relieving my wife to elope with him I will pay his and the expense of the elopement. Should my blessing be considered of any consequence, I'll throw it in. For further particulars, apply to Simon Jinks.

A MOSQUITO CAMPAIGN.

His Landlord assures Mr. Sliver there is not a single Mosquito in the Room.

Mr. Sliver finds there are no Single ones, but all are Married and have Large Families.

He goes for Them, and They go for Him.

He Fights!

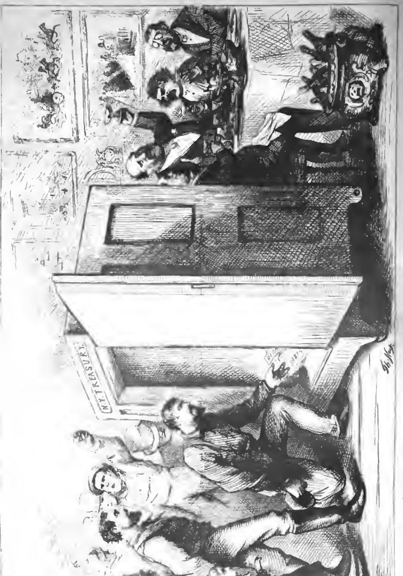
But, Overpowered by Numbers, he Retreats to Cover.

They make a Flank Movement.

Covered and Flanked. They attack Head-Quarters.

Last seen of Mr. Sliver.

EMPTY. "WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO ABOUT IT?" FULL.



EMPTY TO THE WORKMEN. THE FOUR MASTERS THAT EMPTIED IT.

THE CITY TREASURY.

"A WARNING."—"Remember what 'Our Friends' did in 1863—and think what They may do if you make us Mad."—[See Page 962.]

GAMBLING AT WIESBADEN.

The principal attraction of the pretty town of Wiesbaden, in the Duchy of Nassau, belongs to the Cursaal, which, like the "Conversations-haus" at Baden-Baden, of which we gave an illustration in the *Weekly* for September 16, is devoted chiefly to gambling. In the rear of the building, as shown in the illustration on page 933, there is a beautiful miniature lake, surrounded by lovely walks, and the margin set round with tables and chairs, where visitors retire after dinner to drink coffee, smoke, and listen to the music from a band stationed in a gallery of the Cursaal. A company leases the Saal from the Grand Duke for about $25,000 a year, for which trifling sum they monopolize the privilege of running gambling tables in the town.

The double-page illustration shows the interior of the Saal, where the gambling tables are in full operation. It is engraved from a picture by a German artist, drawn by him after actual sketches from life. Every group is a faithful study, every face a genuine portrait; and every person who has ever visited these gilded halls of vice will recognize the general fidelity to the actual scene which characterizes the picture.

As we stated in the article on Baden-Baden, the legalization of gambling will soon cease to be a reproach to Germany. This is the last season in Baden-Baden; Wiesbaden will enjoy a little longer respite, as the lease of the Cursaal does not expire until December, 1872. Until then fools who want to part with their money can have the opportunity at the gambling tables of this pleasant town. Wiesbaden is chiefly patronized by Russians and French, though since the war with Germany there has been a great falling off in the number of visitors of the latter nationality. The Russians are cool and steady gamblers. They do not stretch their necks to catch a glimpse of the first line of the cards, nor make a fuss, and they smile when they lose, and joke. But a Scotchman, well imbedded in the game, having ceased to respond an answer to a single question, is a preferable model of sobriety and decorum, and one of Scotia's sons at Wiesbaden this year has outlasted the Russians. He looks like the solid rock. He listens impassively to the announcement, whether out, and the coin win or lose, and he has sent home two thousand pounds. He may be a green Scotchman after all, for he is playing on. In any case, he is commendable for neither smiling nor joking. Smiles and jokes are unbecoming when you win, and an outrage to nature, a delusion, when you lose. A M'Gloon, who became celebrated last year for his singular fortune at "breaking the bank," used to signalize a fresh deal with a crunch to the croupier, perhaps in kindness, to relieve the extreme monotony of the official's occupation. The churlishness of this may be measured when we reflect that no business can be more frightfully dull than that of doling out and raking in gold and bank notes, dispensing Fortune's favors and dealing her blows evenhandedly, without a particle of interest in the proceedings. It might rank among Dante's torments. Consider the atmosphere it is performed in. Slaves condemned to labor in gangs on the mount of Mexico could hardly have breathed a more unpleasant heat than do these poor nobles, to whom the resort is an Armida's bower, not a garden. Many classes of gamblers are not above suspicion in the matter of cleanliness. They are all evaporating for twelve long hours around the green table, and you will find some of them sitting through a good part of the time pallid, moist. The fascination of the attempt to get what does not belong to you must account for it. This is the great danger of gaming. Whether virtue or vice, the man or woman who has once felt the influence of the malign charm is rarely able to shake it off. The quality of money won at play is to retain the fever of the struggle. It will not be quiet. Still it remembers its creative strife. Like the mares of the Camargue sung of by Mistral in Mireio, it sniffs the scent of the Cursaal from afar, and some fatal day breaks boundary, carrying its rider, whether he will or no, to the accursed spot.

HEAVY ODDS.

"Say what you will of it in the harsh daytime, this deceitful moonlight certainly shows the landscape well," said Miss Gilbert, and turned as she spoke, that her companion's eyes might rest on her own.

"Like most other things, the Academy justifies the philosophy of reserve," Mr. Thornton answered, after a minute's careless survey. "It is greatly improved by the discreet concealment of moonlight."

"It is always just beautiful!" cried Miss Isabel, [illegible] sharply round with a whose [illegible] companionship which he did not seem [illegible] agreeable. Then she went on, part [illegible] earnest and half laughing, "You [illegible] to disagree with me. If I should [illegible] were not a lovely, a delicious, a [illegible] and heavenly evening, as it is, you [illegible] at that cloudless blue expanse, [illegible] the beams of the moon—you would have [illegible] to these sweet breezes, and then [illegible] the east wind is blowing hard, and [illegible] certainly have rain before we reach [illegible]

[illegible] lady spoke these words in a tone of [illegible] disgust. Mr. Thornton [illegible] he placed Miss Isabel's hand [illegible] his arm and they walked on. [illegible] had been a success, at least [illegible] also been a pleasant gathering. [illegible] people could display their smatter[illegible] knowledge, gaining perhaps several [illegible] for future effect; where [illegible] could see the reflection of their [illegible] mirror of the public eye; where intellectual women might display their cultivation with an agreeable sense of dispensing sweetness on air by no means desert; where ardent art missionaries in gros grain and diamonds had talked chiaro-oscuro and middle distance and perspective—"aerial and terrestrial," as I heard one express it—and had still preserved a saving sense of the difference between the rubbish they were chattering and the Coptic Scriptures. And now the doors were closed; and in the serene, picturesque mingling of moonlight and lamp-light the visitors were dispersing to their several homes—among these being our two pilgrims remotely bound, and having the perilous passage of the East River between themselves and dream-land. Reaching Broadway they paused on the corner.

"Dear me! I don't see a stage," said Miss Isabel.

"If you are patient, you will probably have that pleasure," Mr. Thornton remarked, with his usual sententiousness, settling himself comfortably with the aid of his cane to await the desired transportation.

"How nice to be so uncommonly wise!" pouted Miss Isabel. "However, yonder comes one. Shall we walk to meet it? It is so stupid to stand waiting!"

They walked on—very slowly. The night was delicious! But they were rather silent. The little reminiscent smile on Miss Isabel's lips and in her down-bent eyes seemed to suggest the employment of her thoughts on some pleasant past events of the evening. Mr. Thornton, on the contrary, gazing contentedly down upon his pretty charge, seemed rather occupied with the present, and disinclined to try the chances of conversation in disturbing it.

Presently the stage driver signaled them.

"Thank goodness!" exclaimed Miss Isabel, *sotto voce*, lifting her dainty skirts preparatively. "For my part, I am nearly dead!"

"For mine, I never felt life more pleasant," said Mr. Thornton, detaining her. "Shall we not walk on to the next stage?"

Meantime the stage driver drew up his horses.

"Walk on!" cried Miss Isabel, in amazement, and standing in the moonlight a very pretty picture of that emotion, with one little foot on the curb-stone and the other (equally little) off. "Why, suppose the last boat has gone when we reach the ferry, I shall certainly throw myself into the river!"

"You will then afford me the infinite pleasure of taking you out," said Mr. Thornton.

"But you see—" began Miss Isabel.

"This is the express line," remarked the stage driver, with calm irony; "we only waits 'alf an hour at the cross streets."

"You can drive on," said Mr. Thornton, assisting the passive Miss Isabel back to the pavement; "we are not coming."

I fear that this driver was of an unsympathetic, prosaic nature. His reply was emphatic and succinct, but not polite. However, it amused the two gentlemen passengers. They had been looking down and smiling benignly on Miss Isabel during the foregoing dialogue, and they now leaned from the window, laughing and waving a gracious adieu.

"How provoking you are!" said the young lady, really annoyed. "How could you make me an object of attention like that?"

"Heaven was beforehand with me in making you an object of attention," said Mr. Thornton, and then added, seriously, after a little hesitation, "I beg you will pardon me, Miss Isabel. The truth is, I have something to say to you which is important, to me at least, and the present seems a sufficiently fitting time. Will you allow me to proceed?"

"Oh, certainly," she answered, loftily. "It is more agreeable talking than saying nothing. And since I *must* walk, why, you may go on."

Notwithstanding the tone of this gracious permission, Miss Isabel was already quite mollified. The night was lovely; she liked her companion, and felt his liking for her to be very flattering. For in spite of his years—nearly double her own—in spite of that manner of stately courtesy, which is as much out of date as the costume of Nebuchadnezzar—in spite of the silver hair streaking his black locks—in spite even of his great wealth and eminent position, Miss Isabel numbered among her many admirers not one with whom she felt herself so well at home and so well pleased to feel so.

However, from her august permission, Mr. Thornton did not take immediate advantage of it. He cleared his throat once or twice, and still paused. Miss Gilbert glanced up in surprise, and the unusual gravity of his face had the immediate effect of quite sobering hers. Her heart beat a little faster, but her soul was far from prophetic.

"Miss Gilbert—" began the gentleman, finally.

"'*Miss Gilbert*!' good gracious! what is the matter?" thought the young lady.

"If you will do me the honor to remember, I have had the pleasure of being known to you since you were quite a child," he said.

"Ever since I was born," murmured Miss Isabel, politely, to assist him.

"And I think I may say without vanity that I have reason to believe that I am not wholly indifferent to you?"

"Indeed you may!" cried Miss Isabel, with sincere warmth. "You know I feel almost as if you were my father! Why in the world do you talk so?"

And why in the world did suddenly a burning flush arise and devour Miss Isabel, neck and cheek and brow? She thought, "He is going to lecture me about David Stuart! I feel it! And I shall be frank for once, and confess that I am not flirting with David Stuart at all!"

After that rather stunning compliment of Miss Gilbert's they walked nearly a square in complete silence. One stage passed them, and neither noticed it. Then said Mr. Thornton,

"Your remark that you feel almost as if I were your father, Miss Isabel, while it gratifies me with the knowledge that I possess your confidence and some measure of your affection, renders it rather difficult for me to conclude what I had to say; however—"

"Pray don't mind it," said Miss Isabel, gently; her head was hanging down, and her cheeks were still burning. "I will tell you any thing!" There was an accent almost of tenderness in her voice, for she was still thinking of David Stuart. But unhappily Mr. Thornton did not know that.

A little re-assured, he said, plumply, and rather grimly too, "Thank you. Tell me, then, Miss Isabel, if I may hope that you will ever consent to become my wife?"

Miss Isabel drew her hand spasmodically from the arm upon which it rested; she gasped in the sharp fashion of the victim of a douche bath in winter. And stock still she stood, gazing, bewildered, with wide eyes and a rather terrified face.

Another thought now struck chill to her heart. It was mamma! She grew extremely pale, and trembled.

Mr. Thornton's smile was rather a sad one. In truth, he a little anticipated his answer, and he loved her.

"Well?" he said at last, gently replacing her hand; "can you not answer me? Can you not let me know at once whether I am to be—"

Miss Isabel stopped him here, but only to gasp his name, to pause, and burst out crying.

"To-morrow, then," said Mr. Thornton, soothingly.

"Please hear me now," she contrived to articulate.

"Don't agitate yourself," said Mr. Thornton, speaking as one having authority, but with the utmost tenderness. "There is another stage. We had better take it, indeed, for it is growing quite late."

Being a wise man, it is *just possible* that Mr. Thornton also remembered mamma.

So they entered the stage, which creaked and groaned and crept and rattled madly over the stones, after the wont of stages; but Miss Isabel was aware of nothing except a black coat sleeve which her downcast eyes took in in spite of themselves; even when they came to that inevitable headlong, wild rush down Whitehall Street, so calculated to make one reflect with gasping satisfaction upon the good and remorsefully to deplore the evil of one's career, Miss Isabel neither saw, nor felt, nor heeded aught else than that same black outline, in her diseased fancy like some hovering bird of prey, ready at any moment to seize and devour her.

"I see there is still a light in the drawing-room," he said, having rung the bell, in order to say something commonplace before parting.

"Yes," murmured Miss Isabel, in a tone so faint and unhappy that it would have suited a dying confession of mortal guilt; "yes, mamma always sits up for me—that is, at least, she does generally." Then, chokingly, "Won't you come in, Mr. Thornton?"

"At twelve?" said Mr. Thornton, smiling. He felt very sorry for the poor child, really. "I think I shall not trouble you again before to-morrow afternoon, Miss Isabel. With your permission I shall do myself the pleasure to see you then." And before reply was possible he had bidden her good-night, and was gone.

Miss Isabel paused in the parlor door, and looked in timidly.

Her faithful mamma sat in a deep arm-chair, beside a table upon which a lamp was burning. A book lay open upon her knees and, with her hands folded on it, and her head reclining comfortably on one side, Mrs. Gilbert slept the sleep of the just—innocent and audible. Certainly there was nothing so formidable in her appearance that her daughter need have stood outside trembling, hesitating whether to wake her and kiss her and fly, leaving coming events unheralded, leaving herself free to follow her own unbiased inclination, or whether to come in and fall down on her knees beside her mother and sob out all her troubles, and beg her not to let Mr. Thornton's excellent thousands outweigh the virtues of David Stuart's youth and beauty and— And what? Why, *of course*, he was as talented and good and brave and generous as he was young and handsome!

I profess I can see no necessity for Miss Gilbert's confession at all, seeing that she was firmly resolved to discard her elderly suitor. Yet I don't know that she actually wished to forego it. Ye who know the soundings of that silent sea—a woman's heart—dive down into its depths and find the motives of which she was herself unaware! Meantime fate decided for her, as it will for all of us who have sense and patience enough to be quiet—and wait.

She dropped her fan at the same moment that a scrap of wandering thunder, in the shape of some great black-winged, whirring bug, blundered against Mrs. Gilbert's nose. Mrs. Gilbert rubbed her nose, and woke up and saw her daughter. Miss Isabel came forward.

"Dear me, Isabel!" said mamma; "why, how late you have staid! If it had not been for this beautiful poem I really think I should have fallen asleep. But this would have kept awake any *body* who had a soul. Where is Mr. Thornton?"

Miss Isabel said he was gone, and blushed. Mamma was thinking her own thoughts—puzzled thoughts, too, however—and did not see the blush. Mrs. Gilbert lifted the tassel of the lamp mat and twisted it round once or twice abstractedly; then, without looking up, she remarked that David Stuart had been there during the evening, and paused, but not as if her sentence were complete. Her air was singularly doubtful and considerate—singularly so for Mrs. Gilbert. For that lady was one of those small, compactly made, fair-haired women, with a good square forehead and a rather full contour of jaw, who are not often troubled with doubts in any thing. Mamma, too, had had some experiences this evening, and had waited with a purpose; and presently, with an accession of resolution, she looked up decidedly to carry it into effect. But the sight of Isabel's face—tears were not so becoming to her as to most heroines—quite startled her.

"You have been crying, Isabel," she exclaimed; "what is the matter?"

At her mother's words some pretty impulse made the girl turn suddenly and kiss her loving lips with a sort of affectionate despair. Then she sat down on the floor, and laid her face on her mother's lap, and, as in duty bound, cried again.

Mrs. Gilbert was seriously alarmed. "Tell me at once, what is the matter," she said. "I never knew you to behave so strangely."

"I'm going to, mamma," whimpered the poor victim of her own charms—"I am, indeed. You see—mamma—Mr. Thornton—"

"Well, Mr. Thornton what?" A silence, during which Mrs. Gilbert attentively regarded her daughter. "Well?" said Mrs. Gilbert again, after waiting a reasonable time.

"Mamma, did you say David Stuart was here this evening?"

"Yes, I said so. What has that to do with Mr. Thornton and your tears? You are not crying because you did not see David Stuart?"

"Mamma!" with an indignation that, taken along with her tears, nearly choked her. Then, suddenly, "Mamma, you do love me, don't you? And you want me to be happy in my own way, do you not?"

"Isabel, you are talking ridiculously," said her mother, at once annoyed and alarmed. "Tell me immediately whatever you have to tell me. It can not be possible that—"

She stopped, struck through the heart with a sudden horror. You perceive, she had suspected some sudden penchant on her daughter's part for this unhappy David Stuart, and she had waited to-night to cure it—harshly, alas! but surely—with the news which the rash, unlucky David had imparted to her. Nothing less, indeed, than that he had "run away" with and married a certain penniless beauty, and, being rather a feeble-kneed youth, had come to beg Mrs. Gilbert's assistance in breaking the matter to his family. His manner in recounting this history had struck Mrs. Gilbert at the time as being singularly confused and unhappy, and she had noticed that he avoided mentioning the name of the lady. Fancy what horrible suspicion contracted her heart with a spasm of anguish! A deep flush swept over her face, and retreated, leaving her pallid as death, cold as stone, and harder than adamant. She lifted her hand as if to put her daughter from her, but controlled the impulse, and spoke on. And what a tone! looking down upon that graceful head, meantime, with the keenest scrutiny and expectation—with eyes that anticipated agony, but that would never soften with submission.

"You ask me if I love you, Isabel; and it is a strange question from you. I love you so well as to be able to forgive you *any thing*—except *treachery*. Lift up your face, Isabel, and look at me."

The young lady did not need a second bidding. She gazed into her mother's face in blank amazement, her tear-washed eyes wide open, and fixed in wonder upon those that looked down as though to penetrate the uttermost recesses of her most secret thoughts.

"*Treachery*, mamma!" That was all she could articulate.

"Ay, treachery," said Mrs. Gilbert, sternly. "Can it be that you wish to tell me that, despite all my love, my devotion, my hopes for you, my confidence in you, you have made me the base and bitter return of falsehood and deceit? that you have—"

Miss Isabel rose from her knees, and looked gently down upon her mother, with real but most unassuming dignity.

"What I wished to tell you, mamma," she said, "was only that Mr. Thornton had done me the honor to-night to ask me to be his wife; and—and I wanted to ask you to *consider*—every *thing*, mamma—before you advised me what to do."

Her eyes fell, and Miss Isabel blushed charmingly. Over Mrs. Gilbert's face swept, too, a crimson tide of confusion; her glance in turn sank beneath her daughter's. She was thoroughly ashamed of her suspicion, and her soft, good heart suffered her eyes for a moment to the thought of the pain which her communication was likely to inflict. She said, hastily,

"My daughter, I beg your pardon sincerely. My love for you rendered me absurd. The truth is"—she *could* not look at her daughter, and for her sake she *would* not hesitate while she felt the momentary moral courage necessary to pain her for her good—"the truth is, David Stuart told me to-night that he had been clandestinely married; and for one crazy minute I almost thought—"

Mamma did not say what. The poor girl's nerves were unstrung by the too quickly conflicting emotions of the evening; she uttered one low little cry, and *trembled* into the nearest chair. Her face was quite white, her eyes closed. Mrs. Gilbert rose, and got quickly some camphor and a glass of water. She held the one to Miss Isabel's lips, the other to her nostrils. And when the rose tints came creeping back to the pretty cheeks, she said, like the tender, sensible mother she was, "My dear, you have over-exerted yourself to-day. I have known you to faint several times from fatigue, and after your long walk this morning I should not have allowed you to go out to-night. You must take better care of yourself. And now, my daughter, come at once to bed."

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And being, as I said, a truly sensible mother, she left my stricken dove at the door of her own room without a single hint of sympathy or of comprehension.

And shall *I*, then, dissect the griefs, publish the self-contempt, unclose the wounds of "misprized love" that wrung poor Isabel's heart that bitter night? No, truly! Safe, for me, shall be her sacred, secret tears. Only be sure that honest pride and common-sense did not leave her to weep quite unreproved nor unconsoled. And when she came down next day her mother's anxious but covert scrutiny assured her that she had been fully justified in leaving the young lady to her own reflections.

Nothing whatever was said in reference to the further trial awaiting her that day. Whatever madame mère might have wished, it was obviously impossible in humanity to counsel the acceptance of one lover while the tears were not yet dry that witnessed to the faithlessness of another. Mrs. Gilbert sighed mentally, and reviewed with a sort of melancholy satisfaction the thousand excellences of Mr. Thornton's stocks and bonds. But, being very wise in her day and generation, she said not one word.

"Time and the hour run through the roughest day;" and four o'clock heard Mr. Thornton's ring, and witnessed the brilliant flushing of Miss Isabel's cheeks as she received his card, and rose. At that grim instant her heart somehow failed her. She turned timidly to her mamma, who was placidly sewing near her.

"Mamma," she said, rather faintly, "won't you go instead of me?"

"I think not, my dear," answered mamma, without looking up.

"But, mamma—"

"No, my dear. The truth is, Isabel, that while I would not—not for worlds!—say a word that might influence you, I can not be insensible to the fact that men of Mr. Thornton's stamp—of his excellent heart, of his cultivation, and perfect gentlemanhood, to say nothing of his great wealth and admirable social position—are met but seldom. And it would give me too great pain to refuse for you what I believe would constitute your entire earthly happiness. No, my dear; you must see Mr. Thornton yourself." And mamma sighed, and sewed busily on.

Miss Isabel descended the staircase very slowly, very thoughtfully, pausing perhaps as much as a minute on the landing, her little hand gliding before her down the balustrade. And, since one can feel "an eternity in an instant," and can think encyclopædias in the same space, she was a little undecided, after all.

Mr. Thornton came forward without the smallest embarrassment in the world, shook hands in the coolest, friendliest fashion, and reseated himself, making, as he did so, some original remark touching thermometrical matters.

Miss Isabel blushed, as if *that* were an embarrassing subject, and thought it was not so pleasant as yesterday.

"Not so pleasant as last night, assuredly," said Mr. Thornton, quietly; but there was that in the intonation that Miss Isabel felt was the prelude to some serious matters.

The blood so rushed to her head that for a moment she was quite giddy. And when the receding tide left her cheeks white and her hands cold she looked so faint and ill that in very pity Mr. Thornton spoke without further preamble, as one in mercy crushes some fluttering, wounded insect.

And while he was uttering the few necessary phrases a sudden illuminating instinct showed Miss Isabel what was best. She was as far from reasoning the matter out as a spider is from an equation. But her results were as perfect. Something whispered, Tell him the truth.

And she did it.

She lifted those lovely eyes of hers, all glistening with tears, that became her pale cheeks and quivering lips. She said, "I feel the honor that you do me, very much I feel it, Mr. Thornton. I like you so much that I might even deceive myself and fancy I love you, if—if I had not loved some one else, who does not love me," said my brave little girl, steadfastly but very tremblingly.

"Indeed!" said Mr. Thornton; and he said it with an appearance of concern, and yet with not so much as the occasion might have seemed to warrant. He took her hand and stroked it soothingly.

Something in the action touched Miss Isabel. She burst into tears; she sobbed heart-brokenly; she thought her heart was broken; but whether for what she had missed or for what she was casting away from her she could hardly have told.

Somehow—it is impossible to be exact in these matters—somehow her head was resting presently on Mr. Thornton's shoulder, and he was pushing gently from her temples the disordered hair.

"Tell me all about it, my child," he said, sympathetically, and there hovered about his wily lips a smile of satisfaction which my poor, unsuspecting little heroine could not see.

"I will," she murmured, with her handkerchief at her eyes. "It was—it was David Stuart. I thought he loved me. He almost said so, and I am sure he behaved so. And last night he came to tell mamma that he had been privately married to somebody else, and he wanted her to tell his father."

"Poor child! poor little girl!" said Mr. Thornton, still stroking her soft hair. His voice was full of commiseration; she could not see his eyes.

After a little pause—"But I have little to regret in such a person as *that*, after all," remarked Miss Isabel.

"But if you *loved* him," interrupted her suitor.

"*If* I loved him!" cried Miss Isabel, animatedly, raising her head. "I thought I did *once*; but now—" She paused and turned scarlet.

"But *now*," said Mr. Thornton, smiling.

Shall I go on? Oh no! Good reader, you have only to remember.

GREAT HAWK AND SMALL MORMON.

This sketch on page 941 represents a scene in the Far West. Like all savages, Indians are fond of adorning themselves. This passion comes out curiously in many ways. If you visit those natives who are found near the outposts and forts, you will be amused to see how fond they are—the men, if any thing, more than the women, for here truly they are the lords of creation—of ostentatious apparel. They seize with the greatest eagerness on every article of dress which has bright and varied colors to be procured from their white acquaintances; and he who obtains the prize of an old many-tinted shawl, or a "flashy" waistcoat, is a proud and happy man, envied by all his camp. He hastens blithely to his tent, loses no time in donning his new gimcrack, puts it on in the most ludicrous and fantastic manner possible, pins feathers here and there, and hangs every old coin and medal which he has picked up in one way and another upon it—then struts forth the oddest dandy of the forest it is possible to imagine. The airs which he puts on are as ridiculous as the costume itself, and the effect, when one considers who and what he is, hard to be realized by one who has not witnessed it. Sometimes these travesties assume a more complex form. Behold the "Great Hawk" emerging from his tent. On his head is a very old and shabby silk hat, with a piece of tattered crape wound about it; some feathers are fastened horizontally across the top and lop over the sides. The long straight hair is "crimped"—as the young ladies would say—so as to form a sort of thick hairy circle round the head underneath the hat brim; a hairy cushion for this unique crown. In either ear is a large round hoop of an ear-ring made of brass, while a variegated shawl trails over the shoulder. The legs are perfectly naked, the feet incased in a pair of moccasins of many-colored beads. Two long twisted braids of hair hang down on either side over the breast; and never peacock strutted with more inflated pride. When such an Indian fop has a fine figure and physique and well-made limbs, the effect is yet more ludicrous. "The most offensive Indian fop," says a recent writer, "is found among the male relatives of some Indian belle, who can claim connection by marriage with a white man, especially if he is the owner of a 'store,' or does business with a fur company. At all seasons of the year these 'relatives' make a hungry train of expectants, who hang upon their relationship to the white man, and become, once more than formerly, lazy and worthless."

CURIOSITIES OF CHIROGRAPHY.

Supposing Sir Philip Francis and "Junius" to represent a couple of individuals, what a curious and perplexing question arises upon Mr. Chabot's comparison of their MSS.! Here are two men with precisely the same tricks of style, the same peculiarities of punctuation, the same habits of dating their letters, of interpolating words in their MS., of correcting their proofs; and doing this, too, not only when writing in a feigned hand, but even when writing naturally and without the remotest thought of mystification. Taking the MS. of the Junius letters and comparing it under a microscope with the MS. of Sir Philip Francis, Mr. Chabot tells us that there are ten distinct and most suggestive circumstances of identity between the two handwritings: 1. The mode of dating letters. 2. The placing of a full stop after the salutation. 3. The mode of signing initials between two dashes. 4. Writing in paragraphs. 5. Separating paragraphs by dashes placed between them at their commencement. 6. Invariable attention to punctuation. 7. The enlargement of the first letters of words. 8. The insertion of omitted letters in the line of writing, and not above it, and the various modes of correcting miswriting. 9. Mode of abbreviating words, and abbreviating the same words. 10. Misspelling certain specified words. And yet we have it distinctly asserted by men of the highest authority that the MSS. which contain all these characteristic marks were not only written by two distinct men, but by two men who knew no more of each other than, say, the editor of the *Times* and Mr. Disraeli. Is this possible? And supposing it to be possible, how is it to be explained? By peculiarities of temperament, of genius, of intellect, of moral nature in common? And if this identity of handwriting does arise from resemblance of this sort, how far are we to suppose that handwriting is a key to the tone of a man's intellect or moral nature? It is a well-authenticated fact that a peculiar style of handwriting often runs in a family; and Lord Brougham used to maintain that handwriting was as hereditary as temper and feature, citing, in illustration, the close resemblance which his own handwriting bore to that of his grandfather, although his grandfather was in his grave when Brougham was born, and his father's handwriting was perfectly distinct in all its features from that of the grandfather and the son. Perhaps in the case of a man like Brougham, and in the case of all men of distinctly marked character, it may be easy to spell out their temperament and two or three other points from the lines and curves of their MS. But what about men with two or three styles of writing? Most men who are accustomed to write much have two styles—a style, say, for their private correspondence, and a style for the printer or for themselves. This was the case with Moore and Macaulay. Now and then you may meet men with three or four styles of handwriting. Melanchthon had four, all distinct, all strongly marked, yet never intermingling, and not adopted like the hands of Moore and Macaulay, or "Junius," for the purpose of legibility or mystification, but from pure caprice, for he frequently adopted all four forms in the course of a single letter or article.

SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

It is well known that within a few years past the condition of the Great Basin in the interior of North America, in regard to rain fall, has varied materially, and that the percentage has been much more than heretofore, this fact being well established by the greater increase of the depth in Great Salt Lake, Pyramid Lake, and other localities. Regions which twenty years ago were dry, and occupied by dwellings or roads, are now many feet below the water. At the meeting of the California Academy of Science, held on the 7th of August last, Professor Whitney presented a communication, stating that this rise had been arrested, and that the level of the water was actually descending. Whether this be a permanent change, or whether another alternation will occur, can not, of course, be foretold. It is, however, well established by geologists that the Great Salt Lake at one time occupied its entire valley, and thus was of vastly greater extent than at present.

Attention is called in the New York *Herald* of September 2 to the occurrence in the vicinity of New York of the Pompano, or Crevallé (*Trachynotus carolinus*), a favorite delicacy among the fish of the South Atlantic and Gulf coast of the United States; and its presence is connected with a supposed increase of temperature in the waters of our shores, consequent upon the driving inward of the Gulf Stream by the prevailing southerly winds of this season. The range of this fish for the present summer extends far to the east of New York, quite considerable numbers having been taken in Vineyard Sound and Buzzard's Bay. Although previously unknown of so large a size, it was not entirely a stranger to these waters, since it may be found in every season of moderate dimensions; and as long ago as 1853 Professor Baird, of the Smithsonian Institution, in a report upon the fishes of New Jersey, states that he had seen them taken by thousands in the sandy coves of the outer beach near Beesley's Point. These, however, were all rather small, scarcely exceeding a quarter to half a pound in weight.

The Spanish mackerel, another fish to which the *Herald* article refers, has also been known much longer than is generally supposed. Dr. Mitchill, in his work on the "Fishes of New York," published in 1817, gives it as of occasional occurrence; and it may be, after all, a question whether the greater frequency with which it is now seen does not depend on the improved methods of capture rather than upon any great degree of difference in abundance. During the present season it is less abundant on the New England coast, from Newport to Vineyard Sound and Buzzard's Bay, than last year, although, to judge from the market price, it is taken much more largely nearer New York. We are informed that the price has ranged as low as ten cents a pound, while at Newport it has retailed at a dollar and even more. It is worth in the New Bedford market at the present time about thirty-five cents.

Among the many explorations now being prosecuted in the West, that of Lieutenant G. M. Wheeler, of the United States Engineers, to which we have already referred, bids fair to be one of the most important. This, as may be remembered, has for its object the exploration of certain little or not at all known portions of Arizona and Nevada, and is fitted out on such a scale as to promise important information, not only in regard to the topographical features of the country, but to its geological and biological character.

The latest advices from the party were from near Camp Independence, in California, where an astronomical station had been established, and the necessary preliminary observations almost completed. The expedition had been divided into several parties, which were to unite at Stump Springs about the 1st of September, and about which time a boat expedition was to leave Camp Mohave, and proceed up the Colorado River to meet the main bodies, another division proceeding to St. George, Utah. The main party was to cross the Colorado about twenty or thirty miles east of the mouth of the Virgin River. The final result of this exploration will be looked forward to with much interest.

By letters received from Dr. Hayden, dated August 28, we learn that he had finished his survey of the Upper Yellow Stone, and had succeeded in constructing a map giving the contour of the Yellow Stone Lake, with its tributary waters. Every detail of its shore line for 175 miles had been mapped down, and its depths determined by careful soundings. The deepest water observed was 300 feet. Numerous determinations of the altitudes of the surrounding plateaus and hills had also been recorded; and, in short, the topography of the region had been thoroughly worked out, and all its physical features carefully ascertained. Over 500 springs, differing in their character, were located, and photographic and pencil sketches obtained of the geysers, mud springs, etc.

Having completed its labors in the vicinity of Yellow Stone Lake, the expedition was to leave Fort Ellis in a few days for the purpose of exploring a point on the Pacific Railroad near Fort Bridger. In addition to the peculiar geological and topographical work of the expedition, some new tertiary deposits, embracing fossil vertebrates, were found, some of them of much interest, and indicating the existence of species hitherto unrecorded. These have been forwarded to Professor Leidy, and are now in his hands for examination.

Professor Cope, who appears quite indefatigable in his investigations among American cetaceans, has lately described a new species of whale from the West Indies. His attention had been drawn to the fact that whalers had been in the habit of capturing humpbacked whales off the coast of San Domingo and other portions of the Caribbean Sea, and he ultimately succeeded in obtaining a complete skeleton, which is now in the Academy of Natural Sciences of Philadelphia. After a careful examination he finds it to be an undescribed species, and names it *Megaptera bellicosa*.

But little is known of the habits of this species, although it is said to appear about the island of St. Bartholomew at the beginning of March or even in February, and to remain till the end of May, when the sexes pair, and then disappear. On their return they frequently come in families, consisting of the two parents and the young. The male is wild, and more difficult to capture than the female, and has on several occasions been known to destroy the boats of its pursuers. In June they are said to go further into the Gulf of Mexico, and to return eastward in the autumn, but do not appear among the smaller Antilles at that time. It is supposed they pass the Straits of Florida, or follow the shores of the South Main. The statement that some whalers make in regard to their spending the middle of the winter on the African coast needs confirmation, in the opinion of the professor.

We have already referred to the proposed establishment of a meteorological station at the Azores, first urged by Mr. Buys-Ballot upon the Portuguese government; and we learn from a recent communication to the Academy of Sciences in Paris by this gentleman that he has entertained such an idea for a number of years, in connection with the transatlantic cable between America and Europe passing through these islands. Apart from the commercial value of such a cable, he thinks that the opportunities of anticipating the weather are of the utmost importance, as thereby notifying vessels about to sail from any European sea-port in regard to the propriety of such a step, and enabling them to determine the particular direction in which they should move.

We have already referred to the desire on the part of scientific men in England to induce the British Admiralty to organize a four years' naval expedition for the purpose of prosecuting deep-sea dredgings in different parts of the globe, and we now learn from the proceedings of the British Association that whenever a formal application to that effect is made by the Royal Society to the Admiralty a favorable view of the request will probably be taken.

In a recent article upon the bird trade of Germany with the rest of the world we are informed that the single firm of Messrs. Reiche, of Alfeld, are in the habit of shipping immense numbers of living birds to the United States, consisting mainly of canaries, but including also goldfinches, sparrows of every species, including the house sparrow, larks, etc. Their shipments to this country during the year 1869 amounted to 20,000 canaries and 15,000 birds of other species, the total number of canaries reported by all the dealers to North America amounting probably to not less than 65,000 annually. The shipments generally begin in the month of August, with the first spring brood, and are continued uninterruptedly until April. These, in nearly all instances, have been carefully trained before shipment, and it is now possible for a few dollars to obtain birds that not many years ago would have cost more than ten times that amount.

We have received the announcement, in the form so generally adopted in Europe at the decease of any prominent person (namely, that of a circular to all his correspondents), of the death of Juan Rinacca, at Rome, on the 11th of May last, in the fifty-fifth year of his age. This gentleman was favorably known in the United States as a conchologist of great industry, and very energetic in extending his relationships with fellow-workers elsewhere, by the way of correspondence and exchange. He left a valuable collection of shells, especially rich in the air-breathing mollusca, which his brothers propose to keep up, as a monument of the deceased, and in accordance with their own tastes in that direction.

From present indications salted mackerel promise to be quite cheap this year as compared with last, the catch, on the whole, being much larger than in 1870. Different localities for fishing have varied considerably in their yield, the best results having been on St. George's Bank, where, although the fleet has been much larger than usual, nearly all have obtained full fares. It is said that No. 1 mackerel are selling at about $11 25 per barrel, being less than half the price they brought at this time last year.

It is furthermore stated that mackerel have not harbors from Halifax to the Gut of Canso in such quantity that hundreds of barrels are taken which can not be disposed on account of their number, and being very difficult to preserve, they have been thrown upon the fields in large quantities for manure. The fish are said to be large, and the occurrence of so great numbers has not been known before for many years.

The Eighth Part of the beautiful work upon "North American Lepidoptera," by Mr. William H. Edwards, commenced some years ago, embracing figures and descriptions of numerous little known or new species of American butterflies, is now in press, and will shortly be distributed to subscribers. This number will contain the result of some important observations and determinations by Mr. Edwards upon the metamorphosis of these insects, and among other points he will show that *Grapta interrogationis* and *G. fabricii* are one and the same species, as proved by the occurrence of both forms in a brood, raised from eggs of *G. interrogationis*, the dimorphism extending to both sexes.

A still greater complication is seen in the genus *Ajax*, where three forms—*A. marcellus*, *walshii*, and *telamonides*—persistent in both sexes, and supposed to be entirely distinct and without intermediate gradations, are shown to be polymorphous, one single setting of eggs [illegible] each producing all these varieties. This, of course, shows the importance of studying animal life in groups, and not as isolated objects, and of studying it in all stages of development, since it is only by the rearing of butterflies from the egg that their true relationships were ascertained.

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"STOP THIEF!"

"They no sooner heard the cry, than, guessing how the matter stood, they issued forth with great promptitude; and, shouting 'Stop Thief!' too, joined in the pursuit like *Good Citizens*."—"Oliver Twist."

Google

ANDREW H. GREEN, THE NEW DEPUTY-CONTROLLER.
[Photographed by Brady, 785 Broadway, New York.]

REV. ELIPHALET NOTT POTTER, D.D., PRESIDENT OF UNION COLLEGE.
[Photographed by E. S. Churchill, [illegible] Broadway, New York.]

THE NEW DEPUTY-CONTROLLER.

The appointment of Mr. Andrew H. Green, whose portrait is given on this page, to the important position of Deputy-Controller, was one that gave satisfaction to every honest citizen of New York, irrespective of party connections. His high repute, the character of his public services as a member of the Board of Education and as a Park Commissioner, were guarantees for the faithful and sagacious discharge of the delicate and responsible duties of his new position. Probably the appointment of no other man could have met with more general approval.

The peculiar circumstances under which Mr. Green was appointed were fully detailed in the last number of *Harper's Weekly*. The Mayor's attempt to interfere with the arrangement met with deserved reprobation from the honest journals of his own party as well as from the Republican press. Mr. Green possesses the full confidence of the public; and while he controls the finance bureau his reputation will command the credit necessary for its current expenses. He will prevent the removal or destruction of tell-tale records; he will guard against further misappropriations of the public money; and no one doubts that he will diligently investigate the present condition of the Treasury and the debt, and spare no effort to collect evidence against the men who have so shamelessly defrauded the people.

DR. POTTER, PRESIDENT OF UNION COLLEGE.

The Rev. Eliphalet Nott Potter, D.D., the newly elected President of Union College, is now a clergyman at Troy, and was formerly Professor of Ecclesiastical History at the Lehigh University. He is a very young man for the place, being but little over thirty years of age. He is a grandson of the Rev. Dr. Nott, who was president of the college for nearly sixty years, and under whom it obtained the greatest success. He is a son of the late Bishop Potter, who was himself distinguished for his interest and great services in the cause of education.

The newly elected president is the youngest of six brothers, the others of whom are Clarkson N. Potter, a lawyer of eminence practicing in this city, and the member of Congress from the Tenth District; Howard Potter, of the house of Brown Brothers & Co.; General Robert B. Potter, of the Ninth Army Corps; Edward T. Potter, an eminent architect; and the Rev. Dr. Henry C. Potter, of Grace Church.

He will bring to his important position the prestige of success, and the best wishes of a vast body of alumni firm in the belief that their college has always turned out the most practical and successful men in the country. A man of rare classical attainments and experience, he will doubtless fulfill the most sanguine expectations of his friends.

GREAT HAWK AND SMALL MORMON.—[See Page [illegible].]

THE CHOLERA IN MOSCOW.

A correspondent of the Manchester (England) *Examiner*, writing from Moscow, August 12, says: "This has been a black summer for Central Russia. The same warm, dry weather which has ripened the corn has favored the spread of the cholera, which has clung persistently to Moscow and its environs ever since the middle of March. Such a summer has not been known since 1866, when the fashionables of St. Petersburg fled en masse before the destroyer, and the hospital returns were like the lists of killed and wounded after a battle. The epidemic is now abating slightly in Moscow itself, but only to break out with fresh fury elsewhere. The district towns and villages of the central government are suffering grievously, and the evil is increased by the ignorance and superstition of the peasantry. So strong is their aversion to place themselves under medical treatment, or to be removed from their own houses to the hospital, that many cases have proved fatal from this reason alone. This prejudice springs from two causes: 1. The fatalist belief, innate to the Russian, that he must die when his time comes, and not before. 2. The fact that the remedies which tell favorably when applied to the softer inhabitants of the towns often produce a deleterious effect upon the rugged organization of the hardy 'Mujik'—a phenomenon which, coupled with the fact that the majority of provincial doctors are foreigners, is in the eyes of the ignorant peasant a sufficient proof of poisoning. So strongly, indeed, has this absurd idea taken root that, in the reign of the Emperor Nicholas, a number of German physicians in one of the central governments, who had nursed the sick peasants of the province, were actually set upon and murdered to a man. At present, as I have already said, Moscow itself is beginning to recover, but the pestilence has left its mark. Since the 17th March, when the first serious development of the epidemic took place, no fewer than 17,000 deaths have been registered by the hospitals alone; and in several of the adjacent villages nearly a fourth of the entire population has been swept away."

NOT DROWNED AFTER ALL.

We can easily picture to ourselves the case of a timorous man falling accidentally into deep water. With him there would be no struggling, no coming up to the surface and going down again, the shock having thrown him into a swoon, he would go down with his lungs full of air, in fact, in the best state possible for existing under water, as, from the air within, but a small portion of fluid would find its way by the mouth and nostrils toward the stomach, which could only compress the air a little round the heart and lungs. These, through his being insensible, are only acting feebly, while gradually, from the cold, his legs, arms—in fact, all except those organs on which life principally depends—are numbed and dead.

The heart and lungs, however, of the unconscious being manage to retain their vitality from the air that surrounds them, on the top of which floats the water, which one inhalation would carry downward, and cause instant death. A man thus situated might remain immersed not only for a quarter or half an hour, but for a dozen of hours, and when the body was brought to the surface, if proper precautions were taken and proper attention given, it might be restored to life.

As a proof that we are not basing our arguments on supposition, we will give two or three anecdotes of individuals who recovered, under proper treatment, after being not only hours but days under water. These, however, although well authenticated, must, at this stage, be received with a certain amount of reserve, as the incidents narrated occurred about two hundred years ago; but we may feel assured that there must be a considerable degree of truth and correctness in the facts, when they happen to have been noted down and published by different physicians, who were strangers to each other.

Dr. Joel Langelot, an eminent Swedish physician in the last century, communicated the following extraordinary account to the "Secretary of the Academy of the Curious," in Germany:

"When I was at Tronningholm, where the Queen of Sweden has a palace, I saw a gardener, aged sixty-five years of age, and still pretty vigorous, who eighteen years before, going over the ice, without sufficient caution, to assist a man that was drowning, fell himself in the water at a part where it was eight ells deep, and remained full sixteen hours under the ice, his body in an erect position, before the place was discovered where he was.

"I questioned the man if he had any recollection of what had occurred, and he told me he had a kind of indistinct idea of being frightened when he tumbled in, of his limbs becoming stiff with cold, and then all was a blank. He informed me also that the doctor told him afterward, when he was taken out of the water, a great bubble of air issued out of his mouth, and it was this, without doubt, that kept him from being suffocated. He likewise described how he was at once covered over with a sheet, and in this condition warmed gently before a fire, adding that 'drowned persons never recover when exposed too soon to the open air.'"

Dr. Hoeck, one in his "Academical Lectures," published at London in 1749 by his pupil, Van Leeuwe, relates the same case of this gentleman, from the authority of John Nicholas Pechlin.

A more surprising instance was related to Dr. Langelot by the keeper of the Royal Library at Stockholm, M. Tilesius, the worthy doctor styling it a still "more extraordinary fact," and he got the Royal Librarian to certify to it, as follows:

"A woman in the province of Dalia, in Sweden, by name Margaret Larsdotter, fell three different times of her life into water. The first time, when she was very young, she remained three days under water, but the two other times she had more speedy assistance. This woman died, aged seventy-five, in 1672.

"(Signed) M. Tilesius,

"Royal Librarian of Stockholm."

But now comes the most wonderful tale of all, and which had better be given in Dr. L.'s own words.

"Still, what was told me by M. Burman, on his return to Stockholm from his journey to West Gothland, seems quite incredible. He says that having by chance been to hear a funeral sermon on the death of an old gentleman of seventy, by name Laurence Jonas, of the town of Bonres, and parish of Pithovia, the rector had assured the assembly that this person having fallen, at the age of seventeen, into the water, was not drawn out until seven weeks afterward, and yet had the good luck to be brought to life by the same means as are practiced in Sweden."

Dr. L. continues that, "although he himself was aware of the example of insects and some birds remaining in a torpid state all the winter, yet can hardly believe the fact possible."

Nor do we; and only account for the statement by putting it down to a mistake of the clergyman's, who had made use of the word "weeks" instead of days or hours.

As might be expected, Dr. Langelot's communications caused a considerable stir and controversy among the philosophers of the period. Some were incredulous; others believed his statements, and received them as facts. Dr. Godfrey Schubert, physician, of Bregentz, accepting them as such, endeavored, in a series of letters, to account for their seeming improbabilities. Taking his ground on the principle that the heart is the first living and the last dying portion of our bodies, he argued, that all the functions of the system corporeal, and particularly those of the lungs, depended on the heart's motions. "A person may therefore live," says he, "without any sensible respiration, not only during some hours, but even some days, because it may happen that the natural heat is so much diminished by sickness, or some other external cause, that it does not require to be tempered every instant by new air."

Having referred to the Swedish custom or method to recover the drowned, we may as well now state what that method is. Starting for the object in view on the broad basis that heat applied suddenly to any animal in a state of insensibility from cold would be a fatal mistake, and that to expose a body suddenly to the influence of the atmosphere, which for hours had been shrouded from the air, would be equally so, they proceed in their efforts, strictly acting up to their opinions. The instant a body is taken out of the water it is covered completely over with sheets or blankets, and, thus guarded from the atmosphere, it is gradually moved into a warmer place, where it is plied with hot flannels, friction, and the like for several hours. When the motion of blood in the body, which had been so long stagnant, gives signs of returning, their exertions are continued cautiously until the person comes round, when cordials and other medicines are given to complete the cure.

"CLOTHES MAKE THE MAN."

Under the figure of an allegory, a father bequeaths to his three sons, Peter, Martin, and Jack (by whom are typified the Roman, Lutheran, and Calvinistic sectaries), a coat each (signifying the doctrine and faith of Christianity), which, he tells them, will influence their future fortunes, according as they wear them, well or ill. He also leaves them a "Will" (by which is intended the New Testament) that will instruct them in every particular as to the wearing and management of their coats. Under the allegory of these coats he makes a fine satirical digression, which evidently suggested to Mr. Carlyle the subject of his celebrated work, "Sartor Resartus." Swift originated the idea that every nature is recognized and estimated by its vestment or clothing; that the universe is but a "large suit of clothes, which invests every thing; that the earth is invested by the air; the air is invested by the stars; and the stars are invested by the primum mobile." He adds:

"To conclude from all. What is man himself but a micro-coat, or rather, a complete suit of clothes with all its trimmings? As to his body there can be no dispute; but examine even the acquirements of his mind, you will find them all contribute in their order toward furnishing out an exact dress: to instance no more, is not religion a cloak, honesty a pair of shoes worn out in the dirt, self-love a surtout, vanity a shirt?—and so on. These postulates being admitted, it will follow in due course of reasoning that those beings which the world calls improperly suits of clothes, are in reality the most refined species of animals; or, to proceed higher, that are rational creatures, or men. For, is it not manifest that they live and move and talk and perform all other offices of human life? are not beauty and wit and mien and breeding their inseparable proprieties? In short, we see nothing but them, hear nothing but them. Is it not they who walk the streets, fill up Parliament, coffee, and play houses? It is true, indeed, that these animals, which are vulgarly called suits of clothes or dresses, do, according to certain compositions, receive different appellations. If one of them be trimmed up with a gold chain and a red gown and a white rod and a great horse, it is called a Lord Mayor; if certain ermines and furs be placed in a certain position, we style them a judge; and so an apt conjunction of lawn and black satin we entitle a bishop."

Rose Cold and Hay Fever.—Relieved by the use of Jonas Whitcomb's Asthma Remedy.—[Com.]

DIAMOND SETTING.

This art, irrespective of ornamentation, has received important modifications of late years. The Indian method was to imbed the stones precisely like glaziers' diamonds. Mediæval rings are of this character; but the brilliancy of the gem was lost. A collar of metal was raised around the stone and worked down to the gem. Rose diamonds being then much in vogue, this was not so objectionable. Considerable pressure having to be exerted, the edges of the stone were sometimes broken, and many heirlooms show these fractures. The fault in this method was that it gave opportunity for fraud. Bad color and flaws could be concealed by placing foil under the stones. The present plan of mounting the diamond with claws gives perfect security, at the same time preventing deception. There is, however, a duration to all things. Constant friction may in time damage the most careful setting. It is a wise precaution on the part of those wearing jewels to have them examined every two years. A moment's inspection by the expert determines whether a stone is safe; and, if it requires mending, the expense is trifling. It is exactly on questions of this nature that we refer with pleasure to Messrs. Evans & Nanson, of No. 28 John Street (up stairs), whose knowledge of every detail of the jewelers' art enables them at a glance to determine any fault. We believe that many of our fair readers, by consulting these gentlemen, can save themselves from annoyance and loss.—[Com.]

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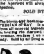

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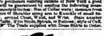

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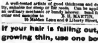

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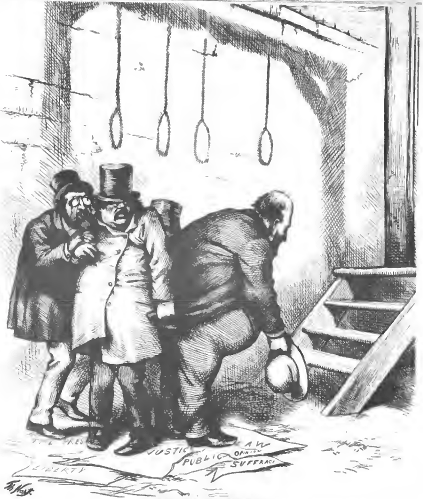

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Suspended from my watch's chain,
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If sad, the happiest I become
  Of living happy creatures.

My miniature! a pretty charm,
  Whose spell ne'er fails to brighten
The dullest day—the heaviest care
  Your bonny face to lighten.
And when I alone sit and think
  Of you, and of you only,
My solitude a peep at you
  Dispels—I'm no more lonely!

My miniature! what is it though
  Life's worries sorely try me,
I have you close, my darling, now
  In face and features by me!
But then the thought delights me most—
  My love, can you divine?—
As oft your face I gaze upon:
  It is that you are mine, my love,
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one representing groups of sailors and dock laborers listening to a sermon in the open air, the other a humorous scene in a dock eating-house—from the pencil of Sol. Eytinge, Jun.; *the continuation of "Lord Kilgobbin;" and other interesting features.*

THE TAMMANY VICTORY AT ROCHESTER.

Mr. William M. Tweed has put Mr. Horatio Seymour, Mr. Samuel J. Tilden, and the other protesting or reforming Democrats into his pocket, and has buttoned them up. There was never so humiliating and ridiculous a surrender so close upon the heels of the most sonorous defiance. The reform Democrats declared that they would expel Tammany ignominiously from the Convention. They proclaimed that the honest and intelligent men of the party should be admitted as the true representatives of the New York city Democracy, and the whole world was to see that the party was not responsible for the sins of Tammany. And what was the result? Tammany came to the Convention. Directly upon the organization it announced that it was the only regular delegation, and the only one entitled to a seat, but that it would of its own pleasure waive its unquestionable right, and that New York should be unrepresented. It chose not to take its seat. It chose not to have any other delegation admitted. It chose to leave the city of New York, the centre of the Democratic vote, unrepresented in the State Convention. It declared that it did this of its own free-will; and Tammany having then decided what the Convention should do, Mr. Horatio Seymour and Mr. Samuel J. Tilden bleated "Amen!"

It is now asserted that the only object of the decent Democracy was to exclude Tammany from the Convention, and that they did it. But it is not true. Tammany declined to take the seat which it defied the Convention to contest, and itself excluded the decent delegation. And, after scornfully consenting to hear the orators of the reform, Tammany hissed Mr. Tilden when he made a show of censuring corruption, and he instantly succumbed, and did the work of Tammany by moving to proceed to the nomination, leaving the question of admission unsettled. The Convention then renominated the ticket, with one or two exceptions, which Tammany nominated two years ago. We repeat, therefore, that the Convention did not exclude Tammany, but Tammany excluded the decent Democracy.

If the pluck of the Convention had been equal to that of Tammany, it would have said that if Tammany chose to stay out, it was its own affair, but that it certainly should not come in, and that the honest and decent Democracy of New York should be represented by the delegates it had chosen. Why did not the Convention do this, which, as Mr. Abraham R. Lawrence said, was the honorable course to pursue? Because it feared the revenge of Tammany. That is the only reason. It feared that Tammany would defeat the party in November in order to show that its support is indispensable to victory. And to what plight does this conclusion leave the Democratic gentlemen who have cried out against the Tammany frauds? Simply, that while they denounce the stealing of money by the Ring, they wink at the stealing of votes to secure a Democratic majority. Tammany has never won a more complete victory than at Rochester; and those who acquiesced in it from fear of a defeat at the November election, have merely succeeded in identifying their party with the Tammany frauds.

When the war upon Tammany began, we were reproached for implicating the Democratic party in the dishonesty. But the Democratic party of New York, in its State Convention, has just suffered Tammany to exclude an anti-Tammany delegation. The party has refused by its action to denounce Tammany, and its platform is waste paper. Even had it resolutely admitted the decent delegation to the Convention, and taken the risk of defeat at the election, it would have been questionable whether honest men should vote for any candidates of a party which is so deeply tainted; but now that it has declined to purge itself, there is no question whatever. In the pending campaign of honest men against rogues, all good citizens will support the candidates of a party which opposes Tammany now, as it has always opposed it, and which denounces its frauds at the ballot-box no less than its frauds at the money box. We have heard of many Democrats who, in disgust with the Rochester surrender to Tammany, will vote for the Republican ticket. But we have heard of no Republican who, whatever his regret at some of the proceedings at Syracuse, proposes to vote for the Democratic ticket.

HONESTY AND POLICY.

The earnestness of the movement against the Tammany despotism is one of the most cheering events in our political history. It shows both the vigor of the popular will, and the elasticity of popular institutions. "Is not the real truth this," shrewdly asked the London *Spectator*, in commenting upon the suppression of Hall's riot in July, "that whenever they [the mass of the people] are interested enough to act, or even think, on politics....they are supreme?.... Whenever the community rises to a kind of insurrection, it always wins, always puts down the wrong-doers, always establishes some sort of intelligible order; but whenever it is unexcited—whenever, that is, nothing is in peril but morality—then it leaves power to the men with the longest head and the deepest purse and the fewest scruples." The truth is even better than the *Spectator* states it; for the present movement is not to keep order in the streets, but to rescue morality, and to restore honesty to the city government. Indeed, the real advantage of this great uprising of the community against the mean and odious despotism of Tammany Hall is its vindication of the certainty of moral laws, which we are constantly told by the slaves of the Ring have nothing to do with politics.

In a certain superficial sense this is, of course, true; but in an intelligent community any persistent outrage upon morality is sure to bring its revenge, and the community will probably suffer in paying the penalty. Our own civil war is one memorable lesson upon that point, and the conquest of France by Germany is another. We are very apt, indeed, to slight the lesson. It is constantly urged that money is the only tangible and actual good; that it is folly to suppose that men are not venal and false; that we must be even with the devil; and that the rascality of people differs only in kind and degree. The example of a man like Fisk is cited with a kind of despair; and the suggestion that any thing but the merest selfishness inspires political action is received with a pleasant smile of incredulity. A man called respectable, like Mr. Hoffman, the Governor of the State, is seen to lend himself to such knavery as the Erie bill; legislation is notoriously the will of a Ring which buys men like cattle; and respected and honorable merchants weakly, but with no ill intention, give their names to conceal swindling. Is it any wonder that the taunts at "moral ideas" in politics and life seem to be justified?

Nevertheless, the lesson is forever renewed. Rascality, however rich it may be, does not win in the long-run. In a rough but very effective manner, and despite the apparent success of single scoundrels and the martyrdom of single saints, honesty is the best policy. It is this moral conviction which underlies the republican system. It is the persuasion that an intelligent people will not be long or forever misled, and that by providing a flexible machinery of government you secure a normal and peaceful method of righting evident wrongs. Intelligence and pluck are the conditions of a sound working of that machinery; and as they still exist in New York, we are liable to no other than such contemptible despotisms as we now see crumbling in Tammany Hall. No despotism falls, indeed, without a struggle. Nobody doubts the willingness of the Ring to try a riot, and that willingness springs from its total incredulity of any but the most mercenary motives in the movement against it. Hall hinted a riot in his letter to General M'Clellan; an organ of the Ring deliberately incited it; and the members fell out among themselves as to the author of the proposition. But no fear of a riot will retard the movement against Tammany; and should the Ring decide to appeal to force, the contest may be bloody, but the defeat of the Ring is already sure.

The present situation in the city and State of New York, therefore, should produce at least two good results—a resolution that the popular intelligence shall be constantly increased, and a perception that dishonesty in politics is bad policy. We have only to look at the revelations of the county and city accounts to see the consequences in money of electing dishonest men. If there is a riot, we shall perceive more of those consequences. And if good citizens are obliged to protect at personal hazard the purity of the polls, they will see still further consequences. Circumstances have made the city of New York for the moment a central ground in politics. The first wish of honest citizens is to defeat Tammany, and the only method of defeating Tammany is to choose honest men of whatever party. And this is true of the election of the Legislature. Experience shows that there are dishonest Republicans, who sell their votes. Better that the Legislature were unanimously Democratic than that the Republicans should nominate and elect rascals because they wear the party badge. Nor need any body waver between a Republican and a Democratic rascal. If that is any where the alternative, let the Democrat be elected, for the Republican party can not afford to be identified with rascality.

THE CONQUEST OF IRELAND.

In *Harper's Magazine* for October there is an article upon the Conquest of Ireland, by Eugene Lawrence, which deserves the thoughtful attention of every intelligent Irishman. Mr. Lawrence is a scholar of great accomplishment, with the true historic ardor, and who deals with the original authorities. His style glows with the enthusiasm of strong conviction, and in this article he writes a chapter of history little known, and which is not only very interesting, but very suggestive. His object is to show that the tragedy of Ireland is due to the victory of ecclesiastical Rome over the pure and simple Christianity of St. Patrick and the schools of Armagh and Iona; and the picture which Mr. Lawrence paints of the supremacy of that faith in the ninth and tenth centuries is very alluring. It is hard to associate the innocence, the plenty, the intelligence, the perpetual repose of the early Erin, "island of the saints," with the modern starving, unquiet, unhappy Ireland that we know. Our author describes the people as a race of pastoral Spartans, with the Northern strain of sentiment in their characters, passionate lovers of music and of poetry. They were brave and independent, and ruled by kings of their own election. Mr. Lawrence's description is idyllic, but he follows closely his authorities.

St. Patrick, whom in this century the Irish ignorantly honor, was born in Brittany, the son of a priest. In his youth he was a slave in Ireland, watching sheep upon the hills of Antrim, and worshiping God. Freed from his bondage, he returned to his native France, and, after due education as a priest, went back to Ireland and preached the pure apostolic faith of the churches of Jerusalem and Ephesus. Schools and monasteries every where arose, and Irish scholars founded the colleges of Charlemagne. Upon the island of Iona, in the sixth century, Columba, the missionary, built churches and schools that taught Europe; and it was not until late in the seventh century that the influence of the Italian priesthood began to be felt in Iona. In Ireland, meanwhile, the condition of the Church was millennial; the Irish bishops had no intercourse with Rome. They consecrated each other. They rejected the worship of images and of Mary, and the infallibility of the Pope, and in their schools they insisted upon a free study of the Bible. This simple and sturdy independence kindled the wrath of Rome, and in 1156 Pope Adrian the Fourth sold Ireland to the Normans.

With this act began the woes of Ireland. The Normans extinguished freedom and intelligence, and the pure faith taught by St. Patrick was superseded by the corruption of Rome. Henry the Second of England, stimulated by the Irish traitor Dermot MacMorrough, became the hand of the papacy to smite the island. Roderic O'Connor, of Connaught, the last king of Celtic Ireland, long withstood the Norman assault. He surrounded Dublin, driving the foe to extremity; but the Normans desperately sallied forth, and returned masters of the country. Henry summoned a council of the Church of St. Patrick at Cashel. But the bishops of Ulster and Connaught refused to attend, and the ecclesiastical supremacy of Rome was established against the protests of the Patrick priesthood. Then a line of palisades and forts, known as the pale, was built, and the endless massacres began. Henry persuaded Pope Alexander the Third to excommunicate the Irish who still resisted the Roman see, and this led to the complete isolation of the race.

Until the beginning of the sixteenth century the Irish rejected the authority of Rome, which had desolated their island. But when Henry the Eighth revolted from Rome, the English without the pale became Protestants, and Protestantism was then identified with the oppression of Ireland; and when Rome bent all its force to destroy Elizabeth, the Jesuits found the Irish eager to believe the worst of their hereditary foe within the pale, and they became the glad and terrible allies of Rome. Elizabeth's soldiers broke the league, and the island was almost wholly conquered. But the Jesuits persuaded their Irish followers to massacre the Protestants of Ulster, and forty thousand fell. From that moment the name of Irish Catholic became to English ears the synonym of barbarous malignity.

Then came Cromwell, and smothered Ireland into silence in its own blood; and from his time "the English ruled over the subject island, a severe and exacting caste." The bravest Celts fled to other lands. James the Second tried to maintain himself in Ireland, but he was routed by William of Orange. The misery of the island was complete, and the vast emigration began which has transferred so many of the population to America. They have brought with them, says Mr. Lawrence, "an insane devotion to the Romish see." Rejecting the simple faith of St. Patrick, the open Bible, the free school, they have too often become the tools of corrupt politicians or foreign priests. They do not bring to their adopted country what St. Patrick brought to his, an earnest devotion to liberty, intelligence and peaceful progress.

Are not these things worthy the attention of thoughtful Irishmen? Is there one such who is not grieved by the general result of the Irish immigration to America? We do not forget Gallatin and Emmett, nor any of the worthy representatives, dead or living, of the country of Burke and of Goldsmith. But it is not to be denied that the Irish immigration has been one of the most perplexing and menacing elements in American development. It has been the sure reliance of the demagogue and the traitor. There have been noble and generous and admirable Irish citizens in the country, but not one of the great steps of human progress which it has taken was due to the inspiration or received the support of the Irish element of the population. Yet no other class has been so flattered, until at last the chief magistrate of the greatest of American cities tried to surrender to a mere threat of the worst part of that class the most sacred rights of Americans.

These are not pleasant things to say. But it is not by faintly echoing lies, but by telling the truth, that the unquestionable evils of the Irish immigration are to be corrected. And that correction is a work in which all honorable Irishmen should make common cause with all honorable Americans. So long as the more intelligent Irish citizens in America identify themselves with the perilous and un-American political designs of a priesthood—so long as they do not sternly frown upon the pandering of demagogues to the ignorance and passions of their countrymen—so long as they refuse their sympathy to the spirit of justice which has emancipated the slave, and which seeks an honorable equality of all citizens—so long will they be untrue to the cardinal principle of the government, and of the political society which they have chosen. The great body of Irishmen in this country are Roman Catholics. The laws of the land happily secure them the fullest religious liberty. But when intelligent Irishmen permit priests and demagogues to form political combinations for the overthrow of the fundamental guarantees of liberty of every kind, they must not be surprised if they forfeit the respect and confidence of all good citizens. And in exposing such a conspiracy with all the resources of pictorial satire, it is not the Roman Church as such, it is political ambition hiding itself under the mitre and the chasuble, which is denounced. If, as Mr. Lawrence holds, ecclesiastical Rome has conquered Ireland, she will not be suffered, even with the aid of her captive, to conquer America.

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A LOOK AT THE FIELD.

Two of the most positive and effective speeches lately made were those of Senator Trumbull and Governor Palmer in the Illinois Republican Convention. They have been represented as upon very cool terms with their party, and quite ready for any good excuse for withdrawing. They have been classed with Senators Sumner and Schurz as so strongly opposed to the President as to forget the party, and the Democratic papers have been painfully polite to all the four gentlemen. That Mr. Sumner should be any thing but a Republican, is merely a ludicrous suggestion. That the Democratic Delilah can have no hope of Mr. Schurz, his speeches at Chicago and Nashville plainly show. And now Mr. Trumbull and Governor Palmer rise and say, that if the people believe the party which tried to ruin and dishonor the government to be the right one to administer it, they will vote for the Democratic candidates; but if they think that the party which saved the government and abolished slavery, and under which liberty of every kind and all great civil rights are now secure, is the party to trust, they will vote for the Republican ticket.

This is unmistakable, and it represents the conviction of thousands of men in the country who are not ardent party men. They see that the country goes steadily forward in its career of prosperity; that angry questions are peacefully settled; that the disturbances which follow every war are dealt with as they occur; that the colossal corruption now exposed in New York is not heartily repudiated by the Democratic party. In fine, they see that the dangerous and disorganizing elements in the country are mainly within the Democratic party; and while they do not deny corruption among the Republicans, and even, in their judgment, grave errors of administration, they yet see at the head of affairs honesty, intelligence, and patriotism. They believe in the honest, patriotic executive purpose, and do not suffer impatience, or even indignation, to blind them to the probable consequences of Democratic ascendency. They criticise, censure, exhort, condemn; but it is for the purification of their own party, not for the benefit of those whom Governor Palmer, of Illinois, describes as "those misty gentlemen called Democrats."

Even in New York, where the division has not been healed, as we had hoped it would be, and as we think it should have been, at the Convention, the *Tribune* and Mr. Hutchinson, who is a recognized leader among those who withdrew, are careful to insist that nothing shall be done to injure the party, but that the nominations of the Convention shall be heartily supported. The character of those nominations will doubtless be maintained in those which are yet to be made. We have elsewhere expressed our opinion of the class of Republicans who sell their votes. These are the men who bring disaster to a party by showing that it ought to be beaten. These are the men whose votes bought by Tammany have made possible much of the Tammany knavery. But the objective Republican point in the nominations and elections for the Legislature should be the repeal of the Tammany charter. And as the Democratic State Convention has not denied the claim of Tammany to be the regular city organization of the party, Tammany will nominate the regular Democratic ticket in the city. If the Republicans nominate men of character and ability beyond suspicion or question, honest Democrats, who seek first of all political purification in the city, ought in reason to sustain such candidates. They can not properly refuse, upon the general ground of the great Democratic majority in the city, unless they can show that in the particular district the reform Democrats outnumber the Republicans. The Democrats have undoubtedly a majority in the city, but it is a majority which put the Tammany Ring in power. Where the reform Democrats are plainly stronger, there should be a union against the common enemy; but those Democrats must not ask to count the enemy's strength upon their side.

THE PLEDGE OF THE REPUBLICANS.

The Republican party, by the resolutions of all its conventions of this year, is pledged to a reform of the civil service, and there are Republicans enough who are profoundly convinced of its necessity to hold the party closely to its pledge. Party platforms, indeed, are not generally considered to be very important or very decided expressions of opinion. The excellence of a political platform, like Holmes's "Katydid," is to say no undisputed thing in such a solemn way! It is generally intended for the rear rank, and to comprehend all reluctant folk and stragglers. The revenue planks, for instance, in all party platforms at this time are wonderful to behold. Each party is in favor of the utmost this and that which is consistent with the other—a most elastic condition. No platform trusts the future, or appeals to the heroism of its party. It is a melodious recital of what has been done, and a sonorous declamation of fine principles and purposes, but as vaguely outlined as the heroes of Ossian and the Children of the Mist. Yet, for the very reason that no platform strongly declares a disputed policy, whatever it does recommend must be assumed to be the fully matured policy of the party.

It is this which gives significance to the Republican declaration in favor of a thorough reform of the civil service. The demand comes from Wisconsin and Ohio, from Maryland and New Jersey, from Massachusetts and New York. It springs from the constant and repulsive experience of every man active in politics, and from the wise reflection of every thinker upon our society and government. At a time when party lines almost seem to be fading in a general popular rising of honesty against dishonesty, it is seen that one of the chief sources of corruption is the patronage of the civil service. And when a great party in a great State is angrily rent asunder, and its national supremacy is consequently threatened, its members see only too plainly that the bolt which rives it is this shameful system. Nor can any statesman or student consider the facts of that system without perceiving that the fraud which it engenders not only debauches elections and demoralizes legislative action, but that it fatally wounds the independence of the executive.

President Grant is the only President who has heartily denounced this system, and urged upon Congress a reform. He has not, indeed, said, as he might truly have said, that Congress has usurped the executive function. But he knows it, and Congress knows it, and every high officer of administration knows it, and every intelligent observer knows it. Now, by the clause of the act of March 3, 1871, authorizing the President to establish rules and regulations for the greater efficiency of the service, Congress has, indeed, as the Attorney-General says in his late letter, and as Mr. Dawes said at the time in the House, granted no power which the President does not already possess; but it did suggest to him to resume the power which Congress has perverted and absorbed. The situation, then, is simply this: a Republican President urges the reform; a Republican Congress authorizes him to proceed in it; and the Republican party, in its various State conventions, calls upon him to do the work thoroughly. Yet, whatever the President may do, it is very possible that no reform can be made truly thorough without the aid of Congress. It is, therefore, of the utmost importance that every Republican member to be hereafter elected shall be sound upon this point. There is none more indispensable. The National Convention will, of course, demand the reform; and then let fidelity to it be a cardinal test of Republicanism, and let every candidate be held fast to the test.

But, meanwhile, whatever is done must be done by the President, and he has the authority of the party to do it adequately. The Republicans of Maryland and New Jersey, who, although their States are not certainly Republican, yet share in the national patronage, demand that not only shall honest and competent persons be appointed to office, but that they shall be removed only for cause. Indeed, there is no reform of the service, however radical, which can be effected by rules and regulations, that Congress and the party have not authorized. No honest Republican, therefore, can complain, upon the common party ground, if the President should decide to change substantially both the methods of admission to the civil service and of removal from it. And should he make such a change as reason and experience and the situation of the country dictate, he would associate his name as honorably with a peaceful victory over corruption as it is already blended with the military suppression of rebellion.

PERSONAL.

Mr. E. Peshine Smith, who has just been appointed legal adviser of the Japanese government, is one of those men who by sheer force of ability are put in places requiring rare powers of mind, sound judgment, and good executive talent. A more modest man than E. Peshine Smith could not be found in the public service. His professional career as the has commenced at Rochester. Subsequently he removed to Buffalo, and assumed the editorship of the *Daily Commercial Advertiser*. Afterward he was appointed reporter of the Court of Appeals. Mr. Seward, who possessed in a high degree the faculty of finding out good men for subordinates, had long known Mr. Smith, and promptly invited him to the State Department as an assistant in legal matters, and in that position he has remained to the present time. He is alert in mind and body, always at work, bright, ready, and affable, and the very man for the honorable place to which he has been appointed.

—There is a small vein of waggery running in ex-President Fillmore. Recently he was invited to deliver an address before a Western agricultural society, and declined for the following reason: "I once," said he, "knew something of agriculture, but I was inveigled not long since into reading a series of essays on farming, published in New York, and now I know no more about it than Professor Woods or Governor Hoffman."

—So far as it regards Mr. William Ide, of New Hampshire, who is now 103 years old, Mr. Watterson, the editor of the Louisville *Courier-Journal*, says that if his parents had ever dreamed that he was going to be so hard to rub out, they would doubtless have named him Indelible.

—Bishop Selwyn, who comes over from England on a fraternal, and, in some sort, a semi-official, visit to the General Convention of the Protestant Episcopal Church in the United States, now in session in Baltimore, is the ninety-first Bishop of Lichfield. He is sixty-two years of age, and enjoys great popularity among the clergy and laity of England. He was educated at St. John's College, Cambridge, and rowed in the first boat race against Oxford. He was consecrated Bishop of New Zealand at the age of thirty-two, and was translated to the see of Lichfield in 1867. The value of the see is about $22,500 per annum. The Episcopalians are making much of his lordship, as one "worthy and well qualified, and who has wrought faithfully in the preceding degrees."

—Hon. Jeremiah S. Black, the first Attorney-General and next Secretary of State under President Buchanan, comes out in the York (Pennsylvania) *Gazette* in a strong editorial denouncing the operations of the New York "Ring."

—Dr. Gairdner, medical officer of Glasgow, a city containing five hundred thousand inhabitants, says that the population is divided into about one hundred thousand households, which include the members of the family and the lodgers they may take. Nearly one-third of these households occupy a single room—a state of things not conducive to decency and morality. Glasgow is a very productive city, the birth rate being 40, while in Liverpool it is 38, and in London 35.

—M. Thiers has recently experienced a great relief in a sad loss—the death of his maiden sister at Coburg at the age of seventy-two. She never happened to agree with her brother about matters and things, and therefore their relations were any thing but pleasant, although for many years she had been living on a small pension granted by M. Thiers. He and another sister, Madame Pernin, who used to express for the distinguished statesman terms of the most distant respect. When she died, some years since, Thiers bonmots ran all over Paris. To some one who thought to console him for the loss, he replied, "Sometimes a family gains by a family loss." Madame Pernin hated obscurity; and when Thiers was at the height of his power as minister of Louis Philippe, she set up a *table d'hôte* in the Passage Saulnier, with a floating banner outside the window, on which was inscribed, "Pension Bourgeoise, tenue par Madame Pernin, sœur de M. Thiers." She did this merely because her brother refused her a large sum of money with which to go into business. The banner was soon gracefully furled by the courtesy of the police.

—Mr. N. L. Jeffries succeeds Mr. John B. Harvey as editor of the Washington *Patriot*. He is a gentleman of ability and culture, and during the administration of President Johnson filled the office of Register of the Treasury.

—The gentlemen of the press seem to be assuming more and more, on the platform and in the political arena, that rank to which their abilities and position entitle them. In the Twenty-sixth Senatorial District, formerly represented by Judge Folger, the Republicans have put in nomination S. C. Cleveland, Esq., editor of the Yates County *Chronicle*, Penn Yan. The district being Republican by from 1500 to 3000 majority, his election is a matter of course. In the Democratic State Convention just held at Rochester, two of the most influential members are from the profession—Joseph Warren, of the Buffalo *Courier*, and William Cassidy, of the Albany *Argus*. Both gentlemen are, and for several years have been, members of the State Committee, and are a power in the affairs of the party. In Boston the lecture season was opened on the 2d instant by Governor Hawley, of Hartford, Connecticut, one of the ablest and most trenchant writers of that State. A column might be filled with the names of editorial gentlemen who are to appear in public in some way during the autumn and winter.

—Among the notable events of recent occurrence in Europe, it may be mentioned that the King of Greece (second son of the King of Denmark, and brother of the Princess of Wales) has gone to Russia, where he proposes to remain until next summer. He is only twenty-six, and is not remarkable for any thing. His wife, however (Princess Olga, daughter of the Grand Duke Constantine), has youth (she is but twenty), beauty, tact, and talent, is much beloved by the people, and will probably manage matters better with husband absent than present. There are several kings and emperors at present out of the business, and his Majesty of Greece might be added to the number without seriously afflicting the people.

—Secretary Boutwell is understood to have directed that the corner-stone of the new post-office in this city shall be laid by the Masonic fraternity.

—The new Grand Vizier of Turkey, Mahmoud Pasha, is a protégé of the late Grand Vizier, and has won distinction in the public service of his country. He is about sixty years of age, speaks no foreign language, and has never traveled in Europe. Personally he is a great favorite with the Sultan, the daughter of whose brother-in-law is his wife. He is said to have the calm and penetrating mind of Ali Pasha, and is not biased by any preference either in social or religious matters. Being well acquainted both with European institutions and with the defects of those of his own country, he desires to remedy these defects by introducing such reforms on the European model as would be compatible with Eastern customs, but he is strongly opposed to any violent change in that direction, which he thinks would cause such an agitation in the various nationalities as to lead to a civil war, and the consequent disruption of the empire. He looks upon a reform of the judicial administration as the most pressing of all, and as the proper basis of any future reforms which it might be thought necessary to introduce; and he will probably urge these views in the Ministerial Council, where he now has a vote. Being very popular both among his own countrymen and the members of the corps diplomatique, he possesses great influence at the Turkish court.

—An American—Mr. Hiram Fowler—is said to have offered, at his own expense, to rebuild the Tuileries. The architect's estimates are about $1,350,000.

—Colonel Forney, in his latest chapter of pleasant "Anecdotes of Public Men," gives the following sketch of one of Philadelphia's most eminent surgeons, Dr. George M'Clellan, father of General George B. M'Clellan: "Dr. M'Clellan was one of the most devoted of Whigs, and one of Henry Clay's sincerest friends. His lectures at our great Philadelphia Medical College, in which he was an eminent professor, were models of terse statement and lucid analysis. His influence in society was large and commanding. Shortly after the defeat of Mr. Clay, in 1844, I was the guest of my friend Hon. Morton M'Michael, the present editor of the Philadelphia *North American*, who then resided in Filbert Street, near Broad, in that city. Like Dr. M'Clellan, he had fervently supported the Kentucky statesman. At that time I was the editor of the Democratic organ of Lancaster, Pennsylvania, and bore a very near relation to James Buchanan. Politics had never interfered with my intimacy with Mr. M'Michael, which, beginning when we were both very young, has continued without pause to this hour. One day, after dinner, there was a quick, sharp ring of the door-bell, when my host said, with a laugh, 'Look out! there is Dr. M'Clellan,' and with that the distinguished surgeon came bustling in. The defeat of Mr. Clay was still keenly felt by the Whigs, though my generous and genial friend M'Michael did not allow his hospitality to be less because I had opposed him. But Dr. M'Clellan could not restrain his feelings. He held Buchanan responsible for the vote of Pennsylvania, and, though most courteous to me, did not spare the Wheatland leader. We soon got over our little difference, however, and closed the controversy in a glass of wine. The doctor possessed rare traits. Abounding in anecdote and information, he was an unrivaled wit and conversationalist. His son, Dr. J. H. B. M'Clellan, and his grandson, young Dr. Gimson, both in fine practice in Philadelphia, have inherited his high professional skill, and in a considerable degree his lively and vivacious nature."

—Mr. Justin M'Carthy writes from England to one sprightly contemporary, the *Evening Mail*, that Queen Victoria "is liable to sudden and severe attacks of nervous excitability, which often render it impossible for her to receive visitors or to appear in public. The slightest noise, such as a tap at the door, if suddenly made, will sometimes so shatter her Majesty's nerves as to render her for a while incapable of attending to any affairs, or even carrying on any conversation. This nervous condition it is which causes sinister and alarming rumors to float about in society foreshadowing the possibility of the sovereign's total seclusion from official life. Perhaps there is no present danger of any fatal termination to the malady from which the Queen suffers, and thus far the reassuring paragraphs are right enough, but there are other possibilities which people fear and don't talk much about." Mr. M'Carthy says "there is not much warm popular national attachment to the Queen. The vast majority of the people have no more of the old fashioned sentiment of loyalty in them than the people of New York city." But she is universally believed to be a good woman, and there is no wish for a termination of her reign and the succession of her son.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

The September statement of the public debt shows a reduction of $12,000,000 during that month.

A Jewish congregation is forming in Chicago who will observe the first day of the week as their Sabbath, instead of Saturday.

The official returns show that the vote just cast in California was the largest ever polled in the State. It is very nearly 120,000. The largest vote before this was for President, in 1868, when 110,540 were polled.

The mackerel fishery has been a total failure this season.

Acting on the advice of friends, Mr. J. M. Keyser, whose plumbing bills for the new Court-house and other county buildings for two years amounted to over $3,000,000, has assigned $800,000 to Mr. Jackson S. Schultz, in trust, to await the investigation of the charges against him. He denies their truth, and asserts that his signature to many of the vouchers was forged.

The Committee on Uniformity in the Usages of Public Worship, appointed by the Triennial Episcopal Convention at New York in 1868, have reported to the Convention now in session at Baltimore in favor of instituting a canon of a decidedly Low-Church character.

Terrible fires are raging in Wisconsin, destroying lives and property. At the village of Peshtigo thirty people were burned to death.

Chicago was visited on Saturday night, October 7, by a destructive fire, which swept away several entire blocks of buildings.

FOREIGN NEWS.

The agent of the British claims has issued a notice requesting claimants, subjects of Great Britain, to send in their statements.

Victor Hugo recently wrote a letter to President Thiers, appealing earnestly for executive clemency in the case of M. Henri Rochefort. M. Thiers, in his reply, said that the Pardons Commission alone could modify the sentence of the military tribunal. The latest intelligence is, his sentence has been commuted from imprisonment for life to banishment from French territory.

Fifty thousand emigrants sailed from Liverpool during the last three months.

A manifesto from the ex-Emperor Napoleon on the subject of the French political situation is about to be issued.

Professors in the University of Rome will hereafter be required to take the oath of allegiance to Italy, or discontinue their functions. Twenty professors refuse to take the oath.

The province of Khorassan, in Persia, which has suffered from famine, has been invaded by the Afghans, and 40,000 people taken away into slavery.

A meeting of Protestants in session at Darmstadt, Germany, has adopted resolutions that it is the interest of Germany to oppose the doctrine of infallibility as inimical to the sovereign of the state, and to suppress the Jesuits.

The Japanese government has abolished the order of the Daimios, reducing them to the level of the common people, and confiscating their territorial possessions.

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THE NEW YORK SEAMEN'S EXCHANGE.

It is from our commercial marine, and from those hardy sailors engaged in our fisheries, that our navy is supplied with its best materials. Every movement, therefore, which tends to the moral and mental elevation of sailors is of national importance, and claims the sympathy of all good citizens.

In our American metropolis an organized and well conducted movement has resulted in the "New York Seamen's Association," of which Captain C. C. Duncan is president, Mr. Edmund Walter, vice president; Mr. Moses S. Beach, treasurer; and the Rev. S. H. Hall, secretary. This association has been organized under a charter granted by the State Legislature. The mission of this organization is thus explained in its published prospectus:

> The objects of this association shall be the moral, mental, and social improvement of seamen, to elevate their character and efficiency as a class, and to protect them from impositions and abuses at home and abroad.
>
> To build up such an organization of respectable seamen as will command the respect of the community, enable ship-owners to protect themselves from the imposition of worthless and disorderly characters claiming to be seamen, but disgracing the name, and secure for their vessels reliable and efficient crews, while at the same time the seamen will be enabled to select good ships and good officers, and thus secure good treatment.
>
> To accomplish these objects the following means are proposed:
>
> To provide an exchange, reading-room, library, and savings-bank which shall be open to all seamen on the payment of a small annual subscription.
>
> To issue certificates of membership, and of character and capacity.
>
> To assert and maintain perfect liberty in the selection of boarding-houses, shipping-offices, and voyages.
>
> To refuse to pay or to receive "[illegible]" for ships, or "blood-money" for men, by which custom both ship-owners and seamen are sufferers.
>
> To supply vessels with crews without the intervention of any shipping-master should it become necessary.
>
> To discourage the system of advanced wages as the source of many evils and but few benefits.
>
> To keep a record of the name, age, character, and capacity, so far as can be ascertained, of every member of this association, also of the vessels in port, their class, owners or agents, and the voyages on which they are bound.
>
> To establish means by which seamen can receive [illegible] and evening lessons in the common English branches and navigation.
>
> To encourage and assist every sailor in his efforts to improve his character and to save his hard-earned money for the benefit of himself and his family, and on all suitable occasions to give him such advice and information as his circumstances may seem to require.
>
> It is proposed that a building suitable for the uses of the association, and one which shall at the same time prove attractive to those for whose benefit it is intended and an ornament to the city, shall be erected without unnecessary delay.
>
> The cost of such a building is estimated at about $100,000, and the arrangements of the institution are [illegible] to be such as will afford the means for defraying the current expenses of the association, thereby making it self-sustaining.
>
> It is believed that such an object and such a plan need only to be known to meet with all the encouragement and assistance which it is proposed to ask at the hands of a generous public.

The building referred to, and of which we give an illustration on this page, is the New York Seamen's Exchange, fronting on Water and Cherry streets. The plans for this edifice include an exchange for the transaction of business in the interests of seamen, with library and reading rooms and school rooms, also offices for an intelligence bureau and a savings bank, besides a hall capable of accommodating one thousand persons for religious services, temperance meetings, lectures, concerts, etc.—the whole to be for the four thousand sailors constantly in port what the Christian Association rooms are for the young men of our cities, an effective and popular place of resort. It is contemplated that the Sunday evening services will be conducted by volunteers from the best of New York and Brooklyn clergymen. Mr. Hook, of Boston, is now building the organ for this hall. The savings bank is on the Cherry Street front, and was chartered by the State Legislature last winter. The size of the building is 121 by 51 feet; there will be four stories and a basement.

NEW YORK SEAMEN'S EXCHANGE BUILDING.

Of the $100,000 which it is estimated will be the expense of the edifice, two-thirds are already secured, and the balance, it is believed, will be found as needed.

An appropriate supplement to our illustration of the Exchange building is the effective and characteristic picture on the same page, drawn by Sol Eytinge, Jun. It is hardly necessary to explain to our readers that by "shanghaing sailors" is meant the nefarious habit now and hitherto so prevalent of kidnapping sailors and shipping them off while drunk on ships just about to sail. Mr. Eytinge's picture shows the necessity for the existence of such an organization as the Seamen's Association.

THE SMITHFIELD MARTYRS' MEMORIAL CHURCH.

The Smithfield Martyrs' Memorial Church, in St. John Street, Clerkenwell, London, of which we give an illustration on page 981, is one of the handsomest structures of the kind in that metropolis, and in many particulars unique. The style of architecture is early Gothic, and the designs are by Mr. Blackburne, F.S.A. Seventeen statues of the principal martyrs have been placed on the outside, together with five bas-reliefs of scenes of martyrdom, and medallions of Tyndal, Wycliffe, and others, and round the walls of the inside of the building are richly ornamented scrolls, in which are recorded the names, occupations, dates of death, and dying words of the sixty-six persons who were burned at Smithfield. The new district to which the church is assigned has been taken from St. James's, Clerkenwell, and contains a population of about eight thousand, many of whom are of the very poorest. Hitherto Clerkenwell has contained only one church for a population of more than twenty-five thousand. The new church will afford accommodation for one thousand persons, half the seats to be free. The vicar-designate is the Rev. H. Oswald Sharp.

Smithfield, which is now in the heart of London, was once a favorite walk of the London citizens outside of the city walls. It may well be called the Place of Martyrs. The first martyr burned here was William Sautre, in the reign of Henry IV., 1401-2; the last was Bartholomew Legat, March 11, 1612. The site of the stake was discovered, in 1849, opposite the patients' entrance to St. Bartholomew's Hospital, near Duke Street. Here, in the reign of Mary (1553–58), two hundred and seventy-seven persons were burned to death. Boiling to death was sometimes inflicted in this place. Here Sir William Wallace was executed on the evening of St. Bartholomew's Day, 1305. Here, in 1381, Wat Tyler was met by King Richard II., and was stabbed by Sir W. Walworth, the Mayor. Jack Cade assembled his fellow-rebels here in 1450. Royal tourn were

SHANGHAIING SAILORS.—[Drawn by Sol Eytinge, Jun.]

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THE SMITHFIELD MARTYRS' MEMORIAL CHURCH, ST. JOHN STREET, CLERKENWELL, LONDON.

held in this place by Edward III., and these sports were continued by Richard II. and Henry IV.; and here Bartholomew Fair was held down to 1855.

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POOR MISS FINCH.

A Domestic Story.

By WILKIE COLLINS,

Author of "The Woman in White," "No Name," "The Moonstone," "Man and Wife," etc.

WITH ORIGINAL ILLUSTRATIONS.

CHAPTER THE TWENTY-SECOND.

THE TWIN BROTHER'S LETTER.

Little thinking what a storm he had raised, poor innocent Oscar—paternally escorted by the rector—followed us into the house, with his open letter in his hand.

Judging by certain signs visible in my reverend friend, I concluded that the announcement of Nugent Dubourg's coming visit to Dimchurch—regarded by the rest of us as heralding the appearance of a twin brother—was regarded by Mr. Finch as promising the arrival of a twin fortune. Oscar and Nugent shared the comfortable paternal inheritance. Finch smelled money.

"Compose yourself," I whispered to Lucilla as the two gentlemen followed us into the sitting-room. "Your jealousy of his brother is childish jealousy. There is room enough in his heart for his brother as well as for you."

She only repeated obstinately, with a vicious pinch on my arm, "I hate his brother!"

"Come and sit down by me," said Oscar, approaching her on the other side. "I want to run over Nugent's letter. It's so interesting! There is a message in it to you." Too deeply absorbed in his subject to notice the sullen coldness with which she listened to him, he placed her on a chair, and began reading. "The first lines," he explained, "relate to Nugent's return to England, and to his delightful idea of coming to stay with me at Browndown. Then he goes on: 'I found all your letters waiting for me on my return to New York. Need I tell you, my dearest brother—'"

Lucilla stopped him at those words by rising abruptly from her seat.

"What is the matter?" he asked.

"I don't like this chair!"

Oscar got her another—an easy chair this time—and returned to the letter.

"'Need I tell you, my dearest brother, how deeply you have interested me by the announcement of your contemplated marriage? Your happiness is my happiness. I feel with you; I congratulate you; I long to see my future sister-in-law—'"

Lucilla got up again. Oscar, in astonishment, asked what was wrong now.

"I am not comfortable in this end of the room."

She walked to the other end of the room. Patient Oscar walked after her, with his precious letter in his hand. He offered her a third chair. She petulantly declined to take it, and selected another chair for herself. Oscar returned to the letter:

"'How melancholy, and yet how interesting it is, to hear that she is blind! My sketches of American scenery happened to be lying about in the room when I read your letter. The first thought that came to me on hearing of Miss Finch's affliction was suggested by my sketches. I said to myself, "Sad! sad! my sister-in-law will never see my Works." The true artist, Oscar, is always thinking of his Works. I shall bring back, let me tell you, some very remarkable studies for future pictures. They will not be so numerous, perhaps, as you may expect. I prefer to trust to my intellectual perception of beauty rather than to mere laborious transcripts from Nature. In certain moods of mine (speaking as an artist) Nature puts me out.'" There Oscar paused, and appealed to me. "What writing!—eh? I always told you, Madame Pratolungo, that Nugent was a genius. You see it now? Don't get up, Lucilla. I am going on. There is a message to you in this part of the letter. So neatly expressed!"

Lucilla persisted in getting up; the announcement of the neatly expressed message to be read next produced an effect on her. She walked to the window, and trifled impatiently with the flowers placed in it. Oscar looked in mild astonishment, first at me, then at the rector. Reverend Finch—listening thus far with the complimentary attention due to the correspondence of one young man of fortune with another young man of fortune—interfered in Oscar's interests to secure him a patient hearing.

"My dear Lucilla, endeavor to control your restlessness. You interfere with our enjoyment of this interesting letter. I could wish to see fewer changes of place, my child, and a more undivided attention to what Oscar is reading to you."

"I am not interested in what he is reading to me." In the nervous irritation which produced this ungracious answer she overthrew one of the flower-pots. Oscar set it up again for her with undiminished good temper.

"Not interested!" he exclaimed. "Wait a little. You haven't heard Nugent's message yet. Listen to this! 'Present my best and kindest regards to the future Mrs. Oscar' (dear fellow!), 'and say that she has given me a new interest in hastening my return to England.' There! Isn't that prettily put! Come, Lucilla! own that Nugent is worth listening to when he writes about you!"

She turned toward him for the first time. The charm of the tone in which he spoke those words subdued her in spite of herself.

"I am much obliged to your brother," she answered, gently, "and very much ashamed of myself for what I said just now." She stole her hand into his, and whispered, "You are so fond of Nugent, I begin to be almost afraid there will be no love left for me."

Oscar was enchanted. "Wait till you see him, and you will be as fond of him as I am," he said. "Nugent is not like me. He fascinates people the moment they come in contact with him. Nobody can resist Nugent."

She still held his hand, with a perplexed and saddened face. The admirable absence of any jealousy on his side—his large and generous confidence in her love for him—was just the rebuke to her that she could feel; just the rebuke also (in my opinion) that she had deserved.

"Go on, Oscar," said the rector, in his deepest notes of encouragement. "What next, dear boy? what next?"

"Another interesting bit, of quite a new kind," Oscar replied. "There is a little mystery in this on the last page of the letter. Nugent says: 'I have become acquainted (here, in New York) with a very remarkable man, a German who has made a great deal of money in the United States. He proposes visiting England early in the present year; and he will write and let me know when he has arrived. I shall feel particular pleasure in presenting him to you and your future wife. It is quite possible that you may have special reason to congratulate yourselves on making his acquaintance. For the present no more of my new friend until we meet at Browndown.'—'Special reason to congratulate ourselves on making his acquaintance!'" repeated Oscar, folding up the letter. "Nugent never writes in that way without a reason for it. Who can the German gentleman be?"

Mr. Finch suddenly lifted his hand, and looked at Oscar with a certain appearance of alarm.

"Your brother mentions that he has made his fortune in America," said the reverend gentleman. "I hope he is not connected with the money market? He might infect Mr. Nugent with the spirit of reckless speculation which is, so to speak, the national sin of the United States. Your brother, having no doubt the more generous disposition of yours—"

"A far finer disposition than mine, Mr. Finch," interposed Oscar.

"Possessed, like you, of the gifts of fortune," proceeded the rector, with mounting enthusiasm.

"Once possessed of them," said Oscar. "Far from being overburdened with the gifts of fortune now."

"What!?!" cried Mr. Finch, with a start of consternation.

"Nugent has run through his fortune," proceeded Oscar, quite composedly. "I lent him the money to go to America. My brother is a genius, Mr. Finch. When did you ever hear of a genius who could keep within limits? Nugent is not content to live in my humble way. He has the tastes of a prince—money is nothing to him. It doesn't matter. He will make a new fortune out of his pictures; and, in the mean time, you know, I can always lend him something to go on with."

Mr. Finch rose from his seat with the air of a man whose just anticipations have not been realized—whose innocent confidence has been scandalously betrayed. Here was a prospect! Another person in perpetual want of money going to settle under the shadow of the rectory! Another man likely to borrow of Oscar—and that man his brother!

"I fail to take your light view of your brother's extravagance," said the rector, addressing Oscar with his loftiest severity of manner, at the door. "I deplore and reprehend Mr. Nugent's misuse of the bounty bestowed on him by an all-wise Providence. You will do well to consider before you encourage your brother's extravagance by lending him money. What does the great poet of humanity say of lenders? The Bard of Avon tells us that 'loan oft loses both itself and friend.' Lay that noble line to heart, Oscar! Lucilla, be on your guard against that restlessness which I have already had occasion to reprove. I find I must leave you, Madame Pratolungo. I had forgotten my parish duties. My parish duties are waiting for me. Good-day! good-day!"

He looked round on us all three, in turn, with a very sour face, and walked out. "Surely," I thought to myself, "this brother of Oscar's is not beginning well? First the daughter takes offense at him, and now the father follows her example. Even on the other side of the Atlantic, Mr. Nugent Dubourg exercises a malignant influence, and disturbs the family tranquillity before he has shown his nose in the house!"

Nothing more that is worth recording happened on that day. We had a very dull evening. Lucilla was out of spirits. As for me, I had not yet had time to accustom myself to the shocking spectacle of Oscar's discolored face. I was anxious and silent. You would never have guessed me to be a Frenchwoman, if you had seen me for the first time on the occasion of my return to the rectory.

The next day a small domestic event happened which must be chronicled in this place.

Our Dimchurch doctor, always dissatisfied with his position in an obscure country place, had obtained an appointment in India which offered great professional advantages to an ambitious man. He called to take leave of us on his departure. I found an opportunity of speaking to him about Oscar. He entirely agreed with me that the attempt to keep the change produced in his former patient by the Nitrate of Silver from Lucilla's knowledge was simply absurd. It would come to her ears, he said, before many days were over our heads. With that prediction, addressed to my private ear, he left us. The removal of him from the scene was, you will please to bear in mind, the removal of an important local witness to the medical treatment of Oscar, and was, as such, an incident with a bearing of

"WHY DO YOU CALL OSCAR 'THE BLUE MAN'?"

his own on the future, which claims a place for it in the present narrative.

Two more days passed, and nothing happened. On the morning of the third day the doctor's prophecy was all but fulfilled through the medium of the wandering Arab of the family, our funny little Jicks.

While Lucilla and I were strolling about the garden with Oscar, the child suddenly darted out on us from behind a tree, and, seizing Oscar round the legs, hailed him affectionately at the top of her voice as "The Blue Man!" Lucilla instantly stopped, and said, "Who do you call 'The Blue Man?'" Jicks answered, boldly, "Oscar." Lucilla caught the child up in her arms. "Why do you call Oscar 'The Blue Man?'" she asked. Jicks pointed to Oscar's face, and then, remembering Lucilla's blindness, appealed to me. "You tell her," said Jicks, in high glee. Oscar seized my hand, and looked at me imploringly. I determined not to interfere. It was bad enough to remain passive, and to let her be kept in the dark. Actively, I was resolved to take no part in deceiving her. Her color rose; she put Jicks down on the ground. "Are you both dumb?" she asked. "Oscar, I insist on knowing it—how have you got the nickname of 'The Blue Man?'" Left helpless, Oscar (to my disgust) took refuge in a lie—and, worse still, a clumsy lie. He declared that he had got his nickname in the nursery, at the time of Lucilla's absence in London, by one day painting his face in the character of Blue-beard to amuse the children! If Lucilla had felt the faintest suspicion of the truth, blind as she was, she must now have discovered it. As things were, Oscar annoyed and irritated her. I could see that it cost her a struggle to suppress something like a feeling of contempt for him. "Amuse the children, the next time, in some other way," she said. "Though I can't see you, still I don't like to hear of your disfiguring your face by painting it blue." With that answer she walked away a little by herself, evidently disappointed in her betrothed husband for the first time in her experience of him.

He cast another imploring look at me. "Did you hear what she said about my face?" he whispered.

"You have lost an excellent opportunity of speaking out," I answered. "I believe you will bitterly regret the folly and the cruelty of deceiving her."

He shook his head, with the immovable obstinacy of a weak man.

"Nugent doesn't think as you do," he said, handing me the letter. "Read that bit there—now Lucilla is out of hearing."

The paragraph to which he pointed only contained these lines: "Your last letter relieves my anxiety about your health. I entirely agree with you that any personal sacrifice which cures you of those horrible attacks is a sacrifice wisely made. As to your keeping the change a secret from the young lady, I can only say that I suppose you know best how to act in this emergency. I will abstain from forming any opinion of my own until we meet."

I handed Oscar back the letter.

"There is no very warm approval there of the course you are taking," I said. "The only difference between your brother and me is that he suspends his opinion, and that I express mine."

"I have no fear of my brother," Oscar answered. "Nugent will feel for me and understand me when he comes to Browndown. In the mean time this shall not happen again."

He stooped over Jicks. The child, while we were talking, had laid herself down luxuriously on the grass, and was singing to herself little touches of a nursery song. Oscar pulled her up by her legs rather roughly. He was out of temper with her, as well as with himself.

"What are you going to do?" I asked.

"I am going to see Mr. Finch," he answered, "and to have Jicks kept for the future out of Lucilla's garden."

"Does Mr. Finch approve of your silence?"

"Mr. Finch, Madame Pratolungo, leaves me to decide on a matter which concerns nobody but Lucilla and myself."

After that reply there was an end of all further remonstrance from me, as a matter of course. Oscar walked off with his prisoner to the house. Jicks trotted along by his side, unconscious of the mischief she had done, singing another verse of the nursery song. I rejoined Lucilla, with my mind made up as to the line of conduct I should adopt in the future. If Oscar did succeed in keeping the truth concealed from her, I was positively resolved, come what might of it, to enlighten her, before they were married, with my own lips. What! after pledging myself to keep the secret? Yes. Perish the promise that makes me false to a person whom I love! I despise such promises from the bottom of my heart.

Two more days slipped by—and then a telegram found its way to Browndown. Oscar came running to us, at the rectory, with his news. Nugent had landed in Liverpool. Oscar was to expect him at Dimchurch on the next day.

CHAPTER THE TWENTY-THIRD.

HE SETS US ALL RIGHT.

I HAVE thus far quite inadvertently omitted to mention one of the prominent virtues of Reverend Finch. He was an accomplished master of that particular form of human persecution which is called reading aloud; and he inflicted his accomplishment on his family circle at every available opportunity. Of what we suffered on those occasions I shall say nothing. Let it be enough to mention that the rector thoroughly enjoyed the pleasure of hearing his own magnificent voice.

There was no escaping Mr. Finch when the rage for "reading" seized on him. Now on one pretense, and now on another, he descended on us unfortunate women, book in hand, seated us at one end of the room, placed himself at the other, opened his dreadful mouth, and fired words at us, like shots at a target, by the hour together. Sometimes he gave us poetical readings from Shakspeare or Milton; and sometimes Parliamentary speeches by Burke or Sheridan. Read what he might, he made such a noise and such a fuss over it—he put his own individuality so prominently in the foremost place, and he kept the poets or the orators whom he was supposed to be interpreting so far in the background—that they lost every trace of character of their own, and became one and all perfectly intolerable reflections of Mr. Finch. I date my first unhappy doubts of the supreme excellence of Shakspeare's poetry from the rector's readings; and I attribute to the same exasperating cause my implacable hostility (on every question of the time) to the policy of Mr. Burke.

On the evening when Nugent Dubourg was expected at Browndown—and when we particularly wanted to be left alone to dress ourselves, and to gossip by anticipation about the expected visitor—Mr. Finch was seized with one of his periodical rages for firing off words at his family after tea. He selected "Hamlet" as the medium for exhibiting his voice on this occasion; and he declared, as the principle motive for taking his elocutionary exercise, that the object he especially had in view was the benefit of poor Me.

"My good creature, I accidentally heard you reading to Lucilla the other day. It was very nice, as far as it went—very nice indeed. But you will allow me—as a person, Madame Pratolungo, possessing considerable practice in the art of reading aloud—to observe that you might be benefited by a hint or two. I will give you a few ideas. (Mrs. Finch! I propose giving Madame Pratolungo a few ideas.) Pay particular attention, if you please, to the Pauses, and to the management of the Voice at the end of the lines. Lucilla, my child, you are interested in this. The perfecting of Madame Pratolungo is a matter of considerable importance to you. Don't go away."

Lucilla and I happened, on that evening, to be guests at the rectory table. It was one of the regular occasions on which we left our own side of the house, and joined the family at (what Mr. Finch called) "the pastor's evening meal." He had got his wife, he had got his eldest daughter; he had got your humble servant. A horrid smile of enjoyment overspread the reverend gentleman's face as he surveyed us from the opposite end of the room, and opened his vocal fire on his audience of three.

"'Hamlet:' Act the First, Scene the First. Elsinore. A Platform before the Castle. Francisco on his post" (Mr. Finch). "Enter to him Bernardo" (Mr. Finch). "Who's there?" "Nay, answer me: stand, and unfold yourself." (Mrs. Finch unfolds herself—she suckles the baby, and tries to look as if she was having an intellectual treat.) Francisco and Bernardo converse in bass—Boom-boom-boom. "Enter Horatio and Marcellus" (Mr. Finch and Mr. Finch). "Stand, ho! Who is there?" "Friends to this ground." "And liegemen to the Dane." (Madame Pratolungo begins to feel the elocutionary exposition of Shakspeare, where she always feels it, in her legs. She tries to sit still on her chair. Useless! She is suffering under the malady known to her by bitter experience of Mr. Finch, as the Hamlet-Fidgets.) Bernardo and Francisco, Horatio and Marcellus, converse—Boom-boom-boom. "Enter Ghost of Hamlet's Father." Mr. Finch makes an awful pause. In the supernatural silence we can hear the baby sucking. Mrs. Finch enjoys her intellectual treat. Madame Pratolungo fidgets. Lucilla catches the infection, and fidgets too. Marcellus-Finch goes on. "Thou art a scholar, speak to it, Horatio." Bernardo-Finch backs him: "Looks it not like the King? Mark it, Horatio." Lucilla-Finch inserts herself in the dialogue: "Papa, I am very sorry; I have had a nervous headache all day; please excuse me if I take a turn in the garden." The rector makes another awful pause, and glares at his daughter. (Exit Lucilla.) Horatio looks at the Ghost, and takes up the dialogue: "Most like; it harrows me"—Boom-boom-boom. The baby is satiated. Mrs. Finch wants her handkerchief. Madame Pratolungo seizes the opportunity of moving her distracted legs, and finds the handkerchief. Mr. Finch pauses—glares—goes on again—reaches the second scene. "Enter the King, Queen, Hamlet, Polonius, Laertes, Voltimand, Cornelius, and Lords Attendant." All Mr. Finch! Oh, my legs! my legs! all Mr. Finch, and Boom-boom-boom. Third scene. "Enter Laertes and Ophelia." (Both Rectors of Dimchurch; both with deep bass voices; both about five feet high, pitted with the small-pox, and adorned round the neck with dingy white cravats.) Mr. Finch goes on and on and on. Mrs. Finch and the baby simultaneously close their eyes in slumber. Madame Pratolungo suffers such tortures of restlessness in her lower limbs that she longs for a skilled surgeon to take out his knife and deliver her from her own legs. Mr. Finch advances in deeper and deeper bass, in keener and keener enjoyment, to the Fourth Scene. ("Enter Hamlet, Horatio, and Marcellus.") Mercy! what do I hear? Is relief approaching to me from the world outside? Are there footsteps in the hall? Yes! Mrs. Finch opens her eyes; Mrs. Finch hears the footsteps, and rejoices in them as I do. Reverend Hamlet hears nothing but his own voice. He begins the scene: "The air bites shrewdly; it is very cold." The door opens. The rector feels a gust of air, dramatically appropriate, just at the right moment. He looks round. If it is a servant, let that domestic person tremble! No—not a servant. Guests—heavens be praised, guests. Welcome, gentlemen—welcome! No more Hamlet to-night, thanks to You. Enter two Characters who must be instantly attended to—Mr. Oscar Dubourg, introducing his twin brother from America, Mr. Nugent Dubourg.

Astonishment at the extraordinary resemblance between them was the one impression felt by all three of us as the brothers entered the room.

Exactly alike in their height, in their walk, in their features, and in their voices. Both with the same colored hair and the same beardless faces. Oscar's smile exactly reflected on Nugent's lips. Oscar's odd little semi-foreign tricks of gesticulation with his hands, exactly reproduced in the hands of Nugent. And, to crown it all, there was the complexion which Oscar had lost forever (just a shade darker perhaps) found again on Nugent's cheeks! The one difference which made it possible to distinguish between them, at the moment when they first appeared together in the room, was also the one difference which Lucilla was physically incapable of detecting—the terrible contrast of color between the brother who bore the blue disfigurement of the drug, and the brother who was left as Nature had made him.

"Delighted to make your acquaintance, Mrs. Finch. I have long wished for this pleasure. Thank you, Mr. Finch, for all your kindness to my brother. Madame Pratolungo, I presume? Permit me to shake hands. It is needless to say I have heard of your illustrious husband. Aha! here's a baby. Yours, Mrs. Finch? Girl or boy, ma'am? A fine child—if a bachelor may be allowed to pronounce an opinion. *Tweet—tweet—tweet!*"

He chirruped to the baby as if he had been a family man, and snapped his fingers gayly. Poor Oscar's blue face turned in silent triumph toward me. "What did I tell you?" his look asked. "Did I not say Nugent fascinated every body at first sight?" Most true. An irresistible man. So utterly different in his manner from Oscar, except when he was in repose, and yet so like Oscar in other respects. I can only describe him as his brother completed. He had the pleasant, lively flow of spirits, the easy, winning, gentleman-like confidence in himself which Oscar wanted; and then what excellent taste he possessed! He liked children; he respected the memory of my glorious Pratolungo! In half a minute from the time when he entered the room, Nugent Dubourg had won Mrs. Finch's heart and mine.

He turned from the baby to Mr. Finch, and pointed to the open Shakespeare on the table.

"You were reading to the ladies?" he said. "I am afraid we have interrupted you."

"Don't mention it," said the rector, with his loftiest politeness. "Another time will do. It is a habit of mine, Mr. Nugent, to read aloud in my family circle. As a clergyman and a lover of poetry (in both capacities) I have long cultivated the art of elocution—"

"My dear Sir, excuse me: you have cultivated it all wrong!"

Mr. Finch paused, thunderstruck. A man in his presence presuming to have an opinion of his own! a man in the rectory parlor capable of interrupting the rector in the middle of a sentence! guilty of the insane audacity of telling him, as a reader, with Shakspeare open before them, that he read wrong!

"Oh, we heard you as we came in!" proceeded Nugent, with the most undiminished confidence, expressed in the most gentleman-like manner. "You read it like this." He took up "Hamlet," and read the opening line of the Fourth Scene ("The air bites shrewdly; it is very cold") with an irresistibly accurate imitation of Mr. Finch. "That's not the way Hamlet would speak. No man in his position would remark that it was very cold in that bow-wow manner. What is Shakspeare before all things? True to nature—always true to nature. What condition is Hamlet in when he is expecting to see the Ghost? He is nervous, and he feels the cold. Let him show it naturally; let him speak as any other man would speak under the circumstances. Look here! Quick and quiet—like this: 'The air bites shrewdly'—there Hamlet stops and shivers—pur-rer rer! 'it is very cold.' There! That's the way to read Shakspeare."

Mr. Finch lifted his head into the air as high as it could possibly go, and brought the flat of his hand down with a solemn and sounding smack on the open book.

"Allow me to say, Sir—" he began.

Nugent stopped him again, more good-humoredly than ever.

"You don't agree with me? All right. Quite useless to dispute about it. I don't know what you may be. *I* am the most opinionated man in existence. Sheer waste of time, my dear Sir, to attempt convincing Me. Now just look at that child!" Here Mr. Nugent Dubourg's attention was suddenly attracted by the baby. He turned round on his heel, and addressed Mrs. Finch. "I take the liberty of saying, ma'am, that a more senseless dress doesn't exist than the dress that is put in this country on infants of tender years. What are the three main functions which that child—that charming child of yours—performs? He sucks, he sleeps, and he grows. At the present moment he isn't sucking, he isn't sleeping—he is growing with all his might. Under those interesting circumstances what does he want to do? To move his limbs freely in every direction. You let him swing his arms to his heart's content, and you deny him freedom to kick his legs. You clothe him in a dress three times as long as himself. He tries to throw his legs up in the air as he throws his arms, and he can't do it. There is his senseless long dress entangling itself in his toes, and making an effort of what Nature intended to be a luxury. Can any thing be more absurd? What are mothers about? Why don't they think for themselves? Take my advice—short petticoats, Mrs. Finch. Liberty, glorious liberty, for my young friend's legs! Room, heaps of room, for that infant martyr's toes!"

Mrs. Finch listened helplessly, lifted the baby's long petticoats, and looked at them, stared piteously at Nugent Dubourg, opened her lips to speak; and, thinking better of it, turned her watery eyes on her husband, appealing to him to take the matter up. Mr. Finch made another attempt to assert his dignity—a ponderously satirical attempt this time.

"In offering your advice to my wife, Mr. Nugent," said the rector, "you must permit me to remark that it would have had more practical force if it had been the advice of a married man. I beg to remind you—"

"You beg to remind me that it is the advice of a bachelor? Oh, come! that really won't do at this time of day. Dr. Johnson settled that argument at once and forever a century since. 'Sir,' he said to somebody of your way of thinking, 'you may scold your carpenter when he has made a bad table, though you can't make a table yourself.' I say to you, 'Mr. Finch, you may point out a defect in a baby's petticoats, though you haven't got a baby yourself!' Doesn't that satisfy you? All right. Take another illustration. Look at your room here. I can see in the twinkling of an eye that it's badly lit. You have only got one window; you ought to have two. Is it necessary to be a practical builder to discover that? Absurd! Are you satisfied now? No! Take another illustration. What's this printed paper here on the chimney-piece? Assessed taxes. Ha! Assessed taxes will do. You're not in the House of Commons; you're not Chancellor of the Exchequer; but haven't you an opinion of your own about taxation in spite of that? Must you and I be in Parliament before we can presume to see that the feeble old British Constitution is at its last gasp?"

"And the vigorous young Republic drawing its first breath of life!" I burst in, introducing the Pratolungo programme (as my way is) at every available opportunity.

Nugent Dubourg instantly wheeled round in my direction, and set me right on my subject, just as he had set the rector right on reading "Hamlet," and Mrs. Finch right on clothing babies.

"Not a bit of it!" he pronounced, positively. "The 'young Republic' is the rickety child of the political family. Give him up, ma'am. You will never make a man of him."

I tried to assert myself as the rector had tried before me—with precisely the same result. I appealed indignantly to the authority of my illustrious husband.

"Doctor Pratolungo—" I began.

"Was an honest man," interposed Nugent Dubourg. "I am an advanced Liberal myself; I respect him. But he was quite wrong. All sincere republicans make the same mistake. They believe in the existence of public spirit in Europe. Amiable delusion! Public spirit is dead in Europe. Public spirit is the generous emotion of young nations, of new peoples. In selfish old Europe private interest has taken its place. When your husband preached the republic, on what ground did he put it? On the ground that the republic was going to elevate the nation. Pooh! Ask me to accept the republic on the ground that I elevate Myself—and, supposing you can prove it, I will listen to you. If you are ever to set republican institutions going in the Old World—there is the only motive power that will do it!"

I was indignant at such sentiments. "My glorious husband—" I began, again.

"Would have died rather than appeal to the meanest instincts of his fellow-creatures. Just so! There was his mistake. That's why he never could make any thing of the republic. That's why the republic is the rickety child of the political family. *Quod erat demonstrandum*," said Nugent Dubourg, finishing me off with a pleasant smile, and an easy indicative gesture of the hand which said, "Now I have settled these three people in succession, I am equally well satisfied with myself—and with them!"

His smile was irresistible. Bent as I was on disputing the degrading conclusions at which he had arrived, I really had not fire enough in me at the moment to feed my own indignation. As to Reverend Finch, he sat silently swelling in his corner; digesting as he best might the discovery that there was another man in the world, besides the Rector of Dimchurch, with an excellent opinion of himself, and with perfectly unassailable confidence and fluency in expressing it. In the momentary silence that now followed, Oscar got his first opportunity of speaking. He had, thus far, been quite content to admire his clever brother. He now advanced to me, and asked what had become of Lucilla.

"The servant told me she was here," he said. "I am so anxious to introduce her to Nugent."

Nugent put his arm affectionately round his brother's neck, and gave him a hug. "Dear old boy! I am just as anxious as you are."

"Lucilla went out a little while since," I said, "to take a turn in the garden."

"I'll go and find her," said Oscar. "Wait here, Nugent. I'll bring her in."

He left the room. Before he could close the door one of the servants appeared, to claim Mrs. Finch's private ear on some mysterious domestic emergency. Nugent facetiously entreated her, as she passed him, to clear her mind of prejudice, and consider the question of infant petticoats on its own merits. Mr. Finch took offense at this second reference to the subject. He rose to follow his wife.

"When you are a married man, Mr. Dubourg," said the rector, severely, "you will learn to leave the management of an infant in its mother's hands."

"There's another mistake!" remarked Nugent, following him, with unabated good-humor, to the door. "A married man's idea of another man as a husband, always begins and ends with

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his idea of himself." He turned to me as the door closed on Mr. Finch. "Now we are alone, Madame Pratolungo," he said, "I want to speak to you about Miss Finch. There is an opportunity before she comes in. Oscar's letter only told me that she was blind. I am naturally interested in every thing that relates to my brother's future wife. I am particularly interested about this affliction of hers. May I ask how long she has been blind?"

"Since she was a year old," I replied.

"Through an accident?"

"No."

"After a fever? or a disease of any other sort?"

I began to feel a little surprised at his entering into these medical details.

"I have heard that it was through a fever or other illness," I said. "So far as I know, the blindness came on unexpectedly, from some cause that did not express itself to the people about her at the time."

He drew his chair confidentially nearer to mine. "How old is she?" he asked.

I began to feel more than a little surprised, and I showed it, I suppose, on telling him Lucilla's age.

"As things are now," he explained, "there are reasons which make me hesitate to enter on the question of Miss Finch's blindness either with my brother or with any members of the family. I must wait to speak about it to them until I can speak to good practical purpose. There is no harm in my starting the subject with you. When she first lost her sight, no means of restoring it were left untried, of course?"

"I should suppose not," I replied. "It's so long since, I have never asked."

"So long since," he repeated; and then considered for a moment.

His reflections ended in a last question:

"She is resigned, I suppose—and every body about her is resigned—to the idea of her being hopelessly blind for life?"

Instead of answering him, I put a question on my side. My heart was beginning to beat rapidly, without my knowing why.

"Mr. Nugent Dubourg," I said, "what have you got in your mind about Lucilla?"

"Madame Pratolungo," he replied, "I have got something in my mind which was put into it by a friend of mine whom I met in America."

"The friend you mentioned in your letter to your brother?"

"The same."

"The German gentleman whom you propose to introduce to Oscar and Lucilla?"

"Yes."

"May I ask who he is?"

Nugent Dubourg looked at me attentively, considered with himself for the second time, and answered in these words:

"He is the greatest living authority and the greatest living operator in diseases of the eye."

The idea in his mind burst its way into my mind in a moment.

"Gracious God!" I exclaimed, "are you mad enough to suppose that Lucilla's sight can be restored, after a blindness of one-and-twenty years?"

He suddenly held up his hand, in sign to me to be silent.

At the same moment the door opened, and Lucilla (followed by Oscar) entered the room.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

Fortunate is that family whose milkman is honest, and supplies an unadulterated article. The temptation to water milk begins with the farmers who own the cows. A quart or two added to each can of milk does not so greatly alter the general appearance of the whole. Then, on its way to the city, whatever cream rises is frequently skimmed off and sold separately. Dealers do not usually pretend to supply their customers with cream, but the milk is so blue and watery that it seems unfit for coffee; so cream is ordered at four or five times the price of milk. Sometimes this is skimmed from milk sold afterward as good, pure milk; sometimes it is manufactured from condensed milk; and sometimes, we are glad to say—though the cases are rare, we fear—the cream is genuine, and obtained in a legitimate manner. True, it is not such an article as used to appear on the tables of well-to-do farmers in olden times: they would have called it only rich milk. But it is an improvement on the milk "of the period." If drivers find their supply running short, it is easy, they think, to add a little water to make it "hold out." Thus families are robbed, and children more than robbed—they are often starved. The remedy of this evil is, to a great extent, in the hands of the consumers. If your milkman will not bring you a good article, try another dealer; try a third, and a fourth, until you obtain what you want. Of course this is some trouble; but if people generally would take this trouble for a while, there would be an abundance of good, pure milk in the market. The quality of articles usually found in a market indicates what quality is ordinarily demanded, or, at least, that with which the customers are satisfied.

Florence, Naples, and Milan are favorable places for American students of music. Many who have acquired a public reputation have been wholly or partially instructed in the Italian school. There are now in Florence two young ladies from Boston, one from Portland, and one from Cincinnati, under special training. Two of these ladies will appear in opera during the coming winter in Italian theatres.

The New York Evening High School opened last week with eleven hundred pupils. There were over fifteen hundred applications, but all could not be admitted, for lack of room. A large proportion of the pupils are young men engaged in business during the day, but who know the value of knowledge well enough to study enthusiastically.

A scientific gentleman who was recently making geological researches at Hell Gate made also a curious entomological discovery. On breaking a piece of rock by a blow of his hammer, out from the very heart of the solid mass came a sprightly spider. He did not seem to any wise shocked at his sudden release from his dark prison, but apparently delighted, and began to run away as fast as ever he could. The geologist, however, had no notion of losing such a prize, and impaled him on a pin. The spider and hammer have remained in his rocky dungeon.

A fortunate farmer of Paynesville, Missouri, gathered from one apple-tree this year fifty-five thousand apples, which made forty-five bushels. One apple from this prolific tree weighed twenty-one and a half ounces.

One hundred thousand francs have been offered as a prize by the French Academy of Sciences for an effectual remedy against cholera. Essays on the subject are pouring in with great rapidity.

The American Musical Fund Society, lacking money for its benevolent work, proposes to give an annual subscription concert, chiefly using the best music composed in the United States. In order to secure the best music, it offers seven prizes for the best songs, suites, symphonies, etc., which may be sent in. The programmes of the annual concerts will be made up largely from the compositions selected by competent judges.

There are now about five hundred looms in Dublin engaged in the manufacture of Irish poplin. Not more than half a dozen manufacturers are engaged in the trade, which, though prosperous, is circumscribed. No similar material presents the same exquisitely lustrous texture as Irish poplin, which is due largely to the fact that manufacturers use only the very finest materials. The bright, rich colors of the fabric are said to be produced by the quality of the water used in dyeing. A great stimulus was given to the Irish poplin trade by her Royal Highness the Princess of Wales wearing a poplin which was specially manufactured for her for the occasion of her entry into London. The good effects produced by this graceful act of consideration have ever since been experienced in a very gratifying way. It is the fact that for years there has not been an Irish poplin weaver unemployed. The Princess Louise, on her wedding tour, wore a shining traveling dress, woven by Irish hands on the banks of the Liffey. Pim's poplin factory is the largest in Dublin, its trade being for the greater part wholesale. Two hundred and fifty weavers are constantly employed, as well as thirty dyers, fifty-six silk winders, and many assistants.

Balloon accidents are becoming frightfully common. One occurred lately at Peru, Indiana, which thrilled the spectators with horror. While the extra hands were getting into the car the ropes gave way, and the balloon shot up with great velocity. One of the two voyagers let go, and fell to the earth uninjured; but the other clung to the ropes until a height of about a mile or more had been reached, when he too let go his hold. His descent was frightful. Striking the earth, his head was mashed into an indistinguishable mass, and the body was crushed and bruised horribly. The body made a hole in the ground eight inches deep and rebounded four feet from where it struck. The wife and children of the unfortunate aeronaut were horrified witnesses of this scene.

Sheridan Knowles was a most eccentric individual, and many amusing anecdotes are related of him. On one occasion an opera was produced at Covent Garden, the story of which turned upon the love of a young count for a gypsy girl, whom he subsequently deserts for a lady of rank and fortune; and in the second act there was a fête in the gardens of the count's château in honor of the bride elect. Mr. Binge, who played the count, was seated in an arbor near to one of the wings, witnessing a ballet. Knowles, who had been in front during the previous part of the opera, came behind the scenes, and, advancing as [illegible] as he could to Binge without being in sight of the audience, called to him in a loud whisper, "Binge!" Binge looked over his shoulder. "Well, what is it?" "Tell me, Do you marry the gypsy girl or not?" "[illegible]" answered Binge, [illegible], [illegible] his answer to be [illegible], and making signs [illegible] the [illegible] back. Knowles caught his hand, pressed it fervently, and exclaimed, "God bless you! You are a good fellow!"

Table etiquette should be founded on reason as far as it is not always so. Certain articles of food can not be thoroughly enjoyed if eaten with the use of knife, fork, or spoon. Hence good usage has sanctioned the use of the fingers in certain cases. While our ideas of propriety would be shocked at seeing one take the bone of a beefsteak or a mutton-chop in his fingers, we are not at all horrified when the little bones of a bird are treated in that way, since the meat can only be obtained easily and enjoyed thoroughly by picking them. It is so with the corn with green corn. Though gnawing the corn from the cob is not an elegant operation for an outside spectator to witness, it is very satisfactory to the individual most interested. Indeed, so generally is it conceded that corn may be eaten from the cob, that silversmiths now make silver handles, which are to be thrust into the large end of the cob, and allow it to be held without soiling the fingers.

Among the numerous remedies proposed for preventing boiler explosions, only one seems to be absolutely safe—that is, to fill the boilers with ice-water, and set them in a cool place.

It has been ascertained that in all lunatic asylums the class of inmates most numerous are farmers, and merchants are next. The reason assigned for this is that they, in an unusual degree, exercise one faculty of the brain, by which an inflammatory action is excited, and that organ becomes diseased at length. To a certain extent there is great safety to the mind in a variety of employments.

Punch takes up the cudgels in favor of women, and with some pertinent remarks: "What in woman is called curiosity, in a man is grandiloquently magnified into the spirit of inquiry."

Sir Walter Scott found the companionship of his dogs in his study pleasant and helpful to his work. A faithful drawing of the Edinburgh "den," where the great genius conjured his most potent spells, would show Scott seated at his plain desk thoughtfully bending over his papers, while the immense form of Maida, his shaggy favorite, is stretched at length before the fire. Perched on the highest round of the book ladder crouches Hinse, the beautiful cat, waiting to take her place by the horizontal whenever it shall please her rival to saunter forth for a walk. To one or other of these pets Scott was ever loosing a friendly or comic speculation, by way of keeping up their spirits till he could take time for a frolic. He believed they understood every word he said, and there did seem to be a sort of clairvoyance between them. Who can tell how much his elastic freshness, power of work, and sweetness of nature were kept in tone by his unbending himself, and "leaning from his Pegasus" toward those dumb favorites?

On an average every French revolution costs 15,000,000 francs in coinage alone. The question is being agitated of giving up a stamp that must be changed with every change in government, and substituting a simple coin stamp, such as "La France," which might be lasting.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

A newspaper in Texas writes that Austin is a very beautiful place, and though lacking the ordinary means for illuminating the streets, has hit upon a very original method. He says: "So soon as the sun goes down, you see a red-haired girl come out and place herself on each corner of the street. We then turn loose the lightning-bugs, and the two make it as light as day. I have been brought up twice before the authorities for hugging the lamp posts, and fined heavily."

A man bought a horse on condition that he should pay half down, and be in debt for the remainder. A short time after, the seller demanded payment of the balance. The other answered, "No. It was agreed that I should be in your debt for the remainder; how can that be if I pay it?"

Why are free sittings in church very immoral?—Because you are by them made good for nothing.

The following quaint and instructive epitaph was once placed upon a tombstone:

"Our life's a wintry day:
Some only breakfast, then away;
Others to dinner stay, and are full fed—
The oldest man but sups and goes to bed.
Large is his debt who lingers out the day;
He that goes soonest has the least to pay."

CHANGED.

My love she wore a muslin dress,
Her hair in waving curls;
They call'd my lovely black-eyed Bess,
Queen rose among the girls.
I left her for a year to roam,
She vowed she'd ne'er forget;
But every thing, alas! had changed
Before again we met.

My love she had become a "blonde"
When next I saw her face;
And above the curls once graced her head,
Rats, frizzes, chignons, lace.
She was the belle of skating rinks,
The pet of a fast set:
I sigh'd, "Do you remember me?"
She winked and cried, "You bet!"

A full-bearded young grandfather recently had his hirsute appendage shaved off, showing a clean face for the first time for a number of years. At the dinner-table his three-year-old granddaughter noticed it, "gazed long with wondering eyes," and finally ejaculated, "Grandfather, whose head you got on?"

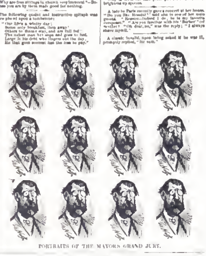
The new Era—Kissing a pretty girl.
Best Ho-ro-o—Kissing her a second time.
A ransom Dumosarum—Kissing the wrong girl.

An Illinois constable made a return on the back of a paper thus: "I executed this subpoena by trying to read it to John Black, but he was drivin' cattle on horseback, and ran faster than I could, and kept up such a bellerin' I don't know whether he heered or not. This is the best I could do, and don't know whether the subpoeny is served according to law or not."

Why is Brighton like plate powder?—Because it brightens up spoons.

A lady in Paris recently gave a concert at her house. "Do you like Rossini?" said she to one of her male guests. "Rossini—indeed I do; he is my favorite composer." "Are you familiar with his 'Barber' (of Seville)?" "Oh dear, no," was the reply; "I always shave myself."

A classic invalid, upon being asked if he was ill, promptly replied, "Ile vale."



PORTRAITS OF THE MAYOR'S GRAND JURY.

CZAR OF ALL THE ROWDIES.

"Caitiff, r-r-r-emove those slanderous prints, or t-r-r-r-r-emble for thy life! Brwa-r-r-r!! Ah—ha-a!"

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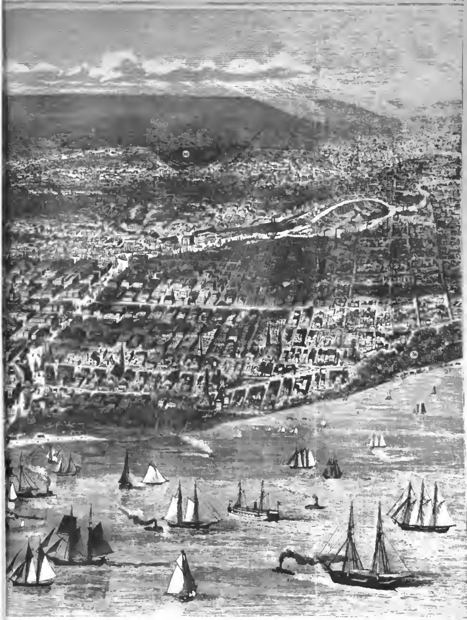
BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF CHICAGO AS IT WAS BEFORE

1. Central Elevator.
2. Great Central Depot.
3. White Stocking Base-ball Ground.
4. [illegible]
5. Tremont House.
6. Sherman House.
7. Court-house.
8. Board of Trade.
9. Post-office.
10. Chicago Tribune.
11. Crosby Opera-house.
12. Rush-street Bridge.
13. State-street Bridge.
14. Clark-street Bridge.
15. Lasalle-street Tunnel.
16. Wells-street Bridge.
17. Michigan Southern; C., R. I., and P.
18. Site of Ogden House.
19. Bigelow House.
20. Palmer House.
21. Bartlett's Church (Plymouth
22. First Baptist Church.
23. Michigan-avenue Hotel.
24. Terrace Row.



FIRE.—Drawn by Theodore R. Davis.—[See Page 990.]

s Block.
ge Tunnel.
an's Head-quarters.
.W., and C. Depôt; and C., A., and St. L.
29. C., Cin., and Ind. Cent. Depôt.
30. Chicago and Northwestern.
31. Gas-works.
32. Union Park.
33. Washington Square.
34. Dr. Colyer's Church.
35. Water-works.
36. Lincoln Park.
37. Lake Shore Drive.
38. Chicago River.
39. North Branch.
40. South Branch.
41. Entrance of Chicago River into Canal.
42. Union Stock-yards.
43. Dexter Park.
44. South Side.
45. Lake Park.
46. North Side.
47. West Side.
48. Bridge House.
49. Grain Warehouse, near where the first fire began.

HARVEST APPLES.

The letter said "come," and with a sigh of relief I laid it upon the table before me, and looked out into the dusty streets.

I was a working-woman in the city of New York. Whether I trimmed bonnets for Madame La Mode, measured off laces for mademoiselle her daughter, kept books, read proofs, set type, or even wrote editorials for the *Starry Host*, is a matter of no consequence. Suffice it to say, I was tired. In my dreams I "babbled of green fields." I longed for one long summer vacation of freedom and rest. But where should I go? Like Joanna Galsworthy, I found the world "too full of other people." I wanted nature, not men and women.

At length I bethought me of a distant cousin, Hiram Gardner by name, who lived in a low, brown farm-house away up among the Green Mountains; and forthwith I wrote to him, asking if he would receive me as a boarder for three months. This letter was the answer:

"Come right along, Cousin Winifred," he wrote, "and stay as long as you can make yourself contented. Not as a boarder, though. Thank God, I am not so poor as to feel obliged to take money from my own kith and kin for a few weeks' board and lodging. My wife and Hope will be glad to see you."

So, in a flurry of delight, I packed my trunk, telegraphed to Cousin Hiram, and in two days' time stood on the platform of the dépôt at Highland watching the receding train as it thundered down the valley.

As for Hope—little Hope Gardner—what shall I tell you about her? I had my own ideas about "country girls." I thought of sunburn and freckles, coarse hands and ungainly feet, in that connection. But one glance at Hope as she stood in the flickering shadows of the great elm that overhung the low, wide, roomy house overthrew all my preconceived opinions. Eyes that were of the very tint of the violets I loved—hair that, guiltless of crimping-pins, fell in great golden waves below her waist, and there coiled itself up in a profusion of tiny curls; brow so fair that you saw the net-work of blue veins at the temples; cheeks softly tinted with a wild-rose bloom; face of a delicate oval, redeemed from gentle insipidity by the sweet firmness of the well-cut lips, and by eyebrows and lashes many shades darker than the hair; slight girlish figure, clad in a simple, graceful costume that would have passed unchallenged any where. Such was the picture that greeted my eyes as Cousin Hiram's pair of handsome grays swept round the corner, and Hope came forward to meet me.

Before many weeks had passed I began to discover the trail of the serpent in my newly found Eden. I had thought my cousin Hiram one of the most favored of mortals; but Mordecai sat at the king's gate, and the soul of Haman was troubled.

It was the old, old story—older than the days of the Montagues and Capulets—almost as old as the days of Adam and Eve. There had been first ambitions and rivalries, then harsh words and bitter recriminations, hatreds and revenges. Now all had settled down into a deep and silent enmity. Hiram Gardner and Thomas Remington lived upon adjoining farms, could have clasped hands across the narrow aisle as they sat in their pews on Sunday; met each other daily in streets, at the post-office, at the market-place. But they never spoke, never recognized each other by glance or sign. Yet they were both good men—men who should have loved each other. Perhaps deep down in either heart there was a regret for the past, a longing for reconciliation. Perhaps if either one had been unfortunate or in distress, the other might have been willing to be the first to bury the hatchet and smoke the calumet of peace. But both were prosperous, both were honored; and the demon of pride kept them apart, ruling their natures as with a rod of iron.

Yet a faint line across the meadows showed where a well-worn foot-path had once run from door-way to door-way.

I think that my coming to Highland was a pleasure to Hope. Perhaps it brought some element into her quiet life that was needed there. But after the first excitement of my arrival had died away, and I had insensibly glided from the position of guest into that of member of the family, I began to perceive that all was not well with her. There was at times a look of pain and longing in her eyes. There were drooping curves about her sweet lips even when she smiled. There was a nervous unrest about her, and she flew from employment to employment as if to escape thought. I noticed that when these moods were upon her her mother watched her furtively, and her father's brow darkened strangely. Yet his manner toward her was inexpressibly tender. She was, indeed, the very apple of his eye—this "Hope" that had been born to him after all his other children had been laid under the sod.

"I shall not go to church to-day," said Cousin Rhoda, one Sunday morning. "Malona's mother is not well, and I have told her she may go home."

"Neither shall I go," said Cousin Hiram. "I sprained my wrist yesterday, and it is growing very painful."

"Let us walk, then, Cousin Winifred," said Hope, her eyes brightening. "We can go 'across lots,' and it shortens the distance by half."

Nothing could have suited me better, and we were soon on our way. No flower that bloomed in the meadow or down by the winding river-bar was fairer or sweeter than Hope Gardner that day. All the freshness, the purity, the sweetness, the repose of that still Sabbath morning seemed embodied in her.

The minister was reading the first hymn, when a firm, quick tread sounded up the aisle. Even before I had time to think I felt a sudden shiver in the arm that lay against mine, and saw the hand that held one-half of the hymn-book tremble. A remarkably fine-looking young man passed by and took a seat in the pew just in front of us, on the other side of the aisle. It was Mr. Remington's pew.

Impelled by I know not what subtile instinct of womanly sympathy, I glanced at Hope from behind my veil, expecting to see precisely what I did see—evidences of sudden and profound emotion. A quick pallor drove all the color from her face for an instant, then the rich blood swept back again, and her cheeks grew crimson.

She scarcely glanced at the new-comer, but kept her eyes fixed upon old Dr. Merrill, apparently absorbed in his thirdlys and fourthlys. As soon as the benediction was pronounced, however, she took my arm hastily and pressed forward toward the door.

If she was anxious to escape from any one, to elude any one, her design was defeated. There was a crowd near the door, and our progress was obstructed. As we waited in the porch I felt a presence behind us, and a low voice that could scarcely have reached her sensitive ears whispered,

"Look at me, Hope! Speak to me! Give me one word, for God's sake!"

She clung to my arm with a close clasp, trembling like a leaf. For one instant her face grew radiant as she lifted her eyes to meet the passionate glances that sought her own so eagerly. But she spoke no word. He leaned forward, with another whisper upon his lips. Suddenly she turned with an air of decision.

"Cousin Winifred—Miss Ethridge—this is Mr. Willard Remington."

I bowed; the gentleman bowed. Then the crowd broke and parted at the steps, and we all went our several ways.

Hope wept silently half the way home, and I walked, statue-like, beside her. At last I could bear it no longer.

"What is it, Hope?" I asked. "Tell me all about it, dear."

"Oh, there is nothing to tell!" she said, wearily. "Only I am very wretched, and so is—somebody else."

Of course. It was merely another old story. Romeo and Juliet this time. It was not necessary to ask the cause of the trouble. I knew it too well already.

"Is this Mr. Thomas Remington's son?" I asked, to make assurance doubly sure.

"Yes." And after a little she told me all there was to tell: how they had loved each other for years in boy and girl fashion long before this dreadful feud arose; how, as boy and girl, they had given each other up on account of the family troubles; how Willard went West to seek his fortune as a lawyer; how both imagined that they had forgotten the early love, and that the old wounds were healed; how he had come home a year ago, and how the first word, the first look, exchanged between them, had revivified the old affection, and proved to them that instead of dying it had been gaining strength through all these silent years. But it was of no use, she said; they could never marry. And now Willard had come on again, when it was only torture to both of them to meet, and she did not know how she could bear it.

After that, day by day I watched the struggle that was going on in Hope Gardner's heart—a struggle under which she grew pale and still and cold. I knew that the lovers met sometimes in the little summer-house at the foot of the garden, or down by the river-side. So persistent a wooer as this new Romeo could hardly fail to bring about as much as that. Yet the stolen interviews brought little of joy to either of them, if one could judge of the weary eyes and set, still face that Hope always brought back with her.

One night I waylaid Cousin Hiram as he was coming in from the orchard. He looked worn and depressed. Indeed, a shadow rested upon the whole house.

"Were you coming in?" I asked. "I was just going up to the 'Spreading Tree' to see if the harvest apples were ripe."

"Not yet, I guess," he said, turning about. "But I'll go with you. Apples are late this year," he added, reflectively.

The large tree, renowned for its wide-spreading branches, was laden with fruit even to the topmost bough—great balls of green and gold, that were slowly reddening in the sunshine.

"Hard as Rock Dundee," said my companion, making a slight indentation upon one of them with his thumb. "They will not be fully ripe in a fortnight."

I had not lured him there, out of sight of the house, to talk about apples.

"Cousin Hiram," said I, suddenly, while my heart seemed to spring to my throat—"Cousin Hiram, do you know that Hope loves Willard Remington?"

I was frightened before the words had fairly passed my lips. I had broached, I well knew, a tabooed subject. People were not in the habit of talking to Hiram Gardner about the Remingtons. I ventured one glance at his face. It was stern and dark, and his breath came in quick, labored gasps. Presently he turned on his heel, and was about to leave me. But, having put my hand to the plow, it was not my nature to look back. I ran after him, and repeated my question.

"Pshaw!" he said, tossing an apple into the air with the toe of his boot, "that's all over long ago. There was some nonsense or other between them when they were mere children, I believe."

"You believe! Do you not *know*, Cousin Hiram, that Hope loves him to-day?"

"Well, what is to be done about it? What if she does?" he asked, turning upon me like a lion at bay. "Do you suppose I can ever humble myself enough to give my daughter to that man's son? I'd see her die first! But there's no danger; girls don't die of broken hearts, except in novels."

"Do not be too confident, Cousin Hiram," I said. "Can you not see that she is dying? I do not say that you will be compelled to lay her under the sod this year or next. Something will be left, probably, that will move about your house in a pale, still way; something that will work, and speak sometimes, and—suffer; something with sad, weary eyes, and an air of hopeless patience. But your Hope, your bright, joyous, loving child, your sunbeam, your song-bird, will be dead—dead as her brothers and sisters in the grave-yard yonder!"

He shivered from head to foot that soft, balmy summer night, and his mouth worked in a sudden spasm of pain. But I went on pitilessly:

"It is killing her mother too: can you not see it? Can you not see how her eyes follow Hope, how she grieves over her, how her own cheek pales whenever Hope's grows white, how—"

"Stop!" he cried. "Do you think I am blind, Winifred, or a fool? Do you think I have no eyes? Do you think I am in this position from mere willfulness? But women never can look at things from a man's stand-point. How can I help myself? I don't want to tear Hope's life, I don't want to make her wretched; yet what can be done? I can't undo the work of the last seven years, and I can't let Hope marry the son of the only man on earth, I verily believe, who hates me—and whom I hate. That's the long and the short of it, Winifred. We're in a bad fix, but it can't be helped."

"But you don't hate Willard?"

"No—I like him. He's a fine, manly young fellow; sure to make his mark in the world, if he is a Remington. I have no fault to find with him."

"Then, oh, Cousin Hiram—" I began. But he interrupted me, laying a heavy hand upon my arm.

"There's no use talking, Winifred. You can tell me nothing that I do not know already. I am as sorry for all this as you can be. Is not Hope my own child? But I am a man, and I can not go back on my own record. I never shall consent to this marriage, unless some voice speaks to me out of a thunder-cloud and says 'Do it.'"

A sudden thought struck me as I glanced up to the laden boughs of the apple-tree.

"Then if a miracle were wrought in their favor, your pride might be persuaded to yield?" I said, doubtless with a little tinge of bitterness.

He answered, angrily:

"When a sign is sent to me direct from Heaven, I'll give Hope to Willard Remington; but not before."

I sat up late that night; but early the next morning, when the gray dawn was just brightening in the east, I stole softly past Hope's door, down the stairs, that creaked perversely despite all my caution, opened the hall door as silently as a dream, and flew down the garden path and over the wall into the orchard.

For some days things went on from bad to worse. One evening Hope threw a light cloud over her head, and wandered off toward a little clump of hemlocks down by the falls. I knew well enough where she was going, and what she was going for. Probably her father knew also. But if so, he did not interfere. He could trust her.

I was in the hall when she came in. Her face was white as marble, and just as set and cold. Her eyes were tearless, but heavy and bloodshot. She went up stairs to her room, and I went to mine. She had never spoken to me of Willard Remington since that Sunday at church, and I respected her silence.

The next day, at the post-office, I heard that he had gone back to his Western life.

This was Tuesday. The next Thursday we were all out in the porch when a neighbor, who was going by, stopped for a chat, leaning with both arms upon the gate.

"By the-bye," he said, "have you heard of the accident on the New York Central? Cars ran off a bridge into fifteen feet of water, and a third of the passengers were killed. Willard Remington was on board, and they say he is among the missing."

Hope raised one hand to her head, with a faint scream, and fell to the floor as if a ball had pierced her heart.

We carried her into the house and laid her upon the bed in her mother's room. It was an hour before she gave signs of returning consciousness. Then, when the pale lips began to quiver a little, and there was a slight tremulous motion of the eyelids, Cousin Rhoda said, in a hushed voice:

"Go away now, both of you. When she comes to she will want to see no face but her mother's. Hiram Gardner, if your pride has killed our child, may God forgive you!"

We went out of the back-door, and followed the little foot-path that led to the orchard, till we stood under the tree where the harvest apples were fast crimsoning. Cousin Hiram's face was very grave.

"Winifred," he said, "I wonder if the sign from Heaven was sent to me long ago, and my blind eyes could not see it? This is too much like the voice out of the thunder-cloud."

I passed round to the other side of the tree, apparently looking for fallen fruit, and waited for him to follow me, which he did presently.

"Look there, Cousin Hiram!" I said, tremblingly, while my face flushed. "Look there!"

"Look where?" he asked. "I do not see any thing."

I took a long stick from the ground and pointed to a great crimson apple that swung from the nearest bough, yet far above our heads. There, in letters of pale green upon a ruby ground, were the words, "Willard"—"Hope."

He started violently. "My God! Winifred, what does that mean?" And the man's lips were white as ashes.

"It means," I answered, perhaps with lips as colorless as his, for the very depths of my being were stirred—"it means that if Willard is alive he belongs to Hope, and you have no right to keep them apart."

For full five minutes he stood beside me with his face buried in his hands. Then he looked up, with a faint smile playing about his resolute lips.

"There is some hocus-pocus about this, Winifred. We don't have miracles in the nineteenth century. However, I accept the omen. I am going over to Mr. Remington's to ask if Willard was on the train, or if he has been heard from. Don't touch that apple."

An hour afterward Cousin Hiram came home, and walked straight through the sitting-room into the bedroom where Hope still lay with closed eyes, speechless, motionless—a white statue that scarcely breathed. He bent down and kissed her lips.

"I have been over to Mr. Remington's, Hope," he said. "Willard has just telegraphed. He was not on the train. Open your eyes, my child, and look at me. I want you to send this apple to Willard, and tell him it means that you belong to him, and he to you."

She just kissed him; that was all.

Three years afterward I went up to Highland to meet Hope, who was home on a visit. We were all out under the spreading apple-tree.

"Now tell us all about it, Winifred," said Cousin Hiram. "I know you can explain the mystery of the apple if you choose."

"No," I answered, laughing; "that would spoil all the romance. But if you ever want a miracle performed in behalf of your little granddaughter here, all you have to do is to give me a sharp pair of scissors, some tissue-paper, and a few drops of mucilage."

"One thing more, I reckon," added Cousin Hiram. "In my opinion you would need a half-ripe harvest apple."

SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

Many of our readers have become quite familiar during the past few months with the name of cundurango, a tree found in Ecuador, the young stems and roots of which are claimed to be a specific cure for cancer and other diseases. A quantity of this was sent by the government of that country to the State Department, in Washington, to be experimented upon by some physicians of that city, and the result of the inquiry having been satisfactory, a special expedition was sent out to obtain an increased supply. Much controversy has arisen, however, as to the real virtue of the plant, many physicians denouncing the whole movement as savoring of quackery and humbug. The precise botanical relationships and character of the plant have been until recently unknown; but we now learn from the *Andes*, of Guayaquil, of July 30, in a communication from Dr. Destruge, that it belongs to the order *Asclepiadaceæ*, and species *Mikania guaco* of Humboldt, and that its name of cundurango, in the Quichua language, means vine of the condor. It is the same plant that is called guaco in Colombia. According to the tradition of the country, when the condor is bitten by a poisonous serpent it swallows the leaves of the guaco plant, and experiences no harm. In Colombia there are said to be three varieties of the guaco—green, purple, and white—the purple variety being intensely bitter, the white less so and more aromatic, while the green has more astringency.

Dr. Bliss, of Washington, is understood to be the great champion of the cundurango, and claims to have accomplished several notable cures upon prominent personages, and considers it to be as reliable a specific in cancer and scrofula and other blood diseases as cinchona and its alkaloids have proved to be in zymotic diseases. It is quite certain that for many years this plant has been brought forward in tropical America as an invaluable cure for a variety of diseases. As the *Mikania guaco* is found abundantly in South America, it can readily be obtained without going into the interior of Ecuador, should it answer all the expectations of its partisans.

Dr. Robert Brown, in a communication on the "Interior of Greenland," states that the result of all the attempted explorations of the interior goes to show that this is one huge *mer de glace*, of which the outlets and overflow are the comparatively small glaciers on the coast, though, when compared with the glacier system of the Alps, they are of gigantic size. The outskirting land is, to all intents and purposes, merely a circlet of islands of greater or less extent. There are, in all probability, no mountains in the interior—only a high plateau, from which the unbroken ice is shed on either side to the east and west, the greater slope being toward the west. No mountains have been seen in the interior, the prospect being generally bounded by a dim, icy horizon. Dr. Brown considers Greenland susceptible of being crossed from side to side with dog or other sledges, provided the party start under experienced guides, and sufficiently early in the year.

At a late meeting of the California Academy of Sciences, Mr. William H. Dall made a communication in regard to the result of certain experiments in the way of transplanting the Eastern oyster (*O. virginiana*) to Shoalwater Bay, in Washington Territory. A company lately organized has undertaken to raise this oyster for the Pacific coast market, and it has been found that the young of the original specimens thus transplanted lose to a large extent the smoothness and whiteness which is characteristic of the Eastern, and assume those of the California oyster (*O. conchaphila*) when well developed. He stated that a similar fact had been noted in regard to the English oyster (*O. edulis*), which

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when transplanted by the French to beds in the Mediterranean, exhibited in the young a strong resemblance to the native Mediterranean oyster (*O. cochlear*).

The *Athenæum* announces the death, on the 26th of August, of Mr. James De Carle Sowerby, at the ripe age of eighty-four. This gentleman was well known as a naturalist; still better, however, as an artist, his illustrations of shells, plants, and other objects of natural history being considered of superior excellence, and gracing the pages of many of the more important works on natural history published in England for many years past. It was to the branches of conchology and botany that he was most prominent; in the latter department mainly in connection with what is known as "Sowerby's English Botany," intended to give a life-size colored figure of every British plant, and of which eighty-one fasciculi, on ten volumes, are already published, at a cost of over $10,000 per set.

The contract for the new telescope which Congress at the late session authorized the National Observatory to procure has been given to Mr. Alvan Clarke, of Boston, the well-known manufacturer of astronomical apparatus. It is to be of twenty-six inch aperture, and to be completed, according to contract, in about two years. It is understood that Mr. Clarke will visit Europe for the purpose of carefully examining the principal telescopes there before completing the one in question, and it is expected that when erected it will prove to be one of the finest in the world.

Dr. Sclater, in further reference to his plan of zoological stations in different parts of the globe, advises their establishment in connection with the astronomical observatories about to be started for the purpose of taking observations of the transit of Venus in 1874. The Astronomer Royal of England proposes to have such expeditions to the following places: (1) Oahu, Sandwich Islands; (2) Kerguelen's Island; (3) Rodrigues; (4) Auckland, New Zealand; (5) Alexandria. At the first three of these stations a corps of scientific observers must be stationed for at least a year before the transit. Dr. Sclater proposes that naturalists be sent with them, with suitable means of research, for the purpose of carrying on their investigations.

Professor Cope has lately published in the Indianapolis *Journal* an account of a visit to the Wyandotte Cave, and of the animal life occurring within its limits. He reports this cave to be as well worthy the popular favor as the Mammoth Cave of Kentucky, since, although lacking the large bodies of water of the latter, it is fully equal and even superior to it in the number and beauty of its stalactites. The gypsum regions in the more remote parts of the cave are especially beautiful, this substance occurring in amorphous masses of great purity, or in the form of loose crystals resembling snow.

Fourteen species of animals were found in this cave, consisting of a blind fish similar to, if not identical with, that of the Mammoth Cave, seven species of insects, two of spiders, one of centipedes, and three crustaceans. Several of these species, as might be imagined, are destitute of eyes, such organs being unnecessary to them in their subterranean abode.

A hand-book of British Fungi, by Mr. M. C. Cooke, the well-known editor of "Hardwicke's Science Gossip," has lately been published in London in two volumes, and contains full descriptions of all the species, and illustrations of the genera, with a special reference to the history and determination of the edible and poisonous species. A work of this kind, prepared by so competent a writer as Mr. Cooke, is likely to prove of much value, not only to the botanist, but also to the practical inquirer, and it is greatly to be regretted that some of our authorities on such subjects do not undertake a similar work. It is understood that Dr. M. A. Curtis, of Hillsborough, North Carolina, our most eminent fungologist, has had on hand for many years the materials for such a work on the edible fungi of North America, and that he has been unable to find a publisher willing to undertake it. It is somewhat remarkable that his quest has been unsuccessful, as there would seem to be little doubt of ample patronage for a book that should, and doubtless would, meet an extensive demand.

We are informed by *Nature* that the British government has agreed to the request of the British Association with regard to the proposed eclipse expedition, and that an important series of observations may consequently be looked for along a line extending from the Neilgherry Hills, in India, to Cape York, in Australia. The observation in India will be intrusted to Mr. Pogson, Colonel Tennant, and Captain Herschel, while Mr. Lockyer will probably take charge of the Ceylon station. Java will be cared for by the Dutch government, with, perhaps, the assistance of Mr. Janssen; and a strong expedition will possibly be sent out from Sydney and Melbourne. The necessary instruments are to be forwarded at once to Australia and India. The assistance of the government will be rendered not only in money, but in transportation and equipage and the like. It is also understood that the British government will undertake photographic observations of the approaching transit of Venus.

From the Alaska *Herald* we learn that M. Alphonse Pinart had reached Nushagak on the 31st of May, where he was received very cordially by the authorities. While there he made numerous photographic pictures of the scenery, and gathered collections in ethnology and paleontology. He left Nushagak on the 10th of June, on board the steamer *John Bright*, for the Yukon River, and expected to reach the interior in time to attend the great July fair held by the Yukon Indians. He devotes especial attention to the departments of ethnology and philology.

THE TUNNEL OF THE ALPS.

The ceremonial opening of the grand railway tunnel, seven miles and a half long, which passes quite through the Graian range of the Alps, between Savoy and Piedmont, took place on Sunday, September 17. It will be sufficient to recapitulate briefly the story of that great undertaking, and to give some particulars of what has latterly been accomplished.

The little kingdom of Sardinia, as it existed in 1856, comprising Piedmont, Savoy, Genoa, and the island from which the collective state was named, with an aggregate population of five millions, has the whole and sole honor of this great achievement. It is not to Italy or to France, but to the small sub-alpine state that stood between them, with a population speaking many local dialects in the mountain valleys, but partaking, as a race, of one character—as robust, honest, patient, and loyal, as laborious, ingenious, and sagacious, as the Scottish nation—that the merit of the work belongs. Count Cavour was the author of the great Alpine tunnel, in so far as he was the man by whose enlightened and energetic resolution it was brought into existence.

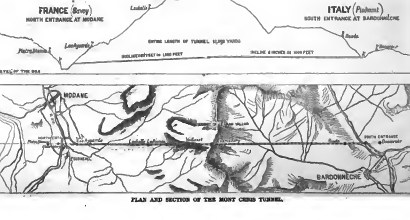
The practicability of a railway passing the Alps had been discussed in 1842, by the Savoy Chamber of Agriculture and Commerce of Chambéry. It was then proposed by a Piedmontese road-contractor, Joseph Médail, of Bardonnèche, who had been meditating ten years, since 1832, on the possibility of boring through the mountain from Bardonnèche to Modane for a common road. The Sardinian government in 1845 ordered surveys to be made by Signor Sismonda, a Piedmontese geologist, and M. Maus, a Belgian engineer, which resulted in the choice of the line actually taken—viz., between Le Grand Vallon and part of an adjacent mountain, called Fréjus, where the Alpine barrier is of least thickness. But the design was abandoned, in consequence of the military disasters of the kingdom in 1848 and 1849, till it was revived by Count Cavour's government in 1856. The Minister of Public Works, Signor Paleocapa, a distinguished professor of physical science at the University of Turin, then bestowed his study on the subject; and to him, jointly with Cavour, must be ascribed the credit of this undertaking.

The merit of inventing and applying the instrumentality by which its execution was effected belongs to three men—Sommeiller, a native of the Vallée de Sixt, in Savoy; Grandis and Grattoni, natives of Piedmont. They were fellow-students, under Professor Paleocapa, at the University of Turin, and they were sent by the Sardinian government to learn railway engineering in Great Britain. They returned to Piedmont in 1850, when their first endeavor was to devise some modification of the atmospheric system, which they had seen in action on the Croydon and South Devon lines, to work the steep inclines of the Turin and Genoa Railway over the Apennines. It occurred to them that there would be some economy in using water power to condense the air in the tube behind the train to be propelled, instead of using a pump worked by steam-power to exhaust the air in front of it. Now it happened that in 1855 Mr. Bartlett, an English engineer, patented a machine for perforating rock, in mining, by a pointed iron bar, to be darted forth out of a tube, like an air-gun, charged with condensed air. The object was, of course, merely to bore small holes a few inches in diameter to be filled with gunpowder for blasting. Mr. Bartlett's machine, however, was to be worked by a steam-engine used to compress the air. Now the three young Piedmontese engineers had already got to the notion of using water-power—the weight and pressure of a falling stream—to condense air in an iron tube. They saw at once that Mr. Bartlett's atmospheric borer could be most conveniently charged with its force of condensed air by their method of compression by water. This was the very instrumentality that was wanted to bore through the Alps for the proposed tunnel. They went to Paleocapa with it, and he took them to Cavour. The thing was as good as done when Cavour's mind took it in, for he never failed to do whatever he saw might be done with advantage. He instantly provided Sommeiller with a seat in Parliament, that the engineer might explain the plan for himself. A government bill was forthwith brought in and passed, authorizing experiments to be made, at the public cost, by Sommeiller, Grandis, and Grattoni. The experiments, at San Pier d' Arena, near Genoa, were perfectly successful. A contract was made with the Victor Emanuel Railway Company, granting a subsidy of 20,000,000 francs toward the cost of the work. Cavour, in that session of 1856, laid the whole scheme before Parliament, and obtained its legislative confirmation. The works were actually commenced in August, 1857, when the king attended in person. But they went on slowly during the first five to six years.

The tunnel is popularly but incorrectly called the Mont Cenis Tunnel, whereas it is fifteen miles away from Mont Cenis, to the southwest. Referring to the plan engraved on this page, it will be perceived that the approach line to the Savoy mouth of the tunnel, shown to the left hand of the plan, makes a remarkable bend, passing up the valley of the Arc to Modane, then turning round and descending the same valley, parallel to its former course, to reach the mouth of the tunnel at Fourneaux. This was needful to gain the requisite elevation, the tunnel being 400 feet above the bottom of the valley, 130 feet above the Mont Cenis road at Modane, and 3700 feet above the sea level. Entering the tunnel, its level is found to rise with an average incline of 1 in 45, or 117 feet 4 inches per mile, to a point just midway, 420 feet above the height of the Savoy entrance. From this point, descending to the Italian side, the incline is very slight, about 1 in 2000, serving only to let the moisture run off the floor. The exact length is 7½ English miles and 242 yards, which is 4½ miles longer than the longest railway tunnel previously constructed in Europe—one in Lenorthe, on the Paris, Lyons, and Mediterranean line. The transverse section displays the outline of the mountain mass, called Le Grand Vallon, through which the tunnel is pierced. The highest point of this mountain is 9640 feet above the sea level, has the greatest height of the mass perpendicularly over the tunnel is 5307 feet. There are, of course, no perpendicular shafts from the surface to the tunnel. The geological composition of the mass along the tunnel line is, first, a thickness of 2310 yards of schist, then 396 yards of quartz, 2914 yards of compact limestone, and the remainder, on the Italian side, is all schist, which was easier to cut than the quartz or the limestone. The dimensions of the tunnel, as excavated, are 25 feet 3½ inches wide at the base, 26 feet 2⅞ inches at the broadest part, with a semicircular top; 24 feet 7 inches high at the Modane end, but 11⅞ inches higher at the Bardonnèche end. Its roof and walls are faced with masonry. At the Bardonnèche end the vault is of brick, and the sides are of stone; in the Modane end the whole lining is of stone.

The entire work has been executed under the direction of Signor Grattoni, Commander of the Order of St. Maurice and St. Lazarus, who is chief engineer. His former colleagues, Signor Grandis and M. Sommeiller, have not lived to see the completion of their great work. In subordination to Grattoni, the superintending engineer of the Modane section is Signor Copello; of the Bardonnèche portion, Signor Borelli. These gentlemen are Italians, and the work has been done by Piedmontese laborers, but the cost in money has been divided between Italy and France, amounting probably to more than six millions sterling, inclusive of the approach lines.

The excavation has been done simultaneously from both ends of the tunnel by boring and then blasting the face of the rock. It is in the use of air as a motive power for the perforating tools that the novelty of the Alpine tunnel operations consists. Air was compressed to six atmospheres by means of hydraulic pressure obtained from the mountain streams in the neighborhood of the tunnel. The piercing instrument was a steel drill driven by a piston, worked itself by compressed air from a movable press. The compressed air was conveyed in a cast iron tube of 7.84 inches inside diameter, and 39 inches thick. The tube was made in lengths of from 6 feet to 8 feet. Safety-valves were placed in this tube, and whenever the pressure became more than six atmospheres, air escaped, and was conveyed by other tubes to the scene of operations in the middle of the mountain, and supplied the workmen with fresh air. The quantity of water consumed was 35,317 cubic feet per second, there being a fall of 144 feet. The method of operation in order to pierce the rock was as follows: Seven drills pierced a series of holes at



PLAN AND SECTION OF THE MONT CENIS TUNNEL.

the rock. These holes were about a yard in depth, 1 inch to 3 inches in diameter; only the smaller ones were filled with powder, the larger were simply made in order to diminish the resistance of the stone. These seven holes took from five to seven hours to perforate, according to the nature of the rock. When the holes had been made they were dried thoroughly by means of blasts of compressed air, and then charged. The mines were successively exploded, beginning with those in the centre of the vault. Then the fragments were cleared away in trucks. In the twenty-four hours the progress was from two yards to three yards, according to the hardness of the rock.

It was on the day after last Christmas-day that the two separate parties of engineers and workmen, boring into the mountain from opposite sides, at length met each other half-way through. There was scarcely half a yard difference in the axis lines of the two portions of the tunnel. That it should have been executed with so slight a variation, where no perpendicular shafts could be opened to the surface of the ground above, is one of the greatest triumphs of modern engineering skill.

The day of the opening and the following Monday and Tuesday were devoted to the official congratulations and popular festivities. The Italian ministers of state, Sella, Visconti Venosta, De Vincenzi, and Castagnola; the presidents of the Senate and Chamber of Deputies; M. Lefranc, the French ambassador; Signor Nigra, the Italian ambassador in France; M. Ferdinand de Lesseps, the Swiss ambassador, and other persons of distinction, were present. The tunnel had been safely and comfortably traversed by special trains on Friday, Saturday, and Sunday morning. It was found that the passage could be made in twenty-one minutes, and there was no inconvenient degree of heat or want of air to breathe. The company were entertained with a banquet on Sunday in a grand pavilion erected for the purpose at Bardonèche. In the city of Turin there were other demonstrations of joy, and the statue of Paleocapa was unveiled by the Prince of Carignan. The little town of Susa, at the foot of Mont Cenis, will henceforth lie quite out of the traveler's road; but we give a view of the place for the sake of its proximity to the Alpine tunnel, and its past historical associations.

OPENING THE MONT CENIS TUNNEL.

RIDING THE ELEPHANT IN THE LONDON ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS.

AN ELEPHANT RIDE.

One of the pleasantest of London resorts is the gardens of the Zoological Society in Regent's Park, with their gorgeous flower beds, trim lawns, retiring paths between the shrubberies or beneath the trees, and wonderful collection of beasts, birds, fishes, and reptiles which is there displayed to curious inspection. Every Monday these gardens are open to the working classes, at a trifling admission fee, who probably take more eager notice of the strange animals, and speculate with a more inquiring mind upon their habits and ways of life, than the class who have been "educated" to a mood of indifference, except that the children have in no social position yet learned the creed of Nil admirari, and their frank expressions of joyful surprise are the best part of the treat to their elder companions. To see them assembled round the mighty elephants, at the hour appointed for riding up and down the broad path, where the huge soft feet are wont to pace with a noiseless tread, is an interesting and pleasing exhibition of fresh youthful humanity, which should be more attractive to the kindly observer than any exotic variety of bestial existence. The ambitious little candidates for a seat upon the grand creature's lofty back, which to their eyes must appear forty or fifty feet in height, show as great an amount of courage in daring to mount him as in any action or adventure of their short past lives; and when the stately, gentle monster begins his safe and easy march, with half a company of infantry in possession of his vast body, which seems a moving hill, the glorious exultation of that moment is not to be surpassed. Yet we remark two or three of the smaller girls who look a little frightened, and it is to be hoped that none will feel as though seasick, which is a disagreeable experience sometimes caused by the heaving motion of the beast they are to ride. Perched on the head of the animal, in a ridiculous attitude, sits Mr. Dick Swiveller, an idle young man, who ought to know better than to occupy the place of children. The boys astride of the junior elephant seem quite accustomed to this riding, but their steed is frisky, and unfairly excited by the little girls' offerings of cakes and buns, so that the keeper must twitch his ear to make him stand quiet. Gee up, Elephant! Now we're off, and on we go!

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CHICAGO AS IT WAS.

On the opening pages of this number of *Harper's Weekly* our readers will find a pictorial map of the beautiful city of Chicago as it stood before the terrible conflagrations which commenced Saturday night, the 7th of October. At the hour at which we are compelled to put our paper to press only fragmentary particulars of the great disaster which has befallen our sister city have come to hand, but next week we shall lay a full account before our readers.

The first fire broke out in a planing establishment in what is known as the Western Division of the city, near the site occupied by the large grain warehouse owned by Vincent, Nelson, & Co., one of the largest in Chicago, which will be found indicated on the view. The wind was fresh from the south, and the flames were driven so rapidly before it that the efforts of the firemen to arrest its progress were for a long time fruitless. In half an hour from the time the alarm was given the whole district was in a blaze, and four entire blocks of buildings were destroyed, involving, with many houses of the poorer class, a very large amount of valuable business property.

Scarcely had the firemen, after hours of arduous toil, succeeded in obtaining mastery over this fire, when another alarm was sounded. This was at nearly ten o'clock Sunday evening, and the scene was again the Western Division. The flames spread with amazing rapidity before the strong wind, sweeping from block to block in spite of the most active exertions of the firemen, and making their way into the very heart of the city, over a space of more than five miles. A dispatch from Chicago, dated 9 A.M. Monday morning, stated that the entire business portion of the city was destroyed, including all the banks, the railroad depôts, express and telegraph offices, all the newspaper buildings except that of the *Tribune*, six grain elevators, the Court-house, the Chamber of Commerce, the Sherman House, and the Water-works. It was estimated that at least ten thousand buildings had been consumed, and the fire was still raging. The wind was blowing a gale, and to this was added the calamity of a scarcity of water, owing to the destruction of the Water-works. Whole blocks of buildings were blown up with powder in the effort to arrest the flames. The amount of property destroyed is estimated by millions.

The outbreak of this terrible conflagration found Chicago one of the fairest and most flourishing cities of the Union. No other city could show more elegant private residences, more substantial warehouses and stores, more commanding public edifices, or more beautiful streets and avenues. One night has changed all this. A destruction almost as complete as that which once swept over old *London* has fallen upon it. Thousands upon thousands of people have been driven from their homes, and deprived of their means of livelihood. So great was the immediate suffering among them that the Mayor of the city telegraphed to other cities for food and other means of succor; and as the necessity must continue for some time, it will be incumbent upon all her sister cities to see that supplies are forwarded in such abundance that the horrors of the present calamity shall not be aggravated by lack of food.

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The President of Ecuador, in his message to the Congress of that republic, for 1871, says:

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EXAMPLE FOR THE LADIES.

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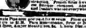
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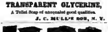

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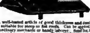

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THE AUTUMN ELECTIONS.

THE result of the elections in Pennsylvania, Ohio, and Iowa, following close upon those in California and Maine, shows that profound distrust of Democratic ascendency which can not surprise any candid observer, and which makes ridiculous all the talk about new parties and exhausted issues. The public welfare is never an exhausted issue; and when the question is between a party whose character and career are as perfectly well known as those of the Democratic organization, and the Republican, it is a simple question whether the public welfare will be more promoted by general honesty and intelligence than by the reverse. Public opinion in this country does not, at this moment, divide upon party policy so much as upon party character. People ask themselves whether Democratic ascendency is so sure a guarantee of peace and prosperity as Republican; and they answer the question, not by comparing certain political theories, but by looking at the facts.

And the importance of one fact can not be overestimated. There is a very general and a very sound conviction that in this country, of so great extent and of so various population, where the people directly govern, there is no real or permanent security except in general intelligence, and a careful regard for all the forms as well as all the rights of freedom. When, therefore, a great party is seen allying itself with ignorance, and pandering to religious prejudice and ecclesiastical ambition, it is judged by those facts, and not by what is very well described as gab. For if the opinion of the country were influenced by party platforms, it would be only perplexed between the finest professions of the loftiest virtue upon both sides. And it is this consideration which disposes of what may be called the personal argument. There are, undoubtedly, rascals in the Republican ranks, and able and honest men among the Democrats; but individuals disappear before great tendencies. It will not be denied, for instance, that Mr. CHARLES O'CONOR, who seems to be now accepted as the ideal Democrat, is a man of high character and ability; but it is evident to every body who chooses to look that it is Mr. WILLIAM M. TWEED who has long been the Democratic dictator in New York, and that even now, in the full, foul glare of the Tammany frauds, Mr. CHARLES O'CONOR can not persuade a Democratic Convention to recognize an honest delegation against Mr. TWEED's will.

The Albany *Argus* is very angry with what it calls our malicious perversions of fact in regard to the Democratic party, which, it declares, for sixty years before the rebellion almost constantly controlled the government, made the great territorial acquisitions, fought the foreign wars and paid the consequent debts, and by wise legislation encouraged the growth of material prosperity. Without stopping to remind the *Argus* that the Democratic party, as we know it, properly began with General JACKSON, it is undeniable that the great governmental dogma of that party was State rights so asserted as to furnish the justification of secession, and that for a generation before the war the chief policy and purpose of the party were the protection of slavery. Two consequences followed: fidelity to the Union was destroyed wherever the Democratic party had undisputed control; and the appeals to ignorance and hate, made necessary by the infamous purpose of the party, debauched and demoralized the public mind.

Then came the war, which but for the Democratic theory and policy would have been impossible. The *Argus* affects to think it a foolish slander that the Democrats obstructed or retarded the suppression of the rebellion. It might as well affect to believe that the Tories of '76 were not hostile to the Revolution. If an old Tory was a Son of Liberty, we agree that the Copperheads were loyal. The *Argus* is in the councils of its party. It knows what was hoped when Mr. SEYMOUR was elected Governor of New York during the war, and the country knows what the Democratic National Convention declared in 1864.

If the Democratic party wishes to monopolize the glory of the Mexican and Indian wars, and of slave-hunting in the Free States, it shall have it all. But the truth remains that the present Democratic party is the same party which preached State sovereignty and protected slavery; which resisted emancipation, equal civil rights, and equal suffrage; which declared for surrender during the war, and for repudiation after it; whose chief leaders in the Southern States are the bitterest of unrepentant rebels, and whose most powerful organization in the country—that of Tammany Hall—is identified with the most monstrous corruption in our history, and is yet able to control the State Convention of its party. This is the Democratic party with which the country deals to-day, and it is because such a party has justly forfeited the confidence of intelligent and honest men that it is so generally deserted and condemned.

The New Departure was merely an effort of the Democratic party to escape its own identity, and to become a new party. But a sinner does not become a saint by changing his shirt. If the results of the war were to be accepted, and the policy of the settlement maintained, the question between the two parties became one of administration merely. Which would be more faithful to the settlements, and the more economical and honest? Was it probably the party of slavery and the rebellion, of repudiation, of the ecclesiastical hostility to the public school system, and of the Tammany frauds? That is the question which the country is answering at every election, and to which it is preparing its answer for 1872.

THE SILVER LINING OF THE CLOUD.

THE silver lining of the black Chicago cloud is evident. It is the response of this country and of England to the catastrophe that has befallen the great and prosperous city. While the fire was yet burning, meetings of sympathizing crowds assembled in the largest cities and little towns, and every railroad in the country was bearing succor to the suffering, and the lightning of the telegraph could not speak swiftly enough the promises of aid. If the calamity is unprecedented, the spirit it evokes is ennobling. There was but one feeling. It was not a Western city that was stricken, nor certain interests that were threatened, but it was friends and brothers who were suffering. That was the universal emotion. The grief of Chicago is the sorrow of the country, and private citizens and public bodies are rivals in generosity. All the admiration and wonder and pride which the busy and thriving city—the miracle of the West—awakened were as poor, compared with the spontaneous sympathy which followed its destruction, as the ashes and the ruins measured with the beautiful and stately buildings of the city.

The skill to deal with the first aspect of the emergency, that of physical relief, will not be wanting; and that of reorganizing industry and rebuilding the city is sure. Fire nor flood can quench the indomitable spirit that made Chicago, and will remake it greater than before. Already the same genius and energy which looked at its site thirty and forty years ago, and foresaw the city that we know, is undoubtedly studying the wilderness of ruin now and calmly forecasting the future. Moreover, that so immense a destruction of actual wealth does not more seriously cripple the activity or affect the courage of the country, is an inspiring proof both of its sound condition and of its cheerful confidence. The cloud is indeed black and terrible: since the war no event has so startled and saddened the nation. But the dark brightened even in the very first moment of our consciousness of it, and almost instantly the brightness had conquered the gloom.

What practical lessons we shall learn from the calamity in regard to security of building, we have yet to ascertain. That a city of brick and stone upon the edge of a lake should be destroyed by fire, seems to accuse our mechanical skill. Some engineer will resolve that it shall not happen again, and he will keep his resolution. The city that raised itself from the prairie, that turned a river backward, and although almost below the level of the lake, drained itself thoroughly, that drew to itself with fabulous skill the clearest water, that made highways under its river, and that sought new impossibilities to smile them away, is not a city that calamity can daunt as fire twice destroy. But it is not the future of Chicago that now appeals to us; it is its homeless, suffering people. We may imagine the utmost wretchedness, and yet fail to picture the simple truth. Indeed, this is the moment for the hand, as well as the heart. The land is answering the young man's question, "Who is my neighbor?" as the Master himself answered it; and no American had ever more right to be proud of his country than at the moment when it is soothing the suffering of Chicago and correcting the corruption of New York.

PRESIDENT WHITE AND THE SYRACUSE CONVENTION.

NOW that the excitement which attended the Syracuse Convention has somewhat subsided, and our party friends of whatever sympathy are better able to judge dispassionately, there is one point to which we wish to draw attention. The President of the Convention, ANDREW D. WHITE, of Cornell University, is known in this State and elsewhere as of the most spotless character, and as a man who would no more condescend to unworthy political intrigues than to any other kind of dishonor. But in the heat of the conflict, on the very morning after the Convention, the *Tribune* declared that, much as it had loved and honored Mr. WHITE, it was constrained to say that he had allowed himself to be an agent to committing an outrage of which no respectable presiding officer was ever before guilty. Such words of such a man as ANDREW D. WHITE, and addressed to the Republicans of the United States, are, however unjust, a serious misfortune. They leave a momentary shade, if not a sting; and while to those who personally know President WHITE, and who are also friendly to the *Tribune*, but who are not familiar with the facts, they are very painful, to those who do not know him they represent him in the most odious and, as we believe, unjust light. This is the more to be regretted because of Mr. WHITE's connection with the Cornell University, to whose interests he has devoted himself with the utmost earnestness, generosity, sagacity, and success. If he really deserves the judgment of the *Tribune*, it is impossible that the institution over which he presides should not suffer. The blow is, therefore, further reaching than was meant. But we hope to be able to show to our readers, and even to the *Tribune*, which we very well know would not be unfair to Mr. WHITE, that his conduct has been very seriously misrepresented.

Mr. WHITE is known to be friendly to the administration of General GRANT, and he is a personal friend of Senator CONKLING; but his character and his position have inclined him to peace in the party. To this result his private efforts have constantly tended; and it was in the hope of doing his share in promoting harmony that he went to the Convention. In the same spirit he utterly refused to be nominated as temporary chairman until he was assured that both delegations from the city should be admitted to the Convention and equally represented in the State Committee—a course which the Convention subsequently adopted. But when he found that the arrangement proposed was not acceptable to one of the city delegations, he urged strongly, privately and publicly, that the point of regularity should be waived—in which view we certainly heartily agree with him. In the same spirit, and with the most friendly and sincerely impartial purpose, he made his speech upon taking the chair. He counseled harmony, because with all his heart he meant harmony, and was resolved that, so far as lay in his power, harmony should be secured.

But it is stated that in appointing the committees he perpetrated an outrage by virtually excluding the minority. Every body who is practically familiar with the organization of a great political convention in this State knows that the very first duty of a temporary chairman is to appoint certain committees, upon which every part of the State must be represented. There are very few men in the State whose personal knowledge of delegates and of varying opinions within the party is such that they could at once form a proper committee. President WHITE is not a professional politician, and he has not this kind of knowledge. He could not know the personal preferences of the delegates, and to have prepared and submitted a list of proposed members of committees to both sides was plainly impracticable. He therefore did what every chairman does under such circumstances; what the old Whigs and Republicans always did; what, undoubtedly, Mr. POTTER did at the Rochester Democratic Convention: he advised with friends whom he believed to be thoroughly trustworthy, and appointed committees composed of delegates whom he believed to be fair men, and not unreasonable partisans of either side. Even had he done no more than look for some Senatorial label upon each member, he must, by all good Parliamentary practice, have given the greater number upon the committees to what is called the majority; and in that case is it probable that any other report would have been presented than the one which was adopted? We regret with the chairman and with the *Tribune* that the point of regularity was not waived in the report. But the opinion of the Convention was plainly expressed after a fair debate; and if the Convention erred, we do not think that the chairman is to be blamed.

So, in the rulings of the chairman, the Convention will bear witness that he decided almost every point, if not every one, in favor of the retiring delegates, including some, perhaps technically correct, which were raised against their right to be heard. Indeed, Mr. RUFUS F. ANDREWS, who subsequently vigorously denounced the chairman, thanked him openly in the Convention for his fairness, declaring that he was the first one who had given him (Mr. ANDREWS) a fair chance. And when the delegation from the city had retired, the chairman stretched all his authority to delay putting a motion to recognize the other delegation as the only legitimate representation from the city, until it was withdrawn, and a motion was made to adjourn in the hope of an adjustment in the morning. On the second day of the Convention the chairman refused to consider the retiring delegation as permanently withdrawn, and directed their names to be called upon every question.

We can not agree with the *Tribune* that this is a dishonorable record. We are very sure, indeed, that no one who really knows President WHITE believes that his conduct was unworthy himself. Happily, spotless character is still an impenetrable armor. There is, indeed, no need for him personally to break the silence which he has maintained, relying upon the *Tribune's* sense of justice, upon the candor of those of every party and every sect to whom he is a stranger, and upon the scrutiny of the constituency of his life-long neighbors which he has before served as a representative. But those who do not doubt may yet have been so pained by the sharp censure of the *Tribune* as to be glad of these few words of explanation.

A FRUITLESS DENIAL.

THERE is no doubt that there are many honest Democrats who are as sincerely hostile to the Tammany Ring as Republicans; but it does not follow that the Tammany Ring did not exclude the honest city Democratic delegation from the Rochester Convention. If that Convention of the Democratic party of the State had resolved that the party should repudiate Tammany, why did it not begin the work in the only conclusive manner—namely, by seating the reform delegation? No Democrat will deny that the city of New York was unrepresented in the Convention; nor can he deny what the records show, that it was unrepresented because the Convention passed a resolution which Tammany introduced. That is what the Republican journals mean by the triumph of Tammany at Rochester. The Convention did not exclude the Tammany delegation, but suffered that to exclude the reform delegation. All the newspaper frenzy in the world does not change that fact. And whoever supports the Rochester nominations, supports a party which refused to defy Tammany.

It is true that the Convention adopted Mr. CASSIDY's resolution changing the basis of "regularity" in the city. But that is a provision for the future, and the contest before the Convention was of to-day. The Convention—the supreme authority of the party—instead of declaring that vast and intolerable corruption should not under any circumstances be considered regular, admitted that it was regular, deprived the honest part of the party in the city of all voice in its councils, and did not, by its resolution, pronounce against the regularity of the local nominations which Tammany would make. Moreover, the temper of the Convention was shown in the State nominations. It was evident that the party in the State came to Rochester mainly intent upon the renomination of the old officers, who were acceptable to Tammany, and who were first nominated when its ascendency was undisputed. It was clear, also, that the difficulty in the city was regarded by the rural delegates as a fight of factions, like the old Tammany and Mozart quarrels. And as Tammany has kept in its liberal pay a horde of Democratic politicians throughout the State, whose business was to control the primaries and secure Tammany delegations, those delegates were not

at all disposed to bite the hand that fed them.

It is the merest folly, therefore, for honest Democrats to deny that the action of the Convention showed sympathy with Tammany. It is possible that, in the face of the storm of popular wrath against the Ring, even the delegates to its pay might have thought it unwise to admit the Tammany delegation had it demanded seats. But that was evidently a question of policy only; and when Tammany itself waived the claim, the Convention not only did not question it, but meekly accepted the course which Tammany dictated, because, as we said last week, it did not dare to defy the Ring. The reform delegation, in its address, thinks that a partial success was gained. But the vital point of the contest was whether the reform sentiment was strong enough to cut loose from Tammany, by seating the reform delegation, and nominating candidates who would co-operate in the most stringent measures against the Ring. Upon this point the reformers were totally routed.

Of course every good citizen is glad to see that the reform delegation is disposed to recommend great independence in voting. Mr. TILDEN declared that he should vote against Mr. TWEED'S candidates, and if that was irregularity, the Ring might make the most of it. There are a great many of his party who agree with Mr. TILDEN; and there must, therefore, be but two tickets in the city—that of honest men and that of Tammany. The grounds of union, of course, at any particular point, must be the relative strength of the parties. Reform Democrats will hardly claim that because the city is Democratic when the party is united, it would necessarily be effectively so when the party is divided. And if they insist that the necessity of overthrowing Tammany precedes all other questions, they will, of course, be ready to support Republicans for that purpose wherever in any district the Republican strength is greater than their own. Upon this point honest and earnest men of both parties will not differ; and we have a right to expect that, for the first time in many years, the election in the city of New York will be a contest of honest men and knaves.

SIGNS OF THE TIMES.

THERE have been for some time rumors of a new political combination, by which certain disaffected Republicans should unite with the Democrats, and nominate a new candidate for the Presidency upon a platform of specific reform. The latest form of the rumor is that Judge DAVID DAVIS, of the Supreme Court of the United States, is to be the man, and that Senator HENDRICKS, of Indiana, the most probable Democratic candidate, is warmly supporting the project. This seems hardly probable so far as the Senator is concerned, for Mr. HOFFMAN having disappeared from the field, there seems to be really no proper Democratic competitor of Mr. HENDRICKS, and it would argue a high degree of self-sacrifice if he should withdraw for the new candidate of a coalition. That such a coalition has been projected is, however, not a secret. It has been thought that Mr. SCHURZ and the Western Germans, General COX and his friends in Ohio, the Republican revenue reformers, and the discontented at large would not be unwilling to ally themselves in a new movement. That they would take the field, however, as a third party has not been supposed. The expectation has been that some ground of union would be found with the Democrats.

It is for this very reason, however, that no such movement will probably be made. The Democrats are very willing that discontented Republicans should join them under any pretense whatever. But neither Mr. VALLANDIGHAM, the most orthodox, nor Mr. JOHN QUINCY ADAMS, the most heterodox of Democrats, has ever proposed that the party should be fused in a new organization. It might change its professions, but it must remain the old Democratic party. The alternative before the country would then be merely the Democratic party plus a certain number of Republicans, and the Republican party; and that is an alternative which neither Mr. SCHURZ nor any of the Western Republicans are likely to offer. That is to say, that the moment for a new party has not arrived; and the opinion of the country undoubtedly is that there is more prospect of desirable reform in continued Republican dominance than in the risk of Democratic success.

That some of the Democratic leaders would be very glad of a new combination by which the party might seem to clear itself of its traditions, is very possible. There were such in 1868, and then, as now, they looked to the Supreme bench and to an old Republican for a candidate. But a party logic which those leaders did not comprehend frustrated, as it always will frustrate, their neat and gaudy plans. Mr. CHASE was a command-ing figure, but the inevitable question was, "Who is INGERSOLL'S Co.?" It would be the same now. Judge DAVIS is an excellent man—very excellent. But who is behind Judge DAVIS? And what is behind Judge DAVIS? A contemplative and curious public, which has been a good deal agitated during the last dozen years, would certainly ask such questions. And when it beheld the familiar form, unchanged in all but name, the inquisitive public would probably smile. Mr. SCHURZ is one of the Republicans who have inspired great expectations in the Democratic breast. But he says that he prefers the Republican party to the Democratic. He is, indeed, a revenue reformer. Then you belong with us, say the receptive Democrats. He is a civil service reformer. That is our hobby, murmur the same gentlemen. And so with every point. But they do not say, "Let us each leave our party, and form a new one."

These rumors are only signs of the extremity to which the Democratic party is reduced. They belong to the category of the New Departure. They are, in a word, dodges. Certainly, as far as can be seen, there is great general satisfaction with Republican rule; and the conviction becomes more profound that it will be continued, and under the same auspices. The full Republican strength of the country will undoubtedly support the Republican candidate next year; and it is an honest feeling in the mass of the party, wholly independent of official influences, that the President will be the candidate. The power of patronage is great, and it has been often abused. It is alleged that it is abused by the President now for his own purposes. But even were this to be admitted to the utmost—were it true, as is sometimes asserted, that General GRANT uses his patronage solely to secure his renomination—it would be in vain without the confidence of the party at large. JOHN TYLER and ANDREW JOHNSON were as unscrupulous in the abuse of patronage as any man could be; but to what result? It is said in New York, for instance, that the Custom-house controlled the Syracuse Convention, and that after Mr. CONKLING'S speech no delegate who was an office-holder dared to record his name for the compromise of Mr. WARD, and that thus the Convention was virtually coerced by patronage to the support of the Administration. But even supposing that to be true, is it seriously questioned that General GRANT would be the candidate of the majority in any truly representative body of New York Republicans?

It is because of that general confidence, which every man may privately test for himself among his Republican friends, that the President will be the candidate of the party, although there are individual Republicans of the highest character who may regret it. We remember very well that so late as January, 1864—four months before Mr. LINCOLN'S renomination—we were told by the ablest and honestest of party friends that it was madness to renominate a man under whom every thing "drifted." But as Mr. LINCOLN said of the whisky which General GRANT was reported to drink, that he would like to send some to the other Generals, so, if "drifting" produces such results as we have seen, let us drift further. As the time approaches for the nomination we shall be surprised if there is not much the same unanimity as in the National Conventions of 1864 and 1868. And the Republican candidate will not take the field against a new party, but against the familiar old INGERSOLL & Co.

☞ In the next number of HARPER'S WEEKLY we shall devote a large proportion of our space to illustrations of the GREAT FIRE IN CHICAGO, drawn from photographs and sketches by our special artists, taken on the spot while the smoke of the conflagration still hung over the smouldering embers. The pictures will include several panoramic views showing the complete desolation of the city, and scenes and incidents of the fire.

PERSONAL.

MR. SEWARD had one of those home welcomes on the 12th inst. which his neighbors always give him when he returns from a long absence; and, as usual, he made them an appropriate little speech. He told them that this time they met not to part again, and that he only went away last year because at that time "rest was rust." "I have," said he, "seen not all the nations, but some of the nations of every race on the earth. I have looked the whole human family in the face, taken by the hand and conversed with my fellow-man in his lowest degradation and in his highest stages of civilization. I have found no nation so distant nor no race so low that the character of an American citizen did not secure to me not merely safety, but also respect, consideration, and affection." Mr. SEWARD can scarcely be said to have made a private journey around the globe, for, from the day he left San Francisco to the day of his departure from Europe, it was, to all essential points, a royal progress.

—Brooklyn has come out notable alike for pluck and liberality. When their Common Council met last week, and it was proposed that the city should send $100,000 to Chicago, it was found that a little delay would be necessary in order to go through with the requisite forms in the Council. Thereupon Mayor KALBFLEISCH and Judge M'CUE, thinking that the poor people of Chicago might meanwhile be suffering for food, resolved to give their personal checks for $50,000 each, and meet the emergency. In this city the number of ten thousand and five thousand dollar subscriptions is quite creditable. The Stock Exchange gives $50,000. Among the tens are HENRY CLEWS, WILLIAM E. DODGE, the Singer Manufacturing Company, ROBERT BONNER, JAY COOKE & CO., FISK & HATCH, H. B. CLAFLIN & CO., VERMILYE & CO., Equitable Life-Insurance Co., Adams Express Co. Among the five thousand-dollar subscriptions are DUNCAN, SHERMAN, & CO., Bank of Commerce, DREXEL, WINTHROP & CO., GANNON & CO., C. P. HUNTINGTON, New York Life Insurance Co., North American Life Insurance Co., Fifth Avenue Hotel ($7000), A. BELMONT, the BARINGS, the ROTHSCHILDS, BROWN, SHIPLEY, & CO. In Boston: Northern Dispatch Freight Line, WILLIAM GRAY, JORDAN, MARSH, & CO., C. F. HOVEY & CO., H. H. HUNNEWELL & SONS, BEEBE, PEABODY, & CO., GEORGE C. RICHARDSON. But the crowning honor of all the individual subscriptions belongs to A. T. STEWART, whose donation of $50,000 stands out by itself in the annals of benevolence to sufferers by fire.

—DU CHAILLU has already been distinguished for having the entree to the highest society of whatever country he may happen to be in. In the interior of Africa he was on terms of "respectful tenderness" with the most select of the De Gorillas, and with the various thinly clad emperors who roast themselves and their victims under the equator. In England the oldest and toughest geographers, as well as literary, philosophical, and political notabilities, had him at their houses, like one of the family; and as for the ladies—the young ladies—there really never was such a man! At last dates he was in Sweden, where the king had "gone for him," and where audiences gave themselves up wholly to his racy, sparkling talk; his real energies, meanwhile, being privately bent upon the preparation of a work on Norway, Sweden, and Lapland, soon to be published by the HARPERS.

—General WADE HAMPTON, one of the few men who led the leaders of the South during the rebellion, is so feeble from nervous prostration that his friends fear he can not recover. His wife also lies very low from a late attack of paralysis.

—Judge LAMONT, who has received the Republican nomination for Judge of the Supreme Court in the Eighth Judicial District, and whose election follows as a matter of course, has already served a brief term on the bench, and is much respected by the bar and people of the district. He succeeds Judge RICHARD P. MARVIN, who has now served two terms of eight years each on the bench, and who had previously served the people of Chautauqua in the State Legislature, and represented them in Congress from 1837 to 1841.

—Minister CATACAZY denies indignantly the reports of his having spoken disrespectfully of Secretary FISH or Mrs. FISH. He says that these reports are calumnies that have been intentionally and systematically circulated by a foreign minister who was at his table. Nevertheless, the extreme position which Mr. FISH and the President have assumed toward him vindicates the opinion that Mr. CATACAZY has certainly done something to justify the demand for his prompt recall to Russia.

—Mr. BUTT, who has lately come forward in Ireland as a "Home Rule" advocate, was formerly, like Mr. GLADSTONE, a Tory of the Tories. He is, in point of practice, the leader of the Irish bar, and a man of marked ability. In one respect he is thoroughly Irish—getting into debt.

—JUAREZ, who has just been re-elected President of Mexico, is partly, if not wholly, of Indian blood, but he has done more for the pacification of Mexico than any Spanish American. He is a man more substantial than brilliant. He has much common-sense, and appears to be inspired with a desire to uplift his unhappy country. Mexico, however, is in any thing but a state of repose. She is as much infested with rebels and robbers as ever.

—An American gentleman who has recently visited Mr. RUSKIN says he is now busying himself with the foundation of a separate mastership for the teaching of drawing at the University of Oxford—the establishment of a sort of little Brook Farm, or Utopia, for English working-men. A man better and purer than Mr. RUSKIN does not exist, but there is no man more crotchety, and there are few men more wrong-headed. Physical weakness and domestic misfortune will account, perhaps, for many of the whimsies and perversities of RUSKIN'S career. Apart from his own special domain of art criticism he is never to be relied upon. He sometimes seems more like an idiot than a sane and highly cultivated man. He has, indeed, the oddest and the rarest faculty for drawing perfectly wild conclusions from the plainest and most obvious facts. But he has done great service in his day, in no way more than in endeavoring to induce people to open their eyes and look at nature.

—For five-and-thirty years Mr. FRANKLIN CHASE has filled the office of United States consul at Tampico. He has sold out his large interests there, and comes back, replete with wealth and honor, to enjoy such pleasures and comforts as are obtainable by persons having character and cash.

—For full forty years the name of HENRY A. WISE has been as frequently before the public, in one way or another, as that of any man in Virginia. His next public effort is a letter to the people of the South, maintaining that their first want is to have reliable and exact information diffused in Europe in reference to Southern territory and population, to the end that European capitalists, farmers, and laborers may come in and occupy the land. Governor WISE is now sixty-five years old. He entered Congress in 1833, and served until 1844, when he went as minister to Brazil, and remained until 1847. In 1848 he was nominated minister to France, but as the Senate did not confirm him, he kept on in Congress. From 1856 to 1860 he was Governor of Virginia, and in the rebellion served as a brigadier-general. As a warrior he was not a success. No man was ever more enthusiastically devoted to the honor and interest of his State than Governor WISE; and although regarded by many as a hot-tempered and somewhat erratic man, yet in private life he was always irreproachable.

—Dean HOWSON, who has been received with so much cordiality by the Episcopal clergy of this country, and who, with Bishop SELWYN, was honored with special courtesies at the opening of the General Convention of the Episcopal Church at Baltimore, just before leaving Chester addressed the people in the cathedral to the effect that the cathedral had been the subject of especial interest to Americans. They would probably be surprised if they knew all that he could tell them on that point. Not far from where he then stood was a monument to a Governor of New York; in the chapter-house was a memorial of the battles fought between the English and the Americans, and in the north transept was a monument to their most noted bishop, the erection of which was set on foot in America. There was a constant stream of American visitors to the cathedral. When, therefore, they were doing their best to carry out the objects of the cathedral system, they were fostering among the Americans a feeling of respect for the English Church.

—The three persons who just now happen to be filling the theatrical and operatic eye of New York—Miss CUSHMAN, CHARLES MATHEWS, and THEODORE WACHTEL—are each more than sixty years of age, and each "draws like sixty."

—In connection with the visit of the Russian Grand Duke may be mentioned a pleasant trifle of gossip in circulation in Washington, to the effect that a young scion of the Russian nobility managed to run away from home some eighteen or twenty years ago, and in his wanderings reached America. Here he got out of money, and was reduced to the utmost extremity, being compelled to sell the few valuables he had to get bread—having no letters, and being a stranger in a strange land. In want, and almost in rags, the prodigal was desirous of returning home, and in desperation threw himself on the kindness of a lady whom he had met in society. Having but little ready money, she gave him a valuable jewel, which he was to dispose of and use the proceeds. Full of gratitude, the young man departed, vowing that should he reach his home she should be amply compensated. Seven years passed and the lady heard nothing of him. At length one day a package reached her through the Russian legation at Washington, containing a set of fine emeralds, and cape and muff of magnificent furs, with an autograph letter from the Russian she had aided, stating that he had reached his home, and was now in a situation to acknowledge the debt he owed her. Here the matter ended. This lady is the mother of several blooming daughters, and is quite in a flutter of late by discovering that her Russian protégé has, through the death of those near to him, become the owner of titles and estates, and, further, that he is one of the suite of the Grand Duke ALEXIS. Who knows what may come of it? say the quidnuncs.

—The readers of the publications of HARPER & BROTHERS may be interested to know that ANTHONY TROLLOPE has arrived at Melbourne, having written an entirely new novel on the voyage. After he has visited all the British colonies in Australia, he will return to Europe by way of San Francisco and New York.

—At the great age of ninety-four the father of Mr. JOHN B. GOUGH has been gathered to his fathers. His decease took place at Upper Holloway, a suburb of London, September 24. He had been confined to his room for only three weeks prior to his death.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

THE work of reconstructing Chicago has already begun. Many of the merchants have made arrangements for clearing off the ruins from their lots and commencing the erection of new buildings. A thorough system for distributing the money, food, and clothing which have been sent from almost every part of the world has been organized, so that none shall be unwisely or unworthily expended. The Mayor on Saturday, October 14, issued a proclamation setting forth that order and security of life were restored, and that all the sufferers by the fire were sheltered and provided with food. He, however, says that vast numbers will be wholly dependent on the benevolence of their fellow-countrymen for food and shelter during the coming winter. The dispatches indicate that the prospects for the revival of business grow brighter every day. The banks, it is estimated, will be in a condition to realize three-fourths of their loans.

The State elections in Ohio and Pennsylvania, October 10, resulted in substantial Republican victories. In the former State the Democrats were defeated by a majority of over 20,000, while the Legislature is estimated to be Republican on joint ballot by twelve to fifteen majority. In Pennsylvania the Republican majority was over 10,000.

The fires consequent on the prolonged drought in Northern Michigan, Wisconsin, Minnesota, and Western Canada were at last accounts still raging, with fearful destruction to lives and property. Forests, farm-houses, and villages are swept away, and the people who are burned to death or die of privation are counted by hundreds. The town of Windsor, Ontario, was partially destroyed. The loss in this town is estimated at over $100,000.

Another foolish and wicked raid upon Canadian territory in the Red River country was recently made by the Fenian "General" O'Neil. The vagabonds were pursued by United States soldiers and captured. The leaders are supposed to have relied on support from the French half-breeds. They have also been intriguing with the laborers on the Northern Pacific Railway. A raid at another point is spoken of, and every able-bodied man in the province is under arms.

FOREIGN NEWS.

PRESIDENT THIERS has announced to the Legislative Committee the signing of the Customs Treaty for Alsace and Lorraine, which recognizes the principle of reciprocity, stipulates that the fourth half milliard of the indemnity shall be paid before the end of March next, that evacuation shall begin a fortnight after the treaty is ratified, and that Germany shall cede to France a small strip of territory.

A majority of the members elected to the French Chambers are supporters of the present administration, and friendly to the President. About one-sixth of the number returned are Bonapartists.

It is asserted that many congregations of Roman Catholic orders are about to leave Rome for England and America, to found convents.

Political excitement is on the increase in Spain.

A treaty regulating consular relations and protecting trade-marks is about to be concluded between North Germany, Great Britain, and the United States.

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CHICAGO IN FLAMES—THE RUSH FOR LIFE OVER RANDOLPH-STREET BRIDGE.—From a Sketch by John R. Chapin.—[See Page 1010.]

OCTAVIUS V. CATTO.—[Photographed by Messrs. Broadbent & Phillips, Philadelphia.]

OCTAVIUS V. CATTO.

We give on this page the portrait of Mr. Octavius V. Catto, a worthy colored citizen of Philadelphia, who was shot by a ruffian on the night of the late election in that city. He was master of the Institute for Colored Youth, and was highly esteemed by all who knew him. Shortly after three o'clock on election day, having closed his school, he was quietly proceeding homeward, when he was rudely accosted by a white man, who leveled a pistol at his head. Mr. Catto endeavored to pass on, taking advantage of the shelter afforded by a passing street-car, but was again accosted by the same ruffian, who then fired at him three times. One ball took effect in his left breast, passing through the heart; another struck him in the left shoulder. He fell immediately. Several citizens carried him into a station-house, where he died a few minutes afterward. Mr. Catto was a quiet, well-educated man, and the murder was entirely unprovoked.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1871, by Harper & Brothers, in the Office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington.]

POOR MISS FINCH.

A Domestic Story.

By WILKIE COLLINS,

Author of "The Woman in White," "No Name," "The Moonstone," "Man and Wife," etc.

WITH ORIGINAL ILLUSTRATIONS

CHAPTER THE TWENTY-FOURTH.

HE SEES LUCILLA.

The first impression which Poor Miss Finch produced on Nugent Dubourg was precisely the same as the first impression which she had produced on me.

"Good Heavens!" he cried. "The Dresden Madonna! The Virgin of San Sisto!"

Lucilla had already heard from me of her extraordinary resemblance to the chief figure in Raphael's renowned picture. Nugent's blunt outburst of recognition passed unnoticed by her. She stopped short, in the middle of the room—startled, the instant he spoke, by the extraordinary similarity of his tone and accent to the tone and accent of his brother's voice.

"Oscar," she asked, nervously, "are you behind me? or in front of me?" Oscar laughed, and answered "Here!"—speaking behind her. She turned her head toward the place in front of her, from which Nugent had spoken. "Your voice is wonderfully like Oscar's," she said, addressing him timidly. "Is your face exactly like his face too? May I judge for myself of the likeness between you? I can only do it in one way—by my touch."

Oscar advanced, and placed a chair for his brother by Lucilla's side.

"She has eyes in the tips of her fingers," he said. "Sit down, Nugent, and let her pass her hand over your face."

Nugent obeyed him in silence. Now that the first impression of surprise had passed away, I observed that a marked change was beginning to assert itself in his manner.

Little by little, an unnatural constraint got possession of him. His fluent tongue found nothing to talk about. His easy movements altered in the strangest way until they almost became the movements of a slow, awkward man. He was more like his brother than ever, as he sat down in the chair to submit himself to Lucilla's investigation. She had produced, at first sight—as well as I could judge—some impression on him for which he had not been prepared; causing some mental disturbance in him which he was for the moment quite unable to control. His eyes looked up at her, spell-bound; his color came and went; his breath quickened audibly when her fingers touched his face.

"What's the matter?" said Oscar, looking at him in surprise.

"Nothing is the matter," he answered, in the low absent tone of a man whose mind was secretly pursuing its own train of thought.

Oscar said no more. Once, twice, three times Lucilla's hand passed slowly over Nugent's face. He submitted to it silently, gravely, immovably—a perfect contrast to the talkative, lively young man of half an hour since. Lucilla employed a much longer time in examining him than she had occupied in examining me.

While the investigation was proceeding, I had leisure to think again over what had passed between Nugent and me on the subject of Lucilla's blindness before she entered the room. My mind had by this time recovered its balance. I was able to ask myself what this young fellow's daring idea was really worth. Was it within the range of possibility that a sense so delicate as the sense of sight, lost for one-and-twenty years, could be restored by any means short of a miracle? It was monstrous to suppose it. the thing could not be. If there had been the faintest chance of giving my poor dear back the blessing of sight, that chance would have been tried by competent persons years and years since. I was ashamed of myself for having been violently excited at the moment by the new thought which Nugent had started in my mind; I was honestly indignant at his uselessly disturbing me with the vainest of all vain hopes. The one wise thing to do in the future, was to caution this flighty and inconsequent young man to keep his mad notion about Lucilla to himself—and to dismiss it from my own thoughts at once and forever.

Just as I arrived at that sensible resolution, I was recalled to what was going on in the room by Lucilla's voice, addressing me by my name.

"The likeness is wonderful," she said. "Still, I think I can find a difference between them."

(The only difference between them was in the contrast of complexion and in the contrast of manner—both those being dissimilarities which appealed more or less directly to the eye.)

"What difference do you find?" I asked.

She slowly came toward me, with an anxious, perplexed face, pondering as she advanced.

"I can't explain it," she answered, after a long silence.

When Lucilla left him, Nugent rose from his chair. He abruptly—almost roughly—took his brother's hand. He spoke to his brother in a strangely excited, feverish, headlong way.

"My dear fellow, now I have seen her, I congratulate you more heartily than ever. She is charming; she is unique. Oscar! I could almost envy you, if you were any one else!"

Oscar was radiant with delight. His brother's opinion ranked above all human opinions in his estimation. Before he could say a word in return, Nugent left him as abruptly as he had approached him; walking away by himself to the window—and standing there, looking out.

Lucilla had not heard him. She was still pondering, with the same perplexed face. The likeness between the twins was apparently weighing on her mind—an unsolved problem that vexed and irritated it. Without any thing said by me to lead to renewing the subject, she returned obstinately to the assertion that she had just made.

"I tell you again I am sensible of a difference between them," she repeated—"though you don't seem to believe me."

I interpreted this uneasy reiteration as meaning that she was rather trying to convince herself than to convince me. In her blind condition it was doubly and trebly embarrassing not to know one brother from the other. I understood her unwillingness to acknowledge this—I felt (in her position) how it would have irritated me. She was waiting—impatiently waiting—for me to say something on my side. I am, as you know already, an indiscreet woman. I innocently said one of my rash things.

"I believe whatever you tell me, my dear," I answered. "You can find out a difference between them, I have no doubt. Still, I own I should like to see it put to the proof."

Her color rose. "How?" she asked, abruptly.

"Try your touch alternately on both their faces," I suggested, "without knowing beforehand which position they each of them occupy. Make three trials—leaving them to change their places or not, between each trial, just as they please. If you guess which is which correctly three times following, there will be the proof that you can really lay your hand on a difference between them."

Lucilla shrank from accepting the challenge. She drew back a step, and silently shook her head. Nugent, who had overheard me, turned round suddenly from the window, and supported my proposal.

"A capital notion!" he burst out. "Let's try it! You don't object, Oscar—do you?"

"I object?" cried Oscar, amazed at the bare idea of his opposing any assertion of his will to the assertion of his brother's will. "If Lucilla is willing, I say Yes with all my heart."

The two brothers approached us, arm in arm. Lucilla, very reluctantly, allowed herself to be persuaded into trying the experiment. Two chairs, exactly alike, were placed in front of her. At a sign from Nugent, Oscar silently took the chair on her right. By this arrangement the hand which she had used in touching Nugent's face would be now the hand that she would employ in touching Oscar's face. When they were both seated I announced that we were ready. Lucilla placed her hands on their faces, right and left, without the faintest idea in her mind of the positions which the two relatively occupied.

After first touching them with both hands, and both together, she tried them separately next, beginning with Oscar, and using her right hand only. She left him for Nugent; again using her right hand—then came back to him again—then returned to Nugent—hesitated—decided—tapped Nugent lightly on the head.

"Oscar!" she said.

Nugent burst out laughing. The laugh told her, before any of us could speak, that she had made a mistake at the first attempt.

"Try again, Lucilla," said Oscar, kindly.

"Never!" she answered, angrily stepping back from both of them. "One mortification is enough."

Nugent tried next to persuade her to renew the experiment. She checked him sternly at the first word.

"Do you think, if I won't do it for Oscar," she said, "that I would do it for you? You laughed at me. What was there to laugh at? Your brother's features are your features; your brother's hair is your hair; your brother's height is your height. What is there so very ridiculous—with such a resemblance as that—in a poor blind girl like me mistaking you one for the other? I wish to preserve a good opinion of you, for Oscar's sake. Don't turn me into ridicule again, or I shall be forced to think that your brother's good heart is not yours also!"

Nugent and Oscar looked at each other, petrified by this sudden outbreak; Nugent, of the two, being the most completely overwhelmed by it.

I attempted to interfere and put things right. My poor philosophy and my volatile French nature failed to see any adequate cause for this vehement exhibition of resentment on Lucilla's part. Something in my tone, as I suppose, only added to her irritation. I, in my turn, was checked sternly at the first word. "You proposed it," she said; "you are the most to blame!" I hastened to make my apologies (inwardly remarking that the habit of raising a storm in a tea-cup is a growing habit with the rising generation in England). Nugent followed me with more apologies on his side. Oscar supported us with his especial tenderness. He took Lucilla's hand, kissed it, and whispered something in her ear. The kiss and the whisper acted like a charm. She held out her hand to Nugent; she put her arm round my neck and embraced me with all her own grace and sweetness. "Forgive me," she said to us, gently. "I wish I could learn to be patient. But, oh, Mr. Nugent, it is sometimes so hard to be blind!" I can repeat the words, but I can give no idea of the touching simplicity with which they were spoken—of her innocently earnest anxiety to win her pardon. She so affected Nugent that he too—after a look at Oscar which said, "May I?"—kissed the hand that she offered to him. As his lips touched her she started. The bright flush which always indicated the sudden rising of a thought in her mind flew over her face. She unconsciously held Nugent's hand in her own, absorbed in the interest of realizing the new thought. For a moment she stood, still as a statue, consulting with herself. The moment passed; she dropped Nugent's hand and turned brightly to me.

"Will you think me very obstinate?" she asked.

"Why, my love?"

"I am not satisfied yet. I want to try again."

"No! no! At any rate, not to-day."

"I want to try again," she repeated. "Not in your way. In a way of my own that has just come into my head." She turned to Oscar. "Will you humor me in this?" It is needless to set down Oscar's reply. She turned to Nugent. "Will you?"

"Only say what you wish me to do," he answered.

"Go with your brother," she said, "to the other end of the room. I know where you are, each of you standing in that end. Madame Pratolungo will lead me to the place, and will put me just within reach of both your hands. I want each of you in turn (arrange by a sign between yourselves which is to begin) to take my hand, and hold it for a moment, and then drop it. I have an idea that I can distinguish between you in that way—and I want very much to try it."

The brothers went silently to the other end of

"NUGENT WAS SITTING ALONE ON THE LOW WALL IN FRONT OF THE HOUSE, SMOKING A CIGAR."

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the room. I led Lucilla, after them, to the place in which they stood. At my suggestion Nugent was the first to take her hand, as she had requested, to hold it for a moment, and then to drop it.

"Nugent!" she said, without the slightest hesitation.

"Quite right," I answered.

She laughed gayly. "Go on! Puzzle me if you possibly can."

The brothers noiselessly changed places. Oscar took her hand, standing exactly where Nugent had stood.

"Oscar!" she said.

"Right again," I told her.

At a sign from Nugent, Oscar took her hand for the second time. She repeated his name. At a sign from me the brothers noiselessly placed themselves one on either side of her—Oscar on the left, Nugent on the right. I gave them the signal, and they each took one of her hands at the same moment. This time she waited a little longer before she spoke. When she did speak she was right once more. She turned, smiling, toward the left side, pointed to him as he stood by her, and said, "Oscar!"

We were all three equally surprised. I examined Oscar's hand and Nugent's hand alternately. Except the fatal difference in the color, they were, to all intents and purposes, the same hands—the same size, the same shape, the same texture of skin; no scar or mark on the hand of one to distinguish it from the hand of the other. By what mysterious process of divination had she succeeded in discovering which was which?

She was unwilling, or unable, to reply to that question plainly.

"Something in me answers to one of them and not to the other," she said.

"What is it?" I asked.

"I don't know. It answers to Oscar. It doesn't answer to Nugent—that's all."

She stopped any further inquiries by proposing that we should finish the evening with some music in her own sitting-room, on the other side of the house. When we were seated together at the piano-forte—with the twin brothers established as our audience at the other end of the room—she whispered in my ear,

"I'll tell you!"

"Tell me what?"

"How I know which is which, when they both of them take my hand. When Oscar takes it, a delicious tingle runs from his hand into mine, and steals all over me. I can't describe it any better than that."

"I understand. And when Nugent takes your hand, what do you feel?"

"Nothing!"

"And that is how you found out the difference between them down stairs?"

"That is how I shall always find out the difference between them. If Oscar's brother ever attempts to play tricks upon my blindness (he is quite capable of it—he laughed at my blindness!), that is how I shall find him out. I told you before I saw him that I hated him. I hate him still."

"My dear Lucilla!"

"I hate him still!"

She struck the first chords on the piano with an obstinate frown on her pretty brow. Our little evening concert began.

CHAPTER THE TWENTY-FIFTH.

HE PUZZLES MADAME PRATOLUNGO.

I was far from sharing Lucilla's opinion of Nugent Dubourg.

His enormous self-confidence was, to my mind, too amusing to be in the least offensive. I liked the spirit and gayety of the young fellow. He came much nearer than his brother did to my ideal of the dash and resolution which ought to distinguish a man on the right side of thirty. So far as my experience of them went, Nugent was (in the popular English phrase) good company, and Oscar was not. My nationality leads me to attach great importance to social qualities. The higher virtues of a man only show themselves occasionally on compulsion. His social qualities come familiarly in contact with us every day of our lives. I like to be cheerful: I am all for the social qualities.

There was one little obstacle in those early days which set itself up between my sympathies and Nugent.

I was thoroughly at a loss to understand the impression which Lucilla had produced on him.

The same constraint which had, in such a marked manner, subdued him at his first interview with her, still fettered him in the time when they became better acquainted with one another. He was never in high spirits in her presence. Mr. Finch could talk him down without difficulty if Mr. Finch's daughter happened to be by. Even when he was vapouring about himself, and telling us of the wonderful things he meant to do in Painting, Lucilla's appearance was enough to check him, if she happened to come into the room. On the first day when he showed me his American sketches (I define them, if you ask my private opinion, as false pretenses of Art, by a dashing amateur)—on that day he was in full flow, marching up and down the room, smacking his forehead, and announcing himself quite gravely as "the coming man" in landscape painting. "My mission, Madame Pratolungo, is to reconcile Humanity and Nature. I propose to show (on an immense scale) how Nature (in her grandest aspects) can adapt herself to the spiritual wants of mankind. In your joy or your sorrow Nature has subtle sympathies with you, if you only know where to look for them. My pictures—no! my poems in color—will show you. Multiply my works, as they certainly will be multiplied, by means of prints, and what does Art become in my hands? A Priesthood! In what aspect do I present myself to the public? As a mere landscape painter? No! As Grand Consoler!" In the midst of this rhapsody (how wonderfully he resembled Oscar in his bursts of excitement while he was talking!)—in the full torrent of his predictions of his own coming greatness—Lucilla quietly entered the room. The "Grand Consoler" shut up his port-folio, dropped Painting on the spot, asked for Music, and sat down, a model of conventional propriety, in a corner of the room. I inquired afterward why he had checked himself when she came in. "Did I?" he said. "I don't know why." The thing was really inexplicable. He honestly admired her; one had only to notice him when he was looking at her to see it. He had not the faintest suspicion of her dislike for him; she carefully concealed it for Oscar's sake. He felt genuine sympathy for her in her affliction: his mad idea that her sight might yet be restored was the natural offspring of a true feeling for her. He was not unfavorable to his brother's marriage—on the contrary, he ruffled the rector's dignity (he was always giving offense to Mr. Finch) by suggesting that the marriage might be hastened. I heard him say the words myself: "The church is close by. Why can't you put on your surplice and make Oscar happy to-morrow after breakfast?" More even than this, he showed the most vivid interest—like a woman's interest rather than a man's—in learning how the love-affair between Oscar and Lucilla had begun. I referred him, as far as Oscar was concerned, to his brother as the fountain-head of information. He did not decline to consult his brother. He did not own to me that he felt any difficulty in doing so. He simply dropped Oscar in silence, and asked about Lucilla. How had it begun on her side? I reminded him of his brother's romantic position at Dimchurch, and told him to judge for himself of the effect it would produce on the excitable imagination of a young girl. He declined to judge for himself; he persisted in appealing to me. When I told the little love-story of the two young people, one event in it appeared to make a very strong impression on him. The effect produced on Lucilla (when she first heard it) by the sound of his brother's voice dwelt strangely on his mind. He failed to understand it; he ridiculed it; he declined to believe it. I was obliged to remind him that Lucilla was blind, and that love, which, in other cases, first finds its way to the heart through the eyes, could only, in her case, first find its way through the ears. My explanation, thus offered, had its effect: it set him thinking. "The sound of his voice!" he said to himself, still turning the problem over and over in his mind. "People say my voice is exactly like Oscar's," he added, suddenly addressing himself to me; "do you think so too?" I answered that there could be no doubt of it. He got up from his chair with a quick little shudder, like a man who feels a chill, and changed the subject. On the next occasion when he and Lucilla met, so far from being more familiar with her, he was more constrained than ever. As it had begun between those two, so it seemed likely to continue to the end. In any society he was always at his ease; in Lucilla's society, never!

What was the obvious conclusion which a person with my experience ought to have drawn from all this?

I know well enough what it was, now. On my oath, as an honest woman, I failed to see it at the time. We are not always (suffer me to remind you) consistent with ourselves. The cleverest people commit occasional lapses into stupidity—just as the stupid people light up with gleams of intelligence at certain times. You may have shown your usual good sense in conducting your affairs on Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday in the week; but it doesn't at all follow from this that you may not make a fool of yourself on Thursday. Account for it as you may, for a much longer time than it suits my self-esteem to reckon up I suspected nothing and discovered nothing. I noted his behavior in Lucilla's presence as odd behavior and unaccountable behavior—and that was all.

During the first fortnight just mentioned the London doctor came to see Oscar.

He left again, perfectly satisfied with the results of his treatment. The dreadful epileptic malady would torture the patient and shock the friends about him no more: the marriage might safely be celebrated at the time agreed on. Oscar was cured.

The doctor's visit—reviving our interest in observing the effect of the medicine—also revived the subject of Oscar's false position toward Lucilla. Nugent and I held a debate about it between ourselves. I opened the interview by suggesting that we should unite our forces to persuade his brother into taking the frank and manly course. Nugent neither said Yes nor No to that proposal at the outset. He, who made up his mind at a moment's notice about every thing else, took time to decide on this one occasion.

"There is something that I want to know first," he said. "I want to understand this curious antipathy of Lucilla's, which my brother regards with so much alarm. Can you explain it?"

"Has Oscar attempted to explain it?" I inquired on my side.

"He mentioned it in one of his letters to me; and he tried to explain it, when I asked (on my arrival at Browndown) if Lucilla had discovered the change in his complexion. But he failed entirely to meet my difficulty in understanding the case."

"What is your difficulty?"

"This. So far as I can see, she fails to discover intuitively the presence of dark people in a room, or of dark colors in the ornaments of a room. It is only when she is told that such persons or such things are present that her prejudice declares itself. In what state of mind does such a strange feeling as this take its rise? It seems impossible that she can have any conscious associations with colors, pleasant or painful—if it is true that she was blind at a year old. How do you account for it? Can there be such a thing as a purely instinctive antipathy, remaining passive until external influences rouse it, and resting on no sort of practical experience whatever?"

"I think there may be," I replied. "Why, when I was a child just able to walk, did I shrink away from the first dog I saw who barked at me? I could not have known at that age, either by experience or teaching, that a dog's bark is sometimes the prelude to a dog's bite. My terror, on that occasion, was purely instinctive, surely?"

"Ingeniously put," he said. "But I am not satisfied yet."

"You must also remember," I continued, "that she has a positively painful association with dark colors on certain occasions. They sometimes produce a disagreeable impression on her nerves through her sense of touch. She discovered in that way that I had a dark gown on on the day when I first saw her."

"And yet she touches my brother's face, and fails to discover any alteration in it."

I met that objection also—to my own satisfaction, though not to his.

"I am far from sure that she might not have made the discovery," I said, "if she had touched him for the first time since the discoloration of his face. But she associates him now with a settled impression in her mind, derived from previous experience of what she has felt in touching his skin. Allow for the modifying influence of that impression on her sense of touch—and remember, at the same time, that it is the color and not the texture of the skin that is changed—and his escape from discovery becomes, to my mind, intelligible."

He shook his head; he owned he could not dispute my view. But he was not content, for all that.

"Have you made any inquiries," he asked, "about the period of her infancy before she was blind? She may be still feeling, indirectly and unconsciously, the effect of some shock to her nervous system in the days when she could see."

"I have never thought of making inquiries."

"Is there any body within our reach who was familiarly associated with her in the first year of her life? It is hardly likely, I am afraid, at this distance of time."

"There is a person now in the house," I said. "Her old nurse is still living."

"Send for her directly."

Zillah appeared. After first explaining what he wanted with her, Nugent went straight to the inquiry which he had in view.

"Was your young lady ever frightened when she was a baby by any dark person, or any dark thing, suddenly appearing before her?"

"Never, Sir! I took good care to let nothing come near her that could frighten her—so long, poor little thing, as she could see."

"Are you quite sure you can depend on your memory?"

"Quite sure, Sir—when it's a long time ago."

Zillah was dismissed. Nugent—then for unusually grave and unusually anxious—turned to me with an air of relief.

"When you proposed to me to join you in forcing Oscar to speak out," he said, "I was not quite easy in my mind about the consequences. After what I have just heard, my fear is removed."

"What fear?" I asked.

"The fear of Oscar's confession producing an estrangement between them which might delay the marriage. I am against all delays. I am especially anxious that Oscar's marriage should not be put off. When we began our conversation I own to you I was of Oscar's opinion that he would do wisely to let marriage make him sure of his position in her affections before he risked the disclosure. Now—after what the nurse has told us—I see no risk worth considering."

"In short," I said, "you agree with me."

"I agree with you—though I am the most opinionated man living. The chances now seem to me to be all in Oscar's favor. Lucilla's antipathy is not what I feared it was—an antipathy firmly rooted in a constitutional malady. It is nothing more serious," said Nugent, deciding the question, at once and forever, with the air of a man profoundly versed in physiology—"is is nothing more serious than a fanciful growth, a morbid accident, of her blindness. She may live to get over it—she would, I believe, certainly get over it if she could see. In two words, after what I have found out this morning, I say as you say—Oscar is making a mountain out of a mole-hill. He ought to have put himself right with Lucilla long since. I have unbounded influence over him. It shall back your influence. Oscar shall make a clean breast of it before the week is out."

We shook hands on that bargain. As I looked at him—bright and dashing and resolute; Oscar, as I had always wished Oscar to be—I own, to my shame, I privately regretted that we had not met Nugent in the twilight on that evening walk of ours which had opened to Lucilla the gates of a new life.

Having said to each other all that we had to say—our two lovers being away together, at the time, for a walk on the hills—we separated, as I then supposed, for the rest of the day. Nugent went to the inn to look at a stable which he proposed converting into a studio: no room at Browndown being half large enough for the first prodigious picture with which the "Grand Consoler" in Art proposed to astonish the world. As for me, having nothing particular to do, I went out to see if I could meet Oscar and Lucilla on their return from their walk.

Failing to find them, I strolled back by way of Browndown. Nugent was sitting alone on the low wall in front of the house, smoking a cigar. He rose and came to meet me, with his finger placed mysteriously on his lips.

"You mustn't come in," he said; "and you mustn't speak loud enough to be heard." He pointed round the corner of the house to the little room at the side, already familiar to you in these pages. "Oscar and Lucilla are shut up together there. And Oscar is making his confession to her at this moment."

I lifted my hands and eyes in astonishment. Nugent went on:

"I see you want to know how it has all come about. You shall know. While I was looking at the stable (it isn't half big enough for a studio for Me!) Oscar's servant brought me a little pencil note, entreating me, in Oscar's name, to go to him directly at Browndown. I found him waiting out here, dreadfully agitated. He cautioned me (just as I have cautioned you) not to speak loud. For the same reason too. Lucilla was in the house—"

"I thought they had gone out for a walk," I interposed.

"They did go out for a walk. But Lucilla complained of fatigue, and Oscar brought her back to Browndown to rest. Well, I inquired what was the matter. The answer informed me that the secret of Oscar's complexion had forced its way out, for the second time, in Lucilla's hearing."

"Jicks again!" I exclaimed.

"No—not Jicks. Oscar's own man-servant this time."

"How did it happen?"

"It happened through one of the boys in the village. Oscar and Lucilla found the little imp howling outside the house. They asked what was the matter. The imp told them that the servant at Browndown had beaten him. Lucilla was indignant. She insisted on having the thing inquired into. Oscar left her in the drawing-room (unluckily, as it turned out, without shutting the door), called the man up into the passage, and asked what he meant by ill-using the boy. The man answered, 'I beat him for it, Sir, as an example to the rest of them.' 'What did he do?' 'Rapped at the door, Sir, with a stick (he is not the first who has done it since you are one), and asked if Blue Face was at home.' Lucilla heard every word of it through the open door. Need I tell you what happened next?"

It was quite needless to relate that part of the story. I remembered too well what had happened on the former occasion in the garden.

"I understand," I said. "Of course she insisted on an explanation. Of course Oscar compromised himself by a clumsy excuse, and wanted you to help him. What did you do?"

"What I told you I should do this morning. He had counted confidently on my taking his side—it was pitiable to see him, poor fellow! Still, for his own sake, I refused to yield. I left him the choice of giving her the true explanation himself, or of leaving me to do it. There wasn't a moment to lose: she was in no humor to be trifled with, I can tell you! Oscar behaved very well about it—he always behaves well when I drive him into a corner. In one word, he was man enough to feel that he was the right person to make a clean breast of it—not I. I gave the poor old boy a hug to encourage him, pushed him into the room, shut the door on him, and came out here. He ought to have done it by this time. He has done it! Here he comes!"

Oscar ran out, bare-headed, from the house. There were signs of disturbance in him as he approached us, which warned me that something had gone wrong before he opened his lips.

Nugent spoke first.

"What's amiss now?" he asked. "Have you told her the truth?"

"I have tried to tell her the truth."

"Tried? What do you mean?"

Oscar put his arm round his brother's neck, and laid his head on his brother's shoulder, without answering a word.

I put a question to him on my side.

"Did Lucilla refuse to listen to you?" I asked.

"No."

"Has she said any thing, or done any thing—"

He lifted his head from his brother's shoulder, and stopped me before I could finish the sentence.

"You need feel no anxiety about Lucilla. Lucilla's curiosity is satisfied."

"Is she satisfied with you?"

He dropped his head back on his brother's shoulder, and answered, faintly, "Perfectly satisfied."

Nugent and I gazed at one another in complete bewilderment. Lucilla had heard it all; Lucilla was on the same good terms with him as ever. He had that incredibly happy result to communicate to us, and he announced it with a look of humiliation, in a tone of despair! Nugent's patience gave way.

"Let us have an end of this mystification," he said, putting Oscar back from him, sharply, at arms-length. "I want a plain answer to a plain question. She knows that the boy knocked at the door and asked if Blue Face was at home. Does she know what the boy's impudence meant? Yes or no?"

"Yes."

"Does she know that it is you who are Blue Face?"

"No."

"No!!! Who else does she think it is?"

As he asked the question Lucilla appeared at the door of the house. She moved her blind face inquiringly first one way, then the other,

"Oscar!" she called out, "why have you left me alone? where are you?"

Oscar turned, trembling, to his brother.

"For God's sake forgive me, Eugene!" he said. "She thinks it's You."

SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

A report has recently been made to the Legislature of Massachusetts, by Mr. Richard L. Pease, of Edgartown, upon the numbers and present condition of the Indians now occupying the southwestern point of Martha's Vineyard, known as the district of Gay Head, prepared with special reference to the change in the policy of the State concerning these Indians, as well as several other remnants of the descendants of the aboriginal inhabitants. This change consisted in the abolition of the original condition of wardship, and their conversion into citizens having equal privileges with other members of the Commonwealth. This was determined upon not merely on account of the former political anomaly, but because these people are not really Indians in any sense of the word; since, by repeated intermarriages with whites, negroes, Sandwich Islanders, etc., they have been transformed into a mixed race, totally different from the aboriginal inhabitants.

The whole number of the so-called Indians at Gay Head, according to the report, is 227; most of the men being seamen, farmers, and laborers, and a few engaged in mechanical pursuits.

They are an industrious, hard-working community, living in comfortable houses, and as anxious to make money as their neighbors of purer blood. In the original political condition of these people the lands were all held in common; but measures are now being taken to divide them, under the provisions of the act by which Gay Head is made a township.

The herring fisheries of England continue to be very satisfactory for the present season, several stations reporting a larger catch than had ever before been known. In many instances, more fish having been taken than could be cured in consequence of the want of workmen, and [illegible] of salt, hundreds of barrels were lost, used as manure, or thrown away. The accusation brought against the sea fowl, as materially affecting the supply of herring in consequence of their multiplying so greatly under the protection afforded by act of Parliament, is believed to be entirely invalid in view of this immense abundance of the fish; and the proposition to amend the law in regard to the killing of these birds, by reducing the period of their protection, is earnestly opposed by numerous writers.

According to Dr. Sclater, the celebrated Madagascar explorer, Grandidier, has lately returned from his third voyage with natural history collections of great interest. Among these are full series of several species of Lemuridæ, as well as other remarkable mammals. Deposits were found in Southern Madagascar containing remains of *Æpyornis maximus*, or the giant ostrich.

The death has been announced at Norfolk, Massachusetts, on the 8th of September, of Dr. John Edwards Holbrook, of South Carolina, a gentleman of great prominence in the United States as a naturalist. Born at Beaufort, South Carolina, in 1794, Dr. Holbrook graduated at Brown University, and since 1824 has occupied the position of Professor of Anatomy in the State University at South Carolina. He is chiefly known from the extent and magnificence of his works upon the reptiles of North America, and upon the fishes of South Carolina. Of these the first mentioned appeared in its completed form in 1842, occupying five quarto volumes, and giving figures and descriptions of all the species of reptiles then known in the United States—about one hundred and sixty in number. Some volumes had been previously published and canceled by the author in consequence of their supposed imperfection. The advance in our knowledge of American reptiles since that time may be learned from the fact that we are at present acquainted with not far from five hundred species.

The work on the fishes of South Carolina was equally difficult to bring to a conclusion satisfactory to its author, several numbers having been canceled and replaced. The publication, indeed, was never entirely finished, the commencement of the civil war having interfered with its completion, although, as it stands, it embraces the only available series of illustrations of the greater part of the Southern species. It is said that a eulogium upon Dr. Holbrook is to be delivered before the Boston Society of Natural History by Professor Agassiz at some future day.

Rev. Dr. Hume communicated a paper to the Geological Section of the British Association, at its late meeting, "On the Coal Beds of Panama," with reference to their commercial value. Analysis proved the coal to contain about seventy-five per cent. of carbonaceous matter, the remaining portion being water and ash. It had a fair heating and a large illuminating power. There are four points where the coal reaches the surface, of the thickness of nine to twelve feet, and with intervening streaks of shale and clay twenty-five feet. The quality improves in value at greater depths. He pointed out the great importance of this coal in the event of a canal being made through the isthmus. The Panama *Star and Herald*, however, in referring to these beds, considers their value to have been much exaggerated, and states that they are really worth very little as combustibles, whatever interest they may possess in a geological point of view.

Dr. Finsch, of Bremen, has lately published in the "Memoirs of the Zoological and Botanical Association of Vienna" the monograph upon the genus *Certhiola*, or American creeper, upon which he has been long engaged. These birds are peculiar to the West Indies, Mexico, and certain parts of South America, a single species being abundant in the Bahamas, and found occasionally in Florida. They are familiar and well known birds in the countries inhabited by them, feeding upon the juices of fruits, and upon insects attracted to the latter. The species exhibit but little variation in form and color, and it may be questioned whether they do not all constitute simple geographical races of one primitive form. If so, however, they illustrate very well the plasticity of species, in the fact that while nearly all the West India islands, with the exception of Cuba, are inhabited by them, the same form is scarcely to be met with on even two of the adjacent islands, the local influences being sufficient so to modify them as to render the birds of each locality readily recognizable by the naturalist.

The German Fishery Association has undertaken the task of initiating and prosecuting a minute investigation in regard to the German seas, with special reference to ascertaining the depth, the percentage of saline and gaseous substances, the temperature and currents of the water, the peculiarities of the bottom, and the fauna and flora. A special commission has been named for the investigation of the waters in the vicinity of Kiel, consisting of Professors Möbius, Karsten, and Hensen, with Dr. Meyer as president. The Minister of Marine has placed a suitable vessel at the command of the expedition, and examinations are now in progress.

Stimulated probably by the attractive accounts of the abundance of game of all kinds lately published in the New York *Evening Post*, Messrs. Hall and Bush, of Worcester, have procured traps and other equipments, and started for the interior of Newfoundland, where they expect to spend the winter in trapping bears, beaver, otter, and other animals. They expect to obtain an Indian guide, and to establish themselves in the wilderness, and then to prosecute a vigorous campaign of several months in hunting and capturing these animals.

A recent number of Petermann's *Mittheilungen* gives the latest intelligence from Dr. Nachtigal. From this we learn that he was still detained at Kuka at the date of his latest communication (January, 1871), on the shores of Lake Tchad. The rains during the summer of 1870, and the famine consequent upon that, were very severe, only equaled in the memory of the natives by those of the year during which Dr. Barth resided in the country, so that the people began to imagine a connection between the visitations of Christians and an excessive rainfall. Dr. Nachtigal had intended to proceed southward at the end of September, but his force of attendants had been so reduced by fever as to render this impossible, and consequently his further movements were delayed. In the mean time the doctor had been busy in making meteorological observations, in studying the chronic diseases of the neighborhood, and in obtaining information in regard to the geography, ethnology, and history of the surrounding country.

Professor Möbius, in his "Fauna of the Bay of Kiel," remarks that the sea animals of that locality may be divided into those of the region of the sandy shore, the green sea-grass (eel-grass), the decayed, rotting sea-grass, the red algæ, and the black mud; and he considers that this is a fair type of the physical character of similar bodies of water. It is in this black mud, resulting from the decomposition of the grasses, that the greater number of animals harbor, and upon which they feed, furnishing, in turn, subsistence to the various forms of carnivorous animals. The quantity of organisms occupying such a muddy bottom is perfectly startling, since single casts of the dredge will bring up almost living masses of cases of worms, crustaceans, etc.; and it is upon these that large numbers of our coast fish feed almost exclusively.

The Alaska Herald reports the arrival at San Francisco of a cargo of cod fish from the Aleutian Islands, of excellent quality, and which met with a ready sale at 7½ cents per pound.

A paper has been recently published by Stratton upon the question whether the moon exercises any appreciable influence upon meteorological phenomena, based upon a discussion of twenty years' observation at the Greenwich Observatory. He gives it as the result of his investigations that the moon, in our latitude, exercises no influence upon the barometer, upon rains, nor upon the wind, which can be appreciated by the most careful observation within the last twenty years, and that if any such influence occur, it must be extremely slight.

It is said that the attempt to send ice to India by the Suez Canal has proved a failure, and that out of ninety tons shipped, only four arrived.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

A prairie on fire is a scene which can be fully realized only by those who have witnessed it. A whole section of country one broad sheet of destructive flame, sweeping away by its resistless current mile after mile of grass, grain in field and grain in stack, including houses and barns, is a fearful sight. Many settlers in Indiana and Minnesota were desperately "fighting fire" on Western prairies, or hopelessly fleeing before it, at the very time that Chicago was being devoured by the same relentless foe. The losses have been immense, many having escaped only with their lives.

Some one suggests that when the process of chromatic printing is perfected, all newspapers will be printed in colors. The criminal reports will naturally be in gilt, sensational articles could be crimson, or other flaming hue, while such as are of a morbid tinge could be blue. Any thing of a jaundiced character would be yellow; bitter personal attacks might take the color of gall; the shipping reports would be printed in ultramarine, and, finally, the whole sheet would be red.

Mete Kingi is a noble savage—one of the Maori representatives in the General Assembly of New Zealand. This is one of his speeches; in fact, the best one he has ever made: "England is a great nation. The Maoris are a great people. The English have called us to this great house. We sit here. They have pounded my corn at Wanganui. I have spoken."

According to a scientific Frenchman, the ordinary tea-drinker imbibes during a year leather enough to make a pair of boots. Proof: A decoction of the common tannin, or tannic acid, in solution, milk contains albumen, and as these two substances are the chief ingredients of leather, and as they actually unite and form leather when brought into contact with each other, the drinker of tea makes a sort of shoe-maker's shop of himself, or herself, as the case may be.

It is not likely that any one will be more careful about addressing and stamping for others for knowing that 300,000 letters were received at the Dead-letter Office during September—but each one the last, nevertheless.

"Now, gentlemen," said an energetic Connecticut auctioneer, as he produced a statuette of the "Greek Slave," "how much am I offered for this beautiful Madonna?"

An impudent fellow, who fancied great people never spoke except to say something great, saw Mr. Tennyson and his family examining the pictures in the Royal Academy. He followed the little group closely, expecting to hear the Poet Laureate say something worthy of record. After passing through several rooms in silence, the Laureate turned to the lady with him and said, "Take care of the children while I go and have a glass of beer." His curious pursuer was satisfied, and made a frantic exit.

Two hundred Laplanders are reported to have just arrived in Paris. A French journal gives a curious reason for their appearance in the city. It says: "These people, although complete savages, were moved with pity on hearing of the misfortunes of our country, and have undertaken this long journey for the sole purpose of judging with their own eyes of the barbarous usage we have sustained at the hands of the Prussians."

Patagonia will receive the blessing of smokers, as large deposits of meerschaum clay have been discovered therein. Hitherto the supply of this material for pipes has been limited; and many who have fancied their pet pipe was real "hydrous silicate of magnesia" have been laboring under a delusion—it was only common clay colored, or something else equally common. So the Patagonian discovery will rejoice their hearts.

About one-fourth of the Freshman Class at Bowdoin College have entered the scientific course, and others are still undecided which course to take. Several young women, graduates of the Brunswick High School, have applied for admission to a select course of study. Their request will doubtless be granted. It has been customary for years for women to attend many of the college lectures.

Chicago is kerosene's greatest victim. Portland was the victim of a fire-cracker. Will Chicago henceforth banish kerosene, as Portland banished fire-crackers?

The track of the Northern Pacific Railroad is now completed 150 miles across the State of Minnesota, the grade being wholly finished; and the track-layers are approaching the Red River at the rate of three miles a day. Regular trains are running over the completed sections.

A gentleman who recently addressed a boys' grammar school in our city made this pithy and suggestive remark: "Good boys will grow up and be good men; bad boys will grow up and become voucher thieves."

Among the many private picture-galleries in New York, Mr. William H. Aspinwall's is probably the largest and most valuable. Mr. Belmont and Mr. A. T. Stewart have also large and valuable collections. Other notable galleries are those of Messrs. R. M. Olyphant, W. T. Blodgett, John Taylor Johnston, James Lenox, Marshall O. Roberts, R. L. Stuart, Jonathan Sturges, Robert Hoe, Cyrus Butler, Richard Butler, and the late A. M. Cozzens. To several of these galleries visitors are admitted by courtesy of the owners.

Hogan, the defaulting cashier of Pejepscot National Bank, in Brunswick, Maine, has been sentenced to six years' imprisonment at hard labor in the State-prison. The sentence was mitigated in consequence of the prisoner having made no attempt to conceal his crime or to evade punishment. The Portland *Transcript* remarks that although the sentence was a painful spectacle, "it was also a triumph of even-handed justice, of which it is to be lamented that the country has not had more examples. The plea of inadequate compensation and of the neglect of proper supervision on the part of the bank directors, though it might awaken a feeling of commiseration, could afford no justification for the crime. It was deliberately perpetrated and long continued. Our courts, in dealing with this and similar cases, have set an example which it is to be hoped will be followed in other States. The crime of defalcation would never have become so common as it now is if its perpetrators had not so often been suffered to go free of punishment."

The residents of the eastern part of Yorkshire, England, are apprehensive that their country will one day or other be washed away entirely. This calamity is not likely to happen just at present; but it is calculated that there is an average loss of two or three yards along the entire coast every year, and that about thirty acres of land disappear annually between Spurn Point and Flamborough Head alone. There was once an important sea-port called Ravenspurn on this coast, which returned a member to the Parliament of Edward I.; but in 1390 there was but little of it left, and at the close of the next century the ground on which it once stood had totally disappeared. Several villages which appear on old maps have been destroyed by the encroachments of the waves, and Kilnsea, which lost its church in 1826, is likely soon to be swept away altogether.

It is said that John Stuart Mill retained the manuscript of the "Subjection of Women" some years before daring to publish it. Finally his step-daughter, Miss Helen Taylor, a woman of unusual ability, succeeded in getting the book before the public.

A correspondent of *London Society* relates the following:

"I knew an important crown official whose business hours were from ten to three. He had to sign his name to papers; and as a great deal depended upon his signature, he was very cautious and chary how he gave it. After three o'clock struck no beseeching powers of suitors or solicitors could induce him to do a stroke of work. He would not contaminate the quality of his work by doing too much of it. He would not impair his rest by continuing his work. And so he fulfilled the duties of his office for nearly fifty years before he retired on full pay from the service of the country."

The lesson is obvious: systematic work and systematic rest will enable one to perform a large amount of labor with comfort and safety. Overstrain the brain or body, and the mischief resulting is often irreparable.

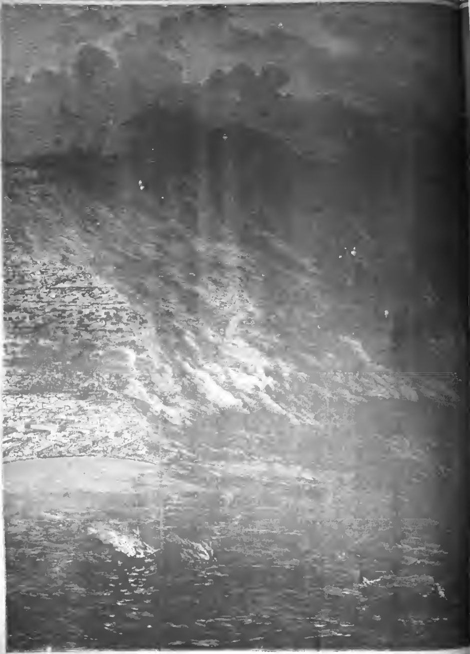
The steady increase in the receipts of the annual exhibitions of the National Academy of Design, from its first exhibition in 1826 until the present time, is a pleasant indication of progress in art, and in the appreciation of it. In 1826 the receipts amounted to $900. It is estimated that they will amount to nearly $40,000 the present year.

Among the papers which were found at the Elysée is a petition, dated 1851, from a pension-hunter to Louis Napoleon, then President of the republic, who is prayed by the petitioner to "continue to me the pension which I have received for the last ten years from the infamous and execrable Louis Philippe." A grateful pensioner that!

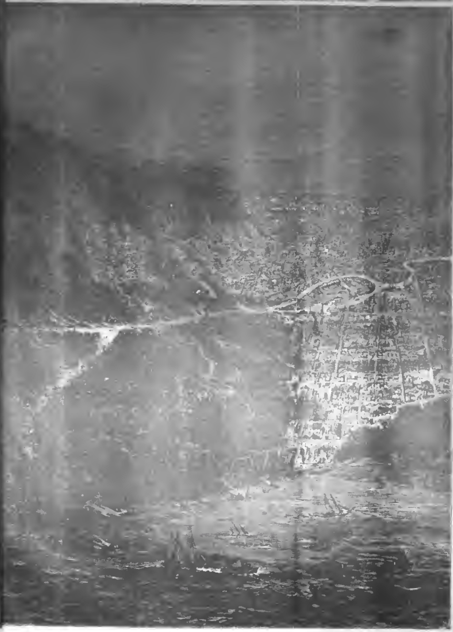
It is well known that Miss Cushman, whose artistic career is awakening peculiar interest just now, originally designed to sing in opera. But her rich contralto voice failed her, and her hopes were disappointed. Yet the dramatic stage gained what the operatic lost. Miss Cushman's last appearance in this city, previous to the present autumn, was in March, 1861. Long before that time she had established a high reputation in London, whither she went quite unknown. But her marked ability was speedily recognized. For many years past she has resided much of the time in Italy.

The use of the word "journal" as applied to other than daily publications has been criticised as an unjustifiable perversion of its original meaning, which is diurnal. Many words in our language, however, have come to signify something very different from that indicated by the derivative word. When good usage sanctions any special application of a word, that makes it correct. One of Webster's definitions of "journal" is "a periodical publication giving an account of passing events."

A TAMMANY TORCH-LIGHT PROCESSION.



CHICAGO IN RUINS.—From



DORE R. DAVIS.—[SEE PAGE 1010.]

CHICAGO IN ASHES.

It is difficult, at a distance from the scene, to form a conception of the extent of the dire calamity which has befallen Chicago. For days the newspapers were filled with dreadful tidings of the fierce and swift progress of the flames, blown by the winds of heaven from house to house; of terror-stricken men, women, and children flying from burning homes, and spreading out a helpless, starving, half-naked multitude, on the open prairie; but, as a writer in the *World* has well remarked, "there is little to be said of such a calamity which the imagination of every reader can not build for himself upon the simple statement that a great city has been swept away in a day. The catalogue of individual ruin is the Directory of Chicago. Let any one figure to himself what he would endure if he were stripped not only of every thing that can make him conventionally 'respectable' or eminent, but of the wherewithal to supply the first conditions of physical existence—food and shelter—and all his neighbors stripped of all that could alleviate his sufferings, and he will form a notion, faint and far off indeed, but far truer than description, however ample, could give him, of what has befallen, and for many days to come will befall, myriads of men as capable as himself to suffer and to enjoy."

With the help of our artists, who were instantly dispatched to Chicago when the extent of the calamity became known, we shall endeavor to lay before our readers an intelligible account of this terrible conflagration, which in less than three days swept a great city almost out of existence.

The fire had an ignoble beginning. Late on Sunday evening, October 8, a woman went into a stable on Dekoven Street, near the river, on the west side, to milk a cow, carrying with her a kerosene lamp. This was kicked over by the cow, and the burning fluid scattered among the hay and straw. A single fire-extinguisher on the premises, or the immediate application of water, would have confined the flames to the quarter where the fire began; but the engines were waited for, and when they arrived the firemen, stupefied by their exposure and exertions to a large fire the previous night, worked with less than their usual readiness and skill. The flames soon obtained headway. A high wind fanned them into fury, and they became uncontrollable. They sprang from house to house and from square to square, until the district burned over the day before was reached. In the other direction the flames crossed the river north of Twelfth Street to the south side, and threatened the business portion of the city.

The full extent of the danger was then for the first time realized; the firemen, already worn out and exhausted, worked like heroes, and the Mayor and other officials bestirred themselves to take measures for the protection of the city. But the opportunity was lost. The time when thorough organization could have blown up buildings, or prepared for the emergency, had been allowed to pass, and it was now a fight for life. The wind blowing a stiff gale had possession of the flames, and the beautiful buildings, Chicago's glory, lay before them. Harrison, Van Buren, Adams, Monroe, and Madison streets were soon reached, the intervening blocks from the river to Dearborn Street, on the east, being consumed; and within an incredibly short space of time nearly a mile of brick blocks was consumed, as if by magic.

It being Sunday evening, this part of the city was nearly deserted. Proprietors and employés were at home, utterly unconscious of what was taking place. Those who saw the light of this fire supposed it was the remains of Saturday night's fire, and, having confidence in the Fire Department, were unconcerned; but between eleven and twelve o'clock a rumor got abroad that the fire was in the business portion of the city. Then every body was on the alert, and from the southern part of the city a stream of people poured toward the scene of the conflagration. By this time nearly all the public buildings were either consumed or in flames. The air was filled with burning brands, which, carried north and east by the wind, kindled new fires wherever they fell. The fire-engines were powerless. The streams of water appeared to dry up the moment they touched the flames. An attempt was made to blow up the buildings, but this availed little, as the high wind carried the flaming brands far across the space thus cleared away.

To add to the horrors of the scene, the wooden pavements took fire, driving the firemen from stations where their efforts might have been continued for many precious minutes. Nothing could long resist the terrible heat of the flames. They seemed to strike right through the most solid walls. Buildings supposed to be fire-proof burned like tinder, and crumbled to pieces like charred paper. Block after block was consumed. The red hot coal shot higher and higher, and the flames spread further and further, until that part of the city lying north of Lake Street was a vast sea of fire. At one time the people were so hemmed in by the circle of flame that thousands were in danger of perishing, and escaped only by a precipitate retreat. The hotels were hurriedly emptied of their guests, who swarmed into the streets with whatever they could carry away. Those who could do so made their way to the yet unburned bridges, and escaped across the river, while others fled to the lake shore, and found a safe line of retreat to the southern part of the city. This, it must be borne in mind, was in the night-time, but the city and the country and lake for miles around were illuminated with a lurid light.

When morning dawned at length there was but one block of buildings left in what the day before had been the most flourishing business part of the city. The magnificent Court-house, the Board of Trade building, the Sherman House and other hotels, and hundreds of stores and offices, were in ruin. The *Tribune* block alone remained unharmed. A wide space had been burned around it, and its safety was supposed to be assured. A patrol of men, under Mr. HORACE MEDILL, swept off live coals and put out fires in the side walls; and another patrol, under the direction of the Hon. JOSEPH MEDILL, watched the roofs. Up to four o'clock in the morning, writes the correspondent of the *World*, the reporters had sent in detailed accounts of the fire. At five o'clock the forms were sent down. In ten minutes the two eight-cylinders in the press-room would have been throwing off the morning paper. Then the front basement was discovered to be on fire. The plug on the corner was tapped, but there was no water. The conflagration which had for some time been raging on the north side had destroyed the Water-works. There was not a drop of water in the city. The pressmen were driven from their presses. The attachés of the office said good-by to the handsomest newspaper office in the Western country, and tearfully withdrew to a place of safety. In a very short time the office was enveloped in fire, and by one o'clock the whole block was a mass of blackened ruins. M'VICKAR's fine theatre, the Crosby Opera-house, which was to have been reopened Monday evening, the office of the Pullman Car Company, the great Union Railroad Dépôt at the foot of Lake Street, all the banks, and many of the finest churches in the city, had already been destroyed. It is reported that a number of prisoners confined in the basement of the Court-house were burned to death.

By the destruction of the Water-works, on the north side of the river, early in the day, the efficiency of the Fire Department was fatally impaired. It was impossible, owing to the smoke and fire, to get to the lake or river. So intense was the heat that the sluggish river seemed to boil, and clouds of steam rose from its surface to mingle with the smoke from the flames.

Early in the forenoon of Monday it became evident that nothing could save the city, and all the streets leading southward and westward from the burning quarter were crowded with men, women, and children, all flying for life, and attempting to save something from the general wreck. The number is vaguely estimated at 75,000. Every sort of vehicle was pressed into service. With the selfishness which on such occasions comes uppermost in some natures, the truckmen charged enormous prices for transporting trunks, boxes, and packages, and turned a deaf ear to all who could not pay the money down. Thousands of persons, inextricably commingled with horses and vehicles, poor people of all colors and shades and of every nationality—from Europe, China, and Africa—mad with excitement, struggled with each other to get away. Many were trampled under foot. Men and women were loaded with bundles, to whose skirts children were clinging, half-dressed and barefooted, all seeking a place of safety. Hours afterward these people might have been seen in vacant lots, or on the streets far out in the suburbs, stretched in the dust. These are the homeless and destitute, who now call on the rich world for food and clothing.

Many painful sights were witnessed in the course of this terrible scramble for life. There were mothers and fathers who, leaving children in places of supposed safety, had gone to save clothing and valuables from their burning houses, and returned to find their little ones swept away, and were seeking them in vain among the maddened crowd. There were men and women whom terror had made insane. An eye-witness tells of one poor woman of middle age, bending under a heavy load of bundles, who struggled through the crowd singing the Mother Goose melody,

> "Chickery, Chickery, Crany Crow,
> I went to the well to wash my toe!"

Among the saddest incidents of this calamity was the appearance in the streets of hundreds of men and boys in a state of beastly drunkenness. In the North Division the liquor saloons were broken open, and their contents flung into the streets, where they were eagerly seized upon by the maddened crowd, who seem to have felt the same impulse that leads sailors on a sinking ship to drown their terrors in the delirium of intoxication. There can be hardly any doubt that many of these poor wretches found their death in the flames from which they were helpless to escape. Several hundred persons sought refuge on a barge, and were towed out into the lake, where they remained all night. The loss of life can not yet be definitely ascertained, but will probably reach several hundred.

Thus the dreadful day wore on, and night drew near. The principal business portion of the city, and the North Division from the river to Lincoln Park, had been swept by the flames, comprising an area of more than five square miles. As the awful day drew to its close, thousands of anxious eyes watched the clouds of smoke that hung over the scene of desolation, dreading lest a change of wind might drive the flames upon that portion of the city which was still unburned, and fervent were the prayers for rain.

No pen can describe the horrors of the night. A hundred thousand people encamped in the fields and in Lincoln Park. The weather was tempestuous and cold. A heavy rain the day previous had drenched the turf, which the trampling feet of the thousands of fugitives from the fire had soon beaten into a morass. And there, on the bleak prairie, shelterless and half naked, delicate women slept with their babes clasped to their breasts, or moaned in unspeakable anguish throughout the dreadful night, longing for day and yet dreading its dawn. What hearts were broken during that awful watch in cold and darkness and terror, what lines of lingering sickness and pain prepared, can never be known. It would seem as if such distress might soften the most obdurate heart; yet even there armed patrols were needed to guard the helpless from robbery and the baser passions of desperate ruffians, who, under cover of the general panic and disorganization, sought to inaugurate a new reign of terror. Houses were broken open and pillaged all over the town. Rape and arson and murder were not unfrequent; and it became necessary to form vigilance committees, who promptly disposed of the culprits by hanging or shooting. Fortunately General SHERIDAN was at his post. The city was placed under martial law, and wretches caught in the act of pillaging or setting fire to buildings—for, incredible as it may seem, men became incendiaries in the midst of the burning town—were executed on the spot. In some cases the citizens, maddened by the sight of pillage or arson, fell upon the miscreant and beat him to death. The number summarily executed is estimated at above fifty. Among the ruffians so disposed of were four desperadoes well known to the police of every city in the Union—BARNEY AARON, BILL TRACY, JIM MUNDAY, and JIM BROWN—as vile a set of scoundrels as ever picked a pocket or cut a throat.

During the whole of the night of the 9th the fire continued to burn on the north side, but the wind went down, and shortly after midnight rain commenced falling, and by daylight the flames were under control. Freed from anxiety in regard to the further spreading of the flames, the citizens took measures for the protection of property and for the care of the thousands who were homeless and shelterless. The first night few could be provided with shelter, and the most harrowing scenes were witnessed on every hand. Several children were born into the world in the midst of the storm, only to die. There were invalids of every age and condition of life, who had been taken from their beds and carried where death came to them less swiftly but not less surely than in the fiery flood.

In response to the cry for help that went up from the stricken city, instant and abundant relief was sent from every part of the Union. The general government sent thousands of tents and army rations. Societies and private citizens sent money, clothing, and provisions. Railroad companies dispatched special trains laden with these gifts. From Canada and from Europe came expressions of sympathy and proffers of assistance. Wherever the news was carried it awakened the best impulses of human nature. But it must be borne in mind that more is wanted than temporary relief. Of the thousands of people who have been thrown out of employment and deprived of their homes, just at the commencement of winter, many will require assistance for weeks and months to come, and that assistance must be afforded by the country at large.

The spirit and courage exhibited by the business people of Chicago is above all praise. The smoke still hung over their ruined city, when they met and resolved upon measures that would restore its fame and magnificence, and maintain its credit unimpaired. The newspapers, with their accustomed enterprise, immediately resumed publication as best they could, and generous assistance was afforded by the press of other cities, in the shape of type, paper, etc. Temporary buildings were erected in every direction, and in less than a week after the cessation of the fire hundreds of houses were ready for occupation. The spirit of prostration gave way to one of confidence and hope. Every business man who could hire a shed resumed business. One hundred thousand dollars was subscribed toward rebuilding the Chamber of Commerce, and the work will be commenced at once. With this spirit animating her citizens, Chicago will soon recover from this great calamity, more magnificent and beautiful than she was before the fire.

ACCOUNT BY AN EYE-WITNESS.

We have received the following intensely interesting and graphic account of the great fire from our special artist, Mr. JOHN R. CHAPIN, whose sketches are given on pages 1004 and 1013:

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

I confess that I felt myself a second Nero as I sat down to make the sketch which I send herewith of the burning of Chicago. In the presence of such a fearful calamity, surrounded by such scenes of misery and woe, having within a brief hour barely escaped with my life from the burning hotel, knowing that under my eye human life was being destroyed, wealth swept away, and misery entailed upon untold thousands of my fellow-men, nothing but the importance of preserving a record of the scene induced me to force my nervous system into a state sufficiently calm to jot down the scenes passing before me.

No man can describe a battle so well as he who was far away from it. I shall not, therefore, pretend to give a description of any thing more than that which I witnessed; and I trust that I shall be forgiven the use of the personal pronoun in view of the necessity of narrating my own experience in order to convey my impressions to others.

I arrived in Chicago for the first time on Saturday, the 7th inst., and stopped at the Sherman House. During the afternoon of that day a friend drove me around through the business portion of the city to show me the magnificent buildings which covered the area now a heap of ashes. Stopping here and there to admire the stately Court-house, the magnificent proportions of the Michigan Southern Railroad Dépôt, or the Grand Pacific Hotel, we passed into Wabash, Calumet, and other avenues skirting the lake, to view the long rows of beautiful residences which wealth, culture, and refinement had erected on the edge of the lake, all of which are now embraced in an immense heap of brick, stone, and ashes. At the *Tribune* buildings we were shown through that immense structure—constructed in a manner precisely similar to your own building—that we might see how completely *fire-proof* it was. We visited the Board of Commerce, Western Union Telegraph, and numerous other magnificent buildings, until, tired at last, we returned to the hotel to sup and talk of the wealth, extent, rapid growth, and enterprise of Chicago—that great city of the West, that fabulous city of yesterday.

An alarm of fire during the evening caused no anxiety, for it was a thing of frequent occurrence. Yet the morning brought us intelligence that twenty acres in the southwestern part of the city had been swept as with the besom of destruction. We, together with thousands of others, went out in the afternoon to see the ruins. In the evening, returning from church with a young and dear friend, we parted at the hotel door with a promise to meet on the morrow. In a few hours we were homeless wanderers, and did not meet again. Retiring to my room, I read until half past ten, and at that hour went to bed and to sleep. I had heard the alarm of fire at ten o'clock; but, notwithstanding a high wind—a gale, indeed—was blowing, I felt no concern, but dropped off to slumber with a mind filled with engagements for the morning, which were never to be fulfilled. I had slept about two or three hours when I was awakened by a rattling of a key in my door, as though some one was trying to enter. Calling out "Who's there? what do you want?" and receiving no answer, I again fell asleep, but was again awakened by the sound of the tramping of feet and confusion in the hall, and by a dull roar, which I supposed was the sound of wheels on the Nicholson pavement. Listening for a few moments, and thinking it must be near morning, I composed myself to sleep again, but was restless, and my mind became gradually filled with a dread for which I could not account. At length, to assure myself, I rose and went to the window, threw open the blinds, and gazed upon a sheet of flame towering one hundred feet above the top of the hotel, and upon a shower of sparks as copious as drops in a thunder-storm. Fortunately I did not lose my presence of mind, but packed my valise and dressed myself—hurriedly it is true—but saved even my watch under my pillow, and, leaving my room, rushed into a scene of dire confusion and dismay. The guests were hurrying through the halls, and dragging trunks and other baggage down the stairways, rushing frantically about, partially dressed and wild with excitement, every one intent upon himself, and all filled with that indescribable horror which can only be felt in gazing into the jaws of that terrible fire-fiend whose power is so grandly irresistible, and before whom individuality sinks to nothingness. Reaching the office, I went to the coat-room to obtain my overcoat; but, finding it closed, and thinking time too valuable to be wasted at such a moment, I left the building and hurried into the street. Hesitating but an instant to gaze into the face of the awful but sublime monster that was pursuing me, I turned and fled through the fiery shower—whither I knew not—but away from the fire. Coming to the river, I remained to the left of me the entrance to the tunnel on Washington Street, and hastened toward it. It was filled already with a crowd of fugitives, all flying, with their backs and arms loaded with what they had gathered in the despair of the moment, seeking a place of safety. The scenes witnessed among this crowd were painful, and in many instances humorous and ludicrous in the extreme—or would have been under other circumstances. Helping on a poor mother who was struggling along with an infant and half a dozen older children, and assisting an old woman staggering under her burden of household stuff, we at length reached the other side, and emerged into a place of safety.

Here for the first time I realized the magnitude of the danger and the awful extent of the calamity. As far as the eye could see toward the south the flames extended in one unbroken sheet, while they were advancing a wall of fire from one to two hundred feet in height, with terrible rapidity. One glance was sufficient to convince the most hopeful that the city was doomed. A gale of wind was blowing from the southwest, and urging the fire onward over the wealthiest and handsomest portion of the place. No human power could stay its progress, and no effort was made. The slightest change of wind to the southward would have driven the sparks across to the west side, and, falling among the frame buildings of which that portion is mainly composed, would have cut off the escape of tens of thousands toward the prairie. Dripping with perspiration from my exertions, yet feeling the chill of the blast, I dared not stand for a moment, but wandered from street to street, until I met a gentleman, his wife, and three children, who, like myself, had been driven out shelterless, who kindly directed me to the Mallory House, where I was permitted to change my clothing; and now, more warmly clad, I started out to help, if I could, all that I could. I soon found myself on the Randolph Street Bridge, the point where my sketch was taken. No language which I can command will serve to convey any idea of the grandeur, the awful sublimity, of the scene. For nearly two miles to the right of me the flames and smoke were rising from the ruins and ashes of dwellings, warehouses, lumber-yards, the immense gas-works; and the view in that direction was bounded by an elevator towering one hundred and fifty feet in the air, which had withstood the fire of the night before, but which was now a living coal, sending upward a sheet of flame and smoke a thousand feet high.

Following the line of fire northward, the next prominent object was the Nevada House, a large

brick hotel of six or seven stories in height by about 100 feet square. For a long time this stood surrounded by the fire, and it seemed likely to resist the attack of the flames; but soon a slight column of smoke climbed up the further corner, a light tongue of flame followed, and in three minutes thereafter the whole structure was toppling to the ground. Before us we looked upon a sight which it is impossible to describe. Every one knows how inadequate is human language to express the grandeur of Niagara—we can only *feel* it. And yet Niagara sinks into insignificance before that towering wall of whirling, seething, roaring flame, which swept on, on—devouring the most stately and massive stone buildings as though they had been the card-board playthings of a child. Looking under the flame, we could see the buildings on either side of Randolph Street, whose beauty and magnificence and whose wealth of contents we had admired the day before, in the course of the furnace. A moment, and a flickering flame crept out of a window, another and another followed, a sheet of fire joined the whirling mass above, and they were gone. One after another they dissolved like snow on the mountain, until the fire had reached the corner just before us. Loud detonations to the right and left of us, where buildings were being blown up, added to the falling of the walls and the roaring of the flames—the moaning of the wind, the shouting of the crowd, the shrill whistling of the tugs as they endeavored to remove the shipping out of the reach of danger—made up a frightful discord of sounds which still live in memory while life shall last. Vehicles of every kind and character were crossing and recrossing the bridge, bringing away goods of all kinds, and sometimes of the most ludicrous description. Fabulous prices were asked and paid for any thing on wheels. Wagons and carts without horses, but drawn by men, wheelbarrows, hand-carts, trucks, and every available means of transit, were called into requisition. One party had a platform store truck with three wheels, on which they had piled desks, chairs, cushions, and office furniture to a height of six or eight feet. In trying to get off the track the whole load slid off, and an immense express wagon, dashing along, went over the pile and crushed it into splinters. Here comes a steamer! Back rushes the crowd, and four splendid horses, followed by an engine, whose driver was either wild with excitement or crazy drunk, dashed across the bridge, and, wheeling to the right, took up a position on the edge of the dock. Here they commenced dipping the water up in pails, which were sure to strike bottom side down, and when they did get a pail full, in pulling it up it was sure to spill two-thirds; and thus they were trying to fill a wash-tub, out of which they took suction to get a stream on about two thousand tons of coal. After working in this way with the energy of despair about an hour, some one called across the river, "Why in h—ll don't you put your suction into the river?" They had apparently never thought of that. They dropped the hose and got a stream.

Crossing the bridge, we viewed the fire as it swept on, devouring warehouse after warehouse on Lake Street. One after another succumbed in rapid succession but the last one—the corner of which is seen to the left of the large building in the centre of the picture—and every body hoped and prayed it might be saved. But after the others on that front had all fallen, it was seen to smoke near the cornice, and in a few moments—less time than it takes to write it—it was blazing from every window; and after extending its fiery arms to and embracing the frame building of Strahn & Co., opposite, it, too, fell to earth, a shapeless mass of brick and stone. The large building in the centre is the only one saved in the space from the river to the lake, and from two miles to the right of us to four miles to the left.

Across Lake Street the surging fire extends, and laps the cornices of the tall warehouses filled with wealth. The signs smoke, then blaze, and catch the window-frames, and in another moment the interior is a mass of fire, which rushes upward to join the mad whirl of the storm above. Now it has reached the river, and if the bridge can be saved, it can be confined to its present limits. Anxious eyes watch the bridge yonder. The crowd surge back and forth—and "Ah! there's a stream! It will be saved!" A few moments of suspense, and some one says, "The elevator is on fire." "No; that's the reflection of the fire." Every eye is turned that way with the utmost anxiety. The smoke is so dense that we can hardly see. It blows aside, and what was the reflection of the fire is now a lurid glare of flame. It is doomed. Two, three minutes more, and it is a monstrous pyramid of flame and thick, black smoke, solid as stone. "My God! look there! there are men on the top." "No!" "Wait a moment until the smoke clears away." "Yes, there are—three, *five*. They're lost! See! they are suffocating. They have crept to the corner. O God! is there no help for them? What are they doing? They are drawing something up; 'tis a rope." They fasten it, and just as the flames burst out around them the first one slides over the parapet and down, followed by one after another until the whole are saved, thank God! A universal cry of relief goes up from the crowd, and we turn to other points. On the north side the flames, now having more digestible food than brick and stone, go leaping, dancing, and surging away over miles of territory, "growing by what they feed upon," until, as far as the eye can see to the right and left, all is flame and smoke.

Let those of your readers who are familiar with New York imagine Broadway to be the river, and the East River to be the lake; then imagine the whole of the city from the Battery to Grand Street in flames—one-half of that space covered with such buildings as the *Herald* building, Times building, City Hall, and such blocks as Stewart's, the Metropolitan and St. Nicholas hotels, all burning with such a blaze as swept upward from Barnum's Museum; add to this a gale of wind as severe as any you ever experience in the city—and they can form some faint conception of the scene which I have been attempting to describe, but to which no human language can do justice.

And who shall attempt to depict the scenes of misery, the agony of suffering, among that mass of people which was surging back and forth, to and fro, in every direction, on the west side? In every door-way were groups and families, on the curbs, in the gutters, every where—in the depôts, in the stores, wherever there was shelter, and where there was none—they could be seen huddled around their little all that the flames had spared, with misery depicted on their countenances and with despair in their hearts. I leave these scenes to more powerful pens than mine, for I too had my load of painful anxiety to bear. Where was the young friend with whom I had parted the night before? He had been burned out, and was homeless. 'Twas in vain to seek him, among those thousands; I might pass and repass him a hundred times in the crowds in the streets; and late in the afternoon I was reluctantly compelled, for the sake of my family, who knew I had been stopping at the Sherman, to leave for some place whence I could telegraph of my safety. Seeking out the Indianapolis Dépôt, I purchased my ticket and awaited the opportunity to depart. Hour after hour passed in the presence of scenes of misery, the fire all the time spreading northward, until, at 7.25 P.M., we started away from the doomed city out on to the prairie. As we got away and looked back we could realize the extent of the territory, and I send you a sketch of the scene as it appeared from the window of the train. Forty miles away we still saw the brilliant flames looming above the doomed city. John R. Chapin.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

Our illustrations this week, referred to in general terms in the preceding article, deserve special attention. That on page 1004 represents the terrible rush for life over Randolph-street Bridge, so graphically described in our correspondent's letter. On the left of the picture will be noticed the incident of five men escaping from a burning roof by means of a rope. The double-page illustration will enable our readers to form some conception of the sombre desolation that hung over the city as the night of Monday drew on. Three of the illustrations on page 1012 show the general character of the buildings which have been swept away by the fire. They are drawn from photographs furnished through the courtesy of Messrs. Anthony, of this city. Probably no city in the Union possessed a greater number of elegant public and private buildings than Chicago; and of these only one, the residence of Mr. William B. Ogden, remains in the burned district. It owed its safety to its isolation in spacious open grounds. The pathetic sketch by Mr. Reinhart, printed on our front page, conveys a more graphic idea than can be expressed in words of the privations and sufferings endured by the multitudes who sought refuge in the parks and fields from the devastating flames.

CHACUN DEUX.

"Ah, what a silence! It is wretched, this place! The very flies are afraid to buzz because of the dead!" And the speaker, an airy little French grisette, shrugged her pretty shoulders dolorously.

Her companion—also a "daughter of the people," but more freshly colored and heavily moulded in form and feature—leaning upon a table with her head bowed on her arms, lifted a pair of black eyes lazily.

"What then? We have seen worse places, you and I; and may see them again," she added, half to herself.

"Go to sleep, Lise," said her impatient companion. "Better be asleep than croaking. See, it is sunset," she added, more graciously, pushing back the heavy shutter at her side. "Time for Jean and Pierre."

Lise yawned as the brilliant level rays of light struck across the room, and, sitting up, began to coil the heavy hair that had fallen from beneath her cap, while the first speaker folded her arms and looked gravely out at the narrow court below and the crowded buildings beyond.

"Père François was a good man," she said, musingly. "He loved his 'jeunes amis.' He will keep his word, Lise, to us all—Pierre and Jean, and you and me."

Lise answered with a careless "It may be," emphasized by a shrug of the shoulder and a curl of the lip. "And if he does not?" she queried.

"And if he does not keep it," said the little grisette, "Pierre and Jean will do well enough. For you and me—there is nothing for us but—"

"The streets," finished Lise, laconically. "Well, we came from the streets, my poor Marie."

Marie turned her face to the sunlight with a sharp shiver.

"And he never meant us to go back, Lise, never! Did he not take us, as children, that we might grow and please his age? He would not leave his young friends without a sou, and with no home but the miserable streets. But, ma foi! what do I say? Pierre and Jean will care for us—they are like brothers."

Lise did not answer at once, but sat moodily drawing one long tress of hair through her fingers.

"It may be," she said at last, concisely. "He once vowed it to the Mother of Saints. It may be. Come, shall we have supper?"

Marie, glad of any change, assented, and together they descended a steep staircase, and entered a kitchen, where a wizened cook was bending over the fire. They entered just in time to hear the fragment of a song, hummed in an under-voice by a sturdy, bright-eyed young peasant, who tossed his cap on a nail as he came through the door.

"À Sainte [illegible], à la [illegible],
Vous êtes, vous—"

"Be still, Jean!" cried Marie. "How can you sing while Père François lies unburied?"

Jean, who had already plunged his head into a basin of water, emerged from it half refreshed and half regretful, and commenced to towel himself vigorously.

"Ah, that is true! May the holy saints forgive me! I am a sad fellow to be merry. But then there is sorrow enough for both of us."

Pierre, the [illegible] of the dead man's young [illegible], [illegible] as he threw off his master's blouse.

"And have we not reason to be sorry?"

"Mon Dieu! how do I know? It may be we are, even now, rich. What then? Let us have some tea, Lise."

Lise laughed half-contemptuously as she gave it.

"And why should we be sorry, then?" continued Jean.

"Why not?" said Pierre, gravely.

"Why not, indeed?" echoed Lise, nodding indulgently. "Wait till you hear the will, mon ami, and do not be too sure of riches."

"For me," cried Jean, with a laugh, "I am sure only of a half holiday. Monsieur the notary comes to-morrow at eleven to read the will, and Pierre and I shall not go to the Rue Pavilion. As for you and Marie, to-morrow, to hunt, you shall be ladies."

"Ah," sighed little Marie, "it would be grand to be always a lady!"

"And have every day a fête day? Never you mind, Mignonne! I shall show you fête days if you never see a sou of Père François's money. Are you not my little sister?"

Lise shook her head.

"She is not your sister, nor Pierre's," she said, sharply. "To-morrow, if Père François has been niggard of his money, we shall go our ways—you and Pierre, I and Marie. We must live, and live honestly, Marie and I."

"Live!" said Pierre; "but where and how?"

"And why not here?" asked Jean.

"Ah, there are ways enough, mon ami, and places enough. Paris is a great city."

Jean's voluble expostulation, Pierre's grave questioning, availed nothing. Lise still shook her obstinate head, and reiterated her obstinate declaration:

"We shall go where we came from—to the Sisters or the streets."

Jean, losing patience at last, pushed his cup away, and rose noisily.

"Mon Dieu! Keep your place till to-morrow, Lise; and you, Mignonne, save your tears till they are needed. The will is to come yet, my friends: wait for to-morrow!"

At ten the next morning the remains of Monsieur François were laid in the little cemetery of the Rue de H——. He had few mourners. His "jeunes amis," his cook Babette, his dog, and a few aged paupers whom he had befriended, and Monsieur Lavournay, the notary, with his assistant, made up the funeral train. They came back from the church to the deserted house, and gathered in the dingy little office of "Père François." Here the notary, seated behind a desk, drew a package from his pocket, broke the seals, and gravely read:

"The last will and testament of Jules François, merchant, Rue Antoine, Paris. Signed Anno Domini 1855, and witnessed by Pantin Lavournay, notary, Jean Lardi, attorney, and Martine Babette, cook."

The will, strangely enough, began with little details, bits of legacies to be left here and there—twenty livres to a lame sweeper of crossings, fifty francs monthly to a sick seamstress, etc. His dog he left to Gaspard Rideau, charpentier; his house and furniture to Martine Babette, his faithful servant.

The notary cleared his throat, and his listeners bent eagerly forward.

"And as for my four young friends, Jean Berton, Pierre Dubois, Lise Arbret, and Marie Vain, give to each two of them thirty thousand livres as a small token of remembrance. All the—"

The notary paused and glanced back to what he had read, doubtfully. His auditors waited.

"Well, monsieur?" said Jean, impatiently.

"But I do not understand—"

"It is very plain. He gives each one of us—"

"But, monsieur, if I read it literally, it is not each one, but each two, *chacun deux*, that are to have the thirty thousand livres. The letters are connected; there is no apostrophe; it can not be *chacun d'eux*!"

There was a universal exclamation of astonishment, and the four listeners crowded around the reader. Jean, holding the will in his hand, knitted his brows above a passage he was not scholarly enough to read.

"But, monsieur, it is a mistake. How could the money be left in this way? To each two—and which two? Would he not have said so?"

The puzzled notary, glancing at the words before him, made no answer.

"It is a mistake!" echoed Lise, angrily, bending her black brows on the lawyer. "What more plain? He left us alike thirty thousand livres."

"But, my good girl," persisted the notary, "that is impossible."

"How?" asked the immobile Pierre.

"He has but seventy thousand livres. Of these he wills sixty thousand as legacies, and gives one thousand in charity to the 'Maison pour les enfants des pauvres.'"

Blank silence followed. The notary conferred in a low voice with his assistant. Jean again studied the will. Marie waited with bent head, and Lise angrily plucked her dress. Pierre stood a little apart from the others, musing in silence, with hands clasped behind him. Presently the notary touched him on the shoulder so suddenly that he was startled from his reverie.

"Pardon, mon ami," said the man of law, in a low voice. "I wish to ask a question. I knew little of Père François, and nothing of the contents of the will before this morning. You four—heirs of the dead man—are not of one family?"

"No, monsieur."

"Ah! Not even cousins?"

"Surely not. Père François is the only relation we ever knew."

"And are—affianced? Pardon! this so strange will suggested the question."

Pierre's start, and the amazement in his honest blue eyes, was a better answer than his "Mais non, certainement, monsieur."

The shrewd notary, having put the idea in Pierre's head which he thought lacking, turned away with a bow, "Pardon! Ah! I was wrong," and hastily refolded the will which the reluctant Jean handed to him. Taking refuge in professional brevity, he answered the tide of questions which beset him by appointing a meeting at his office in two days time, and, meanwhile, a consideration of the matter. With this he departed.

For two hours after, Pierre and Jean paced the sunny court in deep consultation, and Lise and Marie, taking refuge from Babette's tongue in the solitude of their chamber, wearied themselves with conjectures and plans.

The day wore itself away, and when Babette's punctual bell summoned them to supper, four dubious faces were seen at the table. Even the buoyant Jean was unwontedly grave, and Pierre scarcely raised his eyes from his plate, Marie could hardly restrain her tears, and Lise poured the tea grimly.

"If I had been Père François," said Jean, breaking an egg, "I would have saved all this trouble, and willed my money wisely. I would have written—"

"You would have written what you meant," interposed Lise, shortly, "and given each one his share. But it matters not. Marie and I shall take half, you and Pierre half also, and we will leave this house, which is Babette's."

"Ay; but why you and Marie, and Pierre and I? Perhaps Père François meant—"

"Père François! Père François!" cried Lise, impatiently. "Who knows what he meant? Marie and I must go our ways, and how can we share better?"

Lise turned away her head to hide the flush which her own question brought to her cheek.

"It shall be as you and Marie wish," said the quiet Pierre; "but—"

"And you will see the notary to-morrow?"

"Ah, you are in haste to lose your brothers," said Jean, disconsolately. "How do you know we can do as we will? And what does Marie say?" he added, in lower tones. "Will she go away?"

"Marie—" began Lise.

"Ah, but I want to persuade Marie. Why should she share with you, and not with me?" Jean went on, daringly taking the little hand on Marie's lap in his own. "Think, Marie; thirty thousand livres means fêtes and fine dresses and less work than play. What merry days we might have, Marie!"

Marie, with her eyes covered, and a slow flush creeping over the round cheek that was left visible, answered nothing. Jean, leaning nearer yet, whispered,

"Stay with me, Marie! We are not brother and sister."

And Marie, with tears falling plentifully on the bright ribbons at her breast, neither withdrew her hand nor rebuked Jean because his lips touched her cheek. Lise looked on, angry, and puzzled what to say.

"Marie," she began, warningly, but straightforward Pierre, leaning across the table, interposed:

"Marie and Jean will marry; why not you and I? Then we need not divide; the money will be for both."

"Bah!" said Lise. "Why should we be fools because they are?" Then, seeing that Marie and Jean had eyes and ears for no other than themselves, and seeing Pierre's downcast looks, she was silent a moment.

"I can not but share with you. Marie prefers Jean," she said at last.

But Pierre, kept by her words, rejoined coldly,

"I have my trade, and you have nothing. Take the money. I have no need of it."

Lise, with averted face, dissented.

No. She could not do that.

"As you please. Keep the money for me, then."

"No, nor that."

"Ah, well!" said patient Pierre; "we must then divide. You have said we shall not marry."

Lise, contrary to the last, again shook her head.

No. She had not said that.

"And shall we, then, Lise?"

"Ah, bah! if we must."

The notary, Lavournay, was by no means surprised to receive a visit from Jean and Pierre at an early hour the next morning. Placing his pen behind his ear, he listened blandly to Jean's brief account of the settlement of yesterday's question.

"Excellent!" said the little notary. "Charming! See, now, how a little mistake may help the happiness of others!"

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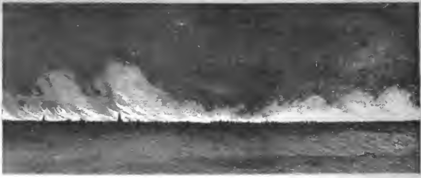
CHICAGO IN FLAMES—BURNING OF THE CHAMBER OF COMMERCE.—[See Page 1010.]

CHICAGO IN FLAMES—BURNING OF THE CROSBY OPERA-HOUSE.—[See Page 1010.]

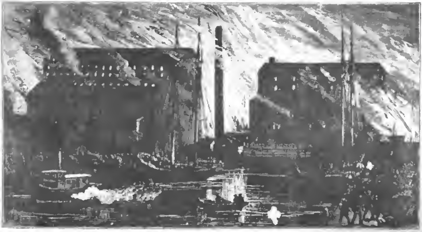


THE GREAT CONFLAGRATION, AS SEEN FROM THE PRAIRIE.—[Sketched by John R. Chapin.]

THE "TRIBUNE" BUILDING.

THE PALMER HOUSE.

THE SHEPARD BLOCK, DEARBORN STREET.



BURNING OF THE CENTRAL GRAIN-ELEVATORS AT THE MOUTH OF THE CHICAGO RIVER.—[From a Sketch by H. Smith.]

THE BURNING OF CHICAGO.—[See Page 1010.]

PROGRESS OF THE NORTHERN PACIFIC RAILROAD.

Messrs. Jay Cooke & Co., the financial agents of the Northern Pacific Railroad, furnish the following gratifying facts regarding the prosperous progress of this enterprise.

The track is now about completed across the State of Minnesota, 230 miles, the grade being wholly finished, and the track-layers approaching the Red River at the rate of three miles a day. Regular trains are running over the completed sections.

In the latter part of September contracts were let for the construction of the Dakota division, extending 200 miles westward, from the crossing of the Red River to the crossing of the Missouri, in central Dakota. This division is to be finished by the first day of July next, and 20 miles are to be graded before the beginning of winter. In the mean time a section of 65 miles is under construction between the Columbia River and Puget Sound, in Washington Territory, where track laying is rapidly progressing.

It will be remembered that the Northern Pacific Company last year purchased both the Main Line and Branch of the St. Paul and Pacific Road. Within the last three months the Main Line has been completed, through a noble country, to the Red River at Breckenridge. Contracts were last week let for the continuation of the Branch from its present terminus at Watab, on the Mississippi River, 30 miles northward, to Brainerd, where it will join the trunk line of the Northern Pacific. Finally, contracts have been let for the construction of a branch road from St. Cloud (75 miles north of St. Paul) to Pembina, on the British border, a distance of 235 miles. This line is to be completed within fifteen months of the present time. It will drain the richest portions of the Red River Valley, open direct communication with the British settlements of Winnipeg and the rich Saskatchewan Basin. It will also serve as the southeastern arm of the Northern Pacific Road, reaching to St. Paul and Minneapolis, and thus connecting with Chicago and the trunk lines to the east.

The completion of these contracts will give the Northern Pacific Company, at the close of next year, 650 miles of road in the fertile and prosperous State of Minnesota; it will carry the trunk line of the great thoroughfare nearly one-third of its distance across the continent, and will bring to the Northern Pacific Road the large and profitable traffic of Montana and the Government transportation of the upper Missouri.

It is anticipated that this business alone, without waiting for through trade, will meet the interest on the cost of the finished portion of the road. The Hudson's Bay Company has already leased docks and warehouses at Duluth, preparatory to doing the whole of its immense business over the Northern Pacific Line.

Settlers are occupying the lands along the route with surprising and gratifying rapidity.

About the 1st of January next nearly Two Million Acres of the finest lands in Minnesota will be placed in market by the Northern Pacific Railroad Company, and the proceeds of their sale will be used to purchase and cancel the Company's 7-30 Bonds. The Company's lands in Minnesota will much more than pay the cost of building the Minnesota Division of the road, and their sale will be rapid—indeed, many thousand acres have already been sold to actual settlers, in advance of being offered. The Company's lands west of Minnesota, through Dakota, prove to be of superb character, and will speedily come into market.

Owing to the rigid economy and perfect integrity with which all departments of the enterprise are managed, and the great reductions in cost of material within the last few years, the cost of construction and equipment proves to be considerably less per mile than the original estimate. For example, locomotives which cost $19,000 each when the Union and Central Pacific Roads were built are now sold at $12,000; best American rails, which during the war sold at about $100 per ton, now cost the Northern Pacific Company only about $70 per ton; right of way, and stone and timber material, which are usually large items in the cost of a new road, are furnished to the Northern Pacific gratuitously from the Government domain. The bearing that this greatly diminished cost of construction must have on the value and security of the Company's 7-30 Bonds will be apparent to any one.

The money is being furnished for the early completion of the Northern Pacific Road by the now rapid sale of its First-Mortgage 7-30 Bonds. Their absorption by investors has been very rapid during the last three months, and at the present rate of increase of sales the Company will soon be enabled to reduce the rate of interest on the remainder of its loan, or advance the price of the 7-30 bonds above par. These bonds have established their character as a first-class security, good evidence of which is the fact that they are being largely taken as an investment by many of the Savings Banks of New England and conservative moneyed institutions of other States. Since the success of the United States Five per Cent. Loan very many holders of Five-Twenties have taken advantage of the favorable opportunity to exchange their Government Bonds the Northern Pacifics, at a large profit. These exchanges are increasing in volume in all parts of the country.

Steadily, and with even greater rapidity than was anticipated by its projectors, this great thoroughfare is advancing across the continent, opening as it progresses the finest belt of undeveloped country in America. Every phase of the enterprise is in the most satisfactory condition. Its complete success was long since assured, and its early completion is now a certainty.

OFFICE OF THE

HANOVER FIRE INSURANCE CO.,

No. 120 Broadway, New York,
October 12th, 1871.

In view of the intense feeling existing relative to the standing of Fire Insurance Companies, we take pleasure in saying to our friends and the public that we have telegraphed to our agents to draw at sight in settlement of all losses by the Chicago fire as fast as they are adjusted. After the payment of which we shall have our Capital intact and a surplus of over $125,000, leaving our Cash Assets over $525,000.

Cash Capital	$400,000
Surplus, Oct. 1st, 1871	350,000
Gross Assets	$750,000
Loss at Chicago not to exceed	225,000
Cash Assets, Oct. 11th, 1871, over	$525,000

We shall be happy to receive your favors.

B. S. Walcott, *President.*

I. Remsen Lane, *Secretary.*

MR CHARLES W. HASSLER'S

Success in business is an instance of what perseverance, intelligence, and integrity may accomplish. Mr. Hassler has devoted his personal attention to the specific branch of the Banking and Brokerage business relating to Railroad Bonds, and there is probably no one better posted than he is in all that appertains to them. His well-known advertisement, "Railroad Bonds—Whether you wish to buy or sell, write to Charles W. Hassler, No. 7 Wall Street, New York," has attracted attention in all parts of the country, and largely increased his business. "Write to" him if you wish any thing in his line.—*Henry Ward Beecher's Christian Union,* Sept. 7th, 1871.

WHAT JAMES M. WEHLI THINKS.

A. Weber, Esq.: *Dear Sir,*—Before leaving London Madam Parepa drew my attention to your Pianos, which were then unknown to me. Permit me now to congratulate you upon the excellence of your instruments, which you kindly placed at the disposal of Miss Kellogg and myself during her concert tour. They have been greatly admired by the public every where, and the press has unanimously pronounced them the *finest* Pianos in the United States. *I fully endorse that opinion.* For perfect action, pure, brilliant, and powerful tone, and durability, they have no rival any where, and I believe I have seen during my long public career the Pianos of every noted Piano manufacturer in the world. Believe me yours very truly,

New York, *May 30, 1871.* James M. Wehli.

Mr. Wehli has used one Weber Grand at One Hundred and Sixty Concerts.—[Com.]

EXAMPLE FOR THE LADIES.

Mrs. Mary B. Hugunin, Troy, N. Y., earned, with a Wheeler & Wilson, in 1868, $731 47; stitching 24,093 shirt-fronts, equal to 606,132 feet of seam. At 20 stitches to the inch, this would give 212,609,280 stitches, an average of 706,851 per day, 88,012 per hour, and 1477 per minute, or sixty times as fast as hand-sewing. Sixty years in one! Her machine has run three years by steam and three by foot-power without repair, and is as good as when bought.—[Com.]

SOLID GOLD AND SOLID SILVER.

We sell Waltham Watches in Gold and Silver Cases only, but at prices so low that there is no longer any inducement to purchase the worthless watches with which the country has been flooded. For full particulars and prices, send for our Illustrated Price-List, and mention Harper's Weekly.—HOWARD & CO., No. 865 Broadway, New York.—*The new "Boy's Watch" is now ready.*—[Com.]

Foreign Appreciation of American Chemists.—P. H. Malmsten, Professor of Chemistry and Medicine at Seraflmer Hospital, Stockholm, writes, "I have tested Hall's Vegetable Sicilian Hair Renewer, and can say that it will beautifully restore gray hair to its natural color."—[Com.]

Pyle's O. K. Soap, Saleratus, and Cream-Tartar, first-class household articles that will speak for themselves on trial, sold by all first-class Grocers. James Pyle, Manufacturer, 350 Washington St., N. Y.—[Com.]

Vegetine thoroughly eradicates every kind of humor, and restores the entire system to a healthy condition.—[Com.]

Burnett's Kalliston, for bites of Mosquitoes and other insects, neutralizes the poison.—[Com.]

Cameos.—To describe these wonderful productions —and they occupy the highest position in the marvels of glyptic art—is to give almost the entire history of the world's esthetics. As lasting as precious stones, owing to the indestructible character of the material on which they are wrought, the most exquisite productions of Greek and Roman art have come down to us in as great perfection as when they left the artists' hands. A cameo is to be regarded as a picture, and subject to precisely the same standards of criticism; a sard onyx, or sardonyx, is the canvas, and on this hard and unyielding substance the artist exerts his skill. Two painters may use the same material, select the same model, but while one produces a miracle of beauty and truthfulness the work of the other is wanting in grace, delicacy, and sentiment. Take a cameo conceived in good taste and executed with skill, without the jeweler's art it fills the eye with beauty; take a poor production, mount it as elaborately as you please, and, notwithstanding its costly surroundings, it is no better than a wretched daub in an elaborate frame. Aside from the delicate perception of the beautiful, so necessary in all art, nothing can exceed the patient skill of the worker in cameos. Months elapse before any notable progress is made in the picture. Formerly subjects taken from the antique were only employed; but modern taste has widened the field, and portraits of historic characters, reproductions of the heads from the great masters of painting and sculpture, are much appreciated. Most especially in cameos did we find the establishment of Messrs. Sharp & Manson, of No. 20 John St., N. Y., up stairs, replete with the choicest productions of this beautiful art. We would notably call attention to a bracelet, a copy of the wonderful frieze of the Parthenon, a Mary Queen of Scots, and a sleeping cupid. The good taste and perception of what is pure and chaste in art evinced in the selection was only equaled by the exquisite settings with which these miracles were adorned.—[Com.]

ADVERTISEMENTS.

FREEMAN & BURR

OPEN THE SEASON with an immense Stock of SUITS, OVERCOATS, and CLOTHING of every description, for all ages and all occupations and conditions, to which they cordially invite the attention of purchasers. Any garment made to measure at the shortest notice.

Fall Overcoats, $10.
Fall Overcoats, $15.
Fall Overcoats, $20.
Business Suits, $15. Dress Suits, $30.
Business Suits, $20. Dress Suits, $40.
Business Suits, $30. Dress Suits, $50.
Boys' Suits, $5.
Boys' Suits, $10.
Boys' Suits, $15.

ORDERS by LETTER promptly filled. FREEMAN & BURR'S NEW SYSTEM for SELF-MEASURE, of which thousands are availing themselves, enables parties in any part of the country to order direct from them with the certainty of receiving the most PERFECT FIT attainable.

RULES FOR SELF-MEASURE, Samples of Goods, Price-List, and Fashion Sheet Sent Free on application.

FREEMAN & BURR'S
CLOTHING WAREHOUSES,
138 & 140 Fulton Street, N. Y.

CURE WITHOUT MEDICINE.—A New Book on Paralysis, Neuralgia, and other nervous affections. By George H. Taylor, M.D. Product of twenty years' successful practice. Price $1. S. R. WELLS, Publisher, 389 Broadway, New York.

$10 from 50c.

[illegible] R. L. Wolcott, [illegible]

KEMLO'S Modern Watch Repairer's Guide. Price $1 50. A. Williams & Co., Publishers, Boston.

"THE PERFECT BED,"

"THE POPULAR BED,"

IS THE WONDERFUL AND BEAUTIFUL

WOVEN WIRE MATTRESS.

(Patented June 18, 1869; Nov. 23 and 30, 1869; Nov. 22, 1870; and April 12, 1871.)

CLEAN, NOISELESS, ELASTIC, DURABLE. Made of ANY SIZE, and fitted to ANY BEDSTEAD. Needs no under mattress. Warranted to need NO REPAIRS for FIVE YEARS. Although it will stand the weight of 1000 POUNDS for TEN DAYS, it has such WONDERFUL ELASTICITY that it is adapted for CHILDREN as well as OLDER PERSONS.

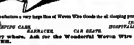
COMPLETE SINGLE BEDS.

We call particular attention to the Complete Single Beds of woven wire, which, the Institution uses, and whenever an extra bed is required, are unsurpassed.

These beds are easily taken down and put up, are used with or without an additional mattress, and are the most perfect thing of the kind ever made. They are generally painted a rich "blue and gold."

THE FOLDING COT,

represented below, is a compact, neat article, which, when folded up, occupies a space 5 inches in height, and is always ready for immediate use, with the addition of a comfortable. Size, about 6 feet by 30 inches.



The Company manufacture a very large line of Woven Wire Goods for all sleeping purposes and uses: for

STEAMER BERTHS, SLEEPING CARS, BARRACKS, CAR SEATS, HOSPITALS, INSANE ASYLUMS.

For sale every where. Ask for the Wonderful Woven Wire Mattress, and TAKE NO OTHER.

Send for Catalogue and any information, Without Stamp, to

THE WOVEN WIRE MATTRESS CO.,

GEO. C. PERKINS, Secretary and Treasurer, HARTFORD, Conn.

For sale by J. M. WILCOX & CO., 33 Fourth Avenue, N. Y. City, and most other First-Class Dealers.

AMOS HILLBORN & CO., 44 North Tenth St., Philadelphia.
EMMONS & CAMPFIELD, 418 Olive St., St. Louis.
JACOB PITTROW, 190 Dearborn St., Chicago.
A. S. HERRENDEEN & CO., Cleveland, O.
W. B. MOSES, Washington, D. C.

BOSTON READERS! ASK FOR THE BED.

☞ *Read the quotation from "Every Saturday" beneath the engraving on page 1018.*

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STRASBURGER & PFEIFFER,
(Successors to Strasburger, Fritz, & Pfeiffer,)
Importers of GERMAN, FRENCH, and ENGLISH
TOYS,
China & Fancy Goods,
BOHEMIAN GLASS and LAVA WARES,
MUSIC BOXES, ACCORDEONS, HARMONICAS,
CONCERTINAS, &c., &c.,
394 Broadway, near Canal St., N.Y.
Parlor Ornaments, latest novelties in Toys, Fancy and Ornamental Goods constantly arriving to supply the general demand.

BLEES
NOISELESS,
LOCK-STITCH
SEWING MACHINE
Challenges the world in perfection of work, strength and beauty of stitch, durability of construction, and rapidity of motion. Call and examine. Send for circular. Agents wanted.
MANUFACTURED BY
BLEES
Sewing Machine Co.,
623 Broadway, N. Y.

DESOLATED CHICAGO.
All from breaking a kerosene glass lamp.
THE ORIENT SAFETY LAMPS,
Entirely of metal, are the only lamps in use which can neither break, leak, nor explode. Are ornamental and cheap. Adapted to all household uses; also to stores, factories, chandeliers, &c. Had this been used instead of the ever fatal glass, 1000 lives, $200,000,000 of property, and a new dominion city would have been spared.
For Sale at all Lamp Stores.
Manufactured by WALLACE & SONS,
Agents wanted.) 89 Chambers St., New York.

Figures will not lie!
How Large Fortunes are made!
FACTS FOR THE PEOPLE.
These are the prices at which four of the leading Sewing Machines are sold in the UNITED STATES, and ENGLAND.

	Price in England.	In the U. S.
Wheeler & Wilson	$41.00	$65.00
New Singer	32.50	65.00
Elias Howe	35.00	65.00
Wilson Shuttle	40.00	45.00

The above Prices are for exactly the same classes of machines as sold in both Countries. There is scarcely any difference in the cost of material and labor in any of the above named machines.

AFFIDAVIT.—W. M. Wilson, President of the Wilson Sewing Machine Co., [illegible] United States and England [illegible]
FRED. SMITH,
[illegible]

The Wilson Sewing Machines are for Sale in [illegible] in the United States, and No. 707 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

CRISTADORO'S
[illegible]
HAIR DYE.
[illegible]

GETTING UP CLUBS.
Great Saving to Consumers.
Parties inquire how to get up clubs. Our answer is, send for Price-List, and a Club form will accompany it, with full directions, making a large saving to consumers and remunerative to Club organizers.
THE GREAT AMERICAN TEA CO.,
31 & 33 VESEY STREET,
P. O. Box 5643 NEW YORK.

DENSLOW & BUSH'S "SAFETY" OIL

Will not explode! Safest and purest oil known! Fire test over 100°. A lighted lamp may be upset and broken without fear of explosion or fire. Urgently recommended by the Fire Underwriters of N. Y. For sale by all Grocers and Druggists in the U. S. Denslow & Bush, 130 Maiden Lane, N. Y.; 40 India St., Boston; 34 S. Calvert St., Baltimore; 51 S. Water St., Chicago.

AGENTS WANTED FOR
ROMANISM AS IT IS.
This Book, an elegant Octavo Volume, containing 750 pages and 105 Illustrations, is an exhaustive and authentic work, eminently adapted to the times. It fully discusses the Romish system from its origin to the present time, exposes its baneful pretenses, its frauds, its persecutions, its immoralities, its opposition to our public schools and civil and religious liberty; it shows its insidious workings which strongly tend to bring this country under full Romish control. CONN. PUBLISHING CO.,
Hartford, Conn.

Furnished to the United States Government and the principal Hospitals. The best and cheapest.
A. ILLANZ, Sole Agent, 124 William St., New York.

CURL YOUR HAIR!
A BOTTLE OF MAGNETIC CURLIQUE sent Free for 60 cents. It curls straight hair in beautiful curls on the first application, and will remain in curl ten days. Address B. STROM & CO., Garrettsville, Ohio.

BILLIARD TABLE at HOME for $20! Full size Cues and Balls. No Extra Room required! Diagrams mailed free. ABBOT & NICHOLLS, 89 Liberty St., West, New York.

Office of the PHENIX INSURANCE COMPANY,
No. 173 BROADWAY,
New York, October 11th, 1871.

We are happy to inform the public that the Phenix Insurance Company of Brooklyn will pay ALL her losses in the Chicago fire out of her net surplus over all liabilities, leaving her sound and anxious for business.

Our condition on October 1st, 1871, was as follows:

Cash Capital	$1,000,000 00
Gross Surplus	868,164 40
	$1,868,164 44
Loss, etc., adjusted but not due, Oct. 1st, 1871	83,733 32
	$1,764,015 12
Chicago losses will not exceed, in any event	$250,000 00
And we are firmly of the opinion that the loss will not exceed	$200,000 00

The Phenix Insurance Company of Brooklyn are to-day sound and solvent, and will pay all their loss in the Chicago fire out of their net surplus. They dispatched a corps of Adjusters to the scene of disaster yesterday evening, with instructions to settle all losses and pay the same in CASH.

We congratulate our patrons and ourselves on our good fortune.

STEPHEN CROWELL, President.

BUILDING PAPER
OF THREE GRADES.
WATERED SHEATHING,
For outside of buildings, under clap-boards, a non-conductor of cold, heat, and dampness.
Prepared Plastering BOARD,
A cheap and perfect substitute for lath and plaster; makes a smooth, warm, and substantial wall, at less than half the usual cost.
DOUBLE THICK ROOFING
and Quartz Cement makes a good water and fire proof roof for less than $3 50 per square.
Samples and circulars sent free by
ROCK RIVER PAPER CO.,
Chicago; or
E. B. HALE,
22 & 24 Frankfort Street, N. Y.

DON'T BUY
Until you have seen our new bed and platen printing-press, styled **The Young America**, warranted the best cheap printing-press in the world for the amateur and the general job printer. Address, for circular, ADAMS PRESS CO., 53 Murray St., N. Y., and 6 Province St., Boston.

PORTABILITY combined with great power in FIELD, MARINE, TOURISTS', OPERA, and general out-door day and night double perspective glasses; will show objects distinctly at from two to six miles. Spectacles and Eye-glasses of the greatest transparent power, to strengthen and improve the sight without the distressing result of frequent changes. Catalogues sent free on receipt of 3-cent stamp. SEMMONS, Oculists' Optician, No. 687 Broadway.

Jos. Gillott
STEEL PENS.
American Branch of House,
91 JOHN ST., New York.
JOSEPH GILLOTT & SONS.
HENRY OWEN, Sole Agent.

EMBOSSED DOG COLLARS.

An improved style of Dog Collar, made of Oroide, and embossed with fancy patterns, which prevents their becoming tarnished or scratched. Also, German silver silver-plated, and bronzed.
Manufactured by W. T. & J. MERSEREAU,
62 Duane Street, N. Y.
Sold by all first-class dealers.

THEA-NECTAR
IS A PURE
BLACK TEA,
with the Green-Tea Flavor. Warranted to suit all tastes. For sale everywhere. And for sale wholesale only by the Great Atlantic & Pacific Tea Co., 8 Church St., N. Y. P. O. Box 5506. Send for Thea-Nectar Circular.

GLYCERINE CAKE.
Hawkes's Toilet Glycerine Cake is unequaled for Washing, Shaving, Shampooing, Tooth Soap, and Baby Wash; produces a clear, soft, white skin, and prevents pimples and chapping. Warranted over one-half pure Glycerine. For sale by druggists. Hart & Hawkes, Manufacturers of Glycerine, 178 William St., New York.

A Great Offer.—HORACE WATERS, 481 Broadway, N. Y., will dispose of One Hundred Pianos, Melodeons, and Organs, of six first-class makers, including Waters', at extremely low prices, for cash, during this month, or will take a portion cash and balance in monthly or quarterly installments.

SILVER WHITE
[illegible]

Paralysis.
Paralytics should send stamp for our New Circular on the Nature and Cure of Paralysis. Full instructions for Home Treatment. Address E. M. TOOKER, M. D., 137 East Fifth St., Cincinnati, O.

DO YOUR OWN PRINTING.
Cheapest and Best Portable Presses.
MEN AND BOYS MAKING MONEY.
Price of Presses, $8, $12, $16. Offices, $15, $20, $30. Send for a circular to LOWE PRESS CO.,
15 Spring Lane, Boston, Mass.

[illegible]

ROSES, ROSES, ROSES. The largest stock in the Country. New Descriptive Catalogue or Descriptive Manual Sent for Fall Planting Free. THE DINGEE & CONARD CO., Harmony Grove Nurseries, West Grove, Chester Co., Pa.

VINEGAR—how made—of Cider, Wine, or Sorgo, in 10 hours. F. SAGE, Cromwell, Conn.

ROGERS' GROUPS OF
STATUARY.
RIP VAN WINKLE AT HOME.
RIP VAN WINKLE ON THE MOUNTAIN.
RIP VAN WINKLE RETURNED.
Price of the Series, $38. These will be delivered at any railroad station in the United States, free of expense, on receipt of the price. Enclose stamp for illustrated catalogue and price-list to
JOHN ROGERS, 212 Fifth Ave., New York.

Combination STENCIL ALPHABET and Figures.
It is one of the most useful inventions of the age for Merchants and Business Men.

It is an exceedingly rapid method of marking boxes for shipment, show-cards, price-lists, &c.
Patented Aug. 11, '68. Send for a Circular.
NEW YORK STENCIL WORKS, 81 Nassau St., N. Y.

JAPANESE PAPER WARE.
Economy the order of the day. Household articles made from paper, durable and cheap. Pails, Milk Pans, Wash-Bowls, Fruit-Dishes, &c. Send for Price and Descriptive Lists. JENNINGS BROTHERS, Manufacturers, 352 Pearl St., N. Y. City.

[illegible] Artificial Limbs, with Rubber Hands and Feet. [illegible]

PRANG CHROMO, "Bouquet of Moss Roses," given gratis to every subscriber to the new, enlarged "Star-Spangled Banner" for 1872, equal to Ledger. 75 cts. a year, 3 months for 25 cts. Specimens FREE. Address BANNER, Hinsdale, N. H.

Whitney's Neats-Foot Harness Soap.
(STEAM REFINED.)

It Oils, Blacks, Polishes, and Soaps at the same time. For Sale by Harness Makers, Grocers, and Druggists everywhere. Manufactured by
G. F. WHITNEY & CO., Lexington, Mass.

RIFLES, Shot-Guns, Revolvers, Gun Material. Write for Price-List, to Great Western Gun Works, Pittsburgh, Pa. Army Guns, Revolvers, &c., bought or traded for. Agents wanted.

LOOK! One package of Prof. Hall's Magic Compound will force the beard to grow thick and heavy on the smoothest face (without injury) in 21 days, in every case, or money refunded. 25 cents a package, postpaid; three for 50 cents. Address E. H. STRONG & CO., Garrettsville, Ohio.

A WORD TO THOSE WHO SEEK
A PROFITABLE EMPLOYMENT.
Sell Harper & Brothers' and other first-class publications that every person will buy. For further particulars, inquire of or address AVERY BILL,
Care Harper & Brothers, 329 Pearl St., N. Y.

FOWLE'S PILE AND HUMOR CURE
Warranted a perfect cure for all kinds of Piles, Leprosy, Scrofula, Cancers, Salt Rheum, Dyspepsia, Catarrh, Neuralgia, and all diseases of the Skin and Blood. Entirely vegetable. Send and receive back your money in all cases of failure. No failures for 12 years. $1 a bottle; sold everywhere. Send for Circular. H. D. FOWLE, Chemist, Boston.

$150 a Month! Employment! Extra Inducements!
A premium HORSE and WAGON for Agents. We desire to employ agents for a term of seven years, to sell the Buckeye $20 00 Shuttle Sewing Machines. It makes a stitch alike on both sides, and is the best low-priced licensed machine in the world. W. A. HENDERSON & CO., Cleveland, Ohio, or St. Louis, Mo.

$12 to $24 A DAY.
Agents wanted in every County in the United States to sell a newly patented article of great utility and absolutely needed in every household. For further particulars, address The Chemical M'f'g Co., Cleveland, Ohio.

5000 AGENTS WANTED. Samples sent free by mail, with terms to clear from $5 to $10 per day. Two entirely new articles, saleable as flour. Address N. H. WHITE, Newark, New Jersey.

$650 PER MONTH.—Our Agents are making the above amount right along. Full description circulars sent free.
WELLS & CO., 432 Broome St., N. Y.

$250 a Month easily made with Stencil and Key-Check Dies. Secure Circular and Samples, free. S. M. SPENCER, Brattleboro, Vt.

$425 A MONTH! Horse and carriage furnished. Expenses paid. H. B. SHAW, Alfred, Me.

$300 A MONTH and expenses to good canvassers. Samples free. C. M. Linington, Chicago.

WATCH Free, to Agents, to introduce an article that sells in every house. L. Bletcher & Co., Pittsburgh, Pa.

$50 A Week to Agents, male or female. Business honorable. [illegible], Paterson, N. J.

$10 A DAY with Stencil Tools. Samples free. Address A. E. GRAHAM, Springfield, Vt.

A. T. STEWART & CO.
are offering
A Large Assortment of
PARIS AND BERLIN MADE SUITS IN SILKS,
POPLIN, SATINE AND VELVET FABRICS,
HANDSOMELY TRIMMED AND VERY
STYLISH, $20 EACH AND UPWARD.
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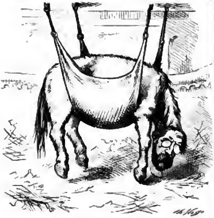

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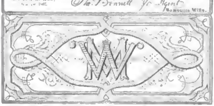

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A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

Vol. XV.—No. 775.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 4, 1871. [WITH A SUPPLEMENT. PRICE TEN CENTS.

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CHICAGO IN RUINS—THE REV. MR. COLLYER PREACHING ON THE SITE OF HIS CHURCH.—[See Page 1026.]

CHICAGO IN RUINS—LAYING THE CORNER-STONE OF THE FIRST BUILDING AFTER THE FIRE.—Phot. by Thomas S. Sweeney.—[See Page 1026.]

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 4, 1871.

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THE CAMPAIGN OF HONESTY AND KNAVERY.

THE Republican party, which made its first Presidential nomination in 1856, and polled twelve hundred thousand votes, elected its candidate in 1860, and has controlled the government ever since, except under the treacherous administration of ANDREW JOHNSON. During that time the party has maintained the government, abolished slavery, established the Union upon the rock of civil and political equality, and now, amidst universal industry and prosperity, is reducing taxation and diminishing the debt, while it peacefully settles the most threatening foreign questions. Meanwhile the Democratic party, whose relation to the war is historical, which resisted every humane and wise measure of settlement, and could find nothing constitutional but slavery and injustice, has been steadily forced to profess acquiescence in all that it has opposed as revolutionary and void. Its most sagacious leaders see that the public mind is resolved upon maintaining the Republican policy, and they endeavor to accommodate themselves to the actual situation.

Their professions, of course, do not remove the profound popular distrust of that party, because it is remembered that its most unscrupulous and dangerous element always controlled it. As in the State of New York the Tammany Ring has been the absolute master of the party, so that the Legislature merely registered the will of Mr. TWEED, so in the country the interest of the great slave-masters was the policy of the party. With the destruction of slavery the party has lost its object and its leadership. It has been engaged for seven or eight years in reviling the Republicans and protesting against their measures; and its only chance of future success lies not in what it facetiously calls its principles, but in its hope of persuading the country that it is an honester party than the Republican. It rails at Republican taxation, extravagance, and swindling, and promises to collect the revenues more wisely and to spend them more economically. In other words, the Democratic party appeals to the country upon its character. The Democrats, or many of them, declare that they will respect the national settlement which the Republicans have made, and acquiesce honestly in the situation. They do not propose to abolish the tariff; they say they will not attempt repudiation; but they declare that they will respect the Union and the Constitution, and lighten the public burden.

That is, indeed, not a universal declaration of the party. It is divided; but we take the most promising aspect of the situation. The question, then, for the country is—assuming that the settlement is to remain, that the debt is to be honestly paid, that equal rights are every where to be maintained, that foreign and domestic revenues are to be collected; in a word, assuming that the whole question is one of administration only—which party can most wisely be trusted for that purpose? Evidently the moment that the country believes that the question really is one of administration only, it will decide according to its conviction of the comparative honesty of the parties. It is becoming, therefore, very much a question of character rather than of policy: and is the character of the Democratic party such that it is likely to win more popular confidence than that of the Republican?

The recent elections, as we said last week, are decisive evidence upon that point. At the very moment that the more wily Democratic chiefs were hoping that professed acquiescence would disarm public suspicion, the Tammany frauds were exposed. Events have shown that many honorable Democrats refused to acknowledge longer the leadership of the men who were guilty; but it is none the less true that the controlling power of the Ring masters in the party is so great that they could exclude the honest Democrats from their State Convention. Those honest Democrats will make common cause with honest Republicans against the Ring at the city elections in November; but it is doubtful if they could prevail in an unaided contest. They are not the party. That is to say, that at the point where the Democratic party has the most indisputable ascendency its dishonesty is so conspicuous and defiant that the whole country is appalled, and yet the better men in the party can not alone break its power.

The paramount duty of Republicans, therefore, if these views are correct, is to show in every way that their party still deserves the confidence of honest men. And this is to be done by nominating only candidates beyond all suspicion, and by stoutly refusing to support all others. If a suspicious person is regularly nominated by the Republicans, let Republicans take care that he is defeated, nor be alarmed by the threats or the arguments against such a course. If the party discipline and order are pleaded, the reply is that no decent man will be disciplined and ordered into supporting doubtful candidates. If it is said that the other side is as bad, and that a Republican rascal is better than a Democratic, the reply is that no rascal can be trusted, and that the Republican party can not afford to be identified with rascality. If in this particular election it is urged that we endanger the choice of a United States Senator, the reply is that the choice is not endangered by those who decline to support suspicious candidates, but by those who nominate them. And, in general, let it be distinctly understood by every Republican who is balancing between a doubtful Republican of the kind that Tammany wishes to see and an honest Democrat of the kind that Tammany hates, that every argument which is used to persuade him to-day will be a hundredfold stronger to-morrow. If we are to be whipped in by such arguments to support a doubtful and hesitating virtue to-day, they will scourge us to vote for thorough scoundrelism to-morrow.

Does any Republican think that a Legislature of Republicans like Mr. WINANS would be more advantageous to the State or to the party than a Legislature of honest Democrats? Yet, if we ought to vote for a single WINANS, we ought equally to vote for a whole Assembly of them. And could there be any surer way of defeating the party? There is no duller blunder than the supposition that the schemers and tricksters and unscrupulous men of a party are its shrewdest managers, and that honor and decency are impracticable in politics. There are shallow-pated politicians who are always telling honest people that they must not be too nice, that they must fight fire with fire. Do these sages expect to burn the devil's fingers? The genuine rascal always drives the amateur to the wall: and if he be not an amateur, he is as thorough a scoundrel and as contemptible as the other.

Now, as the present political campaign is one of honest men against knaves, the knave or the friend of knaves must be voted down, upon whichever side he appears. If there are knaves or their friends nominated upon both sides, we repeat that the Republicans must not elect theirs. The great point to carry in the election is the repeal of the Tammany charter, and the choice of State officers who will pursue Tammany and all other public iniquities to the end. Now the Republican State ticket is composed of men against whom no word has been or can be truly spoken. The Democratic ticket is acceptable to Tammany. It was nominated by a Convention which was controlled by Mr. TWEED in the lobby. That should be enough for all men. But in the city the Democrats will be divided. There will be the Tammany ticket and the ticket of honest men. In supporting the latter the Republicans will maintain the character of their party, and in helping to overthrow the Tammany domination, and purify State politics, they will be doing the highest patriotic duty.

THE MURDER OF CATTO.

THE murder of Mr. CATTO, a colored teacher in Philadelphia, whose portrait appeared in this paper last week, the meeting of honorable Philadelphians to express sympathy and indignation, and the sneering comments and misrepresentation both of the murder and the meeting which have appeared in the Democratic papers, are striking illustrations of what can only be called the essential meanness of that party. Here was a man sprung of a race which had been held in the worst slavery, and whose very color was a badge of social degradation in a country which professes to honor men simply as men—and a white man knows how hard is the struggle of life when, as in his case, there are no factitious disadvantages; but a man who, like CATTO, quietly braving all the cruel obstructions which contempt, ignorance, prejudice, and hatred threw in his way, devotes himself to the elevation and instruction of his younger brethren in misfortune, and who by his superior intelligence, industry, and stainless character wins the respect and confidence of the best men around him, is worthy of an admiration which is seldom due to a white man under the same circumstances.

Such a man, closing his school in the afternoon upon election day, and quietly walking homeward, is accosted by a white bully, who insults him, levels a pistol, and shoots him on the spot. It would seem as if there could be but one feeling of shame and indignation among all decent men; but the assassin was, of course, a Democrat, his victim was a Republican, and the Democratic papers teem with ribaldry at the fuss made over a dead negro, when scores of white men are murdered without public excitement. It is, we repeat, another illustration of the unspeakable meanness of the Democratic party toward the colored race. That party struggled to hold the race in the most loathsome slavery, and to secure that end it sought the destruction of the government. Baffled in every foul design against them, it can now only encourage the Ku-Klux which harries the colored people in the Southern States, and jeer and insult them even in their bloody graves when murdered by drunken or merely devilish Democrats in the North.

This is the party some of whose Northern leaders affect to acquiesce in the settlement of the war, and which promises to maintain and defend the rights of all citizens more surely than the Republicans! It proved its sincerity by its bitter hostility to emancipation and the civil and political equality bills, by the slaughters at Memphis and New Orleans, by its incessant gibes at the most unfortunate class in the country honorably striving to rise, and now shows it by its sneers over the grave of this honorable and modest citizen of Philadelphia, whose offense in Democratic eyes is that his skin was not white. By their works ye shall know them.

THE GENERAL'S VIEW OF THE TREATY.

THE generous gifts of England to Chicago, the escape of the *Horton*, the celebration of the opening of the British and American railroad at Bangor, and the Philadelphia speech of the irrepressible General BUTLER were almost simultaneous events. The President of the United States and the Governor-General of Canada expressed the hearty hope that England and America would be drawn closer in undisturbed friendship; but General BUTLER sighs over the surrender that we have made, and evidently thinks that a mortal terror of war with England persuaded us to sign the treaty. Now, much as every honest and thoughtful man would deplore a war with England, it certainly can not be truly said that we have had any such craven fear of it as the General alleges. The attitude and disposition of the country after the war were unmistakable. We did not lay down our arms after Appomattox with any feeling that we needed to dread a contest with any power in the world. And never before was the American name so universally respected, and never was the power of the nation more feared. England surely did not show any disposition to exasperate us. In the negotiation of the REVERDY JOHNSON treaty every thing that we asked was instantly granted; and when we flung that treaty out of the window, England said, with patient good humor, and with no spirit of defiance or provocation, that if she could only ascertain what we wanted, she was very willing to agree.

Indeed, General BUTLER concedes that England did not wish war with us; but he will have it that Mr. HOAR and Judge NELSON and their associates quaked at the bare thought of the ramping lion, and made an agreement by which we get nothing whatever. The General, if he were only disposed to be lenient to the pale cravens who signed away our pride and honor, might at least remember that they persuaded England to express regret—something which Mr. SUMNER denounced as a fatal omission in the JOHNSON treaty, and something which Dr. FRANKLIN could not obtain at the Treaty of Versailles. Why our negotiators trembled, the General does not clearly set forth. Indeed, his clear statements are misstatements, as usual. He says, for instance, that the Treasury realized forty millions of dollars from the confiscated cotton and other property in the Southern States. In fact, the whole amount realized was about twenty-six millions, of which some seven millions were restored to the owners; and for the rest, if any Englishman held a lawful claim, he had adequate standing in the courts. So that in this matter only the tribunal was changed.

The only object which the General seems to have had in the speech was to make a little cheap notoriety by an appeal to what he evidently believes to be the chronic hatred of England in the American breast. And, oddly enough, the affair of the *Horton*, in which Gloucester, his political residence, was deeply interested, occurred at the same time. But that is an event of which our self-respect and our precedents still, apparently, require us to give an explanation. We can not help thinking that in welcoming the iron bond between the British possessions and the United States, and in the prompt charity of its great cities toward our suffering city of the West, the President and his cabinet, and the New England Governors, with the Governor-General of Canada and England herself, were doing a nobler and more truly humane work than General BUTLER accusing our Commissioners of cowardice and England of bullying, and insisting that it was a miserable, moribund country at the best.

THE KU-KLUX.

THAT the bitter hostilities of the war would survive it, was to be expected. That the hatred of the government and of the influences which were victorious would long continue, was only natural; and that its consequences should be turned upon the race whose slavery was the cause of the war, and whose freedom was the sign of the victory, was not surprising. The terror which prevails in certain parts of the late rebel States, under the name of the Ku-Klux, is undeniable. Yet how strong party feeling upon the subject is at the North may be seen in the fact that when the statement of a just man from one of the Southern States was read in the Senate, that fifty thousand persons had been murdered by the Ku-Klux since the war closed, it was asserted by an opponent that there had not been one. And we are still, despite railroads and telegraphs, so far from the Southern States, that few persons who have not carefully read or heard the unquestionable reports are willing to believe in the confusion and terror that still prevail in many parts of that region.

If any one, however, will talk with quiet and careful observers from the interior of the Southern States, who are really friendly to the government, yet who would live peaceably with their neighbors, he will find that the stories of the Ku-Klux are true. An indirect proof of it is in such a tale as the following, which we know to be true. A negro in one of the Southern States had violently assaulted both a black girl and a white woman. He was brought to the jail by a crowd of whites and blacks, including among the latter the father of the girl, at three o'clock in the afternoon. The same night about midnight a body of men, variously estimated from twenty-five to forty, and clad in uniform, appeared in the village, awakened the keeper of "the store," ordered him to give them a piece of rope, then summoned the jailer to deliver the keys, and taking out the negro, they hung him without delay. This was not a political offense, and the verdict of many will be that he was served right. But the point is that the man was hung by a body of persons in uniform, and uniforms are not improvised for such purposes between three o'clock in the afternoon and midnight. The uniform was prepared for a purpose, and was the sign of an organized body of lawless men. It is idle to say that the law would have been powerless in the case, for the colored father was as hostile as any white man could be, and had a jury been composed exclusively of the offender's own race, he would have suffered.

The significant fact in all this lawlessness and terror is that it is chiefly political. The masked blow of the Ku-Klux always falls upon some loyal man, black or white, and always upon a Republican. Democrats are unharmed. It is not a terror for those who attempted to destroy the government during the war, but for those who sustained it. The conclusion is irresistible that it is an organization of Democrats. This fact is made still more unquestionable by the denials and sneers of Northern Democrats. They call it rawhead and bloody-bones, a bugaboo of scared radicals, and a device invented to authorize military coercion of Democratic districts. But if every victim in the Southern States who is taken from his home and scourged, or mangled, or murdered were a Democrat instead of a Republican, how the land would ring with the cry that a radical Administration abandoned innocent citizens to the tender mercies of savages!

Of course the darkness and the mystery with which the Ku-Klux is enveloped serve both to exaggerate and to conceal the truth. Some foolish fellow will foolishly threaten a

neighbor, who will laugh of him for his pains and publish his threat, and it will then be said that such folly is a specimen of the Ku-Klux. But the long list of terrible outrages which are authenticated, the suffering privately revealed and proved by the scarred person, but which even the sufferer will not publish, lest murder should follow scourging—these things are not ridiculous. They argue a state of society which is simply intolerable, and for whose continuance all who scornfully affect to disbelieve are morally responsible. If the Democratic party were resolved that the Ku Klux should disappear, it would be heard of no more. If it were as anxious to restore and confirm the tranquillity of the Southern States as it is to throw the odium of military despotism upon a government which seeks to protect innocent citizens from cruel lawlessness, that lawlessness would cease. The country will not forget that the Democratic party sustains the Ku-Klux by affecting to deny its existence; that the terror which is undeniable in certain parts of the Southern States is Democratic; and that the party whose leaders refuse to assist the authorities in maintaining order hopes to elect a President and obtain control of the government.

THE GOVERNOR AND THE RING.

THE response of Governor HOFFMAN to the Committee of Seventy was very significant. He promised to do all that he could, and to ask the Attorney-General to consult with Mr CHARLES O'CONOR upon the extent of his powers. This last promise was very suggestive. It was not so merely because of that counselor's eminence in his profession, but because Mr. CHAMPLAIN, the Attorney-General, is known to be acceptable to the Tammany Ring, while Mr O'CONOR has defied it. The answer of Governor HOFFMAN shows that he has probably broken with the Ring. This, if it be so, is a subject of congratulation. It can not save the Governor's political fall, but it breaks it with a certain degree of good feeling. Mr HOFFMAN made the fatal mistake of intrusting his political fortunes to the most unscrupulous clique of his party. It made him Governor by fraud, and its control of him was so absolute that he was forced to do many things for which he undoubtedly begs the charity of oblivion.

But at the time of the riots in July, when the Mayor, Mr OAKEY HALL, prostituted his office to serve the basest passions, and to strike at the most sacred rights of American citizens, the Governor declared that those rights should be maintained. This was the sign of breaking with the Ring, and his reply to the Committee of Seventy shows that the breach is not healed. If the Ring, as is very probable, seeks to make trouble at the election, the chief executive of the State will not be its accomplice. In all these facts there is a lesson which is worth observing. It is that all is not fair in politics, and that an aspiring politician can not safely consort with political sharpers. For some months Mr. HOFFMAN was considered to be the probable Democratic candidate for the Presidency. The State of New York and plenty of money were supposed to be the conditions of Democratic success. The Tammany organization was the most complete and the most powerful in the party. The Ring at its head would guarantee the State of New York for the candidate, and would furnish money enough—stolen, as now appears, from the people of the city—for the campaign elsewhere. It would ask only to name the candidate, and its man was one whom it believed to be its humble servant.

That Mr. HOFFMAN felt his dependence upon such men and such means to be a harassing slavery, may well be believed. But to politics sophistry and blindness are always conveniently at hand. That he winced at the necessity of signing the Erie bill, his message upon the subject showed. That he sometimes heartily wished himself free of the odious alliance, need not be doubted. But he had entered upon public life with nothing but his profession behind him, and the hopes and blandishments of the career led him on. Whether the bill by which Mr OAKEY HALL hoped to muzzle that part of the press which he and his accomplices could not frighten or bribe first revealed to him the real character and fatal tendency of the Ring, we do not know. But he refused to sign it, and an essential part of the plot of the Tammany conspirators against the property and the rights of the people was baffled. This was followed by the Governor's refusal to support HALL's surrender to the mob in July. And this, in turn, by the declaration that ample military preparation should be made for the preservation of the public peace against the designs of Tammany, and that his official conduct would be guided by the advice of a lawyer who is unsparing in his hostility to the Ring.

All this is the more creditable to the Governor as it is fatal to the political hopes he had cherished. He was so closely allied with Tammany that to defy its power was to defeat himself. But he has had enough self-respect and regard for his high office to look only at his duty and the public welfare. He has done something to remove from his name the stain that association with Tammany had given it; and his action in this great crisis has undoubtedly commended him to the kinder consideration of the best men of his own party, as it has to the judgment of his political opponents.

AN EXTRAORDINARY SUCCESS.

OF HARPER'S WEEKLY for the present week 300,000 copies have been ordered. One house—the American News Company—ordered considerably over 80,000 copies; the New England News Company, of Boston, ordered 40,000 copies; the Western News Company, whose place of business is Chicago, ordered from the ruins of their office 30,000 copies. Thus these three houses alone ordered over 150,000 copies.

To produce in time this extraordinary edition the forms or pages which contain illustrations are electrotyped, and four different casts are taken of them, to be worked on as many rapid steam-power presses, which are kept going night and day during five days. The plain sides are printed on other and more rapid presses. It is probable that no other house in the country could print, in the required time, such an edition, which is really equal, the Supplement being reckoned, to 450,000 copies of the paper.

For some time past the circulation of HARPER'S WEEKLY has been so steadily and rapidly increasing that the publishers have been unable to keep up with the demand, and on a number of occasions have not been able to fill the actual orders received for it.

This success of HARPER'S WEEKLY is an evidence of the manner in which the American people appreciate true courage and independence in a journal. The WEEKLY has made incessant war upon the Tammany Ring, regardless of the fact that it of course procured to its publishers the enmity of the corrupt leaders among the Democrats, who took their revenge, not only in this city, but in California and elsewhere, by excluding the excellent school books of Messrs. HARPER from the common schools. But that which displeased the corruptionists has won for HARPER'S WEEKLY the confidence of the great public, and has been one of the features which has brought the paper to its present extraordinary circulation. Its conductors have aimed to make not only a model illustrated paper, giving promptly and in the best style accurate and artistic pictures of the leading events of the day, but they have made, also, a journal conducted on sound and just principles, faithful to liberty, to humanity, and sound morals, and independent in the truest sense of the word. Its editorials are always able and thoughtful, and its literary matter is as valuable as its artistic work.

The low price at which, in these days, the best productions of artists and writers are furnished to the public is curiously shown by such a journal as HARPER'S WEEKLY. If we count the WEEKLY with its Supplement, which is now regularly given, each number contains the equivalent of 88 pages of HARPER'S MAGAZINE, or of an octavo volume of 300 or 400 pages printed in open type. And yet this mass of matter, illustrated by the ablest and most popular artists, is sold for ten cents. Only a very large circulation could remunerate a publisher for such an outlay as is represented in the pictures, editorials, tales, and other literary matter of every number of HARPER'S WEEKLY.

HARPER'S MAGAZINE is only second in its circulation to HARPER'S WEEKLY. Its regular monthly sales now reach over 130,000 copies.

It is certainly an extraordinary fact that, reckoning the population of the United States at 40,000,000, and the combined circulation of HARPER'S WEEKLY and MAGAZINE at 400,000, it would seem that one in every hundred of the population actually buys either the MAGAZINE or the WEEKLY. What an immense educational power this is; and how fortunate for the country that this great influence is in the hands of able, conscientious, and patriotic men!—*New York Times.*

PERSONAL.

AFTER the conflagration at Chicago, ROBERT COLLYER, the eloquent preacher, told his people, as they worshiped beside the ruins of their burned church, that he had once preached for seventy-five cents a year, and was ready for their sakes to do it again; and that, if the worst came, he could still make as good a horseshoe as any blacksmith in Chicago—a practical illustration of his own lecture on "Clear Grit."

—Mr Superintendent MILLER, of the Insurance Department, who recently returned from Europe after three months' absence, met with a cordial reception from the Board of Underwriters. The announcement of his determination to render every aid to companies temporarily embarrassed by the Chicago fire, and, if necessary, to go to the Legislature for additional power to relieve, met with warm approval. The compliments paid to the ability and integrity of the Superintendent were the more valuable coming as they did from prominent underwriters who, in political sentiment, were opposed to him.

—In one of his recent entertaining sketches and anecdotes of public men, Colonel FORNEY speaks of the peculiar dialect of the negro, and names several speakers of the South, eminent for oratory, whose pronunciation was strongly marked by it. JAMES M. MASON, of Virginia, seemed to delight in the African accent. But there was no better specimen than the late THOMAS H. BAYLY, for many years the representative in Congress from the Accomac district. He was a man of some force and education, and yet would address "Mr Speakah," and refer to the honorable member who has just had the "do." KEITT, of South Carolina, LINN BOYD, of Kentucky, and HOWELL COBB, of Georgia, had the same peculiarity, as have HENRY A. WISE, THOMAS S. BOCOCK, and JEFF DAVIS.

—Mr THURLOW WEED, after having been for a quarter of a century the Warwick of his party, and now living in elegant retirement, has finally brought himself to the point of being regularly pensioned off by the government for services rendered. In 1812 he served as a soldier on the frontier of this State, and by a recent act of Congress the 1812 men are placed on the pension roll. He is now fortunately placed beyond further need of by the $8 per month, which comes just in time to be of service in his old age; for, with the generosity which has always characterized him, he at once dedicated the avails of his pension to the needs of an old comrade, to whom the check received from Washington on Saturday was paid on Monday.

—In the year 1791 BENJAMIN FRANKLIN bequeathed to Boston and Philadelphia $5000 each, to be loaned in small sums to mechanics. He calculated the fund would reach in one hundred years over $650,000, and gave directions as to its investment. The Boston fund amounts now to $162,136 90, and is well invested. The Philadelphia fund has been less thriftily managed, and amounts to less than $60,000.

—A pleasant story comes fresh from Spain of King AMADEUS, and how he astonished the gentlemen in attendance on him. While out in Tarragona Bay he began to strip off his clothes. The General asked the King what he was going to do. "I am going to have a swim," replied out AMADEUS the First, and straightway, to the terror of his companion, he threw a somersault into the Mediterranean. Nothing worse came of the adventure than the shock given to the sensibilities of the General, who is represented as having been in the direst state of consternation while his Majesty was disporting himself in the waves. Considering the difficulty the Spaniards might experience in procuring another king if either a sudden cramp or a disloyal shark had complicated the affairs of government by interfering with the bath of AMADEUS, the anxiety manifested by the General on this occasion may be excused. Besides, it is well known that in Spain etiquette goes so far as to insist that a queen has no legs, and that a king must be always a monarch, and never a mere man. A king was once roasted to death before a fire in Spain because the proper functionary could not be found to move his chair; but the Spaniards should remember that AMADEUS is an exotic, and does not, perhaps, share their views of cold water, and would probably have his swim despite the remonstrances of any Hidalgo as descendant of the Cid in his dominion.

—The two oldest churches in New York are Trinity and the Collegiate Dutch Church. In faith they differ more than in practice. Only one thing have they in common—the parsons wear gowns while preaching. These two are, moreover, the richest religious corporations in the State. Dr DIX, the rector of Trinity, is popularly spoken of as a High-Church ritualist. The Dutch dominies are Calvinistic, conservative, and evangelical. Yet the best of feeling has existed between these corporations for two hundred years. They lent each other their churches in troublesome times, and the Dutch gave Trinity a helping hand when she settled her first rector. The gift of an organ to the Dutch showed the kindly feeling of the Episcopal parish. On each anniversary of the Fulton Street daily prayer-meeting the profuse decoration of flowers in the old Dutch church has been the gift of the rector of Trinity. On the fourteenth anniversary, celebrated the other day, the rector sent over a bushel basket full of the richest flowers to decorate the pulpit, communion table, and walls of the old Dutch church. That is so like Dr DIX!

—The Mayor of Chicago, the Hon. R. B. MASON, upon whom so vast a responsibility now rests as the dispenser of a world's charities—an outpouring of money, food, and clothing such as Christendom has never hitherto witnessed—was born in Berkshire County, Massachusetts. He was educated a civil engineer, and was chief engineer of the New York and New Haven Railroad during its construction. He has always maintained a high character for integrity. Ex-Mayor BRIGGS, of Springfield, Massachusetts, who has known him for twenty-five years, says, "Chicago in her great misfortune is indeed fortunate in having for chief municipal officer a man of such unspotted character as ROSWELL B. MASON."

—When President GRANT was at Pittsburg, a few days ago, he made to the citizens a neat speech—brief, of course—in which he said: "I hope that the day is not far distant when our citizens will look upon the executive as President of the whole country, and not as the representative of any party or section. I shall take the opportunity of visiting your workshops, which I recognize as the source of wealth not only to the artisan and the city, but to the whole nation. I hope the time will soon come when the wants of the whole country will be supplied by the products of home industry."

—It is creditable to the publishing interest that the largest individual tax in Charlestown, Massachusetts, is paid by MOSES A. DOW—$7700. He acquired his fortune by publishing the *Waverley Magazine*. Only the good Dows, not the rowdy-dows, make large fortunes by paper and types.

—As one of the signs of the unrest that exists in the public affairs of France, it may be mentioned that the fifty-first anniversary of the birth of the Count de Chambord (HENRY V.) was celebrated on the 29th of September by most of the wealthy Legitimist families of France. Along the Loire the demonstrations were specially cordial.

—Mr JAMES GRANT, in his new book on the "Newspaper Press of London," expresses the belief that the profits of the London *Times* are £400,000 per annum. When Mr GRANT edited the *Morning Advertiser*, Lord Brougham and Sir DAVID BREWSTER wrote for him. Lord Palmerston, in his day, furnished through his secretary editorials and news. One of the "past metropolitan daily papers," the *Representative*, started in 1826 by MURRAY, the publisher, was edited by Mr DISRAELI. The offices of this journal were fitted up to a state of splendor without parallel. The reception-room especially—the visitors to which were expected to be mostly of the aristocracy—was furnished in a gorgeous style. It was expected that Mr DISRAELI would encourage Mr MURRAY's aristocratic friends to make frequent calls by according to them a courteous reception, "but," says Mr GRANT, "Mr DISRAELI did not then, any more than he does now, or did at any intervening period of his history, enjoy any remarkable reputation for affability of manners." The reception room of the *Representative* was but little visited, and this led to a coolness between the proprietor and editor. The paper never had a circulation worthy the name, while the advertisements were few and unprofitable. The *Representative* expired after a feeble and unhappy existence of six months, the loss to Mr MURRAY, according to Mr GRANT's estimate, being £15,000. It is mistakenly believed that this was the first journal with which Mr DISRAELI was connected. Some few years before, when he had not much exceeded his majority, and while his "Vivian Grey" was before the public, he had a journal of his own, called the *Star Chamber*, which consisted of an accompanying denunciation of what he regarded as the vices and follies of fashionable society, mingled with unsparing severity in his notices of those of the leading works of the day. Mr [illegible] used to say that Mr DISRAELI gave a eulogistic review in this publication of "Vivian Grey." The *Star Chamber* never excited the slightest interest, and never had any circulation. It died when it reached the end of the second volume.

—Since the death of DEAN RICHMOND the nominal leader of the Democratic party of the State has been Mr SAMUEL J. TILDEN, of this city. That position is tacitly accorded to whomever, for the time being, is chairman of the State Committee. Mr RICHMOND held the position some fifteen or twenty years. After his decease Mr TILDEN was chosen his successor. In the present State Committee will be found the names of men who have been members for many years, among them WILLIAM CASSIDY, editor of the Albany *Argus*; JOSEPH WARREN, editor of the Buffalo *Courier*; HENRY A. RICHMOND, who succeeded to the place occupied by his father; DELOS DE WOLF, an opulent banker of Oswego; ELMORE P. ROSS, of Auburn, one of the men who organized the Merchants' Union Express Company, and after a tough struggle with the American won the battle, and was admitted into partnership; GEORGE M. [illegible], of Schuyler, who inherited a large fortune from his father, the late JOHN [illegible]; ISAAC MCCONIHE, of Troy, formerly Mayor and Postmaster of that city; S. T. A[illegible], of Chenango; and GEORGE W. CUYLER, of Wayne. All these have for many years been members of the Committee.

—"Uneasy lies the head where sits the" hat of a President, is especially the fact with M. THIERS, who is said to be constantly guarded by the police and soldiers. He has become the subject of strange fancies with respect to a conspiracy against his own person.

—Grace Greenwood has taken to manual labor. In a recent letter she says: "I drove a spike on the Denver and Rio Grande Railway. It was a cruel tax," she says, "on my 'muscular Christianity.' The newspaper report said that I 'drove the spike home triumphantly,' but I really thought it 'wouldn't go home till morning.'" Now, out in that region, when one wishes a man or woman to drink with him, he asks, "Will you drive a spike?" and whether Grace Greenwood did it metaphorically or otherwise is one of the great moral questions of the day. The observation about going home in the morning would strengthen the suspicion of those who like to put a wrong construction on phrases.

—ASSI, BILLIORAY, PASCHAL GROUSSET, JOURDE, [illegible], and all the other members of the Commune, or Central Committee, who were sentenced to transportation to a fortified place, have been sent to Fort Boyard, opposite the Island of Aix, at the mouth of the river Charente, to await the sailing of the transport which is to take them to their definitive place of imprisonment. This has not yet been announced, and all that is known regarding it is that it will not be Cayenne. GROMIER, another member of the Commune, and a writer in the *Figaro*, has recently died in the hospital of Versailles.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

ON Friday night, October 20, the prosecuting attorney of Chicago was shot and fatally wounded by one of the special fire patrols, whose hail he refused to answer.

The statement that the wooden pavement in Chicago took fire and was burned, which was circulated through the press, turns out to be erroneous. The streets thus paved now form a net-work of clean, smooth thoroughfares through the burned district, which will prove exceedingly valuable in rebuilding.

The collector of Gloucester, Massachusetts, has notified Secretary Boutwell of the arrival of the schooner Horton at that port. He says that the crew previously ran away from Guysborough, Nova Scotia, but that as her papers have been seized, the [illegible].

Immense fires are reported in the district of Woodland, Campbell County, Kentucky, and a similar calamity to that of the destruction of Peshtigo is threatened.

A wagon-load of Union torpedoes exploded in San Francisco recently. The driver was instantly killed, and one of his legs blown a distance of several hundred feet. The windows of houses in the neighborhood were shattered by the concussion.

President Grant has issued a proclamation suspending the writ of *habeas corpus* in the counties of Spartanburg, York, Marion, Chester, Laurens, Newberry, Fairfield, Lancaster, and Chesterfield, South Carolina, on account of the Ku-Klux outrages in those portions of that State.

FOREIGN NEWS.

A GRAND republican meeting was held October 16 in Madrid, and resolutions opposing the present government, and all forms of government not republican, were adopted. The boldest sentiments, even in sympathy with the International Society, were uttered by the speakers.

An address has recently been issued by representative working-men in England, demanding separation of church and state. The address announces that meetings of working-men will be held throughout the country in support of the movement.

It is reported that the last German polar expedition discovered a polar sea free of ice and swarming with whales.

Juarez has been re-elected President of Mexico by Congress, the vote being yeas, 108, and no opposition vote offered.

The telegraphic cable between Barbadoes and Demerara has been successfully laid.

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CHICAGO IN RUINS.—KERFOOT'S BLOCK.—[Sketched by T. R. Davis.]

CHICAGO IN RUINS.—GETTING WATER FROM THE ARTESIAN WELL.—[Sketched by T. R. Davis.]

CHICAGO IN RUINS.

Two weeks ago we gave our readers a broad view of the beautiful Garden City as it was before the great fire. Last week our series of sketches presented the greatest disaster of modern times—Chicago in flames. In the present number we give graphic pictures of her desolation. Happily these last will present but a short period of her history. The work of restoration has already begun, and will be pushed forward with a celerity and vigor of which the world has seen no example.

The burned district comprised an area of about three and a half square miles, containing about twenty-two hundred acres—about one-sixth of the city tract. They were very costly acres, and the sweeping devastation has destroyed within their boundaries more than twice the value of all that remains.

Our artists in this number help the reader to a complete [illegible] of this desolation. From the stand point ch[illegible] for [illegible] of the double page panoramic vie[illegible] the roof of Congress Hall, a small boarding hotel on Congress Street, between Wabash and Michigan ave[illegible]—the observer looks out upon what was, a [illegible] days ago, the busy centre of the busiest city on the continent outside of New York. At our feet the ruin commences with the shapeless débris of Terrace Block—eleven splendid marble dwellings, once the principal adornment of the lake front. To the southernmost dwelling, that of Hon. J. Y. Scammon, was attached a choicely kept garden, extending across the block between Wabash and Michigan avenues. Congress Hall is now the improvised Custom-house. The adjoining small Michigan Avenue Hotel is the largest hotel left in the city. In the cherished shrubbery workmen are busy erecting temporary quarters for the wholesale grocery store of one of Mr. Scammon's tenants, burned out below Randolph Street. Wabash Avenue was recently the street of churches. The ruins of several of these late beautiful structures are shown—the First Presbyterian, St. Paul's Universalist, Trinity, and, farther away, the Second Presbyterian and the Cathedral of St. Mary. The long railroad pier stretches in front of the park, but it terminates in a mere chaos of all depot structures.

From where we stand we look into the ruins of the Court-house, of Honore's Building, the Custom-house, the *Tribune* building. Farther to the left are the stately broken facades of the Pacific Hotel and the Bigelow House. Be-

CHICAGO IN RUINS.—BURNING COAL HEAPS.—[Sketched by Theo. R. Davis.]

CHICAGO IN RUINS—IMPROVIZED SHANTIES ON THE NORTH SIDE.—[SKETCHED BY THEODORE R. DAVIS.]

tween them, and throughout the wide area, all smaller buildings have disappeared. The wooden structures were destroyed utterly, and their ashes blown away. All in front of us northward to the river is ruin and desolation, and beyond the river we see, three miles and a half away across the treeless and vacant plain, the woods of Wright's Grove.

Come with us to the other scene chosen by the artist. We drive down Wabash Avenue. Not long ago it was gay in its turn-outs, and notable by its great wholesale stores. Now its late most familiar corners are indistinguishable, or only to be made out by landmarks traced with difficulty. We turn into State Street. Here was FIELD & LEITER'S white marble dry-goods palace. There was Booksellers' Row—a range of great book-stores equaled in no other city in the world. One thing strikes us with astonishment. Two days have only elapsed since the fire, yet so thorough was the unsparing work of destruction that every thing combustible has disappeared. From the debris and from the street pavement ashes, dust, every thing the winds could carry, have been blown away. We pause to note how the walls of white marble, the buff limestone of Illinois, the red and olive sandstones of Ohio and Marquette, the speckled granite of Minnesota, and the blue Lockport limestone of New York have suffered almost alike in the fire, whose force is compared by numerous eye-witnesses to that of a blow-pipe. Every thing the power of wind and flame could level has been leveled; every thing it could lift has been swept away. The debris and lone standing walls show few traces of stain. The furious fire consumed its own smoke. All about us are the regular and special guardians of the peace, among them many soldiers. In these heaps of debris lie the treasures of the city, for every bank and all its best places of business were destroyed.

We go forward, past the tall ruins of the scarred City Hall, cross into the West Division—for the main river has no bridges, and even the Lasalle-street Tunnel suffered in its approaches by the fire. A constant line of horse and foot through Lake-street Bridge. We turn into the North Division, shown in the upper panoramic view, and

CHICAGO IN RUINS—OPENING BANK VAULTS—MERCHANTS' SAVINGS, LOAN, AND TRUST COMPANY, CORNER LAKE AND DEARBORN STREETS.
[SKETCHED BY THEODORE R. DAVIS.]

here again we notice how the flames licked up every thing that could burn. Nothing remains. Most of the structures were wood, with plank sidewalks, and the lots are many of them as free of traces of human habitation as if they had never been built upon. Even the sward has burned up and blown away. Here and there the iron-work of a sewing-machine, or a solid piano frame burned out of its case, tell of the industry or taste of some banished household. Where are the seventy-five thousand people that only a few days ago filled the homes and haunts of the North Division? We see a new use for these heavy street grades rising from six to eight feet above the natural surface. Dwellings are being improvised here and there in these sheltering corners; as the shanty has two walls of masonry at least—the street pavement on a level with the roof-tree. Our artist's sketch of several of these improvised dwellings will be found on page 1029. The floor of the cellar in which they are built is the old prairie level.

We are now standing just north of the sole remaining house in the burned district of the North Division, that of M. D. OGDEN. From this point of view we look southward for our second panorama of desolation. Roofless and shattered, here is the beautiful Church of the Unity; and in another sketch, printed on our front page, we show the Rev. ROBERT COLLYER holding Sabbath service among his stricken flock within this ruined sanctuary. Here was the spectacle, and rare must have been the improvement of this occasion by that most eloquent of preachers. But it can not be a present question of rebuilding, for, if restored to-day, the Church of the Unity has but one human habitation within a mile of it. Our sketch of the ruin of the North Division tells its own story. It is of interest now as a record of a disaster that will be told to the remotest generation of men. It will be doubly interesting as a memento when, a few years hence, our artists take up their pencils to show the rehabilitated city.

Among the many privations to which the inhabitants were subjected was that of a limited supply of water, owing to the destruction of the water-works, and those who lived at a distance from the lake-side suffered greatly in consequence. Many hundreds went a long way, with pans, pails, tubs, kettles, etc., to get water from the large Artesian well in Lincoln Park, from which 500 gallons flow per minute. The water is slightly mineral, but not unpleasant to the taste.

The illustration on page 1031 shows a crowd of fugitives from the fire passing through the "Potter's Field"—on foot, on horseback, in every kind of vehicle—pursued by the rapid flames, which devastated the very abodes of the dead. The portion where the fire was most destructive was that which the Germans have chiefly appropriated, which lies nearest to the town. The legend of the cheap wooden monuments always begins, "*Hier ruhet*," "*here rests*." These head-boards are all charred more or less, some of them are burned entirely away; the votive flowers are burned down to the earth in their pots. The mounds of the graves themselves are sometimes half torn away by the violence of the fiery wind, and there are acres where the grass is burned down to the ground. But a far sadder sight than the desecration of the dead is the evidence every where afforded that even this was not a sanctuary for the living. The whole place is strewn with fragments of household goods and gods, abandoned to the dead as the living found that place after place was too hot to hold them. Potsherds, tables, chairs, bedding, and all the impedimenta of a poor German family one stumbles over at every turn.

We turn from these pictures of Chicago's desolation to the gratifying evidence of her energy. The first illustration on our front page shows the laying of the corner-stone of the first building commenced after the fire—that of Kendall's Bank, corner of Washington and Dearborn streets. It was laid October [illegible] by MONTAGUE & TUTTLE, contractors. The localities designated by figures are (1) the corner-stone; (2) Kerfoot's Block; (3) ruins of the City Hall. "Kerfoot's Block" is merely a rough shanty, about twelve feet by eight, knocked together the morning after the fire by the gentleman whose name it bears, on the site of his former place of business. His sign bears the inscription, "Wm. D. KERFOOT: all gone but wife, children, and energy." This example of good heart and pluck was followed by thousands, and really gave tone to the general sentiment of the citizens.

Another illustration, on page 1029, shows the work of digging out the safes of the "Merchants' Savings, Loan, and Trust Company," opposite the Tremont House. Another, on page 1028, shows the burning of the immense heaps of anthracite coal, comprising most of the winter's supply for the city. The largest coal yards were along the east bank of the South Branch of the river, and the burning piles were from twenty-five to thirty feet in height. The flames from these heaps, reflected from the clouds, furnished the only illumination of the city during the nights succeeding the destruction of the gas-works, when the streets were patrolled by armed guards for the protection of the citizens against thieves and murderers.

The story of this calamity is not all told in the tale of millions lost. In the course of the destruction of two hundred millions of property, of fifteen thousand buildings burned in the sixteen hours of the great fire of Chicago, what tongue can tell the human suffering in this appalling process of sudden dispossession of one hundred thousand of the population of the city from their homes and their places of business? Nor is the loss of property theirs alone. Chicago has long been a coveted seat of enterprise and business, and few with capital and energy in any part of the land or the moneyed world have not taken a venture therein. The loss of incomes, the defeat of investments, the shrinkage or loss of securities, in this wiping out of two hundred million of values, is felt in all parts of the country and Europe. It will all come back again in time, if not to every loser, certainly to those who believe in the future of Chicago. It will be made a better city than it ever could have become but for this fire. A better building system, a more shapely development, a spirit of enterprise and determination, literally tried as by fire, will bring all these results. The brightest feature of the picture is one no artist pencil can show—the generous sympathy of the world in the desolation of Chicago, which has opened to its suffering children all hearts and all purses in the instant magnificent rivalry of contributions for their relief.

OUT OF THE ASHES.

BY HOWARD GLYNDON.

Oh, fallen with the falling leaves,
And level with the dust, as they!
Thy beauty, City of the Lake,
Is but a thing of yesterday.

Thou wondrous blossom of the West!
We were so passing proud of thee:
"See," said we to the elder world,
"How cities grow when men are free!"

Thy senior sisters, looking on
With dazed, half-unbelieving eyes,
Saw thee, like Hercules of old,
Swift into ripe estate arise.

And seeing thee so fair, how high
The hearts of all thy children were,
We would not blame them if to-day
They bowed their faces in despair;

Or, newly risen from troubled sleep,
Stared, with uncomprehending eyes,
On homesteads smouldering, black and bare,
Beneath the cold October skies;

Where, here and there, but yesterday
Towered up such sumptuous witnesses
Of their devoted hearts and hands—
God help them in this sore distress!

And, saying this, the Nation takes
These homeless children of the West
Into her motherly embrace,
And hides the homeless in her breast.

Not homeless while our homes have room!
Not homeless—all our doors are wide!
The welcome that we send to-day
Is tinctured with exulting pride.

For who has heard one craven cry,
Though thousands wander, lorn and pale?
Oh, strong young city, sorest tried,
There's bravery even in thy wail!

To where thou sitt'st we bring the world,
And show thy ruins, saying, "See!
She is not broken, only bent;
For hearts are strong when men are free!"

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1871, by Harper & Brothers, in the Office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington.]

POOR MISS FINCH.

A Domestic Story.

BY WILKIE COLLINS,

Author of "The Woman in White," "No Name," "The Moonstone," "Man and Wife," etc.

WITH ORIGINAL ILLUSTRATIONS.

CHAPTER THE TWENTY-SIXTH.

HE PROVES EQUAL TO THE OCCASION.

AT that astounding confession, abruptly revealed in those plain words, even resolute Nugent lost all power of self-control. He burst out with a cry which reached Lucilla's ears. She instantly turned toward us, and instantly assumed that the cry had come from Oscar's lips.

"Ah! there you are!" she exclaimed. "Oscar! Oscar! what is the matter with you to-day?"

Oscar was incapable of answering her. He had cast one glance of entreaty at his brother as Lucilla came nearer to us. The mute reproach which had answered him, in Nugent's eyes, had broken down his last reserves of endurance. He was crying silently—crying like a woman—on Nugent's breast.

It was necessary that somebody should break the silence. I spoke first.

"Nothing is the matter, my dear," I said, advancing to meet Lucilla. "We were passing the house, and Oscar ran out to stop us and bring us in."

My excuse roused a new alarm in her.

"Us?" she repeated. "Who is with you?"

"Nugent is with me."

The result of the deplorable misunderstanding which had taken place instantly declared itself. She turned deadly pale under the horror of feeling blindly that she was in the presence of the man with the blue face.

"Take me near enough to speak to him, but not to touch him," she whispered. "I have heard what he is like. (Oh, if you saw him, as I see him, *in the dark*!) I must control myself. I must speak to Oscar's brother, for Oscar's sake."

She seized my arm and held me close to her. What ought I to have said? What ought I to have done? I neither knew what to say nor what to do. I looked from Lucilla to the twin brothers. There was Oscar the Weak overwhelmed by the humiliating position in which he had placed himself toward the woman whom he was to marry, toward the brother whom he loved! And there was Nugent the Strong, master of himself—with his arm around his brother, with his head erect, with his hand signing to me to keep silence. He was right. I had only to look back at Lucilla's face to see that the delicate and perilous work of undeceiving her was not work to be done at a moment's notice, on the spot.

"You are not yourself to-day," I said to her. "Let us go home."

"No!" she answered. "I must accustom myself to speak to him. I will begin to-day. Take me to him—but don't let him touch me!"

Nugent disengaged himself from Oscar—whose usefulness to help us through our difficulties was now manifest to be mistaken—as he saw us approaching. He pointed to the low wall in front of the house, and motioned to his brother to wait there out of the way before Lucilla could speak to him again. The wisdom of this proceeding was not long in asserting itself. Lucilla asked for Oscar the moment after he had left us. Nugent answered that Oscar had gone back to the house to get his hat.

The sound of Nugent's voice helped her to calculate her distance from him without assistance from me. Still holding my arm, she stopped and spoke to him.

"Nugent," she said, "I have made Oscar tell me—what he ought to have told me long since." (She paused between each sentence, painfully controlling herself, painfully catching her breath.) "He has discovered a foolish antipathy of mine. I don't know how. I tried to keep it a secret from him. I need not tell you what it is."

She made a longer pause at those words, holding me closer and closer to her; struggling more and more painfully against the irresistible nervous loathing that had got possession of her. He listened, on his side, with the constraint which always fell upon him in her presence more marked than ever. His eyes were on the ground. He seemed reluctant even to look at her.

"I think I understand," she went on, "why Oscar was unwilling to tell me"—she stopped, at a loss how to express herself without running the risk of hurting his feelings—"to tell me," she resumed, "what it is in you which is not like other people. He was afraid my stupid weakness might prejudice me against you. I wish to say that I won't let it do that. I never was more ashamed of it than now. I, too, have my misfortune. I ought to sympathize with you, instead of—"

Her voice had been growing fainter and fainter as she proceeded. She leaned against me heavily. One glance at her told me that if I let it go on any longer she would fall into a swoon. "Tell your brother that we have gone back to the rectory," I said to Nugent. He looked up to Lucilla for the first time. "You are right," he answered. "Take her home." He repeated the sign by which he had already hinted to me to be silent, and joined Oscar at the wall in front of the house.

"Has he gone?" she asked.

"He has gone."

The moisture stood thick on her forehead. I passed my handkerchief over her face, and turned her toward the wind.

"Are you better now?"

"Yes."

"Can you walk home?"

"Easily."

I put her arm in mine. After advancing with me a few steps she suddenly stopped—with a blind apprehension, as it seemed, of something in front of her. She lifted her little walking-cane, and moved it slowly backward and forward in the empty air, with the action of some one who is clearing away an incumbrance to a free advance—say the action of a person walking in a thick wood, and pushing aside the lower twigs and branches that intercept the way.

"What are you about?" I asked.

"Clearing the air," she answered. "The air is full of him. I am in a forest of hovering figures, with faces of black-blue. Give me your arm. Come through!"

"Lucilla!"

"Don't be angry with me. I am coming to my senses again. Nobody knows what folly, what madness it is, better than I do. I have a will of my own: suffer as I may, I promise to break myself of it this time. I can't and won't let Oscar's brother see that he is an object of horror to me." She stopped once more, and gave me a little propitiatory kiss. "Blame my blindness, dear, don't blame me. If I could only see— Ah, how can I make you understand me, you who don't live in the dark?" She went on a few paces, silent and thoughtful, and then spoke again. "You won't laugh at me if I say something?"

"You know I won't."

"Suppose yourself to be in bed to-night."

"Yes?"

"I have heard people say that they have sometimes woke in the middle of the night, on a sudden, without any noise to disturb them. And they have fancied (without any thing particular to justify it) that there was something, or somebody, in the dark room. Has that ever happened to you?"

"Certainly, my love. It has happened to most people to fancy what you say when their nerves are a little out of order."

"Very well. There is my fancy, and there are my nerves. When it happened to you, what did you do?"

"I struck a light, and satisfied myself that I was wrong."

"Suppose yourself without candle or matches, in a night without end, left alone with your fancy in the dark. There you have Me! It would not be easy, would it, to satisfy yourself if you were in that helpless condition? You might suffer under it, very unreasonably, and yet very keenly for all that." She lifted her little cane, with a sad smile. "You might be almost as great a fool as poor Lucilla, and clear the air before you with this!"

The charm of her voice and her manner added to the touching simplicity, the pathetic truth, of those words. She made me realize, as I had never realized before, what it is to have, at one and the same time, the blessing of imagination and the curse of blindness. For a moment, I was absorbed in my admiration and my love for her. For a moment, I forgot the terrible position in which we were placed. She unconsciously recalled it to me when she spoke next.

"Perhaps I was wrong to force the truth out of Oscar," she said, putting her arm again in mine, and walking on. "I might have reconciled myself to his brother, if I had never known what his brother was like. And yet I felt there was something strange in him, without being told, and without knowing what it was. There must have been a reason in me for the dislike that I felt for him from the first. We won't pursue it. Even if I had not made Oscar speak, the truth would have come out sooner or later. Do you know that I have been a little, a very little, disappointed in Oscar since I made the discovery? Do you remember his acknowledging in the garden that he had painted his face, in the character of Blue-beard, to amuse the children? It was not delicate, it was not affectionate—it was not like him—to show such insensibility as that to his brother's shocking disfigurement. He ought to have remembered it, he ought to have respected it. There! we will say no more. We will go in-doors and open the piano and try to forget!"

How would it end? When she was told—as told she must be—of the dreadful delusion into which she had fallen, what would be the result to Oscar? what would be the effect on herself? I own I shrank from pursuing the inquiry.

When we reached the turn in the valley I looked back at Browndown for the last time. The twin brothers were still in the place in which we had left them. Though the faces were indistinguishable, I could still see the figures plainly—Oscar sitting crouched upon the wall, Nugent erect at his side, with one hand laid on his shoulder. Even at that distance the types of the two characters were expressed in the attitudes of the two men. As we entered the new winding of the valley which shut them out from view I felt (so easy is it to comfort a woman!) that the commanding position of Nugent had produced its encouraging impression on my mind. "He will find a way out of it," I said to myself. "Nugent will help us through!"

CHAPTER THE TWENTY-SEVENTH.

HE FINDS A WAY OUT OF IT.

WE sat down at the piano, as Lucilla had proposed. She wished me to play first, and to play alone. I was teaching her, at the time, one of the *Sonatas* of Mozart, and I now tried to go on with the lesson. Never, before or since, have I played so badly as on that day. The divine serenity and completeness by which Mozart's music is, to my mind, raised above all other music that ever was written can only be worthily interpreted by a player whose whole mind is given undividedly to the work. Devoured as I then was by my own anxieties, I might profane those heavenly melodies—I could not play them. Lucilla accepted my excuses, and took my place.

Half an hour passed without news from Browndown.

Calculated by reference to itself, half an hour is, no doubt, a short space of time. Calculated by reference to your own suspense, when your own interests are at stake, half an hour is an eternity. Every minute that passed, leaving Lucilla still undisturbed in her delusion, was a minute that pricked me in the conscience. The longer we left her in ignorance, the more painful to all of us the hard duty of enlightening her would become. I began to get restless. Lucilla, on her side, began to complain of fatigue. After the agitation that she had gone through, the inevitable reaction had come. I recommended her to go to her room and rest. She took my advice. In the state of my mind at that time, it was an inexpressible relief to me to be left by myself.

After pacing backward and forward for some little time in the sitting-room, and trying vainly to see my way through the difficulties that now beset us, I made up my mind to wait no longer for the news that never came. The brothers were still at Browndown. To Browndown I determined to return.

I peeped quietly into Lucilla's room. She was asleep. After a word to Zillah, recommending her young mistress to her care, I slipped out. As I crossed the lawn I heard the garden gate opened. In a minute more the man of all others whom I most wanted to see presented himself before me in the person of Nugent Dubourg. He had borrowed Oscar's key, and had set off alone for the rectory to tell me what had passed between his brother and himself.

"This is the first stroke of luck that has fallen to me to-day," he said. "I was wondering how I should contrive to speak to you privately. And here you are—accessible and alone. Where is Lucilla? Can we depend on having the garden to ourselves?"

I satisfied him on both those points. He looked sadly pale and worn. Before he opened his lips I saw that he too had had his mind disturbed and his patience tried since I had left him. There was a summer-house at the end of the garden, with a view over the breezy solitude of the Downs. Here we established ourselves. And here, in my headlong way, I opened the interview with the one formidable question. "Who is to tell her of the mistake that she has made?"

"Nobody is to tell her."

That answer staggered me to the outset. I looked at Nugent in silent astonishment.

"There is nothing to be surprised at," he said. "Let me put my point of view before you in two words. I have had a serious talk with Oscar—"

Women are proverbially bad listeners, and I am no better than the rest of them. I interrupted him before he could get any further.

"Did Oscar tell you how the mistake happened?" I asked.

"He could no more tell me than you can. He owns—when he found himself face to face with her—that his presence of mind completely failed him: he didn't himself know what he was saying at the time. *He* lost his head, and she lost her patience. Think of his nervous confusion in collision with her nervous irritability, and the result explains itself: nothing could come of it but misapprehension and mistake. I turned the thing over in my mind after you had left us; and the one course to take that *I* could see was to accept the position patiently, and to make the best instead of the worst of it. Having reached this conclusion, I settled the matter (as I settle most other difficulties) by cutting the Gordian knot. I said to Oscar, 'Would it be a relief to your mind to have her present impression undisturbed until you are married?' You know him—I needn't tell you what his answer was. 'Very well,' I said. 'Dry your eyes and compose yourself. I have begun as Blue Face. As Blue Face I will go on till further notice.' I spare you the description of Oscar's gratitude. I proposed, and he accepted. There is the way out of the difficulty as I see it."

"Your way out of the difficulty is an unworthy way and a false way," I answered. "I protest against taking that cruel advantage of Lucilla's blindness. I refuse to have any thing to do with it."

He opened his case and took out a cigar.

"Do as you please," he said. "You saw the pitiable state she was in when she forced herself to speak to me. You saw how her disgust and horror overpowered her to the end. Transfer that disgust and horror to Oscar (with indignation and contempt added in *his* case); expose him to the result of rousing those feelings in her, before he is fortified by a husband's influence over her mind, and a husband's place in her affections—if you dare. I love the poor fellow, and *I* daren't. May I smoke?"

I gave him his permission to smoke by a gesture. Before I said any thing more to this inscrutable gentleman I felt the necessity of understanding him—if I could.

There was no difficulty in accounting for his readiness to sacrifice himself in the interests of Oscar's tranquillity. He never did things by halves—he liked dashing at difficulties which would have made other men pause. The same zeal in his brother's service which had saved Oscar's life at the Trial, might well be the zeal that animated him now. The perplexity that I felt was not roused in me by the course that he had taken, but by the language in which he justified himself, and, more still, by his behavior to me while he was speaking. The well bred, brilliant young fellow of my previous experience had now turned as dogged and as ungracious as a man could be. He waited to hear what I had to say to him next with a hard defiance and desperation of manner entirely uncalled for by the circumstances, and entirely out of harmony with his character as far as I had observed it. That there was something lurking under the surface, some inner motive at work in him which he was concealing from his brother and concealing from me, was as plainly visible as the sunshine and shade on the view that I was looking at from the summer-house. But what that something was, or what that inner motive might be, it baffled my utmost ingenuity to guess. Not the faintest idea of the terrible secret that he was hiding from me crossed my mind. Innocent of all suspicion of the truth, there I sat opposite to him, the unconscious witness of that unhappy man's final struggle to be true to the brother whom he loved, and to master the devouring passion that consumed him. So long as Lucilla falsely believed him to be disfigured by the drug, so long the commonest consideration for her tranquillity would, in the estimation of others, excuse and explain his keeping out of her presence. In that separation lay his last chance of raising an insurmountable barrier between Lucilla and himself. He had already tried uselessly to place another obstacle in the way—he had vainly attempted to hasten the marriage, which would have made Lucilla sacred to him as his brother's wife. That effort having failed, there was but one honorable alternative left to him—to keep out of her society until she was married to Oscar. He had accepted the position in which Oscar had placed him as the one means of reaching the end in view without exciting suspicion of the truth, and he had encountered, as his reward for the sacrifice, my ignorant protest, my stupid opposition, set as obstacles in his way! There were the motives—the pure, the noble motives—which animated him, as I know them now. There is the right reading of the dogged language that irritated me, of the defiant manner that offended me, interpreted by the one light that I have to guide my pen—the light of later events!

"Well?" he said. "Are we allies, or not? Are you with me, or against me?"

I gave up attempting to understand him, and answered that plain question plainly.

"I don't deny that the consequences of undeceiving her may be serious," I said. "But, for all that, I will have no share in the cruelty of keeping her deceived."

Nugent held up his forefinger warningly.

"Pause and reflect, Madame Pratolungo! The mischief that you may do, as matters stand now, may be mischief that you can never repair. It's useless to ask you to alter your mind. I only ask you to wait a little. There is plenty of time before the wedding-day. Something may happen which will spare you the necessity of enlightening Lucilla with your own lips."

"What can happen?" I asked.

"Lucilla may yet see him as we see him," Nugent answered. "Lucilla's own eyes may discover the truth."

"What! have you not abandoned your mad notion of curing her blindness yet?"

"I will abandon my notion when the German surgeon tells me it is mad. Not before."

"Have you said any thing about it to Oscar?"

"Not a word. I shall say nothing about it to any body but you until the German is safe on the shores of England."

"Do you expect him to arrive before the marriage?"

"Certainly. He would have left New York with me, but for one patient who still required his care. No new patients will tempt him to stay in America. His extraordinary success has made his fortune. The ambition of his life is to see England, and he can afford to gratify it. He may be here by the next steamer that reaches Liverpool."

"And when he does come, you mean to bring him to Dimchurch?"

"Yes—unless Lucilla objects to it."

"Suppose Oscar objects? She is resigned to be blind for life. If you disturb that resignation with no useful result, you may make an unhappy woman of her for the rest of her days. In your brother's place, I should object to running that risk."

"My brother is doubly interested in running the risk. I repeat what I have already told you. The physical result will not be the only result, if her sight can be restored. There will be a new mind put into her as well as a new sense. Oscar has every thing to dread from this morbid fancy of hers as long as she is blind. Only let her eyes correct her fancy—only let her see him as we see him, and get used to him, as we have got used to him, and Oscar's future with her is safe. Will you leave things as they are for the present, on the chance that the German surgeon may get here before the wedding-day?"

I consented to that—being influenced, in spite of myself, by the remarkable coincidence between what Nugent had just said of Lucilla, and what Lucilla had said to me of herself earlier in the day. It was impossible to deny that Nugent's theory, wild as it sounded, found its confirmation, so far, in Lucilla's view of her own case. Having settled the difference between us in this way, for the time being, I shifted our talk next to the difficult question of Nugent's relations toward Lucilla. "How are you to meet her again," I said, "after the effect you produced on her at the meeting to-day?"

He spoke far more pleasantly in discussing this side of the subject. His language and his manner both improved together.

"If I could have had my own way," he said, "Lucilla would have been relieved, by this time, of all fear of meeting with me again. She would have heard from you or from Oscar that business had obliged me to leave Dimchurch."

"Does Oscar object to let you go?"

"He won't hear of my going. I did my best to persuade him—I promised to return for the marriage. Quite useless! 'If you leave me here by myself,' he said, 'to think over the mischief I have done, and the sacrifices I have forced on you, you will break my heart. You don't know what an encouragement your presence is to me; you don't know what a blank you will leave in my life if you go!' I am as weak as Oscar is, when Oscar speaks to me in that way. Against my own convictions, against my own wishes, I yielded. I should have been better away—far, far better away."

He said those closing words in a tone that startled me. It was nothing less than a tone of despair. How little I understood him then! how well I understand him now! In those melancholy accents spoke the last of his honor, the last of his truth. Miserable, innocent Lucilla! Miserable, guilty Nugent!

"And now you remain at Dimchurch," I resumed, "what are you to do?"

"I must do my best to spare her the nervous suffering which I unwillingly inflicted on her today. The morbid repulsion that she feels to my presence is not to be controlled—I can see that plainly. I shall keep out of her way, gradually withdrawing myself, so as not to force my absence on her attention. I shall pay fewer and fewer visits at the rectory, and remain longer and longer at Browndown every day. After they are married—" He suddenly stopped; the words seemed to stick in his throat. He busied himself in relighting his cigar, and took a long time to do it.

"After they are married," I repeated: "what then?"

"When Oscar is married, Oscar will not find my presence indispensable to his happiness. I shall leave Dimchurch."

"You will have to give a reason."

"I shall give the true reason. I can find no studio here big enough for me—as I have told you. And even if I could find a studio, I should be doing no good if I remained at Dimchurch. My intellect would contract, my brains would rust, in this remote place. Let Oscar live his quiet married life here. And let me go to the atmosphere that is fitter for me—the atmosphere of London or Paris."

He sighed, and fixed his eyes absently on the open hilly view from the summer-house door.

"It's strange to see you depressed," I said. "Your spirits seemed to be quite inexhaustible

"HIS EYES WERE ON THE GROUND. HE SEEMED RELUCTANT EVEN TO LOOK AT HER."

on that first evening, when you interrupted Mr. Finch over 'Hamlet.'"

He threw away the end of his cigar, and laughed bitterly.

"We artists are always in extremes," he said. "What do you think I was wishing just before you spoke to me?"

"I can't guess."

"I was wishing I had never come to Dimchurch!"

Before I could return a word on my side, Lucilla's voice reached our ears, calling to me from the garden. Nugent instantly sprang to his feet.

"Have we said all we need say?" he asked.

"Yes—for to-day, at any rate."

"For to-day, then—good-by!"

He leaped up, caught the cross-bar of wood over the entrance to the summer-house, and, swinging himself on to the low garden wall beyond, disappeared in the field on the other side. I answered Lucilla's call, and hastened away to find her. We met on the lawn. She looked wild and pale, as if something had frightened her.

"Any thing wrong at the rectory?" I asked.

"Nothing wrong," she answered, "except with Me. The next time I complain of fatigue, don't advise me to go and lie down on my bed."

"Why not? I looked in at you before I came out here. You were fast asleep—the picture of repose."

"Repose? You never were more mistaken in your life. I was in the agony of a horrid dream."

"You were perfectly quiet when I saw you."

"It must have been after you saw me, then. Let me come and sleep with you to-night. I daren't be by myself if I dream of it again."

"What did you dream of?"

"I dreamed that I was standing, in my wedding dress, before the altar of a strange church; and that a clergyman, whose voice I had never heard before, was marrying me—"

She stopped, impatiently waving her hand before her in the air. "Blind as I am," she said, "I see him again now!"

"The bridegroom?"

"Yes."

"Oscar?"

"No."

"Who, then?"

"Oscar's brother. Nugent Dubourg!"

(Have I mentioned before that I am sometimes a great fool? If I have not, I beg to mention it now. I burst out laughing.)

"What is there to laugh at?" she asked, angrily. "I saw his hideous, discolored face—I am never blind in my dreams. I felt his blue hand put the ring on my finger. Wait! The worst part of it is to come. I married Nugent Dubourg willingly—married him without a thought of my engagement to Oscar. Yes! yes! I know it's only a dream. I can't bear to think of it, for all that. I don't like to be false to Oscar even in a dream. Let me go to him. I want to hear him tell me that he loves me. Come to Browndown. I'm so nervous, I don't like going by myself. Come to Browndown!"

I have another humiliating confession to make—I tried to get off going to Browndown. (So like those unfeeling French people, isn't it?)

But I had my reason, too. If I disapproved of the resolution at which Nugent had arrived, I viewed far more unfavorably the selfish weakness on Oscar's part, which had allowed his brother to sacrifice himself. Lucilla's lover had sunk to something very like a despicable character in my estimation. I felt that I might let him see what I thought of him if I found myself in his company at that moment.

"Considering the object that you have in view, my dear," I said to Lucilla, "do you think you want me at Browndown?"

"Haven't I already told you?" she asked, impatiently. "I am so nervous—so completely upset—that I don't feel equal to going out by myself. Have you no sympathy for me? Suppose you had dreamed that you were marrying Nugent instead of Oscar?"

"Ah, bah! what of that? I should only have dreamed that I was marrying the most agreeable man of the two."

"The most agreeable man of the two! There you are again—always unjust to Oscar."

"My love! if you could see for yourself, you would learn to appreciate Nugent's good qualities as I do."

"I prefer appreciating Oscar's good qualities."

"You are prejudiced, Lucilla."

"So are you."

"You happen to have met Oscar first."

"That has nothing to do with it."

"Yes! yes! If Nugent had followed us instead of Oscar; if, of those two charming voices which are both the same, one had spoken instead of the other—"

"I won't hear a word more!"

"Tra-la-la-la! It happens to have been Oscar. Turn it the other way, and Nugent might have been the man."

"Madame Pratolungo, I am not accustomed to be insulted! I have no more to say to you."

With that dignified reply, and with the loveliest color in her face that you ever saw in your life, my darling Lucilla turned her pretty back on me, and set off for Browndown by herself.

Ah, my rash tongue! Ah, my fiery foreign temper! Why did I let her irritate me! I, the elder of the two—why did I not set her an example of self-control? Who can tell? When does a woman know why she does any thing? Did Eve know, when Mr. Serpent offered her the apple, why she ate it? Not she!

What was to be done now? Two things were to be done. First thing: to cool myself down. Second thing: to follow Lucilla, and kiss and make it up.

Either I took some time to cool—or, in the irritation of the moment, Lucilla walked faster than usual. She had got to Browndown before I could overtake her. On opening the house door I heard them talking. It would hardly do to disturb them—especially now I was in disgrace. While I was hesitating, and wondering what my next proceeding had better be, my eye was attracted by a letter lying on the hall table. I looked (one is always inquisitive in those idle moments when one doesn't know what to do)—I looked to the address. The letter was directed to Nugent, and the post-mark was Liverpool.

I drew the inevitable conclusion. The German oculist was in England!

HON. CORNELIUS WALSH.

THIS gentleman, who has been nominated for Governor of New Jersey by the Republican party of that State, was born in England in 1817. At the age of six he was brought to this country by his parents, and passed his youth in Belleville and Paterson, New Jersey. In 1839 he commenced business, as a trunk manufacturer, in Newark, and by energy and business capacity rose to a position of wealth and influence. His skill in mechanics enabled him early in his career to invent and apply machinery in his business which greatly facilitated his progress.

Mr. WALSH, whose portrait is given on page 1087, is a gentleman of fine presence and ready address. He has an acute intellect, and is an excellent judge of men. Three years ago his name was prominently connected with the gubernatorial nomination; but, with a wish to thoroughly unite the party, he withdrew in favor of JOHN J. BLAIR. This year his nomination was received with great enthusiasm, and it is conceded by all parties that if elected he would make an efficient Governor. He is every where highly esteemed for his liberality and benevolence.

Water Works. Dr. Collyer's Church.

RUINS OF THE NORTH DIVISION, LOOKING

1. Standard Club-House. 2. Congress Hall. 3. Congress Street. 4. Chapel First Presbyterian Church. 5. M. S. and R. I. Depot. 6. First Presbyterian Church. 7. State Street. 8. Wabash Avenue. 9. Pacific Hotel.

RUINS OF THE SOUTH DIVISION—VIEW FROM THE ROOF OF CONGRESS HALL, ON CONGRESS STREET,

THE RUIN AND

…WELLS STREET.—[From a Sketch by Theo. R. Davis.]

…VENUE, LOOKING NORTH.—[From Photographs by our Special Photographer, Thomas S. Sweeney, Cleveland, Ohio.]

…AGO.—[See Page 1028.]

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GREAT FIRES IN THE WEST.

OUR readers are already familiar with the accounts of the terrible fires which recently swept over a portion of Wisconsin, involving an immense destruction of property and the loss of several hundred lives. This week we give, on page 1037, an illustration of the burning of the village of Peshtigo, which was entirely destroyed on Sunday evening, October 8.

For some days fires had been burning in the neighboring woods. Toward evening of that Sunday the wind increased to a hurricane, and the whole forest became suddenly a mass of flame, which completely enveloped the village. Those of the inhabitants who escaped describe the scene as awful in the extreme. No attempt could be made to save property, and the terror-stricken people fled for safety to the river, where they stood up to the neck in water, and still exposed to danger from the flames that reached far out from the shore, and from the brands that fell in every direction. Many perished in the river, many in the streets, and many who had sought to escape over a bridge were precipitated by its breaking into the water and were drowned. In less than an hour from the time it was struck by the tornado, the village of Peshtigo was annihilated. Full one hundred people perished either in the flames or the water, and all the property was swept out of existence. In the "Sugar Bush" (a neighboring settlement), divided into what is known as the Upper, Middle, and Lower Bush, over two hundred and fifty people were burned to death. It is supposed that the loss of life in the whole district devastated by the fire will reach at least seven hundred, while the suffering consequent upon the destruction of the newly gathered crops and whole settlements can hardly be conceived.

THE GIBRALTARS:

A STORY IN FOUR LETTERS.

LETTER I.

RALPH DE WITT TO JOHN BLODGETT.

CULPEPPER, September 9.

MOST PUISSANT,—The undersigned begs leave to hand in his resignation as co-member and associate-in-ordinary of the Honorable Club of the Gibraltars.

Cause—a misnomer. A Gibraltar is nothing if not impregnable. I am proved eminently "pregnable," ergo can no longer claim to be a Gibraltar. You shall hear.

To begin, let me state that I am not one whit ashamed of the confession I am about to make. Neither do I despair of one day beholding you on your marrow-bones with a much worse tale in your mouth! You consider yourself the bulwark of bachelorhood, and Fred, who is a non-dit, believes in you no end. My opinion has always been that you are most likely of us three to make a fool of yourself matrimonially. Depend upon it, for all your sneers and your stiff upper lip, and the grim letter you will presently indite me, and that habit you have of thanking Heaven that you are not as other fallible men, Destiny in shape of woman awaits you somewhere round the corner, and will one day avenge us upon you thoroughly. May yours truly only live to see that day!

Having thus freed my mind, I'll proceed to my tale, like a true though renegade son of the club, and in accordance with By-law No. 6.

You've heard me speak of Jack Allen, my old chum of the Ninth Nebraska. He turned up down here the other day, General Allen now, with a post under the Freedmen's Bureau, and quarters at this place. Being a brick, he's gone into the thing thoroughly, and, besides his regular duties, is over head and ears in night-schools, model farming, and free lectures to the darkies. Well, he was delighted to see me, and insisted I should come and stay with him, which I did. That was three weeks ago—and here I am still!

The day after I came he proposed riding over to see one of his pet-schools—or, rather, not exactly his, he said, but a private enterprise got up by some Philadelphia ladies, which the Bureau sort of bossed and attended to once over. We had a glorious six mile gallop. When we reached the place it turned out the forlornest kind of a little slab village, deep in the woods, and couched within the hollow of an old deserted rebel earth-work; the population all blacks, Allen told me, except the teachers, who were single women and semi-Quakers—excellent old females, but plain, unfortunately plain.

He made this statement just as we were mounting the rude steps of the "slab" school-house, and having made it, he opened the door and walked in. School was in session, and whole rows of little Cuffees turned their shining faces and showed their teeth at the sight of us. But I stood stock-still on the threshold, unable to move or speak, for behold appeared—

No; I can't give an idea of it! *Coup de soleil* is mild in comparison. I was looking for caps, sharp noses, spectacles perhaps—all the component parts which go to make the "excellent women, unfortunately plain"—and instead there stood revealed—a pair of angels!

Two lovely, radiant girls, in plain gray gowns and aprons of snowy whiteness, looking, with their dusky scholars about them, like twin lilies in a field of—hardhack! Poetical, you see. I don't care. A stone would be poetic under like circumstances. The dazzle, the shock of sharp contrast, turned me into one. I positively could not move for a moment; then I whirled furiously round on the villain Jack, but he avoided my eye, and began presenting me to the visions in gray with such an ecstatic twinkle and chuckle that I could hardly forbear knocking him down on the spot.

Philadelphians, the beauties turned out to be, of Quaker extraction both, and dear friends. Longing after work, as half the good women in the country were when the war closed, they came down and established themselves in this desolate spot within a few months of Lee's surrender. It was risky business at first, what with scarce food and latent bush-whacking; but somehow they didn't come to grief, as most people would have done, and held on bravely till things grew better. Brave!—the word doesn't express half what they were. And there they have been these five long years—not, mind you, because there was any need in the case, for both have nice homes and plenty of friends, and one (not the one, though) a large independent fortune—but just because they longed to be useful. By George! I tell you it makes a man glow and feel all hot with pride and happiness just to know that there are such women in the same world with him!

I needn't go on, I suppose. Of course, after such an introduction, all was up with me. I found a pearl, tried for it, hold it, and make no apologies to you, my fellow-numskulls. She (her name is Grace, by-the-way—Grace Brown) is going home in the spring to "get ready"—as if, bless her! she were not perfect and complete now—and I shall buckle to my profession and "get ready" also, so far as unworthy man may. Some day or other, and somewhere or other, we shall have a home of our own, and in it—so Grace says—is to be a special room reserved for infirm Gibraltars. Come along, my boy! bring your shattered bulwarks, and end your days with us. "A Christian family—lodging—attendance—no extras—washing thrown in." Think of it.

I have communicated with Fred. Write and congratulate. I salute your High Mightiness, and remain Yours, as ever,

RALPH DE WITT, Ex-Gibraltar.

LETTER II.

FRED DELANO TO JOHN BLODGETT.

BOSTON, September 8.

DEAR JACK,—This is a joint letter to you and Ralph, of whose whereabouts I am somewhat uncertain. I have a long story to tell, too long to write out twice; so, when you have read and derided it and see as much as seems to you proper, be so good as to forward to him.

That I have no sympathy to expect from you, old Tough and Leathery, I am but too well aware: as well look for treacle from an ancient gum-tree. And Ralph, who piques himself on being made equal parts gutta-percha and lemon juice, will be no better. However, true to agreement, I proceed to tell the tale of my undoing, "nothing extenuating nor setting down aught in malice." I call it undoing, observe, purely out of consideration for your stand point, for to me it is doing, without the least particle of "un"—the best doing of my life.

Pride must have a fall. Mine came off, on the top of a Plymouth stage, six weeks ago exactly.

We left the Pemigewasset House early of a warm morning, a stageful inside, and the usual load of people and trunks without. I happened to secure a top perch. Directly below sat the most beautiful girl I ever saw—blonde, perfectly dressed, and so evidently from New York as if the name of that city had been stamped on each fold of her dainty garments.

She had with her a very ordinary "pa," and a friend of her own age, whom, from a certain direct simplicity of manner and garb, I set down as Bostonian. My supposition was confirmed. An artful peep at the baggage revealed trunks marked "Doubleday, New York," and "Ellis, Boston;" and the conversation of the fair passengers before long supplied the Christian names—Rose and Antoinette. Antoinette was the beauty.

And a real beauty she was. I don't know that I ever saw any thing finer and more cameo-like than the outline of her face, framed in golden hair all looped and fluffed in a ravishing way, with here and there a glittering curl falling softly over her shoulder. The toilet, too, exactly what I like—ornate, fanciful, delicate in tint, suggesting ease, luxury, all the graceful perquisites of beauty rather than use. You know I hate—or rather used to hate—a woman who savors of every-day. Altogether the fair New Yorker beside her companion was like some dainty bird-of-paradise contrasted with a quiet domestic fowl. Though, when you came to look, the young lady from the Hub had a nice, bright little face enough; but then, you see, I didn't happen to look particularly just then.

As you've been up in that region, you know the beautiful road through the Pemigewasset Valley. It was splendid that day, the mountains standing out sharp and blue against a hot, dreamy sky, and a breeze all the way. I never enjoyed a ride more; but the driver said there was a storm in the air.

My plan had been to leave the stage at the entrance of the Notch, do the Flume and Pool, and follow on to the Profile House later in the day. I had about given it up on my own acted since seeing the fair Antoinette, but to my joy she and her father announced a like intention, and we agreed to form one party, and have a wagon sent for us in the afternoon. The stage, therefore, set us down on the piazza of the Flume House and rolled away, while we proceeded on our walk as sociably as possible, I carrying the beauty's shawl, and otherwise disporting myself like an old acquaintance.

We chatted and we scrambled, and partook of an impromptu lunch of doughnuts, and all went merry as a marriage bell, until, just as we were under the big boulder at the very top of the Flume, a sudden rumble of thunder broke the quiet, and we became aware of a dark cloud. Of course we started for shelter with all possible haste, but before we reached the road it was pouring in torrents, and by the time the house was gained we were wet to drowned rats. I never saw it rain so hard in *my life!* Drenched and dripping, we crowded into the hall, and lo and behold! there was another party quite as wet as we—twenty of them at least—who had been caught in the same way at the Pool.

You can imagine the charms of the situation in that rickety old structure. It has been burned down since you were there, and just rebuilt so far as to leave the second floor a rough loft, and the lower a collection of shapeless chicken-coops, partitioned off by laths. There were a few chairs, and a map of the White Mountains by way of adornment, and in the back regions a sort of kitchen, but nothing comfortable or comforting in the way of furniture, fire, or food. I assure you it was dismal enough, especially for the ladies.

And here it was that the lovely Antoinette ceased to be the heroine of the drama, and the mettle of my Boston girl began to show. I call her mine, observe, scorning disguises from this time forward, although up to this point I flatter myself I have brought you as cleverly along as any novelist of the day, and without giving the least hint of the dénouement. Yes, my beauty ceased just here to be beautiful. It was not the bedraggled forlornity of her dress—absurdly as it looked after its wetting—which disenchanted me, but the storm of vexation with which she viewed the ruin, the petulant, aggrieved mood produced by one common misfortune, the selfish helplessness of her whole attitude, the entire unconsciousness of other people's discomfort, and the way in which she snubbed and scolded her miserable and equally wet "pa." It was all his fault, she declared; he was always getting her into such scrapes; he ought to be ashamed of himself! The luckless old gentleman bore these reproaches with the stoicism peculiar to the American parent. "Now, Netty! now, Netty!" he said, feebly, once or twice; but when the tirade finally ended with a burst of tears, he succumbed utterly, clasped his hands behind his dispirited old back, and began to walk up and down the room in depressed silence. I assure you our hearts all ached for him.

Meantime, like the rose just washed in the shower, my peerless little Bostonian only shone the brighter for being rained upon. Before we guessed what she was at, back she came from somewhere with an armful of wood, and was down on her knees before the fire-place, coaxing it to burn. Then it was, "Netty, your boots are soaked; pull them off, dear."

But Netty pouted and refused. So her friend unlatched the shoes, unbuttoned them, and fairly put the sulky feet to dry in the glow of the fire. Next she found a chair for "pa," helped him off with his wet overcoat, and seated him comfortably. Then I saw her in a quiet way going about among the rest. A pleasant, cordial glow appeared in her manner which was not there before; she grew bright and easy while caring for others. Every one felt the charm; even the awkward country help seemed to move quicker when she spoke, brought tea, bread, milk, and buzzed and flew about her sunny looks as flies do at a warm window-pane when it rains.

Meantime the storm was getting to be something tremendous. I never heard any thing like the wind; trees were blown down, the crazy house shook and trembled, the Pemigewasset was reported rising, the bridges in danger, and all chance of getting away was evidently over for the night. Every one was frightened more or less, and only too glad of shelter, such as it was; so we proceeded to make ourselves comfortable as best we might be where comfort was none. The one carpeted floor was given up to the ladies. Miss Doubleday, rolled by her friend and anxious parent in every conceivable wrap, was deposited in a corner, from which from time to time plaintive whines became audible. Her long-suffering pa, perched on two legs of his chair, slept, finally snored. I didn't even try for slumber—being a wide-awake by nature—but lit a cigar, and amused myself with watching the dear little sprite from Boston as she flitted about, planning, contriving, settling people in good places, and taking care generally of every body—except herself. Something about her face and manner reminded me of my mother, Jack. You remember her, don't you? You saw her once.

Some time after midnight I lost sight of her for a while, and growing restless, I wandered out into the hall. There she sat on the staircase with a baby in her arms, and a tired-out woman sleeping beside her, with head in her lap. The baby was asleep too, luckily, for otherwise we shouldn't have had the talk we had. Boys, it was that talk did for me! It had been brewing all the evening, but somehow the things she said—not remarkable things, but wise and womanly and sweet, the sort of things a fellow wants his wife and sister to say—and the look of her eyes and the weary expression of her dear little face went right to my heart. Talk of balls and parties, indeed, as places for young people to get acquainted! Why, you might dance round dances with a girl year in and out, and never get so near, or find out what she really was half so well, as I did in that one night's vigil.

By morning I was over head and ears. Of course we went up together to the Profile, and equally of course I didn't leave her there, but followed on to Crawford's, the Glen, Conway, and finally here. It's only two days, however, since the actual dénouement took place, and Rose's mother says that was shamefully premature. But I don't know what a fellow is to do who has got to be back to his business by the 15th except be premature. Any way, Rose didn't think so, and the matter is all settled.

Boys, wait till you see her. Inveigh as much as you like over my defection; only see her, and I'll bet my head you'll "defect" yourselves on the next opportunity. I have told her all about you and our—well, *preposterous* association, and though it made her laugh a great deal, she's quite prepared to be the best of friends, if you meet her half-way. You should hear her laugh—just like little bells; and she's real Boston, I can tell you, and up to all the ologies, in spite of being so sweet and jolly.

Write, both of you, and say if I haven't made out my case. Yours ever,

FRED DELANO.

LETTER III.

JOHN BLODGETT TO RALPH DE WITT.

NEW YORK, September 12.

MY DEAR RALPH,—I have your letter, and by the same mail the inclosed effusion from Fred, written in the style of a gushing boarding-school miss. I reserve comment on either until some calmer moment, and content myself with hoping that your present raptures may last. As I have never concealed my sentiments on the subject, you will hardly expect congratulations from me. The sentimental was left out when nature put me together; I must endure the fact as well as I may, and solacing myself with the poor comfort of consistency, remain the sole surviving Gibraltar.

Of course your withdrawal is a blow, so far as my personal comfort goes. I've no idea of tying myself to the kite-tail of your loves; so when I return to town, a month from now, I shall break up our establishment and retire to other quarters. Meantime I am going to Sharon. Why Sharon? That I do not know exactly. Estabrook has come back from his vacation. I must go somewhere; and they say it is the dullest place on the continent, and all the people have gone away, which is exactly what my present mood relishes. Therefore, solo.

Thank your fair Quakeress for her message. I've had such before from my friends' wives—before they were married.

Yours truly, J. B.

LETTER IV.

MISS EDITH BARCLAY TO MRS. ASTOR.

SHARON, October 2.

CHÉRIE,—I have treated you shockingly of late as to writing, and so on; but you are going to forgive me, because I have a piece of news for you, and on my honor you are the first to whom I have told it, excepting me. Of course you are guessing already what it is, and are all ready to spell it out. "En-gage-ment." That's right, dear—perfect: go up to the head of the class!

Yes, I am engaged! Sharon has done it for me at last, so I am bound to speak well henceforward of the horrid place, though you know how I always hated it. I was enraged enough at having to come this year, for the Valentines had made up a yacht-party, with Eugene Astor and Emily Finch, and if Cousin Jake hadn't chosen to fall ill just at the wrong time, she couldn't come with me, as usual, and I should have gone with them. But, you see, we never know, so it's no use fussing when things go wrong.

I was so cross about it that when we first got here I made myself disagreeable to every one, left off crimps, and just lay on the bed most of the time reading novels and sulking. In fact, there was nobody in the house worth a crimp, the season was on its very last legs—and you know how horrid these second-rate little places become when that takes place.

Then Mr. Blodgett came. (Isn't it a horrid name? "John Blodgett"—so prim and prosy!) I didn't notice him at all at first, and he looked as offish as I felt; so we didn't get on, though, of course, he was introduced, and all that. But when he had been here about a week I got a letter from Jane Calhoun, telling me about her cousin Miss Ellis's engagement to a very nice Mr. Delano, whom they met this summer in the mountains.

"By-the-way," she wrote, "do you happen to know a Mr. Blodgett who is now at Sharon? If so, do tell us what he is like. We are dying to hear, for he is a great friend of Mr. Delano's, and he and Rose are in the greatest twitter to learn how he takes the news of their engagement. It seems that they, with one other young man, belong to a club called 'the Gibraltars'—so named because its members consider themselves impervious to female charms generally. Did you ever hear of such idiots? And the oldest of them is but thirty-two! That's Mr. Blodgett. He seems to be the leading spirit of the three, and though Fred laughs, Rose says she can see that he is quite nervous as to what he will say."

This passage made me look a little more curiously at Mr. Blodgett, and I began to think him "foeman worthy of my steel." He's really fine-looking, dear, and his air is not bad—*comme il faut*, if not exactly *distingué*. And then—which stimulated my pique—he didn't seem to care a pin to pursue my acquaintance. So, to make a long story short, I donned my armor and "went for that heathen Chinee," expecting a tough conflict. My dear, on the contrary, this famous Gibraltar proved as easy a fortress as I ever met. He melted like butter before my eyes! I had a presentiment that the "violet-primrose" tack would be a failure, so I didn't even attempt it, but took the *rôle* of *belle femme du monde* with right principles, and some latent religious feeling thrown in.

I should judge he had lived all his life with goody women, and was tired of their *fadeness*, so rapidly did he swallow my bait. Why, I didn't even bring up the heaviest artillery (you know what I mean), but just kept to the ordinary stage guns. My Gibraltar loved to talk, almost to the cynical, but was too soft-hearted to do it well. I met him gracefully on both tacks. In two days I had carried the out-works down to the last redoubt. A fortnight showed the very citadel in distress. Up to this time it was all play, of course; but just then I heard something which changed play to earnest. My dear, it is

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the Blodgetts, who came in for the great Dashrow estate! Think of that! Of course the game became serious. Finding him ripe for it, I just cut off supplies for forty-eight hours, and removed my forces to the castle next in order at the breakfast-table. Desperate at being no longer the object of attack, the garrison rose in revolt, flung down the impregnable draw-bridge, hung out red flags, white flags, all-colored flags, opened the portcullis, and cried for quarter. Of course I granted it, received the offered keys with the air of Queen Philippa at Calais, spared the lives of the principal inhabitants, and, mounted on a high horse, rode triumphantly into my city, and was received with high masses, pealing of bells, *feux de joie*, and installed thenceforward governess and most puissant lady-paramount over it and all its dependencies.

Two of these said dependencies I may say I dread—namely, the other members of the Gibraltar Club. It required all my influence and diplomacy to induce Mr. Blodgett to write them of our engagement. He evidently shrank from it, in the same singular manner; and yet, strange to say, both these fellow-idiots of his have done exactly what he has done—that is, fallen in love with girls they hadn't known a month. Why he should dread them I can't conceive; has he done; and till the mighty confession is replied to I do not feel my reign secure.

Adieu, carissima. We return on Wednesday, and plunge at once into shopping. My fortress demands that I shall establish permanent residence in January. Write speedily.

Tout à toi, Rosie.

P.S.—Two jubilant telegrams from Mr. Delano and Mr. De Witt. Hurrah! That's the last, I *hope*, of the Gibraltars.

SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

The geological expedition to the Rocky Mountain region under the charge of Dr. Hayden, to which we have already made brief allusion, according to the last accounts from it, had reached Fort Hall, Idaho, on the 18th of September. After completing the survey of the Yellow Stone Valley they left Fort Ellis on the 5th of September, passing down Gallatin Valley to the Three Forks, and thence by the Jefferson to its very source, exploring many of its branches, and pursuing a direction nearly parallel to that which the party had traversed in the June previous.

The valleys of the Gallatin, Madison and Jefferson forks of the Missouri, with all the little branches, were found occupied by industrious farmers and miners—a contrast quite striking to the doctor, who, twelve years ago, in exploring that same region, met with not a single white inhabitant.

The Rocky Mountain Divide was crossed at the head of Horse Plain Creek, from which the party passed over into Medicine Lodge Creek, following this down into the Snake River Plain. An interesting fact observed was the occurrence of two species of trout in great quantity in streams such as Medicine Lodge, Camas, and other creeks, all sinking into the plains after a course of from fifty to seventy-five miles. The trout appeared to be of the same two species in all, although the waters had no apparent connection.

The party expected to leave Fort Hall, and to proceed to Fort Bridger by way of Soda Springs, Bear Lake, and Evanston, and there to disband, the scientific party returning to the East.

An interesting work, entitled "Wanderings through Venezuela, along the Orinoco, through British Guiana, and along the Amazon, in the years 1849 to 1868, by Dr. Carl Appun," has just appeared in Germany—being details of adventures, abstracts of which have been published from time to time in *Ausland*. Few books of modern travel, with the exception, perhaps, of Professor Agassiz's work on Brazil, contain such a vast fund of information regarding the natural history and ethnology of the regions traversed, and its perusal will well repay the reader. Among other objects referred to by Dr. Appun is the *Mikania guaco*, a plant which has lately come into notoriety under the name of cundurango. This, he states, is gathered with great eagerness by the natives, as being a perfectly effective remedy against the bite of poisonous serpents. The plant is either dried, and a decoction prepared, or else digested, when still fresh, in strong alcohol, and given to the patient. The author, however, says that he has found better results in snake bites, in his own experience, with liquid muriate of ammonia, which is to be partly rubbed into the wound, and partly taken internally, in the proportion of one tea-spoonful diluted in each of water.

In a lately published number of the *Mittheilungen* Dr. Petermann gives an account of the exploring expedition of Rosenthal, of Bremen, into the Siberian Arctic Sea. This gentleman has been distinguished for some years past by his zeal in prosecuting a trading business in the high north, and for the extent to which he has connected with this inquiries into the natural history and physics of that region. The results obtained in Spitzbergen by Dr. Bessels in the voyage of one of his vessels (the *Albert*) are well known. During the past year he sent out the *Bremerhaven*, manned by Norwegian sailors, and under the command of the Norwegian Captain Melsaas, to prosecute the seal fishery in the north, an experiment attended with such success that, after a short absence, the vessel returned with 6000 seals. During the present year Herr Rosenthal chartered the *Germania*, the well-known German exploring ship, and has sent her out, under the command of Captain Melsaas and his party, accompanied by Messrs. Von Heuglin and Aagaard, with an outfit and provisions for fifteen months, and all the necessary astronomical and physical apparatus. The vessel is to proceed direct to Nova Zembla, passing the Strait of Matotshkin into the Kara Sea, so as to reach the mouth of the Obi, and there to establish a harbor and refuge for heavy weather. From this point operations were to be carried on as far as possible toward the northeast, so as to reach the northernmost cape of Asia, as well as the islands of New Siberia. In returning, the most northern portions of the mainland of Asia were to be visited, and as many landings made as possible, especially near the mouths of the Obi and Yenisei. Physical observations were to be made on an extended scale, and large collections of objects of natural history gathered. Even should only a portion of this plan be carried out, such as the exploration of the region about the mouths of the Obi and Yenisei, much good will have been accomplished. But it is not improbable that the entire programme will be completed.

The expedition left Bremen on the 29th of June, and proceeded first to Tönsberg, and thence to Tromsoe, from which point the latest advices, dated July 21, were transmitted. The expedition was to continue its voyage on the 23d of July, since which time no letters have been received.

We have already referred to the explorations which Messrs. Payer and Weyprecht were about to make to King Charles Land (Gillies Land), and to the east of Spitzbergen; and in a late number of Petermann's *Mittheilungen* we find further particulars of their enterprise. Subscriptions from various parties in Germany have been made to the amount of 6000 thalers, in addition to which instruments, ammunition, and weapons were supplied by the Austrian government and the Vienna Academy of Sciences. An entirely new vessel of suitable strength, of fifty-five tons burden, sixty feet long and fifteen broad, having six feet draught, cutter rigged, named the *Isbjørn* (or the *Polar Bear*), was chartered at Tromsoe for 1800 species thalers, including the pay of captain and crew of five men, in addition to which three experienced seamen were hired at twenty species thalers per month. The vessel was strengthened by a thin sheathing of iron reaching two feet above and two feet below the water-line. The total cost for the season for vessel and crew was to be about 2832 Prussian thalers, and it was to be completely ready for sea on the 15th of June.

According to Dr. Petermann, this expedition is first to attempt to penetrate into the polar sea northeast of North Cape, between Spitzbergen and Nova Zembla. It was in this direction that Dr. Emil Bessels, on the Rosenthal steamer *Albert*, found a temperature of 4.6° R. at a latitude of 76° 48', and longitude of 31° east; and it is probable that this warm current continues sufficiently far to the north to facilitate greatly the movements of these travelers.

Mr. Rutherfurd, of New York, our most eminent American amateur astronomer, and especially known for his magnificent photographs of celestial bodies, has lately presented to Mr. Brothers, the English astronomical photographer, three superb negatives of the moon—one representing her in the first quarter, one when full, and one in the third quarter; and it is proposed to publish these in a volume containing about one hundred pages of descriptive letter-press. The work will also contain a map of the moon as we see her, and a chart, on the stereographic projection, showing the true shape and the relative dimensions of all the chief lunar features. The letter-press, map, and stereographic chart will be prepared by Mr. Proctor; the photographs by Mr. Brothers. The work will be got out on a magnificent scale, and sold at a guinea and a half to subscribers.

A new manual of zoology, by Mr. L. R. Schmarda, of Vienna, is now in the press, and will probably be a work of considerable value. This gentleman is well known for many scientific publications, and more especially for one in three volumes upon the geographic distribution of animals.

The death of Dr. Müller, a well-known European cryptogamic botanist, has just been announced in the journals.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

It is a well-known historic fact that the ancient destruction of the forests of the Cevennes left large, rich tracts near the mouth of the Rhone exposed to violent northwest winds. Consequently the culture of the orange and olive became impossible in places where they were previously prolific. In Italy the clearing of the Apennines is believed to have seriously altered the climate of the valley of the Po, allowing hot, blighting winds to sweep over it. In France the removal of the old forests of the Vosges sensibly injured the climate of the plains of Alsace. The diminution of the rain-fall is a well-known consequence of the disappearance of forests. Therefore, looking beyond the immediate and dire misfortunes resulting from the forest fires which have devastated the West, it is painful to contemplate the change of climate which may follow in those sections, and the severe blow which the agricultural interests of the country may thereby receive. Hitherto the Western States and Territories have been subject to severe droughts from time to time; and if sweeping conflagrations destroy the forests, the deficiency in rain in different localities will probably be in proportion to the deficiency of timber. Moreover, those sections which have been noted for uniform and salubrious climate will necessarily lose their present reputation. Can nothing be done for the preservation of our forests?—nothing for the prevention of these sweeping fires, so destructive to the gains and hopes of the farmer?

Among great conflagrations of modern times, that known as the great fire of London, in September, 1666, has been pre-eminent. It lasted four days, 13,200 houses were destroyed, besides eighty-nine churches and many public buildings, 400 streets were laid waste, and 200,000 people rendered homeless and destitute. In 1842 about one-third of the city of Hamburg, Germany, was burned: the fire raged four days, destroying 1747 houses. New York has had her full share of great conflagrations. In 1776 no less than 600 buildings were consumed at one time; in December, 1835, on a bitterly cold night, 648 valuable buildings, mostly warehouses, were consumed; in September, 1839, over forty buildings were burned; and in July, 1845, some 300 stores and dwelling-houses in the lower part of the city were laid in ruins. Albany suffered from a great conflagration in 1848, at which some 600 buildings, with steamboats and piers, were destroyed. St. Louis had a great fire in May, 1849. In 1850 Philadelphia lost 400 buildings; and in 1865 a terrible conflagration occurred in the same city, originating among several thousand barrels of coal oil. A large portion of San Francisco (2500 buildings) was consumed in 1851. Pittsburg, Pennsylvania, lost 1100 buildings in April, 1845. About half the city of Charleston, South Carolina, was desolated by fire in 1838, 1158 buildings being destroyed. The great fire in Portland on July 4, 1866, is yet fresh in the memory of all; nearly half the city was laid in ruins. These are but a few of the greater fires among many great ones which have occurred in our country.

A Salem gentleman stood watching the immense audience which, at the close of one of the late meetings of the American Board in that city, poured out from Mechanic Hall. "I tell you," exclaimed he, turning to a friend, "there's a good deal of timber in the American Board!"

Two newspaper folders in the mailing-room of the Boston *Journal* recently engaged in a friendly competition in their business. The winner in the little game they played folded 1561 papers in one hour, there being four folds to each paper. The loser folded 1480 in the same time.

Twine becomes an important item of expense, when we consider that 10,000,000 yards were required to tie up the letters sent from the London Post-office to country places and year.

The young Duchess of St. Albans, whose recent death caused so much sadness among all who knew her, was a daughter of Queen Victoria's friend and private secretary, General Grey. She was greatly beloved by the Queen, who sent in for grave a wreath of immortelles, with the words, "A last tribute of love." The duchess was only twenty years of age, and possessed a singularly lovely character.

"Personals" in India journals are exceedingly interesting. For example: "We are very glad to learn that the marriage of Mr. Raghoonathdas Madhowdas, a Kapola Bania merchant of Bombay, with Dhunkoorbai, the daughter of Sait Gudhordas Mohundas, and the widow of Luchmichand Dhurumsey, was celebrated in Chinchpoogly."

Fishing in Aumsauggamauggeegauggauge Lake, in Oxford County, Maine, is reported as first-rate. We recommend those who desire to go there before starting to write the name of the place on a card. That can be shown when necessary, and thus avoid danger of accident to the organs of speech.

Chicago lawyers have suffered severely. Law libraries and law offices were mostly swept away in the conflagration. Papers respecting suits pending in the county courts, judgments, and indictments were lost, as also probably many, if not all, records of deeds and mortgages.

There are now five hundred Japanese in this country engaged in studying our language, our institutions, and our customs. Not long ago the minister from Japan made a statement at Yale College to the effect that the English language was universally used in all the new schools of the country, and that eventually, by the influence of the schools, most of the Japanese would use the English tongue.

Twenty marriage licenses were issued in the midst of all the destruction and misery of Chicago during the week following the fire.

Paul Konewka, whose exquisite silhouettes are so much admired, was in the habit of carrying about with him black paper and scissors, and, with these essentials, cutting out the likeness of whatever struck him, with marvelous quickness and dexterity.

The Cornell *Era* cynically inquires: "Suppose two Cornell students, dissatisfied with the Ithaca institution, should present themselves to Vassar and ask to be admitted to the lectures and recitations, to be permitted to occupy seats designed for the other sex, and to embarrass the belles of the classes at Vassar by their presence—what would be the result?"

Montreal showed itself to be earnest in contributing to the immediate relief of Chicago. Private citizens promptly forwarded their gifts of money to the treasurer of Chicago, and $10,000 worth of necessaries were despatched by them to the sufferers. A Montreal paper remarked, in connection with the great disaster: "With regard to the city in its corporate capacity contributing, say $50,000, it has been said to do this would be in violation of law. This is true; but charity is above law. The Legislature, which is soon to meet, would doubtless pass a short measure to legalize the appropriation; and the deed would scarcely fail to meet the approbation of the citizens generally."

"Ah!" exclaimed Brigham Young to a friend, on receiving ten boxes containing silk dresses and cashmere shawls for his thirty wives, "if you knew the cost of these goods you would not believe for a moment that I practiced polygamy as an earthly pleasure."

At the British Science Association at Edinburgh a paper was read on the "Importance of forming Provincial Museums," which might be connected with public libraries, and thus be useful to the common people. In connection with the discussion of this subject Miss Lydia Becker, a member of the School Board in Manchester, remarked that it had always seemed to her to be a matter of extreme importance to introduce such habits of observation as would follow from the introduction of natural science into elementary schools. She believed there was no portion of the population who were more likely to be interested in the matter than the children who attended these schools. They came there with their minds fresh and open to receive those impressions which were given in childhood, and they were very apt scholars. She thought it was of as much consequence to teach girls natural science as boys. With regard to the principles of physiology and the laws of health, the thought that if any difference was to be made between the sexes, the girls should be first considered in the matter, as so much of the health of the population depended on the intelligence of women in these matters.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

There was a deacon in New Hampshire by the name of Day, by trade a cooper. One Sunday he heard a number of boys in front of his house, and went to stop their Sabbath breaking. Assuming a grave countenance, he said to them, "Boys, do you know what day this is?" "Yes, Sir," replied one of the boys, "Deacon Day, the cooper!"

The lady of a mariner about to sail on a distant voyage sent a note to the clergyman of the parish expressing the following meaning: "A husband going to sea, his wife desires the prayers of the congregation." Unfortunately the good matron was not skilled in punctuation, and the minister quick view, He read the note as it was written: "A husband going to see his wife desires the prayers of the congregation."

A letter with the following poetical direction was received in a Missouri post-office not long since:

> "Carry me along said and sound,
> To Mary A. M—— I am bound,
> Missouri Valley, early or late,
> Harrison County, Iowa State."

What does a grocer do with all his things before he sells them?—Gives them a weigh.

An old Scottish woman, wishing to cross the River Forth, hesitated to enter the ferry-boat because a storm was brewing. The boatman asked if she would not trust in Providence. "Na, na," said she, "I will na trust in Providence as long as there is a bridge at Stirling."

The attention of two draymen was attracted to a peculiar chimney on a house in Virginia, and one asked a flaxen-haired urchin if it "drawed well." "Yes," replied the boy, "it draws the attention of all the fools that pass this road."

Caraman resemble Indian chiefs when they feather their scalls.

A man on the day he became one hundred years old went to have a pair of shoes made, remarking that he wanted them built substantial, with plenty of nails. The store-keeper suggested that he might not live to wear such a pair of shoes out, when the old gentleman retorted that he commenced this one hundred years a good deal stronger than he did ten years ago.

Did you ever see a vegetarian or a teetotaler in "good animal spirits?"

"Plaze, Sor," said an Irishman to a traveler, "would yez be so obliging as to take me [illegible] Boston wid ye?" "Yes," said the man in the wagon; "but how will you get it again?" "Oh, that's [illegible] [illegible]," said Pat, "for there I'll [illegible] [illegible]."

THE NATIONAL HAND OF FELLOWSHIP.

THE BURNING OF CHICAGO—RUSH OF FUGITIVES THROUGH THE POTTER'S FIELD TOWARD LINCOLN PARK.—From a Sketch by Theo. R. Davis.

HON. W. B. WASHBURN.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY WHIPPLE, BOSTON.]

HON. CORNELIUS WALSH.—[SEE PAGE 1051.]

HON. WILLIAM B. WASHBURN.

This gentleman, the nominee of the Republican party for Governor of Massachusetts, has a long and most honorable public record. He was born January 31, 1820, in Winchendon, Massachusetts. Left an orphan at an early age, his youth was one earnest, persistent struggle for an education and a livelihood. Fitting for college at the Groton Academy, he entered Yale in the year 1840, and was graduated with honor four years later. His inclinations were toward a professional life, but the force of circumstances led him into business and politics.

His advent to public life was in the year 1850, when he was sent to the State Senate. In 1854 he was a member of the House. In 1856 he joined the Republican party, then just organized, and has acted with it conscientiously and consistently ever since. In 1862 he was elected to

THE GREAT FIRE AT PESHTIGO.—FROM A SKETCH BY G. J. TOMALE.—[SEE PAGE 1051.]

Congress by the people of his district, and has been returned to his seat there every two years since then. In March, 1863, when he first took his seat in Congress, he was assigned to a place on the Committee on Invalid Pensions. In his second Congress (1865–67) he served upon the Committee on Claims, at that time one of the most important committees, and one requiring in its members much sagacity and prudence.

Mr. Washburn, of whom we give a portrait on page 1037, is a consistent Christian, an honest politician, an irreproachable man. He will carry into the gubernatorial seat—for his election is a foregone conclusion—the integrity and ability which have marked his career in Congress, and the quiet dignity and manliness which characterized his conduct during the stormy canvass which ended in his triumphant nomination.

An Error.—Many suppose The Phrenological Journal to be devoted exclusively to a specialty—Phrenology. To prove this an error, and that it is one of the most comprehensive, practical, and useful Magazines, it will be sent to any address, three months, the to CHANCE. Oct., Nov., and Dec. Nos. will be sent free to all who subscribe at once for 1872. Only $3 00 a year; with either of Harper's, $6 00. Address S. R. Wells, 389 Broadway, New York.—[Com.]

THE RUBY.

This beautiful stone, with its deep carmine tint, glowing like a coal of fire, is of the same family as the corundum. In hardness it resembles the diamond; it has a vitreous lustre, and, save the sapphire and diamond, no other stone can equal it in lustre. Size has much to do with its value; but color—the precise shade, what is called by experts "pigeon's-blood," a rich red, without blue or yellow—imparts to it the highest value among precious stones. The ruby, when absolutely perfect, equals the diamond in price, and the cost even increases in greater proportion with the size, always providing the stones are unexceptionable in color and without flaws. Large rubies are among the rarities of precious stones. Like the diamond, only rubies of the best grades find purchasers in the United States. Among the many magnificent jewels exhibited to us by Messrs. Starr & Marcus, of No. 22 John Street (up stairs), their collection of rubies, set and unset, particularly attracted our attention. Surrounded by brilliants, the rubies blazed conspicuously, and to the intrinsic merit of the stones was added all that the grace and elegance of the jeweler's art could impart to them.—[Com.]

EXAMPLE FOR THE LADIES.

Mrs. Elizabeth A. Monaghan, of Brooklyn, N. Y., has used her Wheeler & Wilson Machine since 1861. During the war she stitched forty blouses a day of eight hours, averaging about $16 a week; since then she has stitched from thirty to thirty-six linen coats a day. Last year, in three months, she stitched 1874 linen coats, earning $168 46, besides doing her own housework and tending her baby. She would use no other machine.—[Com.]

Pyle's O.K. Soap, Saleratus, and Cream-Tartar, first-class household articles that will speak for themselves on trial, sold by all first-class Grocers. James Pyle, Manufacturer, 350 Washington St., N. Y.—[Com.]

The Troy, N. Y., *Times* says the sprightly look of many of our older citizens is owing *solely* to the use of Hall's Vegetable Sicilian Hair Renewer.—[Com.]

Asthma.—"Whitcomb's Remedy very soon relieved me."—Rev. A. L. Barber, Wallingford, Conn.

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is the best medical compound yet placed before the public for renovating and purifying the blood, eradicating all humors, impurities, or poisonous secretions from the system, invigorating and strengthening the system debilitated by disease; in fact, it is, as many have called it,

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From cool Chocorua stealing;
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Our pines are trees of healing."
JOHN G. WHITTIER.

The editor of the Manchester Daily and Weekly Mirror, in an editorial in the Daily, thus speaks of the Compound:

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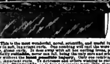

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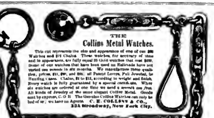

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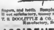

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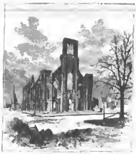

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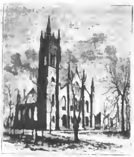

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will interest every friend of free popular education. Mr. Nast *contributes one of his most telling Cartoons. The* "Voyage of Mirrors;" *a spirited Poem by* Paul H. Hayne; *the continuation of* Lever's *admirable Novel,* "Lord Kilgobbin;" *two excellent comic illustrations by* Nast, *and other attractive features, make up a Supplement of unrivaled interest.*

"THE COALITION, AY, THE COALITION!"

THE political situation in the country is silently changing, and it deserves the most careful attention. Earlier in the year the Democratic party hoped by the natural reaction consequent upon the formal restoration of the Union, by denunciations of the alarming centralization of the government, and suggestions, like those in the St. Louis *Republican*, that the Republicans would sustain General Grant in the most despotic measures, and by the most incessant and malicious personal attacks upon the President, to carry the election of 1872. The Democratic party hoped, also, that the elections of this year, which, as the third year of an administration, is always its weakest, would show a serious decline in the Republican party; that it would be clear that none of the late rebel States could be carried for the administration, and that the vote of New York would certainly decide the election. To make sure of what they hope foretold, the Northern Democratic leaders proposed that the claws of the party should be sheathed in a soft fur of phrases, and they devised the New Departure.

But as the year ends it becomes plain that the Democratic party has no probable chance of success; that all its plans have failed, and that all its hopes are frustrated. The elections have shown increasing strength for the Republicans. The Southern States can not be considered united in opposition. The appalling Tammany frauds, committed by the absolute dictators of the Democratic party in New York, and by the fruits of which they had hoped to secure that State, have aroused the wrath of the whole country; while the New Departure has resulted in a mere party schism, being so scornfully and sincerely rejected by the Bourbon element, which is the logical and controlling force of the party, as it is evasively and apologetically sustained by those who profess to accept it. The Democratic argument against centralization and consolidation has failed before two considerations which satisfy the country—the virtual anarchy which unquestionably prevails in many parts of the Southern States, and the trusted personal character of the President. The Democratic promise of greater purity and economy of administration disappears in the yawning gulf of the Tammany deficiencies, while the success of the party would be, in the popular judgment, and truly, the victory of the Ku-Klux, the actual triumph of the spirit of the rebellion.

The year ends, therefore, with the conviction that the Democratic party as now organized can not elect a President, and, should it be defeated, must necessarily suffer an organic change. To save itself, the party must undertake a new combination, and appeal to the country upon entirely new grounds. This is its present policy, and it should be distinctly understood. The country being really divided between the two parties, and the Democratic party not being of itself strong enough to carry the election, in what way can it unite with Republicans enough to turn the scale? That is the question. There are, as is known, various groups of Republicans who are strenuously opposed to the renomination of the President. But the elections seem to place the renomination beyond question. These groups will, therefore, be restless and dissatisfied. Can they be approached? Mr. Sumner and his friends, Mr. Schurz and his friends, the Ohio group, and all those who look with doubt upon certain tendencies of Republican legislation, and who, as the Democrats suppose, despair of specific reforms under President Grant—can these be combined into a common opposition?

The Democratic chiefs hope so, and they look to Missouri for the dawn. General Blair, who was for summary measures with the Southern Legislatures in 1868, has made a speech at Montgomery, which is "a feeler." He asks why the Democratic party should not "accept" a candidate who is sound upon certain points which his Republican colleague, Mr. Schurz, has declared to be vital and paramount. Simultaneously with his speech the St. Louis *Republican*, the Democratic paper of the State, says that "with a liberal and patriotic Republican made President," and a majority of "liberals and Democrats" in Congress, although the result would not be "a full Democratic triumph," yet it would be an "inestimable improvement on the present order of things." Mr. Montgomery Blair loudly cries "Amen." The New York *World* also—always a leader of the new Democratic fashions—quotes a platform which Mr. Schurz laid down at Louisville, asking how it differs essentially from the latest Democratic declarations, and another paper, quoting Mr. Groesbeck, of Cincinnati, asks how his views differ from those of Mr. Schurz. Meanwhile it is proposed in other quarters, also, that the Democratic party refrain from a nomination, with the understanding that the liberal Republicans will suggest a candidate and a platform upon which all the opponents of the renominated President can unite.

Here are the materials of a powerful coalition, if there were the organizing mind. That, however, as the experience of the last few years shows, is not to be found in the Democratic party. On the other side, Mr. Schurz is more interested in the principles than in the organization of a coalition, Mr. Sumner would hesitate to leave the great body of his old friends, and the Ohio gentlemen have made no sign of their willingness to secede into the Democratic ranks under the name of a new party. Meanwhile time presses. Whatever is done, if it would be as effective as possible, must be done this winter. The only organization at hand is the Democratic, and its action would not be ratified by the Republican element of a new movement. Yet we see no indication of any other organization arising, and the difficulties of a coalition are evidently many and depressing. Its possibility, however, and its elements are well worthy consideration.

Let us suppose the discontent of certain Republicans to be well founded. Let us suppose that they reasonably chide the Republican party for lagging in reforms which are imperative, and in relying upon achievements already accomplished. Let us assume that these Republicans—as we have no reason to doubt—sincerely wish that the rights of every citizen should be protected, that law and order should be maintained, that an efficient system of education should be established, that the civil service system should be radically reformed, that a profound faith in free institutions and a constitutional government should be encouraged—the simple question for them and for all of us who wish the same great and beneficent results is, what is the promise of all this in a coalition such as is suggested? Would such a combination secure it all more surely than the Republican party?

The question is answered by looking at the elements of the proposed coalition in detail. The first element is the Democratic party, its traditions, its purposes, its spirit, its leaders, and its rank and file. It is grouped in two divisions—the Southern, or Bourbon Democracy, and its Northern, or New Departure. It includes Toombs, Stephens, and their followers, with their party opponents, and Tweed, Tammany, and the anti-Tammany Democrats. It embraces substantially all who were rebels and have acquiesced, and all who were rebels and who at heart still are so; all the Copperheads of '63 and '64, and all who were in favor of the war and opposed to carrying it on. It includes the class who hate the government, who hold to paramount allegiance to the State, who hunt and harass the colored race, who compose the Ku-Klux, who perpetuate anarchy, who are indifferent to education, who pander to priestcraft and the ignorance of the resident foreign immigrants, and who are strongest in the centres of the worst population. That is one element of a possible coalition; and the other is the Republicans who think their party too slow in great reforms, or inclined to dangerous centralization.

Yet the first element would certainly be nineteen-twentieths of a new party springing from a coalition. Is it with such allies that any reasonable man believes that the battle of respect for equal rights, of larger liberty, of increasing intelligence, and of American civilization is to be won? Does any one suppose that in such a combination the one-twentieth in numbers would control? Assume that it began with an ex-Republican as its candidate. That would be merely the price paid by the Democratic party for aid in recovering power. The coalition would be the organized Democratic party which we know and have known, plus certain discontented Republicans. For the elections show that the movement in the Republican ranks would be the desertion of a company, not the disintegration of an army. On the other hand, the Democrats would join without a straggler. *Non tali auxilio!* Not so is the fight of Republican progress to be fought.

If that is to be advanced by a new coalition, it must be a combination which would draw only the best men from the Democracy, and leave the party organization intact. It must be a coalition like that between the Free-soil Democrats and the conscience Whigs. It must be a coalition against the tendencies and repulsive to the leaders of the Democratic party. Would a combination suggested by Douglas and accepted by Toombs, and involving the aid of the whole Democratic party, have been productive of any other liberty and peace in this country than the peace of death? Will a coalition now, which General Blair suggests in Montgomery, in which the Bourbons acquiesce, and which contemplates the united action of the whole Democratic party, give us peace, security, and progress? To ask the question is to answer it. And no one sees it more plainly than Mr. Schurz. He knows that the Democratic party, as such, can not be trusted. He says so frankly. But the Democratic managers do not wish a new party. They wish disaffected Republicans to come to them. They hope that fine words will serve their turn. They would like to pull out the chestnuts with Republican paws. The simple question of the coalition, therefore, is, shall the Republicans who wish for surer securities of liberty and progress than they think their party offers help the Democrats to obtain control of the government?

UNTO THE BREACH!

The contest in New York is that of the whole country. It involves a great deal more than the punishment of individual swindlers, and the recovery of more or less money. The question is whether free institutions can rescue themselves from corruption without a struggle of force. And, if it be possible, if the utmost power of corruption can be baffled peacefully and legally, it will be the noblest vindication of the popular system in history. The quality of our government was never fairly tried in one way until the Rebellion; it is now tried in another by the contest in New York. The swindlers who have mastered the city are skillful and shrewd. They have counted upon ignorance as their great ally. Their theory has been that the poorest and most numerous class pay no taxes, and have no friendship for those who are rich enough to pay them. The swindlers have propitiated this class by flattering them as especially the people, and by ostentatiously giving money. Last year Tweed was said to have given fifty thousand dollars for charitable purposes. Just now he has advanced twenty thousand to pay the small pipe men in the Croton works. The swindlers say to the workmen, whose money they have stolen, that all laborers were regularly paid until the "reform" began, and thus, like all demagogues in every age, they surround their crimes with the sympathy of the ignorant, and rely in the last extremity upon their power to array one class against another.

That such a position is strong is undeniable. But it threatens the essential conditions of free popular government. It substitutes fraud for the will of the people. It depends upon ignorance and passion. It corrodes the very foundations of our system. Therefore the contest with it, like that with slavery, is more important than party issues alone. Party, now as then, is concerned only as it relates to the struggle. As in the rebellion, the question is not of the administration of government, but of its existence. There is no government in the city and State of New York, if the swindlers succeed, but the will of a gang of thieves. No personal right, no property, nothing is secure under such a mastery. The amendments to the code which the Ring sought secretly to procure last spring, and which, discovered by chance, were baffled by the indignant demand upon the Governor not to sign the bill—a demand with which he complied—was an effort to silence the press which exposed the Tammany designs upon liberty and property. The Mayor's conduct at the time of the Orange procession was the surrender of the fundamental right of peaceful assembly and free speech to the menace of an ignorant and passionate mob. And while the Tammany Ring was crushing the rights of the people with one hand, it was stealing their money with the other.

It is with this powerful and organized and desperate corruption that the people are about to close in a contest at the ballot-box. The Ring will exhaust every effort to repeat and stuff and count falsely. Its success in destruction of the box, should the result seem to declare against Tammany, will depend wholly upon what it believes to be its chance of success. It would no more hesitate at a riot than at a theft. And the contest, although its most acrimonious point is in the city, really extends through the State. Even should the Ring carry the city, it may be defeated in the State. Let the people rally, therefore, as they did ten years ago when Sumter fell. Let it be understood that rights and principles as precious are now in danger. Let us elect a Legislature which will repeal the Tammany charter and replace it with one which is not framed by thieves to make stealing easy. It is the cause of all men who believe that honesty is the only security of good government. And those men are the majority. Forward, then, and God speed the right!

FREE SPEECH AND MOBS.

The telegraph reports "mobbing a minister" at Scranton, in Pennsylvania, and a Republican paper speaks of the event as a fool rewarded according to his folly. The facts are these. A. P. Devlin, a person of whom we know nothing whatever, came to Scranton and hired a hall in which to declare his views of the Roman Catholic Church. It was understood that he would speak strongly against it, and there were such loud threats of the mischief that would follow if he did that the proprietor of the hall refused to open it. Devlin then attempted to speak in the street, and upon beginning to denounce the Roman Catholic Church he was assaulted by the mob, which threatened his life, and pursued him as he attempted to escape under the protection of the police, stoning him as he went, and, as the report says, dangerously wounding him.

This is becoming a very common occurrence. Within the last two or three years speakers offensive to the Roman Catholics have been mobbed by them, as if their opinions were sacred, and not to be criticised but at personal peril. Now, as the very first and fundamental right of an American citizen is free speech, it is quite time that those who are of the Roman Catholic persuasion should be made to understand it as well as those who are not. Mr. Devlin's opinions may be very unsound in the judgment of those who differ with him, and his remarks very offensive and untrue. But if he announces that he is to state them publicly, and hires a hall for that purpose, and states them in any form of rhetoric that he chooses, it is nobody's business but his own and that of the owner of the hall; and those who do not agree with him, or who do not wish to hear him, may stay away. There are a great many Trinitarian preachers who constantly declare that Unitarianism is no better than infidelity. But that does not justify Unitarians in breaking Trinitarian heads. And the Roman Catholic Church asserts that it is the only true Church, and that Protestants are heretics. But Protestants may not, for that reason, torture them with thumb-screws, nor burn them at the stake, nor in any manner disturb their meetings. And if any body wishes to say in public that the Pope of Rome is no more infallible than other people, he has a perfect right to say so in any way that he chooses; and if any body tries by force to silence him, the government exists to protect him.

To say that a man who is mobbed even for the most violent expression of opinion is a fool punished according to his folly, is to surrender the citadel of American liberty. For who is to judge? In all political and religious meetings of every kind we have all heard the most foolish sentiments uttered in phrases of the most fiery extravagance. But in defending such expressions the government defends the essential condition of human progress, which is free speech. Where there is free speech there will often be foolish speech. But the assumption of a mob to stifle any speech whatever is the worst kind of despotism, to be resisted and overthrown at all hazards.

The shameful surrender of the most precious rights of American citizens by Oakey Hall, the Mayor of New York, to the menace of a Roman Catholic mob last summer is naturally followed by such events as the mobbing of Devlin. The people who engage in mobs are not generally readers of newspapers, and have no knowledge of the principles of liberty. Recently, also, in the cases that have attracted public attention, they have been chiefly Roman Catholics; and it is therefore a peculiar duty of the priests of that denomination to impress upon their congregations the truth that under the American government Devlin has the same right to say in any manner he prefers what

he thinks of Roman Catholics that they have to say what they think of Protestants and Jews.

UNION IS STRENGTH.

If the Tammany Ring had been able to direct the political movements of the reform party to such a manner as to insure a Tammany triumph, it would have divided the opposition. This is the most familiar and obvious policy of an enemy. Divide and smite in detail. That is the Tammany order of the day; and at this moment it seems doubtful whether the reform party comprehends the situation. It is, however, very simple and very evident. Tammany unites upon certain candidates. Its line is unbroken. Its forces are perfectly in hand. There is no doubt in any mind (so-called) of any Tammany voter how he shall vote. The plain duty of the reform party, Republicans, Democrats, and every division within those parties, is to unite upon certain candidates, and oppose an equally unbroken front to the enemy.

Now perfect magnanimity is not always to be expected in politics. If Tammany is to be defeated, it must be by an alliance of honest Republicans and honest Democrats. Neither could win alone. This fact was recognized by the reform Democracy in nominating the Republican General SIGEL for Register, and this should be satisfactory. Exactly to balance unknown quantities was impossible; and we hope the effort will not be made. If there are two honest candidates for the Legislature of different parties in any district, the more glory be him, Republican or Democrat, who withdraws in favor of the other. In the effort to adjust the claims of each side precisely the battle may be lost. Tammany asks nothing better in every district than two honest party candidates against the single agent of the Ring. Let the enemy teach those who mean reform. We agree that where the Republican element is strongest it ought to prevail in the choice of a candidate, and that we must not forget the election of United States Senator, in which the State Senate now to be elected will take part. But we are not in the habit of counting upon Republican Senators from the city, and should there be the double honest nomination of which we speak in any district, let no Republican insist that it be divided. This, here and now, is the true policy. What may happen we do not know. "My advice was good," said PHOCION, "although we were beaten."

LOOK OUT FOR LEAKS!

In the contest with Tammany, which is the struggle of honesty with knavery, it should not be surprising that some who were trusted to be true to the end should be bought off. In every war there are traitors. The power of Tammany has been so firmly intrenched, it has obtained such absolute control of every department of the city government, the favor has been deemed so indispensable by every political aspirant in the city, that its prestige is enormous, and its overthrow not to be accomplished by the most powerful blasts upon [illegible] cause horns. Nothing but battering-rams can bring it down. The exposure of a rascality which was universally understood, although the proof had been wanting, leaves untouched the basis of the power of the Ring, which is the support of those who do not read newspapers, and who believe only what they wish to believe. The better part of the Democratic party in the city has always been overborne by this element. The Ring conquered because of its dependence upon this class, and the whole party machinery was in its hands.

Now there are a great many persons who believe that in a struggle between honest men and knaves the knaves will always win. And as the knaves know this disposition of mind, they profit by it, and at the proper time offer the bribe which brings the [illegible] to the side which he believes will win. However, the tendency of political life is to persuade people that the ordinary laws of morality and honor are not binding in politics, so that a man sells himself as openly as a piece of meat is sold in the market, and yet supposes that, somehow, he is not dishonored. Again, the same tendency leads him to hold out for a higher price; and he is a zealous reformer until he is offered the sum upon which he has set his heart, and then he becomes rich and disreputable at the same moment. This is a familiar truth in politics, and it is this which put the sting into Dr. JOHNSON's definition of a patriot.

It should not surprise anybody, therefore, that we have seen the Tammany Ring buy up certain [illegible] and [illegible] defections. But it would be a great pity that any one should be depressed in consequence, or suppose that virtue has been corrupted. There is just as much honesty as there was before; but the fair face has been torn off dishonesty. That is all. The honest side is all the stronger when its false allies have withdrawn. TWEED's good-natured contempt for principle, which he supposes to be cant and affectation, is, of course, strengthened by such defection; but, on the other hand, they rouse the public to a truer perception of the threatening situation, and confirm the resolution that it shall be changed. It shows, also, that in such movements nothing really counts but character. Knaves will not overthrow knavery. If, therefore, we can not have men of character as representatives of a reform movement, the effort will be futile. To say that we must not look too curiously at motives is to say that we must not look too curiously at a vessel in which we propose to embark. Those who are careless whether they go to the bottom or not may act upon that principle; but sensible men will inspect the vessel.

Besides, defections in one point are not a breach of the whole line. In the contest with Tammany there are two points to gain. They are the legal conviction of the Ring, and its political defeat. Neither of these is seriously affected by the bribery of certain men. And even if the legal conviction be impossible, the political defeat is a more radical remedy of the evil. But a political defeat of the Ring is not merely the election of a Republican Legislature; it is the election of an honest Legislature. There are venal Republicans, as we have all learned to our cost. There are Republican candidates already nominated for the Senate and for the Assembly whom the Ring would very gladly see elected. The duty of every honest man is to vote in such a manner that the honest candidate for the Legislature shall be elected. If both are honest, each honest voter will vote for his party candidate; if not, he will vote against him.

LEGISLATIVE PURITY.

BY THURLOW WEED.

WHAT WAS DONE TO PRESERVE THE PURITY OF LEGISLATION IN 1802.

In 1802, JASPER WARD, a Senator from the county of Westchester, was charged with having been bribed to vote for a bank charter. A committee of investigation was appointed. At the conclusion of the investigation several of General WARD's colleagues, believing that the testimony against him did not call for his expulsion, avowed their readiness to sustain him; but they at the same time said to General WARD that their efforts would be wholly unavailing if the chairman of the committee (WILLIAM WHITNEY) should report against him. General WARD, therefore, made a strong appeal to Mr. WHITNEY, his personal and political friend. Mr. WHITNEY, after listening attentively to all the accused Senator could say, remarked that he had carefully examined and weighed the testimony in all its aspects and bearings, anxiously hoping to reach a conclusion in which his sense of public duty would not conflict with his personal feelings. He added that were he sitting as a judge or juror in that case, the testimony would be insufficient to justify a verdict of guilty; but that there was a wide difference between legislative and judicial [illegible]; and that in his judgment the facts and circumstances proven affected the character of the accused so unfavorably as to require the Senate, in vindication of its dignity and purity, to adopt the resolution which he should submit on the following morning, unless General WARD's resignation was received before that order of business was reached. That resolution (which was handed to General WARD), it is scarcely necessary to say, was in favor of his expulsion from the Senate. Nor is it necessary to add that General WARD's resignation will be found recorded on the journal of the Senate.

WHAT WAS NOT DONE TO PRESERVE THE PURITY OF LEGISLATION IN 1868.

In 1868, the charges of bribery and corruption against ABRAM C. WAKEMAN, of Orange, were so rife that a committee of investigation became indispensable. Mr. HALE, of Essex, was its chairman. The testimony, when reported to the Senate, proved unquestionably and overwhelmingly that the accused was shamelessly and repeatedly guilty. This, in effect, if not in express language, was admitted by the committee in their report; and yet no expulsion was recommended by the committee, and no action taken by the Senate. The accused Senator, who sold his vote as often as he could find a purchaser, was permitted to occupy his seat in a now disgraced Senate until the expiration of his term!

The progress of bribery and corruption since 1868 has been fearfully rapid. During the last ten years the traffic in votes has been open, shameless, and almost universal. [illegible] calling for the appointment of committees of investigation have been offered and adopted as deliberate arrows against wealthy corporations. The Legislature since 1868 has been in the condition of a patient whose stomach is too weak to throw off [illegible] which are [illegible] and corrupting the whole body. Every thing, therefore, depends upon the result of the present election. If honest men enough to expose and punish legislative bribers and municipal robbers are chosen to the next Legislature, we may look for a salutary reform. Otherwise, the cloud which lowers over our plundered city will darken the whole State.

The only possible chance of success in this city depends upon the wisdom and patriotism of Republicans. If our political friends, in their organizations and as individual Republicans, seeking nothing for themselves, act cordially with the tax payers and reform Democrats, enough can be secured to save the city. And while such a course will be magnanimous and creditable, it costs really nothing; for there is not a Republican in the whole city, of ordinary intelligence, who does not know that, as elections have been and are conducted, there is not the ghost of a chance for any one Republican, nominated and running as a Republican candidate, to be elected.

PERSONAL.

THE return of Mr. GEORGE W. CHILDS from Europe has been made the subject of many pleasant paragraphs from gentlemen of the press, who know and appreciate not merely his talent as the manager of a powerful journal, but his proverbial and large-hearted generosity. Mr. CHILDS is one of those exceptional persons who is really in a state of unrest unless doing something to promote the interests and comfort of those about him, or in helping on some scheme of general benevolence. Such men are or go unappreciated. During his recent visit abroad Mr. CHILDS was the recipient of especial courtesies from those in the very front of the intellectual and social life of England, particularly from Mr. JOHN WALTER, proprietor of the London *Times*, from the Duke and Duchess of Buckingham, and from others equally notable in the literary, social, and scientific world. Yet the heartiest welcome of all was from the editorial profession of his own country on his return, and from the writers and workers on his journal, whose affection and enthusiasm for their chief really know no bounds.

—The Rev. Dr. THOMPSON, who for a quarter of a century has been known, and honorably known, as pastor of "the Tabernacle" Presbyterian church of this city, and who has won fame not more in the pulpit than in authorship, and who is known as one of the closest students and ripest scholars of the country, has resigned his pastoral charge, from physical inability, and proposes hereafter, in retirement, to devote himself to the study of Egyptology, for which purpose he will soon leave for Germany and Egypt. A pleasant incident in connection with his resignation was the action taken by the trustees of the Tabernacle, who presented him, from the funds of the church and private subscriptions, the sum of $[illegible]—an instance of personal regard and liberality without a parallel in the history of any church in this country, if not in the world.

—The newspaper men of Chicago have exhibited the proverbial courage and enterprise of their order since the great fire. On the Sunday morning following the calamity Mr. ALFRED COWLES, publisher of the *Tribune*, arrived in the city from New York, [illegible]. When he and Mr. MEDILL they embraced. "Joe," said COWLES, "how long will it take us to get the town back?" "From five to ten years will, I think, see every thing in order as it was," said MEDILL. "We shall have $[illegible] of insurance money; our railways [illegible] here have invested in our fortunes [illegible] [illegible] nature and geography are with us, we have enough brick left to begin a good deal of it, and we shall have [illegible] [illegible]." This from a man who threw his arm [illegible].

—JOHN BRIGHT is at last to go through with the ceremonial [illegible] most prominent men [illegible]. Mr. BRIGHT is one of the very few politicians of England for whom the people, not the [illegible], have a solid and enduring respect. He has always been consistent, honest, patriotic, [illegible] of his business [illegible], and [illegible] the [illegible] of the nobility, who [illegible] their order, are obstructers of [illegible] progress, and, as a general thing, [illegible].

—The Rev. Dr. MCCOSH, president of Princeton College, following out the idea so [illegible] advocated on these [illegible], has expressed the opinion that the competitive examination applied to the filling of government offices would not only result in better public servants, but contribute materially to the cause of higher education in academies and colleges.

—General W. [illegible], of Philadelphia, is the one [illegible] in the world who [illegible] capable of grinding one million five hundred thousand bushels of grain a year, or twelve hundred barrels a day.

—The Hon. THOMAS EWING, who died in Ohio on October 26, at the advanced age of eighty-eight, first entered political life in 1830 as United States Senator from Ohio, and remained in the Senate until 1837. He was a member of President HARRISON's cabinet, as Secretary of the Treasury, in 1841. Under the administration of President TAYLOR, in 1849, he took charge of the new Department of the Interior, but in 1850 he again entered the Senate, and remained until 1851, when he retired from active political life. He was a delegate to the "Peace Congress" of 1861, and a delegate to the Philadelphia National Union Convention, but took no part in the present era.

—Mr. HENRY [illegible] died recently in Australia. He is supposed to have been a son of HENRY [illegible], a London banker, who [illegible] on the 30th of November, 1824, and was the [illegible] capital [illegible] in Great Britain for forgery, the forgeries exceeded in magnitude any that up to that time had been committed in Christendom.

—Mr. WILLIAM M. EVARTS, late Attorney-General of the United States, has recently visited England, where he was the recipient of marked attentions from the bench and bar. A London paper says that he likes London so well that he is seriously considering the subject of opening a branch law office in that city in connection with his New York firm, adding London to the field of practice.

—It has been said that the trouble between Secretary FISH and Minister CATACAZY was the result of some social misunderstanding, together with impertinence in reference to some business claim. There is good reason to suppose that the real cause of Mr. CATACAZY's recall is because of his alleged interference at the time the Joint High Commission was considering and framing the treaty, when, it is stated, the Russian minister inspired and procured the publication of articles to operate against the treaty. It is also charged that he betrayed state secrets, which were communicated to him in an official character, and did all in his power to embarrass the efforts for peace between Great Britain and the United States.

—Mr. JEFFERSON DAVIS has made Baltimore his residence. A few evenings since he appeared on the stage of Concordia Hall, in company with Mr. REVERDY JOHNSON, to listen to WADE HAMPTON's lecture on the life and character of ROBERT E. LEE. The lecture was a glowing eulogy of the Confederate chief, in which he was pronounced superior to NAPOLEON, WELLINGTON, and all other generals of modern times. He asserted that "LEE never had more than 40,000 men, and never lost a battle, and the nearest he ever came to it was at Gettysburg, which was a drawn battle," and much more to the same effect, which was received with applause.

—General SHERIDAN has greatly endeared himself to the people of Chicago by the courage, common-sense, and simplicity of his conduct during their late ordeal. He did more to restore the public peace, reassure public confidence, and drive from the city the horde of thieves and scoundrels that flocked to it from the East and West than did all other men in authority. He positively refused to proclaim martial law, and never for a moment placed the military power in the city above the civil. He initiated the blowing up of buildings to check the flames, and in many instances carried the powder and set the fuse himself.

—Mr. CHARLES NORDHOFF appears in the *North American Review*, just issued, as the author of an article making suggestions for reform in the government of this city. He thinks this might be accomplished by a charter giving us a mayor elected by the people for a short term, appointing all subordinates, including controller, but for his own term of office only, and being directly responsible for their good conduct; a one-house Legislature of at least a hundred members, who should pass only general laws, and have no administrative or executive functions, but who should hold the purse-strings; and a life judiciary.

—Professor AGASSIZ professes to be clearly of the opinion that Maine was the first formed land of the New World, that there the solid land first appeared, and there the "Laurentian Hills" stood above the waters, and first showed to the world a rising continent.

—Among all the touching incidents connected with the calamity at Chicago, not one exceeds in sadness that which was related by the Rev. Dr. THOMPSON, who was in attendance upon the General Convention of the Episcopal Church at Baltimore. On the morning after the fire Dr. THOMPSON arose and asked the Convention to excuse his further presence at its sessions. Duty called him to Chicago. *Not only his own church and parsonage in that city, but the residence of every member of his parish had been consumed by the fire.* History affords no other instance of a church and every member of it having been rendered houseless and homeless in a single night.

—Mr. BARLOW, the eminent mathematician, recently deceased in London at the age of ninety-one, was the author of "Logarithmic Tables from 1 to 100,000" and other scientific works, nearly all of which were composed and published before he was forty years of age.

—One of those very aged men who connect the past with the present—Mr. JAMES M[illegible]—has just died in Cincinnati, at the age of eighty-three. He came to the place where Cincinnati now stands, with his father, from Scotland in 1790. That city of 225,000 inhabitants has grown up under his eye. He was the contemporary of the ST. CLAIRS, the [illegible], the HARRISONS, and the LONGWORTHS.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

The cutting out of the schooner *Horton* from a Nova Scotia port [illegible] [illegible] capital as a [illegible]. The Secretary of the Treasury has declined to [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]. The London [illegible] an impartial commission to settle the international question [illegible] out of the affair.

The [illegible] of the United States and [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]. The [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible].

President Grant has appointed Thursday, November 30, as a day of National Thanksgiving.

[illegible] the 30th day of November as a day of Thanksgiving.

Twenty-five hundred women of Utah have petitioned the President in favor of [illegible]. [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible].

[illegible] Anderson, of Fort Sumter fame, died at Nice, France, on the 26th of October. His remains will be brought home by the Government.

FOREIGN NEWS.

The reorganization of the Russian army lately ordered by the Czar, [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible].

The ex-Emperor Napoleon has declared that the [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] and thinks the French people should settle the government question by [illegible].

Sir [illegible] Murchison, the distinguished President of the Royal Geographical Society of England, died at London October 22, aged seventy-nine years.

The Russian Senate has passed the [illegible] bill by a large majority, and the order is to take effect immediately.

A statement was recently made in the Spanish Cortes announcing that the [illegible] the past year had been [illegible], and that the [illegible] deficit for the year would amount to about $[illegible].

The Pope has agreed to accept the bishops appointed by the King of Italy, but will not acknowledge Dollinger in any of his [illegible].

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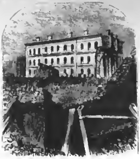
WHERE THE FIRE BEGAN.



POST-OFFICE AND CUSTOM-HOUSE.

CHAMBER OF COMMERCE AND COURT-HOUSE.

CROSBY'S DISTILLERY.

MASONIC TEMPLE, DEARBORN STREET.

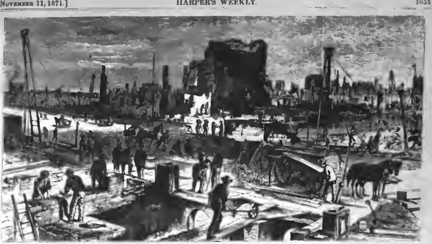
LAND-OFFICE, ILLINOIS CENTRAL R.R.

FIRST NATIONAL BANK.

REPUBLIC LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY.

IN THE TRACK OF THE CONFLAGRATION.—PHOTOGRAPHED BY THOMAS T. SWEENEY, CLEVELAND, OHIO.—[SEE PAGE 1056.]

THE WEST SIDE RINK, CHICAGO—GENERAL DÉPÔT OF SUPPLIES FOR THE SUFFERERS BY THE FIRE.—FROM A SKETCH BY T. R. DAVIS.—[SEE PAGE 1058.]



REBUILDING CHICAGO—VIEW AT THE CORNER OF LAKE AND LA SALLE STREETS, LOOKING TOWARD THE LAKE.
FROM A SKETCH BY THEO. R. DAVIS.—[SEE PAGE 1058.]

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1871, by Harper & Brothers, in the Office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington.]

POOR MISS FINCH.

A Domestic Story.

By WILKIE COLLINS,

Author of "The Woman in White," "No Name," "The Moonstone," "Man and Wife," etc.

WITH ORIGINAL ILLUSTRATIONS.

CHAPTER THE TWENTY-EIGHTH.

NO CROSSES THE RUBICON.

I was still in doubt whether to enter the room or to wait outside until the left Browndown to return to the rectory, when Lucilla's keen sense of hearing decided the question which I had been unable to settle for myself. The door of the room opened, and Oscar advanced into the hall.

"Lucilla insisted that she heard somebody outside," he said. "Who could have guessed it was you? Why did you wait in the hall? Come in! come in!"

He held open the door for me, and I went in. Oscar announced me to Lucilla. "It was Madame Pratolungo you heard," he said. She took no notice either of him or of me. A heap of flowers from Oscar's garden lay in her lap. With the help of her clever fingers she was sorting them to make a nosegay as quickly and as tastefully as if she had possessed the sense of sight. In all my experience of that charming face it had never looked so hard as it looked now. Nobody would have recognized her likeness to the Madonna of Raphael's picture. Offended—mortally offended with me—I saw it at a glance.

"I hope you will forgive my intrusion, Lucilla, when you know my motive," I said. "I have followed you here to make my excuses."

"Oh, don't think of making excuses!" she rejoined, giving three fourths of her attention to the flowers, and one fourth to me. "It's a pity you took the trouble of coming here. I quite agree with what you said in the garden. Considering the object I had in view at Browndown, I could not possibly expect you to accompany me. True! quite true!"

I kept my temper. Not that I am a patient woman, nor that I possess a meek disposition. Very far from it, I regret to say! Nevertheless, I kept my temper—so far.

"I wish to apologize for what I said in the garden," I resumed. "I spoke thoughtlessly, Lucilla. It is impossible that I could intentionally offend you."

I might as well have spoken to one of the chairs. The whole of her [illegible] became absorbed in the brainless interest of making her nosegay.

"Was I offended?" she said, addressing herself to the flowers. "Excessively foolish of me, if I was." She suddenly became [illegible] of my existence. "You had a perfect right to express your opinion," she said, loftily. "Accept my excuses if I appeared to dispute it."

She tossed her pretty head; she showed her brightest color; she tapped her one little foot briskly on the floor. (Oh Lucilla! Lucilla!) I still kept my temper. More, by this time (I admit), for Oscar's sake than for her sake. He looked so distressed, poor fellow—so painfully anxious to interfere, without exactly knowing how.

"My dear Lucilla!" he began. "Surely you might answer Madame Pratolungo—"

She petulantly interrupted him with another toss of the head—a little higher than the last.

"I don't attempt to answer Madame Pratolungo! I prefer admitting that Madame Pratolungo may have been quite right. I dare say I am ready to fall in love with the first man who comes my way. I dare say if I had met your brother before I met you I should have fallen in love with him. Quite likely!"

"Quite likely—as you say," answered poor Oscar, humbly. "I am sure I think it very lucky for me that you didn't meet Nugent first."

She threw her lapful of flowers away from her on the table at which she was sitting. She became perfectly furious with him for taking my side. I permitted myself (the poor child could not see it, remember) the harmless indulgence of a smile.

"You agree with Madame Pratolungo," she said to him, viciously. "Madame Pratolungo thinks your brother a much more agreeable man than you."

Humble Oscar shook his head in melancholy acknowledgment of this self-evident fact. "There can be no two opinions about that," he said, [illegible].

She stamped her foot on the carpet, and raised quite a little cloud of dust. My lungs are occasionally delicate. I permitted myself another harmless indulgence—indulgence in a slight cough. She heard the second indulgence, and suddenly controlled herself the instant it reached her ears. I am afraid she took my cough as my commentary on what was going on.

"Come here, Oscar," she said, with a complete change of tone and manner. "Come and sit down by me."

Oscar obeyed.

"Put your arm round my waist."

Oscar looked at me. Having the use of his sight, he was sensible of the absurd side of the demonstration required of him—in the presence of a third person. *She*, poor soul, strong in her blind insensibility to all shafts of ridicule shot from the eye, cared nothing for the presence of a third person. She repeated her commands, in a tone which said, sharply, "Embrace me—I am not to be trifled with!"

Oscar timidly put his arm round her waist—with an appealing look at me. She issued another command instantly.

"Say you love me."

Oscar hesitated.

"Say you love me!"

Oscar whispered it.

"Out loud!"

Endurance has its limits. I began to lose my temper. She could not have been more superbly indifferent to my presence if there had been a cat in the room instead of a lady.

"Permit me to inform you," I said, "that I have not (as you appear to suppose) left the room."

She took no notice. She went on with her commands, rising irresponsibly from one amatory climax to another.

"Give me a kiss!"

Unhappy Oscar—sacrificed between us—blushed. Stop! Don't revel prematurely in the greatest enjoyment a reader has—namely, catching a writer out in a mistake. I have not forgotten that his disfigured complexion would prevent his blush from showing on the surface. I beg to say I saw it under the surface—saw it in his expression. I repeat, he blushed.

I felt it necessary to assert myself for the second time.

"I have only one object in remaining in the room, Miss Finch. I merely wish to know whether you refuse to accept my excuses."

"Oscar, give me a kiss!"

He still hesitated. She threw her arm round his neck. My duty to myself was plain—my duty was to go.

"Good afternoon, Mr Dubourg," I said, and turned to the door. She heard me cross the room, and called to me to stop. I paused. There was a glass on the wall opposite to me. On the authority of the glass, I beg to mention that I paused in a most becoming manner. Grace tempered with dignity; dignity tempered with grace.

"Madame Pratolungo!"

"Miss Finch?"

"This is the man who is not half so agreeable as his brother. Look!"

She tightened her hold round his neck, and gave him—ostentatiously gave him—the kiss which he was ashamed to give *her*. I advanced, in contemptuous silence, to the door. My attitude expressed disgust accompanied by sorrow; sorrow accompanied by disgust.

"Madame Pratolungo!"

I made no answer.

"This is the man whom I should never have loved if I had happened to meet his brother first. Look!"

She put both arms round his neck, and gave him a shower of kisses all in one. The door had been imperfectly closed when I had entered the room. It was ajar. I pulled it open—walked out into the hall—and found myself face to face with Nugent Dubourg, standing by the table, with his letter from Liverpool in his hand! He must have certainly heard Lucilla cast my own words back in my teeth—if he had heard no more.

I stopped short, looking at him in silent surprise. He smiled, and held out the open letter to me. Before we could speak we heard the door of the room closed. Oscar had followed me out (shutting the door behind him) to apologize for Lucilla's behavior to me. He explained what had happened to his brother. Nugent nodded, and tapped his open letter smartly.

"Leave me to manage it. I shall give you something better to do than quarrelling among yourselves. You will hear what it is directly. In the mean time, I have got a message for our friend at the inn. Goatheridge is on his way here to speak to me about altering the stable. Run and tell him I have other business on hand, and I can't keep my appointment to-day. Stop! Give him this at the same time, and ask him to leave it at the rectory."

He took one of his visiting cards out of the case, wrote a few lines on it in pencil, and handed it to his brother. Oscar (always ready to go on errands for Nugent) hurried out to meet the landlord. Nugent turned to me.

"The German is in England," he said. "Now I may open my lips."

"At once?" I exclaimed.

"At once. I have put off my own business

"THE TIME IS COMING, MY DARLING, WHEN I MAY SEE YOU."

(as you heard) in favor of this. My friend will be in London to-morrow. I mean to get my authority to consult him to-day, and to start to-morrow for town. Prepare yourself to meet one of the strangest characters you ever set eyes on! You saw me write on my card. It was a message to Mr. Finch, asking him to join us immediately (on important family business) at Browndown. As Lucilla's father, he has a voice in the matter. When Oscar comes back, and when the rector joins us, our domestic privy council will be complete."

He spoke with his customary spirit; he moved with his customary briskness. He had become quite himself again since I had seen him last.

"I am stagnating in this place," he went on, seeing that I noticed the change in him. "It puts me in spirits again, having something to do. I am not like Oscar; I must have action to stir my blood—action to keep me from fretting over my anxieties. How do you think I found the witness to my brother's innocence at the Trial? In this way. I said to myself, 'I shall go mad if I don't do something.' I did something—and saved Oscar. I am going to do something again. Mark my words! Now I am stirring in it, Lucilla will recover her sight."

"This is a serious matter," I said. "Pray give it serious consideration."

"Consideration?" he repeated. "I hate the word. I always decide on the instant. If I am wrong in my view of Lucilla's case, consideration is of no earthly use. If I am right, every day's delay is a day of sight lost to the blind. I'll wait for Oscar and Mr. Finch; and then I'll open the business. Why are we talking in the hall? Come in!"

He led the way to the sitting-room. I had a new interest now in going back. Still Lucilla's behavior hung on my mind. Suppose she treated me with renewed coldness and keener contempt? I remained standing at the table in the hall. Nugent looked back at me over his shoulder.

"Nonsense!" he said. "I'll set things right. It's beneath a woman like you to take notice of what a girl says in a pet. Come in!"

I doubt if I should have yielded to please any other living man. But, there is no denying it, some people have a magnetic attracting power over others. Nugent had that power over me. Against my own will—for I was really hurt and offended by her usage of me—I went back with him into the room.

Lucilla was still sitting in the place which she had occupied when I withdrew. On hearing the door open, and a man's footsteps entering, she, of course, assumed that the man was Oscar. She had penetrated his object in leaving her to follow me out, and it had not improved her temper.

"Oh!" she said. "You have come back at last? I thought you had offered yourself as Madame Pratolungo's escort to the rectory." She stopped, with a sudden frown. Her quick ears had detected my return into the room. "Oscar!" she exclaimed, "what does this mean? Madame Pratolungo and I have nothing more to say to each other. What has she come back for? Why don't you answer? This is infamous! I shall leave the room!"

The utterance of that final threat was followed so rapidly by its execution that before Nugent (standing between her and the door) could get out of her way she came in violent contact with him. She instantly caught him by the arm, and shook him angrily. "What does your silence mean? Is it at Madame Pratolungo's instigation that you are insulting me?"

I had just opened my lips to make one more attempt at reconciliation, by saying some pacifying words to her, when she planted that last sting in me. French flesh and blood (whatever English flesh and blood might have done) could bear no more. I silently turned my back on her, in a rage.

At the same moment Nugent's eyes brightened as if a new idea had struck him. He gave me one significant look—and answered her in his brother's character. Whether he was possessed at the moment by some demon of mischief, or whether he had the idea of trying to make Oscar's peace for him before Oscar returned, is more than I can say. I ought to have stopped it, I know. But my temper was in a flame. I was as spiteful as a cat and as fierce as a bear. I said to myself (in your English idiom), She wants taking down a peg: quite right, Mr. Nugent; do it. Shocking! shameful! no words are bad enough for me: give it me well. Ah, Heaven! what is a human being in a rage? On my sacred word of honor, nothing but a human beast! The next time it happens to You, look at yourself in the glass, and you will find your soul gone out of you at your face, and nothing left but an animal—and a bad, a villainous bad animal too!

"You ask what my silence means?" said Nugent.

He had only to model his articulation on his brother's slower manner of speaking, as distinguished from his own, to be his brother himself. In saying those few first words he did it so dexterously that I could have sworn—if I had not seen him standing before me—Oscar was in the room.

"Yes," she said, "I ask that."

"I am silent," he answered, "because I am waiting."

"What are you waiting for?"

"To hear you make your apologies to Madame Pratolungo."

She started back a step. Submissive Oscar was taking a peremptory tone with her for the first time in his life. Submissive Oscar, instead of giving her time to speak, sternly went on.

"Madame Pratolungo has made her excuses to you. You ought to receive them; you ought to reciprocate them. It is distressing to see you and hear you. You are behaving ungratefully to your best friend."

She raised her face, she raised her hands, in blank amazement: she looked as if she distrusted her own ears.

"Oscar!" she exclaimed.

"Here I am," said Oscar, opening the door at the same moment.

She turned like lightning toward the place from which he had spoken. She detected the deception which Nugent had practiced on her with a cry of indignation that rang through the room.

Oscar ran to her in alarm. She thrust him back violently.

"A trick!" she cried. "A mean, vile, cowardly trick played upon my blindness! Oscar! your brother has been imitating you; your brother has been speaking to me in your voice. And that woman who calls herself my friend—that woman stood by and heard him, and never told you. She encouraged it; she enjoyed it. The wretches! Take me away from them. They are capable of any deceit. She always hated you, dear, from the first—she took up with your brother the moment he came here. When you marry me, it mustn't be at Dimchurch; it must be in some place they don't know of. There is a conspiracy between them against you and against me. Beware of them! beware of them! She said I should have fallen in love with your brother if I had met him first. There is a deeper meaning in that, my love, than you can see. It means that they will part us if they can. Ha! I hear somebody moving! Has he changed places with you? Is it you whom I am speaking to now? Oh, my blindness! my blindness! O God! of all your creatures the most helpless, the most miserable, is the creature who can't see."

I never heard any thing in all my life so pitiable and so dreadful as the frantic suspicion and misery which tore their way out from her in those words. She cut me to the heart. I had spoken rashly—I had behaved badly; but had I deserved this? No! no! no! I had not deserved it. I threw myself into a chair and burst out crying. My tears scalded me; my sobs choked me. If I had had poison in my hand, I would have drunk it, I was so furious and so wretched; so hurt in my honor, so wounded at my heart.

The only voice that answered her was Nugent's. Reckless what the consequences might be—speaking in his own proper person from the opposite end of the room—he asked the all-important question which no human being had ever put to her yet.

"Are you sure, Lucilla, that you are blind for life?"

A dead silence followed the utterance of those words.

I brushed away the tears from my eyes, and looked up.

Oscar had been—as I supposed—holding her in his arms, silently soothing her, when his brother spoke. At the moment when I saw her she had just detached herself from him. She advanced a step toward the part of the room in which Nugent stood, and stopped, with her face turned toward him. Every faculty in her seemed to be suspended by the silent passage into her mind of the new idea that he had called up. Through childhood, girlhood, womanhood, never once, waking or dreaming, had the prospect of restoration to sight presented itself within her range of contemplation until now. Not a trace was left in her countenance of the indignation which Nugent had roused in her hardly more than a moment since. Not a sign appeared indicating a return of the nervous suffering which the sense of his presence had inflicted on her earlier in the day. The one emotion in possession of her was astonishment—astonishment that had struck her dumb; astonishment that had waited, helplessly and mechanically, to hear more.

I observed Oscar next. His eyes were fixed on Lucilla—absorbed in watching her. He spoke to Nugent without looking at him; animated, as it seemed, by a vague fear for Lucilla, which was slowly developing into a vague fear for himself.

"Mind what you are doing!" he said. "Look at her, Nugent—look at her!"

Nugent approached his brother circuitously, so as to place Oscar between Lucilla and himself.

"Have I offended you?" he asked.

Oscar looked at him in surprise. "Offended with you," he answered, "after what you have forgiven and what you have suffered for my sake?"

"Still," persisted the other, "there is something wrong."

"I am startled, Nugent."

"Startled—by what?"

"By the question you have just put to Lucilla."

"You will understand me, and she will understand me, directly."

While these words were passing between the brothers, my attention remained fixed on Lucilla. Her head had turned slowly toward the new position which Nugent occupied when he spoke to Oscar. With this exception, no other movement had escaped her. No sense of what the two men were saying to each other seemed to have entered her mind. To all appearance, she had heard nothing since Nugent had started the first doubt in her whether she was blind for life.

"Speak to her," I said. "For God's sake, don't keep her in suspense now!"

Nugent spoke.

"You have had reason to be offended with me, Lucilla. Let me, if I can, give you reason to be grateful to me before I have done. When I was in New York I became acquainted with a German surgeon who had made a reputation and a fortune in America by his skill in treating diseases of the eye. He had been especially successful in curing cases of blindness given up as hopeless by other surgeons. I mentioned your case to him. He could say nothing positively (as a matter of course) without examining you. All he could do was to place his services at my disposal when he came to England. I, for one, Lucilla, decline to consider you blind for life until this skillful man sees no more hope for you than the English surgeons have seen. If there is the faintest chance still left of restoring your sight, his is, I firmly believe, the one hand that can do it. He is now in England. Say the word, and I will bring him to Dimchurch."

She slowly lifted her hands to her head, and held it as if she was holding her reason in its place. Her color changed from pale to red—from red to pale once more. She drew a long, deep, heavy breath and dropped her hands again, recovering from the shock. The change that followed held us all three breathless. It was beautiful to see her. It was awful to see her. A mute ecstasy of hope transfigured her face; a heavenly smile played serenely on her lips. She was among us, and yet apart from us. In the still light of evening, shining in on her from the window, she stood absorbed in her own rapture—the silent creature of another sphere! There was a moment when she overcame me with admiration, and another moment when she overcame me with fear. Both the men felt it. Both signed to me to speak to her first.

I advanced a few steps. I tried to consider with myself what I should say. It was useless. I could neither think nor speak. I could only look at her. I could only say, nervously,

"*Lucilla!*"

She came back to the world—she came back to us—with a little start, and a faint flush of color in her cheeks. She turned herself toward the place from which I had spoken, and whispered,

"Come!"

In a moment my arms were round her. Her head sank on my bosom. We were reconciled without a word. We were friends again, sisters again, in an instant.

"Have I been fainting? have I been sleeping?" she said to me, in faint, bewildered tones. "Am I just awake? Is this Browndown?" She suddenly lifted her head. "Nugent! are you there?"

"Yes."

She gently withdrew herself from me, and approached Nugent.

"Did you speak to me just now? Was it you who put the doubt into my mind whether I am really doomed to be blind for life? Surely I have not fancied it? Surely you said the man was coming; and the time coming?" Her voice suddenly rose. "The man who may cure me! the time when I may see!"

"I said it, Lucilla. I meant it, Lucilla."

"Oscar! Oscar!! Oscar!!!"

I stepped forward to lead her to him. Nugent touched me, and pointed to Oscar, as I took her hand. He was standing before the glass, with an expression of despair which I see again while I write these lines—he was standing close to the glass, looking in silence at the hideous reflection of his face. In sheer pity, I hesitated to take her to him. She stepped forward, and, stretching out her hand, touched his shoulder. The reflection of her charming face appeared above his face in the glass. She bent gayly over, with both hands on him, and said, "The time is coming, my darling, when I may see You!"

With a cry of joy, she drew his face up to her and kissed him on the forehead. His head fell on his breast when she released it; he covered his face with his hands, and stifled, for the moment, all outward expression of the pang that wrung him. I drew her rapidly away, before her quick sensibilities had time to warn her that something was wrong. Even as it was, she resisted me. Even as it was, she asked, suspiciously, "Why do you take me away from him?"

What excuse could I make? I was at my wit's end.

She repeated the question. For once Fortune favored us. A timely knock at the door stopped her just as she was trying to release herself from me. "Somebody coming in," I said. The servant entered as I spoke with a letter from the rectory.

CHAPTER THE TWENTY-NINTH.

PARLIAMENTARY SUMMARY.

Oh, the welcome interruption! After the agitation that we had suffered we all stood equally in need of some such relief as this. It was absolutely a luxury to fall back again into the commonplace daily routine of life. I asked to whom the letter was addressed. Nugent answered, "The letter is addressed to me, and the writer is Mr. Finch."

Having read the letter, he turned to Lucilla.

"I sent a message to your father, asking him to join us here," he said. "Mr. Finch writes back to say that his duties keep him at home, and to suggest that the rectory is the fitter place for the discussion of family matters. Have you any objection to return to the house? And do you mind going on first with Madame Pratolungo?"

Lucilla's quick suspicion was instantly aroused.

"Why not with Oscar?" she asked.

"Your father's note suggests to me," replied Nugent, "that he is a little hurt at the short notice I gave him of our discussion here. I thought—if you and Madame Pratolungo went on first—that you might make our peace with the rector, and assure him that we meant no disrespect, before Oscar and I appeared. Don't you think yourself you would make it easier for us, if you did that?"

Having contrived in this dexterous way to separate Oscar and Lucilla, and to gain time for composing and fortifying his brother before they met again, Nugent opened the door for us to go out. Lucilla and I left the twins together in the modest little room which had witnessed a scene alike memorable to all of us for its interest at the time, and for the results which were to come of it in the future.

Half an hour later we were all assembled at the rectory.

Our adjourned debate—excepting one small suggestion emanating from myself—was a debate which led to nothing. It may be truly described as resolving itself into the delivery of an Oration by Mr. Finch. Subject, the assertion of Mr. Finch's dignity.

On this occasion (having matters of more importance on hand) I take the liberty of cutting the reverend gentleman's speech by the pattern of the reverend gentleman's stature. Short in figure, the rector shall be here, for the first time in his life, short in language too.

Reverend Finch rose and said—he objected to every thing. To receiving a message on a card instead of a proper note. To being expected to present himself at Browndown at a moment's notice. To being the last person informed (instead of the first) of Mr. Nugent Dubourg's exaggerated and absurd view of the case of his afflicted child. To the German surgeon, as being certainly a foreigner and a stranger, and possibly a quack. To the slur implied on British Surgery by bringing the foreigner to Dimchurch. To the expense involved in the new proceeding. Finally, to the whole scope and object of Mr. Nugent Dubourg's proposal, which had for its origin rebellion against the decrees of an all-wise Providence, and for its result the disturbance of his daughter's mind—"under My influence, Sir, a mind in a state of Christian resignation: under Your influence, a mind in a state of infidel revolt." With these concluding remarks, the reverend gentleman sat down—and paused for a reply.

A remarkable result followed, which might be profitably permitted to take place in some other Parliaments. Nobody replied.

Mr. Nugent Dubourg rose—no! sat—and said he declined to take any part in the proceedings. He was quite ready to wait until the end justified the means which he proposed to employ. For the rest, his conscience was at ease, and he was entirely at Miss Finch's service. (Memorandum in parenthesis: Mr. Finch might not have got off so easily as this but for one circumstance. I have already mentioned it as part of the strange constraint which Lucilla innocently imposed on Nugent that her father could always talk him down in her presence. She was present on this occasion. And Reverend Finch reaped the benefit.)

Mr. Oscar Dubourg, sitting hidden from notice behind his brother, followed his brother's example. The decision in the matter under discussion rested with Miss Finch alone. He had no opinion of his own to offer on it.

Miss Finch herself, appealed to next: *Had* but one reply to give. If her whole fortune was involved in testing her chance of recovering her sight, she would cheerfully sacrifice her whole fortune to that one object. With all possible respect for her father, she ventured to think that neither he nor any one possessing the sense of vision could quite enter into her feelings in the circumstances then were. She entreated Mr. Nugent Dubourg not to lose one unnecessary moment in bringing the German surgeon to Dimchurch.

Mrs. Finch, called upon next. Spoke after some little delay, caused by the loss of her pocket-handkerchief. Would not presume to differ in opinion with her husband, whom she had never yet known to be otherwise than perfectly right about every thing. But, if the German surgeon did come, and if Mr. Finch saw no objection to it, she would much like to consult him (gratis, if possible) on the subject of "baby's eyes." Mrs. Finch was proceeding to explain that there was happily nothing the matter, that she could see, with the infant's eyes at that particular moment, and that she merely wished to take a skilled medical opinion, in the event of something happening on some future occasion, when she was called to order by Mr. Finch. The reverend gentleman, at the same time, appealed to Madame Pratolungo to close the debate by giving frank expression to her own opinion.

Madame Pratolungo, speaking in conclusion, remarked:

That the question of consulting the German surgeon appeared (after what had fallen from Miss Finch) to be a question which had passed beyond the range of any expression of feeling on the part of other persons. That she proposed, accordingly, to look beyond the consultation at the results which might follow it. That, contemplating those possible results, she held very strong views of her own, and would proceed to give frank expression to them as follows. That, in her opinion, the proposed investigation of the chances which might exist of restoring Miss Finch's sight involved consequences far too serious to be trusted to the decision of any one man, no matter how skillful or how famous he might be. That, in pursuance of this view, she begged to suggest (1) the association of an eminent English oculist with the eminent German oculist; (2) an examination of Miss Finch's case by both the professional gentlemen, consulting on it together; and (3) a full statement of the opinions at which they might respectively arrive to be laid before the meeting now assembled, and to become the subject of a renewed discussion, before any decisive measures were taken. Lastly, that this proposal be now submitted in the form of a resolution, and forthwith (if necessary) put to the vote.

Resolution, as above, put to the vote.

Majority—Ayes

Miss Finch.
Mr. Nugent Dubourg.
Mr. Oscar Dubourg.
Madame Pratolungo.

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Minority—None.

No (on the score of expense), Mr. Finch.

No (because Mr. F. says No), Mrs. Finch.

Resolution carried by a majority of two. Debate adjourned to a day to be hereafter decided on.

By the first train the next morning Hugust Dubourg started for London.

At luncheon, the same day, a telegram arrived reporting his proceedings in the following terms:

"I have seen my friend. He is at our service. He is also quite willing to consult with any English oculist whom we may choose. I am just off to find the man. Expect a second telegram later in the day."

The second telegram reached us in the evening, and ran thus:

"Every thing is settled. The German oculist and the English oculist leave London with me by the twelve-forty train to-morrow afternoon."

After reading this telegram to Lucilla I sent it to Oscar at Browndown. Judge for yourself how *he* slept, and how *we* slept, that night!

PRISONERS OF NATURE.

The more a fact varies from the ordinary laws of nature, the more it merits the attention of the philosopher and amateur. When once sufficiently confirmed, however contrary it may be to prevailing opinions, it is entitled to a place in the ranks of knowledge. The most obstinate skepticism can not destroy its certainty, and can only afford a proof of the presumption which leads us to deny whatever we are incompetent to explain. The following phenomena are of this kind. They are such as have occurred in the course of reading, and have been collected in the hope that some one, whose studies may have been directed to such objects, will enlarge the list. The more they are multiplied, the greater light will probably be thrown upon them, and it will perhaps one day be a matter of surprise that we have been so long ignorant of their cause. These phenomena are instances of living animals being found inclosed in solid bodies.

The first case on record occurred in 1682, when M. Blondel reported to the *Academy* that at Toulon oysters fit to eat were frequently found inclosed in pieces of stone. Two years later M. De Cassini mentions a similar fact, on the authority of M. Duvalle, ambassador at the Porte, who assured him that stones were frequently found there in which were inclosed little animals called dactyles. Some workmen in a quarry at Bourrière, in Gotha, having detached a large piece of stone from the mass, found, on breaking it, a live toad. They were desirous of separating the part that bore the shape of the animal, but it crumbled into sand. The toad was of a dark gray, its back a little speckled; the color of its belly was brighter. Its eyes, small and round, emitted fire from beneath a tender membrane which covered them; they were of the color of pale gold. When touched on the head with a stick it closed its eyes, as if asleep, and gradually opened them again when the stick was taken away. It was incapable of any other motion. The aperture of the mouth was closed by means of a yellowish membrane. Upon pressing it on the back, it discharged some clear water and died. Under the membrane which covered the mouth were found, both in the upper and lower jaw, two sharp teeth, which were stained with a little blood. How long it had been inclosed in this stone, is a question that can not be solved.

In 1764 some workmen employed in a quarry in Lorraine informed M. Grignon that they had found a toad in a mass of stone forty-five feet below the surface of the earth. This eminent naturalist went immediately to the spot, but could not perceive, as he assures us in his treatise on the fabrication of iron, any vestige of the prison of this animal. A small cavity was visible in the stone, but it bore no impression of the body of the toad. The creature that was shown him was of moderate size, of a gray color, and seemed to be in its natural state. The men informed M. Grignon that this was the sixth that had been found in these mines within the space of thirty years. M. Grignon considered the circumstance as worthy of more particular attention, and promised a reward to any person who should find him another instance of a toad so inclosed in a stone that it had no means of getting out. Six years after a toad was brought to him inclosed in two hollow shells of stone, in which it was said to have been found; but on examining it closely, M. Grignon perceived that the cavity bore the impression of a shell-fish, and consequently concluded it to be apocryphal.

In the trunk of an elm, about the size of a man's body, three or four feet above the root, and exactly in the centre, was found, in 1719, a live toad, of a moderate size, but rather thin, and occupying but a very small space. As soon as the wood was cut it came out, and skipped away very alertly. No tree could be more sound, and no place could be discovered through which it was possible for the animal to have penetrated. This led the recorder of the fact to suppose that the spawn from which it originated must, by some unaccountable accident, have been in the tree from the very first moment of its vegetation. The toad had lived in the tree without air, and, what is still more surprising, had subsisted on the substance of the wood, and had grown in proportion as the tree had grown.

Another instance may be cited, which is related in a letter dated 1780, and wr[illegible] from the neighborhood of St. Maurice. The [illegible] states that, a few days previously, he ordered an oak-tree of a tolerable size to be cut down and converted into a beam that was wanted for a building which he was then constructing. Having separated the head from the trunk, three men were employed in squaring it to the proper size. About four inches were to be cut away on each side. The writer was present during the transaction. Great was his astonishment when he saw them throw aside their tools, start back from the tree, and fix their eyes on the same point with a kind of amazement and terror. He instantly approached, and looked at the part of the tree which had fixed their attention. His surprise equaled theirs on seeing a toad, about the size of a hen's egg, incrusted in a manner in the tree at the distance of four inches from the centre, and fifteen from the root. It was cut and mangled by the axe, but still moved. He drew it with difficulty from its sheath, or rather prison, which it filled so completely that it seemed to have been compressed. He placed it on the grass; it appeared old, thin, languishing, decrepit. He afterward examined the tree with the greatest care, to discover how it had glided in; but the tree was perfectly whole and sound.

These facts, but particularly the paper of M. Guettard, induced M. Hérissant to make experiments calculated to ascertain their certainty. In February, 1771, he inclosed three live toads in as many cases of plaster, and shut them up in a deal box, which he also covered with a thick coating of plaster. In April, 1774, having removed the plaster, he opened the box and found the cases whole. On breaking the cases, he discovered that two of the toads were alive, but that the third had died, a martyr to scientific investigation. The defunct toad was larger than the others, and had been more compressed in its case. A careful examination of this experiment convinced those who had witnessed it that the animals were so inclosed that they could have no possible communication with the external air, and must have existed during this lapse of time without the least nourishment. The Academy prevailed on M. Hérissant to repeat the experiment. He inclosed again the two surviving toads, and placed the box in the hands of the secretary, that the Academy might open it whenever they should think proper. But this celebrated naturalist was too deeply interested in the subject to be satisfied with a single experiment: he made, therefore, the two following. First, in April of the same year he placed two live toads in a basin of plaster, which he covered with a plate of glass, that he might observe them frequently. In the following month he presented this apparatus to the Academy. One of the toads was still living; the other had given up the ghost on the preceding night. Secondly, on the same date as the first, he inclosed another toad in a glass bottle, which he buried in sand, that it might have no communication with the external air. This animal, which he presented to the Academy at the same time as the other, was perfectly well, and even croaked whenever the bottle in which it was confined was shaken.

But toads are not the only animals which have the power of living for a considerable time without nourishment and communication with the external air. Two living worms were found in Spain in the middle of a block of marble which a sculptor was carving into a lion for the royal family. These worms occupied two small cavities, in which there was no inlet that could possibly admit the air. They subsisted, probably, on the marble, as they were of the same color. This fact was verified by Captain Ulloa, a famous Spaniard, who accompanied the French Academicians in their voyage to Peru for the purpose of ascertaining the figure of the earth. A beetle of the species called Capricorn was found in a piece of wood in the hold of a ship at Plymouth, which had no external mark of any aperture. We read in the *Affiches de Provence*, June, 1772, that an adder was found alive in the centre of a block of marble thirty feet in diameter. It was folded nine times round in a spiral line; it was incapable of supporting air, and died a few minutes after. Upon examining the stone, not the smallest trace was to be found by which it could have glided in or received air.

If it is a difficult question to say how animals live in such a state of captivity, it is equally difficult to account for their getting into durance vile. Various theories have been advanced, but none of them so satisfactory but that savants have still to discover the mystery connected with these Prisoners of Nature.

SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

The British committee in charge of the arrangements for observations of the eclipse of 1871 have invited several American savants to accompany the party at the expense of the British government; among them Professor Young, of Dartmouth College. Professor Zöllner, so well known for his discoveries in regard to the physical constitution of the sun, has also been asked to join the expedition.

The Royal Society of Victoria is moving also in the same direction, as the eclipse will be total over a zone about eighty miles wide, passing across the peninsula of Cape York, the Gulf of Carpentaria, and Arnhem's Land, to the north of Port Darwin. For the purpose of enabling scientific men in the Australian colonies to observe the phenomenon, the Royal Society of Victoria proposes to charter a commodious and powerful steamer to carry a party to Cape Sidmouth, or such other point within the limits of totality as may be found most suitable. It is not proposed that the party shall be limited to members of the Royal Society, but that it shall be open to the public generally in that and the other colonies. To secure, however, that no ineligible persons are admitted to the party, the names of all who are desirous to join must be submitted to the committee appointed for the purpose by the Royal Society. Communications have already been made to the neighboring colonies, and many favorable answers have been received. It will be necessary for the expedition to start not later than the last week in November, and it will occupy about three weeks. If possible, arrangements will be made to visit Feejee on the return voyage.

The Academy of Sciences of Paris has lately elected M. Belgrand to fill the vacancy caused by the death of Professor A. Duméril, the eminent naturalist, whose decease we announced some time ago.

We regret to hear of the death of Mr. Robert Russell, a Scottish meteorologist of eminence, and one who during a visit to this country some years ago made many friends. A farmer by birth and training, his whole life was occupied with his profession, and especially in its connection with meteorological phenomena. He published numerous papers on the subjects of his investigations, and his work upon the climate and agriculture of North America, printed after his return from the United States, has been considered of much value.

It would appear that the proposed French expedition to the north pole, by way of Behring Straits, initiated by Mr. Gustave Lambert, has not been abandoned in consequence of the death of that gentleman. The enterprise has been taken up by the Geographical Society of Paris, and a vessel, *The Boreal*, is, it is said, at Havre, now ready to start. A Mr. Lambert will, after all, have charge of the expedition.

Captain John M. Dow, the popular commander of one of the steamers of the Panama Railroad Company, has recently sent to the Zoological Society of London two living frigate-pelicans, almost the first ever seen alive in Europe. Captain Dow is well known for his love of natural history, and his zeal not only in making collections himself for various museums, but also for the important help he has been enabled to render to travelers to Central America.

Few geographical researches of modern times have been more interesting than those carried on in Madagascar by M. A. Grandidier, whether we consider our previous ignorance of the region in question or the number of striking and important scientific novelties brought to light. We have already referred to the return of this gentleman from his third expedition, the first having been commenced in 1865. On this occasion he attempted to reach the heart of the island, but in vain, and in the following year he explored the southern region, but did not reach the mountains. In 1869–70, however, he traversed the entire breadth of the island three times, from west to east, through its whole extent, making various lateral excursions to interesting points, and visiting the peak of the mountain Ankaratra, the highest summit in Madagascar. According to the report just presented by M. Grandidier to the Academy of Sciences of Paris, Madagascar comprises two distinct regions—the northern, which is mountainous, and that to the south and east, which is flat. He ascertained that there are five chains of mountains, which have generally the same direction—namely, from northeast to southwest. These are separated by sandy and arid plains, intersected by shallow ravines. After crossing the fourth chain a region is reached of which the general level is from 800 to 1200 meters in height, extending to the Indian Ocean, a vast sea of mountains, with no level lands except a few small valleys used for the cultivation of rice.

The eastern coast is intersected at almost every step with rivers and torrents; and the northwestern provinces pour into the sea a large number of important rivers. On the southern and western regions, however, the case is quite different, there being distances of fifty leagues without the smallest brook. The reputation possessed by Madagascar for luxuriant vegetation and fertile soil, according to M. Grandidier, is by no means merited, its provinces being neither rich nor productive. The secondary plains are sterile, and the population is confined to the immediate banks of the water-courses. The entire mass of the granitic mountains, situated to the west of the eastern slope, is naked and arid, and there is no vegetation excepting here and there little bamboos, growing in the ravines. In the opposite direction, however, there is some degree of fertility, and there is a line of forests extending from north to south, which connect with those of the west, forming around the island a narrow girdle, including a dry and desert region in its centre.

M. Grandidier made numerous astronomical, meteorological, and magnetical observations. He also studied closely the ethnology of the inhabitants, having taken a great many measurements upon the living body, and having collected notes of the habits, language, and traditions of the people. His natural history collections embrace over fifty new species of vertebrates, together with numerous insects and plants. Large numbers of alcoholic specimens were also gathered, for the purpose of further investigation into the anatomy and structure of the entire animal.

Few establishments devoted to geographical research are more industrious in fulfilling their mission than the Imperial Russian Geographical Society of St. Petersburg, as shown by the bulletins of progress published monthly by its secretary. Among other enterprises recently enumerated as now under prosecution are, first, the ethnographical researches of K[illegible] in the northwestern portion of the Russian Empire; second, investigations of the regions along the southern and southwestern bank of Lake Onega; third, geological investigations in Finland and Sweden; fourth, investigations into the production of grain, and the grain trade of Russia in the interior provinces of the country; fifth, an ethnographical expedition into the region of the Southern Ussuri; sixth, an expedition among the Tschuktschis; seventh, a scientific expedition along the Angara, for the purpose of investigating the water falls of this river; eighth, a number of miscellaneous enterprises of less moment; and, finally, the important journey of Count Miklucho Maclay, to which we have referred in a previous article. This, as already stated, has for its object the investigation of the islands of the Pacific Ocean, and the latest advices were received from Valparaiso on the 20th of May last. The corvette *Vitiaz*, carrying the party, was then on its way to New Guinea, which they hoped to reach within three months. The occasion of a brief halt of the vessel at Valparaiso was taken to visit Santiago, and [illegible] the northern portion of the province of Aconcagua, this being a mountain 6[illegible] meters in height, and considered for a long time to be volcanic, but, as was ascertained by the investigations of Pissis, having no volcanic peculiarities whatever.

The authority of Hendrick Hudson's journal is cited to prove the former existence of salmon in the Hudson River, and as an argument in favor of the feasibility of stocking its waters with this fish. Mr. J. Carson Brevoort, of Brooklyn, a gentleman of great research in such matters, maintains, however, that the fish referred to by Hudson is really the weak-fish, or squeteague (*Otolithus regalis*), as it was taken in large numbers by this early voyager in the middle of September, in seines, somewhere in the lower part of the bay, and at a time when and place where no true salmon could be then captured. An inexperienced observer might very easily call a weak-fish a salmon, the general resemblance being so close that the name of salmon-trout is, even now, generally applied to the Southern variety of the weak-fish. The pike-perch, or wall-eyed perch (*Lucioperca americana*), is also called salmon in the Susquehanna River, with much less resemblance to the genuine article than the weak-fish.

The sum of $1200 has been subscribed for the purpose of stocking the Lehigh River with black bass, and a committee, composed of gentlemen from Allentown and Bethlehem, has proceeded to the Potomac to procure the fish. Although large numbers of black bass have already been placed in the Delaware River, it is thought best to supply its tributaries as well.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

"Give me a pound of oysters," said a man to an oyster vendor who was going by. "I sell by measure, not by weight," said the oysterman. "Then give me a yard of them," said the man. The oysterman shook his head dubiously and passed on.

What kind of a drum is that which is always best when it can not be beaten?—A conundrum.

Some ingenious Yank has invented a process by which maple-sugar can be made out of common New Orleans molasses, flavoring it by steaming maple-wood. The next thing we are looking for is a process whereby they will make honey from cod-liver oil, flavoring it with bees-wax.

A Frenchman said to Shakspeare, "You can find any ting you no understan', it is all [illegible] fine."

Hail a street-car in bad weather, and it will stop to aid you; but hail a friend in your adversity, and see what notice he will take of you.

A writer on school discipline says, "Without a liberal use of the rod it is impossible to make a boy smart."

A jolly Jack tar, having strayed into a show at a fair to have a look at the wild beasts, was much struck with the sight of a lion and a tiger in the same den. "Why, Jack," said he to a comrade, who was chewing a quid in silence, "I shouldn't wonder if next year they were to carry about a sailor and a marine living peaceably together!" "Ay," said his married companion, "or a man and his wife!"

A Very Proper[illegible]—Mining.

"A lady was lately hugged to death in Minnesota"—another illustration of the "power of the press."

Rev. Dr. —— goes in for elegance of paraphrase. In ringing the changes upon "He that hath ears to hear, let him hear," he did a fine thing last Sunday. "He that is accessible to auricular vibration, let him not close the gates of his tympani," said the doctor.

"I always sing to please myself," said a gentleman who was becoming a bore to company. "Then you are not at all difficult to please," said a lady who sat next to him.

A Bad Don—One who tarries long at his whine.

A certain attorney, who was remarkable for coming into court with dirty hands, observed "that he had been turning over Coke." "Coke!" exclaimed a waggish brother; "I should think it was coal, by the looks of your hands."

George Sand has written a new novel, entitled the "Rolling Stone." It is Sand's Stone.

In one of his plays Addison makes an undertaker upbraid a man who had laughed at a funeral: "You rascal, you, I have been raising your wages for the last two years on condition that you appear more sorrowful, and the higher wages you receive, the happier you look."

A Hearty Gentleman—Sir Loin.

A Positive Gentleman—Certain.

A Sovereign Gentleman—Sovereign.

A Cowardly Gentleman—Surrender.

We commend the following prescription to all who are afflicted with this disease:

"Pray, doctor, give me, if you please,
Some medicine for my disease;
My health and courage are all gone,
And I am weak and feeble grown."

The doctor felt her pulse, and said,
"There is no cause [illegible];
You've no disease, be not distressed;
You need no medicine, but rest."

"I've no disease! why, how you talk!
Just see my tongue, it's white as chalk!
Look at it, doctor—look, indeed—
And say, in truth, what does it need?"

"If you will keep it still and quiet,
'Tis all it needs: pray, madam, try it.
You overtask it at the best,
And, like the body, it needs rest."

At a so-called spiritual seance in Hartford recently there was present a woman who mourned the loss of her consort, and, as the manifestations began to appear, the spirit of the departed Benedick entered upon the scene. Of course the widow was very eager to engage in conversation with the absent one, and the following dialogue ensued:

Widow. "Are you in the spirit world?"

The Departed. "I am."

Widow. "How long have you been there?"

The Departed. "Six, [illegible]."

Widow. "Don't you want to come back and be with your [illegible]?"

The Departed. "Not if I know myself. It's hot enough around here."

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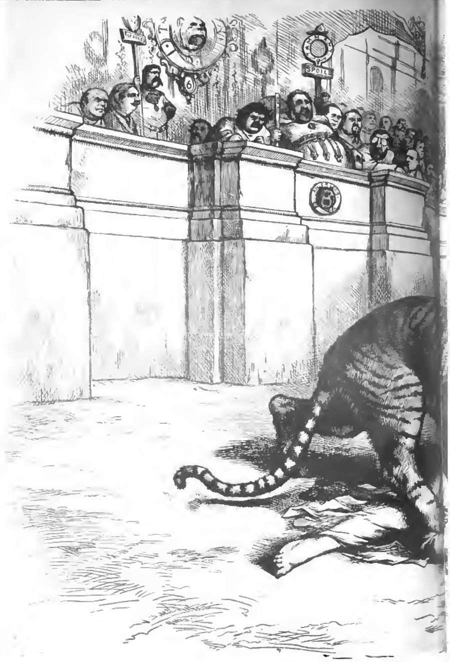

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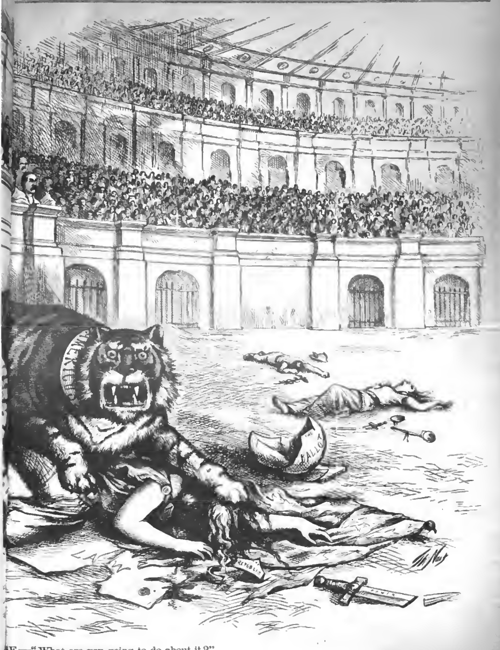

E.—"What are you going to do about it?"

THE SLEEPING LION.

Lightly, O friend of the starry eyes—
Lightly tread as you pass me by!
Carefully guard your smiling lip,
Watch the touch of your finger's tip.

Once too often your eyes may lance
Into my own their thrilling glance;
Once too often your light hand press
My own in its gentle friendliness.

For deep in my heart a lion sleeps,
Years long is the watch he keeps,
Hungry and wild of will is he,
And strong as the storm that sweeps the sea.

At the sound of your step he, dreaming, starts;
Your eyes—they smite him like jeweled darts!
Beware of the spells on my soul you cast,
Lest you waken this Lion of Love at last!

CHICAGO.

CHICAGO was noted among American cities for the number and elegance of its churches. The great majority of these edifices were within the burned districts, and, as a glance at our first page this week will show, little now remains of them but a few broken walls, towers, and arches to show what they must have been before the conflagration, and also to indicate what they will be again when Chicago shall have been rebuilt. Our illustrations are from photographs courteously furnished by Mr. THOMAS T. SHAW, of Chicago, who was indefatigable in taking views both during and since the fire.

The smaller illustrations on page 1032 show the ruins of a number of prominent buildings in the track of the fire. One of them shows the site of the stable where the conflagration was kindled, on Dekoven Street, West Side. There, where the picture was taken, but too small to be apparent in the sketch, were still lying the remains of the cow whose vicious kick upset the fatal kerosene lamp which occasioned all the mischief. Mr. JOHN HAY, in a letter to the New York *Tribune*, gives the following interesting account of the aspect of this locality a day or two after the fire:

"I found Dekoven Street at last—a mean little street of shabby wooden houses, with dirty door yards and unpainted fences falling to decay. It had no look of Chicago about it. Take it up bodily and drop it out on the prairie, and its name might be Lickskillet Station as well as any thing else. The street was unpaved and littered with old boxes and mildewed papers, and a dozen absurd geese wandered about with rustic familiarity. Slatternly women lounged at the gates, and bare legged children kept up an evidently traditional warfare of skirmishing with the geese. On the south side of the street not a house was touched. On the north only one remained. All the rest were simply ashes. There were no piles of ruin here. The wooden hovels left no landmarks except here and there a stunted chimney too squat to fall. But of all the miserable plain stretching out before me to the burning coal heaps in the northern distance, I was only interested in the narrow block between Dekoven and Taylor streets, now quite fine and cool, with small gutter-boys marching through the lots, some kicking with bare feet in the light ashes for suspected and sporadic coals, and others prudently mounted on stilts, which sunk from time to time in the spongy soil, and caused the young acrobats to descend ignominiously and pull them out. This was the Mecca of my pilgrimage, for here the fire began. One squalid little hovel alone remained intact in all that vast expanse. A warped and weather-beaten shanty of two stories, perched on thin piles, with tin plates nailed half-way down them, like dirty pantalets. There was no shabbier hut in Chicago, nor in Tipperary. But it stood there safe, while a city had perished before it and around it. It was preserved by its own destructive significance. It was made sacred by the curse that rested on it—a curse more deadly than that which darkened the lintels of the house of Thyestes; for out of that house last Sunday night came a woman with a lamp to the barn behind the house, to milk the cow with the crumpled temper, that kicked the lamp, that spilled the kerosene, that fired the straw, that burned Chicago. And there to this hour stands that craven little house, holding on tightly to its miserable existence.

"I stood on the sidewalk opposite, as in duty bound, calling up the appropriate emotions. A strange, wrinkled face on a dwarfish body came up and said, 'That's a dreadful sight.' I assented, and he continued, in a melancholy croon: 'Forty year I've lived here, and there wasn't a brick house but one, and that was the Lakeside House, and it's gone now, so' ye ye'll believe me, Sir, I niver see a fire loike that.' I believed him thoroughly, and he went away. My emotions not being satisfactory from a front view of the shanty, I went around to the rear, and there found the Man of the House sitting with two of his friends. His wife, the Lady of the Lamp—freighted with heavier disaster than that which Psyche carried to the bedside of Eros—sat at the window, knitting. I approached the Man of the House, and gave him good-day. He glanced up with sleepy, furtive eyes. I asked him what he knew about the origin of the fire. He glanced at his friends, and said, civilly, he knew very little; he was waked up about one o'clock by the alarm, and fought from then on to save his house. At every sentence he turned to his friends and said, 'I can prove it by them,' to which they nodded assent. He seemed fearful that all Chicago was coming down upon him for prompt and integral payment of that $200,000,000 his cow had kicked over. His neighbors say this story is an invention dating from the second day of the fire. There was something unutterably grotesque in this ultimate atom feeling a sense of responsibility for a catastrophe so stupendous, and striving by a fiction, which must have heavily taxed his highest powers of imagination, to escape a reckoning he was already free from,

> "'Like his fellows the midge and the all,
> Through minuteness, to wit.'"

Mrs. LEARY tells, however, another story. The Chicago *Journal* gives the following report of a conversation with her:

REPORTER. "Are you the lady of the house?"
MRS. LEARY. "I am, Sir."
REPORTER. "Have you lived here long?"
MRS. LEARY. "Going on five years."
REPORTER. "Do you own this place?"
MRS. LEARY. "I do."
REPORTER. "Did the fire start in your barn?"
MRS. LEARY. "It did."
REPORTER. "What was in it?"
MRS. LEARY. "Five cows, a horse, and about two tons of hay in the loft."
REPORTER. "Is your husband an expressman?"
MRS. LEARY. "Indade, he is not. We all knocked our living out of those five blessed cows, and I never had a cint from the parish in all my life, and the dirty *Times* had no business to say it, bad cess to it."
REPORTER. "How about that kerosene lamp story?"
MRS. LEARY. "There is not a word of truth in the whole story. I always milked my cows by daylight, and never had a lamp of any kind or a candle about the barn. It must have been set afire. Two neighbors at the far end of the alley saw a strange man come up about half past nine in the evening. He asked them was the alley straight through. They told him it was, and he went through. It was not five minutes till they saw the barn on fire. Before we had time to get out the horse or any of the cows, it was all gone, and the fire was running in every direction. The boys turned to and saved the house. I hope to die if this isn't every word of it true. If you was a priest I wouldn't tell it any different."

All further questioning was useless. The woman had nothing more to say upon the subject.

The lower illustration on the same page gives a view of the interior of the West Side Rink, now the great central depôt for the distribution of the supplies forwarded for the sufferers from every part of the United States, Canada, and Europe, and without which hundreds must have perished of cold and hunger. It was feared at first that too much might have been done in this way, and that many worthless characters might be encouraged to live in idleness and dependence instead of going to work for themselves; but it is believed that this will be prevented by the thorough system of relief adopted by those in charge of the distribution of supplies.

The directors of the Chicago Relief and Aid Society, under whose auspices the work of charity is carried on, report that they receive numerous inquiries as to what is most needed by the sufferers in Chicago at present. Many letters say that persons are desirous of contributing articles who can not well send money. In reference to all such proposed contributions, the society wish to say that nothing is so much needed now as beans, potatoes, and onions. They are advised by the Sanitary Committee that the people must have these articles, if they expect to escape sickness. The society are informed that many farmers would be glad to contribute these articles, and they ask all persons who can to ship beans, or onions, or potatoes to them. By a little proper attention car-loads may be made up at different places for shipment. The society also want straw beds of the usual size for two persons, and friends in the country are requested to furnish as many as they can. The ticking should be of strong material, filled with straw or prairie hay. The society are feeding and caring for over 40,000 people at the present time, with a very small stock of vegetables on hand and but little coming in.

Our sketch on page 1053 illustrates the energy of the Chicago people in meeting the heavy disaster which has befallen their city. They have gone to work with undaunted hearts, and the determination not only to obliterate within the next five years every trace of the fire, but to make their city still more magnificent and prosperous than it was before.

"MARRIAGE IN HIGH LIFE."

BY JUSTIN M'CARTHY.

SOME people think, perhaps, that the regular old conventional uncle of the comic novel and drama is a mere artistic figment, like Clown and Pantaloon, or a faded anachronism as unsuited to our time as a Saracen or a Knight Templar. But Paul Middlemist, barrister at law, of the Temple, London, had just such an uncle; the regulation uncle—testy, rich, snobbish, vulgar, and at bottom good natured, the uncle whom you may see at the Adelphi, in London, or Wallack's, in New York. Mr. Theophilus Middlemist, the elder, did not exactly wear a blue coat with brass buttons, and yellow nankeen trowsers, as the dramatic uncle always does, for even Theophilus Middlemist would have seen that such garments were a little out of date; but he did carry a thick stick, and he lived in the country, and his money was the object of his nephew's great expectations—all just as in some pleasant old comedy.

Theophilus Middlemist had been a chandler in London, and had made a fortune, and retired to the country. He had been fond, in a sort of way, of his brother, Paul Middlemist's father, long since dead; and he brought up young Paul as though the boy were his own son. He resolved that Paul should be a professional man and a gentleman, and therefore sent him to study law in the Temple. Above all things else, Theophilus Middlemist was an honest old British snob. He revered respectability; he fell down and worshiped rank. He would not knowingly have done a mean thing for all the world; but to pay homage to a man or woman of rank seemed to him a noble privilege and a sacred duty. To have a title was, in his mind, much the same as being canonized. He gave Paul to understand that he must seek, beyond every thing else, the companionship of his social superiors. Money should not fail any ambition of Paul's as long as it could help him to mix with rank and fashion. But the uncle always declared that if Paul did not make himself a gentleman, he would find himself a beggar, as far as the honest earnings of his elderly relative were concerned.

Now it may be that had another course of training been followed with Paul, he too might have turned out a worshiper of rank and a snob. Perhaps the inherent manhood of his nature would have kept him all right in any case. Let us hope it would. But whatever may be the possibilities, it is certain that his uncle's simple and naked snobbery had the effect of opening Paul's eyes, from a very early age, to the meanness and vulgarity of all such sentiments. He winced under his uncle's weakness, and was sorry and ashamed because of the British foible which disfigured a character so honest and, on the whole, so deserving of respect.

In due time Paul was called to the bar. In that profession, however, many are called, but few are chosen. Paul had no briefs. The attorneys did not come near him. He was reported to be lazy, which he certainly was not, and literary, which he certainly was, and each report tended more and more to ruin his chances. He was handsome, gay, careless, generous, and he didn't get on. He drew pretty freely on his uncle's purse; and he satisfied his conscience as well as he could by assuring himself that his failure was the uncle's own fault. "Why must he make me a gentleman?" Paul would ask, with a laugh. "I should have got on capitally, I dare say, at the Australian diggings. Why didn't he let me go out to the United States and fight for the North? I might have been Lieutenant General Middlemist by this time. I dare say I should have been. Or why didn't he allow me to encourage the advances of the public-house keeper's fat widow? She used to look unutterable things at me; and she had lots of money. And now she has married the bar-man, who isn't within three inches of my height; and they have sold their business and keep a carriage."

All this was Paul's fun. The latter part was especially his fun, for he was talking to sweet Lydia Ranthorpe, sister of Tom Ranthorpe, Paul's daily companion in Essex Court, Temple; and Paul was madly in love with Lydia. Now Lydia and her brother were very poor. Tom Ranthorpe came up to London with little more than his good spirits to feed and clothe him, and pending his making his way to be Attorney-General or Lord Chancellor, he wrote as often as he could find acceptance for newspapers and magazines; and Lydia and he had pleasant little lodgings at Forest Hill. Ranthorpe had his name painted up along with that of Middlemist on the door of the chambers in Essex Court; but he did not live there, as Paul did. Every night regularly he went home, late or early, to Forest Hill; and often, when no amusement of any kind kept him in town, and he went home early to a cup of tea with Lydia, Paul went with him. Soon Mr Paul began to find all the joys of London life vapid and dull when compared with an hour of Lydia's company. And so, utterly reckless of his uncle's certain wrath and resistance, Paul chose to fall in love with Lydia. To make matters worse, she chose to fall in love with him. To deepen the darkness of the situation, Tom Ranthorpe, instead of wisely remonstrating, and sternly opposing to such folly his influence as a friend and his authority as a brother, chose to be delighted with the whole affair. The consequence of all this was that Lydia and Paul were engaged before they had well thought of what they were doing, and, for aught any one could tell to the contrary, might make up their minds to be married any day.

"Seems to me, Paul, your uncle's a confounded old mercenary humbug," Tom Ranthorpe remarked one evening as they talked over the whole situation with that charming frankness which usually characterized their conversation.

"No," said Paul, thoughtfully, as he stroked the mustache which his position as a captain of volunteers authorized him, a learned advocate, to wear—"no, it isn't that. The dear old boy isn't mercenary. It isn't money he wants me to get so much as rank. Confound it, Tom, why aren't you the younger son, or even the second cousin, of a lord? It wouldn't matter if Lydia hadn't a sixpence, if she were only the Honorable Lydia Ranthorpe. My uncle would give half his fortune, I verily believe, to help me to run away with the seventh daughter of the poorest peer in England, even though the flight involved the loss of every penny that might possibly have been hers."

"Honorable Lydia Ranthorpe! Why, there is an Honorable Lydia Ranthorpe," said Tom, musingly. "We read her name the other day among the list of presentations at court, and we were amused at the coincidence. I haven't the slightest doubt we belong to the same family."

"I'm afraid the relationship is not quite clear and certain," Paul remarked, with a shake of the head, "and I don't see that it helps us any the farther."

"I don't know," Tom replied. "I am quite with Falstaff in valuing highly a commodity of good names. One doesn't know when something may come of it. You are going down to your uncle's place to-morrow?"

"Yes; it's a terrible bore, just now especially; but it can't be helped."

"No; it may serve us, perhaps. I don't quite see my way yet. But, while I am thinking about the whole affair, I have one thing to impress upon you: if you receive a marked newspaper from London, be sure to leave it lying somewhere under your uncle's eye; and do the same with any letter of Lydia's that reaches you in an envelope from me. Come, promise! swear!" and Tom Ranthorpe fell into an attitude of intense dramatic heroism.

"But why? what do you mean?"

"'Be innocent of the knowledge, dearest chuck,'" replied Tom, in the language of Macbeth, "'till thou applaud the deed.' I don't know yet. It may all come to nothing; but I have an idea. About, my brains! Good-by, old fellow. Go and see Lydia."

With this parting injunction Paul Middlemist promptly complied. Next day he went down to the country, and was warmly received by his uncle.

A day or two after his arrival he received a marked copy of the *Morning Post* directed in what seemed to be a woman's hand. The mark had reference to a dinner party at Windsor Castle, where, among the guests of her Majesty the Queen, was mentioned the name of the "Honorable Lydia Ranthorpe." Paul obeyed injunctions, and left the paper, in American phraseology, "lying around."

The eagle eye of the elder Middlemist lighted on the paper; indeed, the good man always reverentially studied the *Morning Post*. He was naturally attracted to the marked passage, and he wondered why it should have been marked for Paul's especial benefit by a woman. "The Honorable Lydia Ranthorpe!" he murmured. "Can she be an acquaintance of my boy's?" He flew to his copy of the "Peerage," and there he found "Lydia Maria Christina Ranthorpe," eldest daughter of Lord Viscount Ranthorpe, and niece of the Most Noble the Marquis of Huntingleo. Likewise he found that the Honorable Lydia was twenty-eight years of age. Theophilus Middlemist liked to read of such people.

The very next day he saw a letter, open, lying on his nephew's table, evidently left behind by him when he went out to ride with one of the sons of a neighbor. "Careless fellow!" Middlemist senior observed, and his eye glanced rather curiously at the paper. "And from a woman, too! Well, the lad has no secrets, evidently."

The old gentleman must have been quite convinced of this, for he took up the letter and read it through. It was very short—a dainty, pretty little *billet*, and it ran thus:

"DEAREST PAUL,—I am very unhappy without you, although we have been staying at Windsor, and trying to enjoy the delightful place. But I only think of you. Oh, how I hate the miserable formalities and conventionalities of the world and of society! Tom writes, and I inclose this line only to say that I hope you are well, and are making the best of your holiday—if it be one—and that you will soon come back to your own
LYDIA."

Lydia! Windsor! and the *Morning Post!* and the Honorable Lydia Ranthorpe dining with the Queen! and the description in Debrett's "Peerage!" Could it be possible? Could Paul Middlemist, his nephew, really have fascinated a lady of rank and fashion? But who was "Tom?" Doubtless her brother or cousin. He turned to Debrett again. No, there was no brother. It must surely be a cousin: there were ever so many names of male Ranthorpes. Anyhow, that was a matter of no consequence. "Tom" might be what Mr. Middlemist would have called a mutual friend of the lady and Paul. There could be no reasonable doubt whatever that "Lydia," who wrote the letter, was the Honorable Lydia Ranthorpe of the *Morning Post* and Windsor Castle.

"May I ask, Sir," the elder slyly said to his nephew that evening, "who is the Lydia whose letters you leave so carelessly about? I might have read the whole letter if I had felt inclined to pry into your secrets. Who is the fair Miss Lydia? Is her name a secret?"

Paul looked becomingly confused.

"Oh, Lydia—yes, to be sure! No, there's no mystery at all. Miss Ranthorpe, uncle—a very charming girl; relative of a particular friend of mine, Tom Ranthorpe."

"A charming girl, indeed?—eh, Paul? Any thing very serious there?"

Paul looked down, sighed, and pressed his hand to his forehead. He was beginning to see Tom Ranthorpe's joke now, and didn't object to humoring it.

"Serious, uncle? Alas! no. Family difficulties—cursed distinctions of rank and wealth—elderly guardian—social wants that are against the strength of youth. Let us not speak of it," and Paul swallowed hastily a glass of wine, finding himself barely competent to keep up much longer a blending of the style of Mr. Alfred Jingle and the forlorn lover in "Locksley Hall."

"Well, I don't know," the good-natured uncle began. "These are leveling days, Paul, my boy; and money can do something, and—"

"Uncle," said Paul, solemnly, "let us change the subject." And it was changed accordingly, and the uncle was left nearly wild with curiosity.

"Gad!" Theophilus Middlemist grumbled to himself that night, as he swallowed his soda-water and brandy previous to going to bed, "boys now haven't half the courage and spirit that were common in my younger days. Here's a handsome young fellow, and a lady of title and fashion, daughter of a viscount—a lady who dines with the Queen, by Jove! falls in love with him—downright in love with him—and tells him so, and he only moans out some feeble stuff about inequalities of rank, and so forth! Why doesn't he run away with her to Scotland? Hang the money! I'd let him have money enough. I wish I were a young man, and that

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the Honorable Miss Somebody had only fallen in love with *me!*"

Next day the uncle made several sly allusions, and let off various jokes and hints and taunts designed to stimulate his nephew into some daring measure. More than once, too, he gently suggested that if Paul would make him his confidant, something might, perhaps, be done. But Paul only preserved a silence gloomier than ever, and shook his head with a profounder solemnity.

Greatly was Mr. Middlemist's surprise enhanced when, soon after, he received a letter from one of the most aristocratic clubs in London, and signed, "Thos. G. Adolphus Ranthorpe." With tremulous eagerness he read:

"DEAR SIR,—Although I can hardly say I have the pleasure of knowing you personally, yet as the intimate friend of your nephew, and as the near relative of one in whom he is deeply interested, I feel that I may take the liberty of thus suddenly addressing myself to you. There is a subject of some importance on which I should much wish to have some conversation with you, but of which I hardly care to write. Doubtless you sometimes run up to town, and I should be particularly glad if, the first day you can make it convenient to do so, you would give me an opportunity of talking with you. I shall be found at the club every day up to three o'clock, and shall be happy," etc., etc.

Next day, to the surprise of his nephew, Mr. Middlemist flew to town, and straightway made for the club to which he had been invited. On the steps of the building he saw a handsome, dark young man in close conversation with a fair-haired and fair-bearded youth. The former looked keenly at our worthy elder as he passed up the steps, and, politely advancing toward him, said,

"Mr. Middlemist, I think? Had the pleasure of seeing you once before, although, perhaps, you don't remember me. My name's Ranthorpe. Allow me to introduce my friend;" and either Middlemist's ears deceived him, or he was presented to a living lord. Middlemist could hardly speak with confusion and delight.

"Will you excuse me for one moment?" Ranthorpe said; and he drew his fair-haired companion aside, and engaged hastily in conversation with him. Middlemist was burning to know whether he really had been introduced to a peer of the realm, and, if so, what the name of the peer was, for he had failed to catch it as spoken by Ranthorpe. One of the club servants, gorgeous in livery, stood near, and the moment was opportune. Middlemist hastily asked "the name of that gentleman."

"Which gentleman?" the pampered menial loftily inquired.

"The gentleman talking to Mr. Ranthorpe."

"Why, Lord Eglamour, to be sure," the bloated minion replied, disdainful of the ignorant churl to whom the person of one of the most resplendent young noblemen was unknown. Middlemist could have clasped the hand of the powerful liveried idealist—could have pressed it to his bosom. He had, then, been presented to Lord Eglamour! Nay, Eglamour, now springing lightly into his cab, actually nodded a friendly salute to our venerable acquaintance as he drove away.

"Now, my dear Middlemist," Ranthorpe said, as he put his arm familiarly under that of Theophilus—"for I must treat you as a friend, you know—if you will just walk a few steps with me—"

"Certainly! certainly! any where," answered the delighted Briton. Oh, if all his rural neighbors could only have been in Pall Mall to see him in such goodly company!

"Well, then, my dear Middlemist, you know, of course, my friendship for your nephew; and you know the relationship in which I stand to Lydia Ranthorpe."

"Perfectly, perfectly," affirmed Mr. Middlemist, although he was by no means clear as to the relationship.

"Very good. Now, you see, you and I are men of the world. Paul Middlemist is a devilish fine fellow, and all that, and Lydia Ranthorpe is a charming girl; and they have been making love awfully, and I'm afraid I've been to blame for encouraging them. You see, my dear Middlemist, I'm afraid it won't do. There are elders who would never consent—never—if they knew how things stood. There is an elderly male relation, Sir, who would be inflexible as adamant. Paul talks of running away with her, and, on my word, the girl is so infatuated about him that she would go off to-morrow if he were to ask her. But, to be frank with you, she has not a nothing absolutely her own; and he has nothing: and what's the use? Will the love they are so rich in make a fire in the kitchen, and so on? I thought it right to put you up on this, as a man of sense and judgment. And I only ask you to use your influence and authority and advice, and so forth. I pledge you to nothing except that, of course, you will never betray my confidence. And, let what will come of it, now my mind is free."

"My dear Sir," began the bewildered and delighted Middlemist, "how shall I express my gratitude for this remarkable, this generous, this—in fact, this—"

"Not one word, Middlemist; not one word more, if you please. We have both said enough—perhaps I've said rather too much: devilish delicate affair, you know! And the best thing we can do now is to make no further allusion to it. Assume that a bird of the air has whispered something to you, and let us two go on as if we had never exchanged a syllable on the subject. And now, my dear Middlemist, you must come and have luncheon with me and two or three other fellows. No, I can take no denial or excuse; you really must. I want to make you acquainted with some pleasant friends, whom I think you will be glad to know."

The rejoicing and bewildered Middlemist enjoyed his luncheon immensely, although he could hardly eat a morsel for pride and happiness. Never had he been in the company of such swells before. There were (let us borrow our names for the sake of illustration) Lord Pendennis, the Earl of Warrington, Sir Clive Newcome, the Honorable Fred Bayham, and several others, every one having a title, and yet all as gracious to old Middlemist as though he were one of themselves. They talked about Paul Middlemist as if he were their brother, and one or two rallied *Lord Pendennis* somewhat inconsiderately on his having been supplanted by Paul in the affections of a certain fair Lydia. His lordship, however, bore the quizzing with all the bland good humor of a polished English nobleman. Not the faintest flicker of a doubt ever crossed Middlemist's mind as to the genuineness of the whole affair. Why should not Lord Pendennis be as genuine as Lord Eglamour, and of the latter there was no question.

When the party was breaking up, Tom Ranthorpe pressed Middlemist's hand and whispered: "Remember my warning! Prevent this foolish love-affair from going any farther. Interpose in time, or don't blame me afterward!"

Middlemist murmured rapturous thanks, and made for the railway station in a condition of chuckling ecstasy.

Tom Ranthorpe and his brilliant company had a jolly evening together. But as Cinderella, when the clock has struck twelve, changes from splendor to rags, so now did his lordship and the earl, and the honorable and the rest, come down to be a merry gathering of briefless barristers and struggling artists. They had been playing a little comedy, in fact, got up by Ranthorpe for the beguilement of "the old snob, Middlemist." They were not overscrupulous. They thought every thing fair in love, and they assumed that they were thus advancing the dearest interests of their friend Paul. Let it be said, in justice to that gentleman, that he knew nothing about the practical joke. Neither, of course, did Lydia. When her brother took her for a day or two to Windsor—where they lived in a modest lodging, and did not even see her Majesty on the "drove on the slopes"—Lydia had not the remotest suspicion that she had been taken there only in order that, writing thence to Paul, she might thus clearly identify herself in the mind of Paul's uncle with her namesake at court. The marked paper was sent by Tom, addressed in his best attempt at a woman's hand, and Lydia never knew any thing about it.

The appearance on the scene of Lord Eglamour was a splendid chance, giving the whole thing, apparently, a stamp of irresistible reality. Lord Eglamour was the one only nobleman with whom Ranthorpe was acquainted, and it was the inspiration of true genius which bade Tom, when from afar he saw the elder Middlemist come plowing up Pall Mall, to seize the button of the young nobleman, detain him in earnest conversation about nothing, and whisper to him that Middlemist was one of the oddest old boys alive—a delightful character, to be humored in every thing for the sake of the fun to be made out of him. This procured for Middlemist his lordship's pleasant and affable salute, and decided the venerable uncle's destiny.

Old Middlemist reached home beaming with delight, wine, pride, and self-glorification. He was resolved that Paul must marry Lydia Ranthorpe, even though, as Mr. Beefit, in Trollope's late novel, says so elegantly of his daughter, she had "nothing but her smock."

"Paul, my boy!" his uncle exclaimed that very night, as they were parting at bed-time—Paul was returning to town next day—"I know the whole affair; I know it all. And if you haven't the spirit to marry that lovely Lydia Ranthorpe in spite of the world, why, damme, Sir, I'll disown you!"

"But, my dear uncle, have you considered?"

"No, Sir, I haven't! I won't consider any thing! And I'm ashamed of you to talk of considering in such a case! Marry the girl, Sir—run away with her, if you like—and bring me my niece, Lydia, here, or never let me see your face again!"

Paul was too obedient a nephew to remonstrate any longer, although his conscience a little misgave him when, next morning, his uncle mysteriously pressed a check for a handsome amount into his hand. He feared some trick must have been played somewhere; but when he saw Ranthorpe, the latter, amidst bursts of laughter, pledged him his word that he had never made any false representation whatever to Theophilus Middlemist touching his sister's place in society, and that he had, in fact, warned the good man against the marriage. So Paul did not feel bound to make any further inquiry. He was weary of waiting, and meant to have married Lydia at once in any case, whether his uncle liked it or not; and his doubts and scruples now had reference not to the question of marriage, whereon his mind was made up, but as to accepting his uncle's money to pay the expenses of the honey-moon.

There was no need of running away. Paul and Lydia were quietly married, and, after a short trip in Scotland, Paul brought his pretty, winning wife to charm his old uncle, which she did unaffectedly. Before a week was over the elder Middlemist fairly adored her.

Of course the whole thing came out. It was revealed first by Lydia herself, quite innocently and artlessly; and even in the first moment of his anger the old man could not but see that she had had no part whatever in the little comedy. Tom Ranthorpe took all the blame to himself, and exonerated even Paul from any serious participation in the plot, which, however, Tom manfully defended as entirely justifiable in the interest of two loving hearts.

"But, Sir," exclaimed the bewildered Middlemist, "you told me of some elderly relation who wouldn't consent."

"Don't you see, my dear Middlemist?—yourself? I meant yourself all the time!"

"But you led me to think it was her relation—her father."

"The Right Honorable Lord Ranthorpe?" interrupted Tom, with a burst of laughter. "No, I didn't, my dear Sir; you led yourself to think it. I warned you against allowing the thing to go on, and told you you mustn't blame me for any thing that might happen."

There was nothing more to be said, and old Middlemist made the best of it. But it was long before he could be reconciled fully to Ranthorpe, or would consent to meet Lord Pendennis and the Earl of Warrington, and the rest of that joyous company. One day, however, at a flower show, some one pointed out to him the Honorable Lydia Ranthorpe—the real honorable aristocrat of Windsor Castle—and he saw a lean, miserable creature, yellow as a guinea, and angular as Rosinante. He went home, kissed Mrs. Paul cordially, and thanked Heaven for what had happened, adding that it would have only punished him justly for his mean snobbishness if his nephew had really married some hideous woman of title who would have looked down with scorn and contempt on her husband's poor old uncle.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

The destruction of a vast amount of valuable fruit-bearing and ornamental trees is one of the losses by fire which time only can restore in Chicago and many other Western towns. A timely suggestion, however, has been made, which, if adopted in season, will be very useful. In many instances the vitality of the roots has not been impaired. By cutting off the trees close to the surface of the ground before winter, and covering the wounds with a heavy coat of grafting-wax, the life will be preserved until next spring, when they will, in a majority of cases, send up strong shoots and grow rapidly. Some varieties of trees will not sprout; but fruit trees, grape-vines, berry bushes, and valuable shrubbery will sprout again if cut close to the ground before cold weather comes. The burned and heated portions of the wood should be removed until a live surface is laid bare, when a warm coating of grafting-wax should be applied. This should be covered with brown paper or cloth, and several inches of fine earth overlay the whole. A suitable grafting-wax may be made of equal parts of rosin or pitch and tallow, or one part of linseed-oil and two of coarse rosin. In the spring the soil should be removed, leaving only about an inch over the stump.

A memorial to the late Charles Dickens, who was born at Portsmouth, is to be raised in that town.

Another royal authoress is the ex-Empress Eugénie, who has been for some time engaged on a life of Mary Queen of Scots, which will shortly be published.

Professor Blot, of culinary renown, is of opinion that mixed coffee is the best. He prefers a mixture of Java, Mocha, and Maracaibo. His method of making is to use a coffee-pot with a filter. Put the coffee—varying the amount according to the quantity and strength you desire—into the filter and pour boiling water over it, and the beverage is made.

All attempts to remove the bar to the Mississippi below New Orleans by dredging seem ineffectual. It still remains a serious obstacle to navigation. A recent report of the United States engineer in charge of operations there states that by several months' labor a channel had been cut with a minimum depth of eighteen and a half feet. A storm came on, and in a few hours entirely filled up this channel; but a subsequent survey showed that during the same storm an unusual rush of water had torn out a new channel in another locality quite as deep and as navigable as the one constructed by dredging had ever been.

A lady living in Chicago writes to *Harper's Weekly* a sad story of individual suffering from the awful calamity which has overtaken that city. She closes by saying:

"Although we are not among the 'burned out,' yet we feel the terrible calamity, as does every family in Chicago. Hundreds of families are in our circumstances. I know your paper will contain valuable illustrations of our fire; but half the sad events will never be made public. One of the saddest features is the suffering among women in delicate health. It is estimated by a responsible physician of our city that one hundred babes were born on Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday among the sufferers. Forty were born in Lincoln Park on Tuesday. Events of the most heart-rending character are being brought to light. One poor woman on the North Side was in bed with a babe a few hours old when the house caught fire. The inmates in their flight forgot the poor woman and her babe. She rose from her bed, wrapped a sheet around herself and child, and made her way to the street. There she was found dead, with the babe in her arms."

A traveler in Utah gives a clear description of some peculiar features of the scenery in that section of country—peculiarities of which it is difficult to give an Eastern reader any idea. For example, what are called the *buttes* are impressive and picturesque. By the word *butte* (pronounced so as to rhyme with *mute*) the traveler in the far West learns to understand a mass of red sandstone rising abruptly in the midst of a level plain to a height sometimes of 2000 feet, often as broad at the top as at the base, and level above, it may be, as a floor, or carved, as it rises, into most fantastic shapes, that project from its edges and overshadow the desert below. This sandstone, moreover, is not firm in texture, but seems loose and friable, and is worn and rounded and gullied by wind and rain so that its shapes stand half shrouded in a veil of shifting sand, which is sent whirling before the sharp, uncovered features by every gust of the intense wind. These buttes seem like nothing so much as the ruins of vast mountains, sculptured into strange devices by the weather's restless chisel; and on the level desert they tower aloft, like the fantastic creations of some weird and mighty architect, so strong in their resemblance oftentimes to well-known objects of man's devising that we can hardly believe them the chance work of the elements.

A defiant tricolored flag still floats from the spire of the cathedral at Metz, and is most irritating to the Prussians. A large reward was promised to the man who would haul it down; but not one Frenchman would consent to make the attempt, and no German dared. An inhabitant of the town writes to say that the governor having doubled the sum promised, a Berlin workman essayed to gain the prize; but after arriving within about three meters of the famous banner he was obliged to descend amidst the laughter and enthusiastic cheering of the crowd collected on the Place d'Armes.

The proprietor of one of the most important coach-building establishments in Paris, being unable to find a sufficient number of good workmen in that city, has made arrangements to employ 1000 German operatives, and they have just gone to Paris.

The most industrious of all American artists in Italy is said to be Harriet Hosmer. Even in the summer, when every one fruit extolled to [illegible], she lives in her studio.

Newspaper reporters in Warsaw do not have a comfortable time of it. Not long ago the superintendent of the police, not liking an item in one of the newspapers of Warsaw, ordered the reporter who had written it to be flogged and imprisoned for a week, with only bread and water for diet.

In India, when a native preacher is temporarily called from his post of duty, or laid aside by sickness, his wife proves a helpmate. She takes his place, preaches the sermon, and conducts the services.

It is fortunate that the battle of Bunker Hill was not fought where it was originally designed to be, and that the monument glorying in the name of Bunker Hill was located on another eminence; because, otherwise, the people of Charlestown would be forced to pull down the monument, or else select another hill to reduce in size. Bunker Hill is to be graded down forty-five feet, which, with the fourteen feet it has already lost, will make it sixty feet lower than its original height at the summit. A large Catholic church must be lowered, and a cemetery containing 3000 corpses is to be removed. The whole cost of the undertaking is estimated at $1,071,771. The earth removed goes to fill up flats, and will add about 100 acres to the territory of Charlestown. The number of buildings it will be necessary to lower is 473.

About daylight on that fatal Monday morning Robert T. Lincoln, only surviving son of the late President Lincoln, entered his law office in Chicago after the flames had attacked the building, opened the vault, and piled upon a table-cloth the most valuable papers, then slung the pack over his shoulder, and escaped amidst a shower of falling fire-brands. He walked up Michigan Avenue with this load on his back, and stopped at the mansion of John Young Scammon, where they breakfasted with a feeling of perfect security. Lincoln went home with his papers, and before noon the house of Scammon was in ruins, the last which was sacrificed by the lake-side.

The easiest way to preserve grapes is to hang the bunches up in a room where the air is not subject to much change, and is pure and dry. If not below the freezing-point, the cooler the air the better the grapes will keep.

The Czar of Russia has ordered that women be permitted to become druggists and chemists, be eligible to all positions as clerks and accountants; and, more than this, they are henceforth to be allowed to practice as surgeons, and, of course, to qualify themselves by preliminary studies.

During the bombardment of Strasburg a shell burst through one of the beautiful painted windows of the cathedral, flew across the nave and, smashing in the organ pipes, lodged in the organ itself. Had it burst, the destruction not only of the organ but of the cathedral must have been inevitable. Strange to say, the shell remained imbedded in the heart of the instrument without exploding. The missile has now been extracted, and is mounted on a marble pedestal in the cathedral, and an inscription informs visitors of this remarkable occurrence.

A deputation of fifty school-teachers and several members of Parliament have presented to the Education Department of London a memorial in which occurs the following clause: "Your memorialists respectfully beg to draw attention to a hardship endured by girls' schools. In these schools three afternoons in the week are usually occupied in needle-work, but the girls are expected to pass an examination in the standards of the same difficulty as boys, whose whole time is devoted to intellectual work." Let the English girls have justice.

Photographers have a romantic side to their labors. They oftentimes venture into most dangerous places to obtain a desired view. Not long ago a photographer of Montana, while developing a picture of the Great Falls of the Yellow Stone, left his instrument standing on the edge of the cañon. Returning, he found it in a thousand fragments, sliding down amidst stones and earth into the river. An artist connected with the Hayden geological expedition writes that at several places in the vicinity of Yellow Stone Falls they were compelled to cling to the roots of overhanging trees, and while they were thus supported, sketched the legs of the cañon, which seemed perfectly cavern. As the perpendicular walls of this great cañon vary from one to two thousand feet, some self-possession must be needed to gaze into its dizzy depths—an immense cleft in the earth's crust about half a mile in width, through which runs a large river falling over seven hundred feet, as it enters, and still continuing to rush, roaring, for nearly fifty miles.

The power of precedent and example is wonderful. Two or three years ago the greatest astonishment was expressed because the Duke of Argyle sent two of his sons to try their fortunes in the commercial world. Since then a large number of the younger sons of the nobility have followed this example of the Campbells. The younger son of an English earl has just joined one of the large breweries. Another scion of a noble house is on his way to China as a tea traveler, leaving a brother to learn the tea trade at the house he represents, for which privilege he is glad to pay the same premium as the sons of plebeians. In more than a dozen of the great houses in London there are representatives of the nobility, whose duties differ from those of the other apprentices only in this, that they do not sleep on the premises. They have the same hours and the same work as the sons of the working-men who are their companions, but the rules of the house are relaxed to allow them to go home at night and mingle in circles of fashion with their elder brothers and sisters. In some houses the sons of noblemen and very rich men are rapidly monopolizing the places that used to be open to every one. They pay enormous premiums to acquire a practical knowledge of a business or trade.

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Boss. "You have the *Liberty of Voting* for any one you please; but we have the *Liberty of Counting* in any one we please."

"Do your Duty as Citizens, and leave the rest to take its course."—*New York Times.*

1. THE SAPPHO GETTING UNDER WAY. THE LIVONIA UNDER WAY.

2. THE LIVONIA. THE SAPPHO AFTER THE LIVONIA—11.36.

THE RACE FOR THE QUEEN'S CUP.

THE decisive race for the Queen's Cup, so gallantly won by the yacht *America* in 1851 from the flower of the English yachts, was sailed on Monday, October 23, between the *Livonia* and the *Sappho*. Our artist was a witness of the friendly contest from the start to the close; and on this page records the triumph of the American yacht in a series of pictures which show the position occupied by each of the competing vessels at different hours during the progress of the race.

The start was from the anchor, and the representative of the *Livonia* was the choice of position. By ten o'clock the waters of the bay off the Quarantine Landing were crowded with all kinds of craft to witness the race. The day was all that could be desired, the air was quite warm, and the sky almost cloudless. At 11.16 the signal to make ready was given, and at 11.21 the whistle was blown for the start. The *Livonia* had lowered her topmast as if she anticipated heavy weather. The wind was moderate from west-southwest, and the tide at the last of the ebb.

The *Livonia* got much the best of the start, as men had been sent aloft, who, at the sound of the whistle, jumped out of the rigging, clinging to the jib stays, and thus running the head-sails up with celerity. The crew of the *Sappho* displayed remarkable coolness, and the *Livonia's* jibs were half up before the *Sappho* began. Everything moved with the most perfect system; and although the *Livonia* soon filled and got well under way, the work went along deliberately upon the deck of the American champion. It was fully five minutes after the signal, or three and a half minutes after the *Livonia* crossed the line, that the *Sappho* got her sails drawing perfectly. The *Livonia* was leading by fully three-fourths of a mile, and under jib, stay-sail, jib-headed maintop-sail, and fore and main sails, was doing her utmost to maintain her position. The *Sappho*, in addition to her main and fore sails, carried her three lower jibs and fore and main gaff top-sails.

From the very start, as soon as she got way on, the *Sappho* began to gain upon her antagonist. The *Livonia* passed the fort on the lower point of Staten Island at 11.36.30, the *Sappho* at 11.38. So the yachts went on, passing Buoy 13, the *Livonia* at 11.41, *Sappho* 11.42. Buoy No. 13, *Livonia* 11.49, *Sappho* 11.49.30.

As the yachts approached Buoy No. 11 the *Sappho* attempted to pass to windward of her antagonist; but finding that this could not be done, she drew up until her jib-boom was nearly over the *Livonia's* taffrail, and keeping broad off to get good way on, she luffed and passed through the lee of the *Livonia* as if the latter had been at anchor. At 11.58 the *Sappho* passed Buoy No. 9, and at 11.58.45 the *Livonia* passed the same point. Passing Buoy No. 7 the *Sappho* had a clear lead of five lengths.

The Buoy No. 10 was now on the lee bow of the yachts, and they kept off. The *Sappho* set her jib top-sail and the *Livonia* set her maintop-mast stay-sail. The former passed the buoy at 12.16.12, the latter at 12.16.58.

By this time the wind had moderated, and from this point to the light-ship was dead aft. Both yachts boomed out their mainsails to port and their foresails to starboard, and ran wing and wing. The *Sappho* jibed round the light-ship at 1.32.26; the *Livonia* at 1.45.22, as shown in the accompanying illustrations.

The race back to the stake-boat showed in a still more remarkable manner the superiority of the American over the English yacht. It was the subject of general remark that the *Livonia* did not sail within two points as close to the wind's eye as the *Sappho*, while her inferiority in the matter of speed, supposing her to have been properly handled, was so conclusively proved that even Mr Ashbury can hardly fail to be convinced of the fact.

The wind continued blowing freshly, and the *Sappho*, fairly outrunning the steamers, came in at the home stake-boat at 3.37.05. The *Livonia* arrived at the stake-boat at 4.23.41. The following table will give a clear idea of the race.

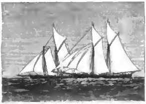
OFFICIAL TIME—START, 11.21.

[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
Sappho	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
Livonia	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]

	[illegible]	[illegible]
Sappho	[illegible]	[illegible]
Livonia	[illegible]	[illegible]

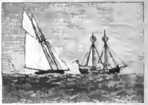
Thus the American yacht beat the English in actual time twenty six minutes and thirty six seconds, and as corrected for allowance twenty-five minutes and twenty-seven seconds. Adding the three minutes lost at the start, makes the victory of the *Sappho* twenty-eight minutes and twenty-seven seconds.

The possession of the Queen's Cup is not the only question decided by the race. There is an essential difference in the principles of construction adopted by the yacht-builders of England and America, and this contest has proved the superiority of the American mode. The English yachts are narrow and of deep draught, stiffness in heavy weather being secured by means of ballast—so much dead weight to be dragged through the water. American yachts, on the contrary, secure steadiness and



3. NECK AND NECK—11.[illegible]

THE QUEEN'S CUP.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY [illegible].]



5. THE LIVONIA ROUNDING THE LIGHT-SHIP—1.45.22.

4. THE SAPPHO LEADS—12.[illegible]

7. THE SAPPHO AT THE HOME STAKE—3.37.05.

8. THE SAPPHO ROUNDING THE LIGHT-SHIP—1.32.26.

9. THE LIVONIA AT THE HOME STAKE—4.23.41.

THE YACHT RACE FOR THE QUEEN'S CUP.

safety by great breadth of beam, which, by causing them to sink less deep, insures far greater buoyancy without loss of stiffness. The English have always claimed that these yachts were more easily handled than the American, especially in heavy weather; but this race, in which the American principle of construction was fairly matched against the English, has demonstrated the fallacy of that opinion.

The Queen's Cup, the possession of which, for the time, is decided by this race, is of very elegant workmanship. It is twenty-seven inches in height, and weighs 135 ounces Troy. It bears the following inscriptions:

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Schooners.			Cutters.		
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Mona,	82	"	Constance,	218	"
Bacchante,	80	"	Gipsy Queen,	160	"
Freak,	60	"	Brilliant,	393	"
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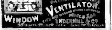

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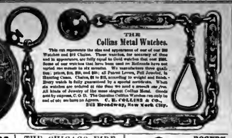

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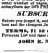

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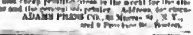

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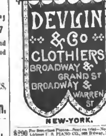

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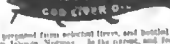

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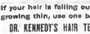

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THE REISSUE OF
HARPER'S WEEKLY.
A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

VOL. XV.—No. 777.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 18, 1871. [WITH A SUPPLEMENT PRICE TEN CENTS.

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ROMISH AVARICE.

By EUGENE LAWRENCE.

M. COQUEREL—no incompetent authority—thinks the Romish Church the source of the grave troubles of his country, of the misfortunes of Italy and Spain. He repeats only the lesson of history; yet he could scarcely have been prepared to find in America the same fatal influence blighting the hopes of freemen. Of all the vices of the papal see not the least constant and dangerous has been avarice. Its passion for accumulating lands and endowments has disturbed and oppressed society in every European nation, impoverished England until, under HENRY VIII., it confiscated all the possessions of its priests, hastened the French revolution by enormous possessions, weighed down Italy and Spain until their suffering people have [illegible] upon the wide [illegible] of the papacy, once-perverted Germany, and covered Mexico and South America with apparently endless misfortunes.

The same career of priestly rapacity has begun in our own city and has advanced with more than European vigor. No savage king or servile despot of the Middle Ages was ever more bountiful to his Romish allies than our Democratic rulers. In Europe the wealth of the ruling sect was the slow growth of centuries. In New York two decades have sufficed to enrich the Romish Church from the public treasury. While taxation has risen to an intolerable severity, while the city debt has been steadily increasing until suddenly it is discovered that we are in a condition of almost hopeless insolvency, while enormous frauds have consumed the earnings of the poor and diminished the profits of the industrious, the lavish endowments of a foreign priesthood have never ceased, and millions have been squandered to maintain Catholic institutions, to preserve the integrity of the Romish faith.

How numerous these sectarian charities have become, how many Romish asylums, protectories, and private almshouses line the streets of our city, not many know; but every one is familiar with the large sums required for their support. An orphan house occupies a block of the most costly land of the city. The property on which it stands was granted on a perpetual lease, for a nominal rent, in 1846 or 17, it is maintained, in part, by a large yearly appropriation. Its annual cost to the city can not be less than one hundred thousand dollars, including the interest upon the value of the land; yet it is safe to say that all its inmates might be maintained in the public institutions, or lodged, at a moderate cost, in some country home. A cathedral of unusual size has sprung up next to the orphan asylum. It occupies a block of ground of enormous value. Grave suspicions rest upon the manner in which this land was obtained, and it would be well for its owners to satisfy the public mind by exhibiting their title. Fortunately for the city, one of the leases of the orphan asylum contains a clause of revocation, and was, no doubt, intended to enable the people to recall the grant whenever they should think proper to do so. Of the "Protectory," whose large endowment and excessive yearly cost every citizen is conscious of, it can only be said that all its beneficiaries might be cheaply provided for at the city institutions. The foundling asylum has received half a million in land and money from the unstinted liberality of our present rulers. Its death rate is extraordinary; the public charities are prepared to supply its place, perhaps with more encouraging results.

We have noticed these institutions as the chief examples of their class; they are surrounded by a throng of similar charities, controlled by the Romish priesthood. For the honest laborers in the cause of humanity we have a lasting sympathy. We should rejoice to see the Romish Church pour forth its wealth in saving its poor from want, and softening the life of its suffering people. But when it extracts such extravagant sums from an overburdened community, controls the city by a political party, and endows itself from the liberality of an unscrupulous faction, its charity is converted into selfish avarice, and it enters once more upon that course of ambitious greed which has forced every European nation to recall its gifts to the priesthood. Charity, we must remember, was the pretext under which Rome engrossed the fairest lands of Germany, and spoiled Italy and Spain.

KILLING THE GOOSE THAT LAID THE GOLDEN EGG.

"A certain man had the good fortune to possess a Goose that laid him a Golden Egg every day. But dissatisfied with so slow an income, and thinking to seize the whole treasure at once, he killed the Goose; and cutting her open, found her—just what any other goose would be."—Æsop

If the Romish priesthood had possessed discretion, they would have carefully avoided any recurrence, in the New World, to that dishonest policy which has enraged against them the people of the Old. They would have come among us as one of many sects. They would have claimed no superiority except in humility and good deeds. They would have laid aside ambition; would have joined in no political movements; would have proved by an open reform that they had repented of their evil deeds in past history; were prepared to win a new reputation in all future ages. Unhappily they have entered boldly upon the opposite course. All that is bad in their past policy they would revive; the gentle teachings of FENELON, the eminent remonstrances of DÖLLINGER and HYACINTHE, they neglect. "The Catholic press of the United States," says, in effect, a foreign review, "is more bigoted and more hostile to freedom than the European; it teaches rebellion, persecution, and the final fall of the republic." The Romish Church has become once more an active political party. Its adherents vote on that side which promises them the largest share of power. It aims to rule in our wealthy cities. It has already become a source of discord and moral decay. It has suffered its officials to plunder the public without limit so long as it is allowed to share in the spoil. It has no word of reproof for its dishonest adherents. It must prepare in future to be treated as a political faction rather than a Christian sect, to be studied with keen accuracy by the jurist, reviewed by the swift insight of letters, pointed to by a HYACINTHE or a COQUEREL as a ceaseless cause of human woe, must deserve the rebuke of modern civilization, and sink beneath the scorn of the community it has rifled and betrayed.

As a political faction it can scarcely hope for any lasting success. It may hold New York in its grasp a few years longer. It may disturb the peace of great towns with riots and disorder. It may place in office mere chameleons and rogues. But the same unpopularity that has followed the priestly rulers of Europe must attend them here, and any party that trusts for its success to the support of a foreign Church will dwindle to a small minority. In Europe the firmest opponents of the Romish rule are Catholics who prefer the interests of their country to the advancement of the Church. The people of Italy, while still professing the faith of Rome, maintain their free schools, their liberal institutions, and have destroyed the temporal power in defiance of the anathemas of an infallible pope. It is a promising trait in our own politics that many intelligent and honest Catholics have denounced that dangerous policy upon which their Church has entered, would accept no bribes from dishonest rulers, and inculcate obedience to the laws.

Still, however, there must be a vigorous struggle, and it will demand all the watchful zeal of the patriotic to expel from our midst the corrupting influence of Romish politics. Only a year ago the nation was in signal danger. The [illegible] of New York, controlling its revenues, guiding the policy of the whole Democratic

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party, the papal faction seemed secure of its aim; its leaders aspired to the Presidency; its lavish corruption controlled the Legislature of New York; the Democracy of the West had been purchased with bribes; and, radiating from the metropolis, as if from a centre of moral and mental decay, the Romish influence was spreading from city to city. Few dared then to denounce the priests, who, like so many of their predecessors, connived at immorality for their own ends, ruled over the public schools, and extorted great sums from the officials they had placed in power. Few would see the cause of the total decay of public virtue, or the shameless vices of our rulers. It seemed as if New York had already sunk into the moral degradation of a Romish city. The spirit of independence was gone; the Romish press suggested that a republic was never lasting. A sudden shock aroused us; it was discovered that fraud, perjury, forgery, were common practices with our city officials; a general cry for honesty and reform has arisen among us, and if the vast sums of which we have been plundered, and the unequaled crimes that have been committed by our public officials, prove sufficient to teach vigilance, economy, and a pure republicanism in the future, they will not have been suffered or lost in vain. We have been snatched from more fatal ills.

Yet our danger still hovers around us: the priestly faction is still unbroken, and will remorseless and revengeful; the Jesuit stands behind the guilty men, his benefactors, teaching them defiance; the Romish party seeks to retain them in office; the Romish press suggests the fall of the republic. To save all that we have inherited of freedom, education, political purity, and republican vigor from the malarious influence of the foreign priest, may require a united movement of the people no less decided and rapid than that which has saved Italy or Spain.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 18, 1871.

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THE DEMOCRATIC HOPE AND DOUBT.

THE leaders and organs of the Democratic party in the Northern part of the country appear tacitly to acknowledge the hopelessness of electing a President by their organization. They are suggesting union with all who are opposed to the present Administration and its policy. This tendency is so strong that we have seen in Democratic papers exhortations to the members of the party in the Ohio Legislature to vote for ex-Secretary COX as Senator, if by alliance with liberal Republicans they could elect him. The sudden admiration shown by the same papers for Senators SUMNER and SCHURZ is as amusing as it is transparent. The dull platitudes about "radicalism" in the same organs, and their petty and futile personal attacks upon the President, reveal a deep and disheartening consciousness that the mind and heart of the American people are turned away from the Democratic party. But we see in no Democratic paper an effort to explain the universal and profound distrust with which its party is regarded.

Until that distrust is removed the party can not hope to return to power. But it is a distrust which is irremovable; nor is there any probability of the success of the party until the country is satisfied that it has ceased to be the old party of slavery and the rebellion. It seems to have been supposed by many of the leaders that it was only necessary to use certain forms of expression in order to recover popular confidence; that it would be enough to say that every thing was accepted to satisfy the country that Democratic ascendency was as safe as that of any party. That was the exquisite folly of the New Departure. For mere words avail no more in public than in private relations. Nobody is deceived when a blackguard affects courtesy, or a swindler pronounces in favor of honesty. Whatever the Democratic party, or certain papers and leaders in its name, may say, the great facts of its history, traditions, dogmas, and membership remain.

When it declared that it had an inexpressible respect for the Constitution, for instance, it is notorious that it included the great body of those who sought the destruction of the Union and of those who sympathized with the attempt. When it professed peculiar regard for liberty, the country knows that its great policy was the maintenance of slavery, and that to-day every Ku-Klux assassin hunting and shooting negroes and Union men is a Democrat. When it promises honest and economical administration, it is not forgotten that the doctrine "To the victors belong the spoils"—the very principle of political corruption—was first preached and practiced by the Democratic party. These are but illustrations of facts which are most familiar to the American people. They do not cease to be significant because in the exigency of an election some Democratic leaders insist that by-gones shall be by-gones. They are not by-gones. Every body knows that they are not by-gones. There is not an intelligent man in the land who does not know that the national success of the Democratic party would be the menace of incalculable evils. And the reason is that, whatever is said, the composition and the spirit of the party are substantially the same.

Naturally the pride and obstinacy of the leaders disincline them to the thought of disbanding. And, indeed, no party formally disbands. The old Federal and Whig parties were merged in others: they simply disappeared. And as the Democratic name and organization must, in the opinion of the leaders, be maintained, they propose, as a trick to outwit the country, that the nomination of the anti-Administration Republicans be accepted. But the leaders will find three difficulties: first, the dissent of their followers; second, the dissent of the anti-Administration Republicans; third, the perception of the country. As we said last week, the united Democratic party and the anti-Administration Republicans, if combined, would be a formidable coalition, and the organization of the Democratic party is such that it would hope to throw its force as a unit. But that is a very doubtful possibility. There are many Democrats who, in the absence of a formal party nomination, would leave the party, while the anti-Administration Republicans would very well understand what element would control the coalition. And as the rest of the country would see the same thing, the purpose of a coalition would be utterly baffled.

The last new departure of the Democratic party seems, therefore, to be no more promising than all the others. And it is a significant fact, because it shows that parties are not founded upon professions only, but upon actual principles and real tendencies. These incessant "departures" of the Democrats are only futile struggles to escape identity. The name describes the spirit and purpose which the American people naturally suspect. The country does not include all who are called Democrats in a common denunciation, as it does not indiscriminately approve or praise all who are called Republicans, or every measure which bears that name. But the tremendous contest of the last thirty years is too fresh to every aspect for us to accept words for things. The Ku-Klux, the thinly veiled anarchy in the Southern States, is a perpetual and ghastly admonition not to trifle with the ascendency of the Republican party, which has proved by the most costly tests its fidelity to liberty and justice.

THE CONVENTION OF COLORED CITIZENS.

THE recent convention of the colored people of the Southern States, in Columbia, South Carolina, was notable and interesting as another demonstration of the earnest wish of that class of citizens to promote the best understanding of their feelings and purposes. In a little pamphlet called "Indices," which Mr SINCLAIR TOUSEY has recently published, containing many brief papers indicating the current of patriotic feeling during the war and just after it, there is a letter of Mr. H. J. RAYMOND in reply to one from Mr TOUSEY, in which Mr. RAYMOND said, "The interest of any one class, black or white, whatever might be their condition, would always be of secondary interest to me." Mr RAYMOND meant nothing unkind. He thought that the objections to class legislation, as it is called, covered the question of special care of the freedmen, and that they must take their chance with the rest. But the abnormal condition of that class, which had been produced by the government, rightfully demanded, and for the highest reasons of justice and the public welfare, that there should be a special treatment, and that fact was recognized in the continuance of the Freedmen's Bureau.

Since that time the special care has ceased, but the peculiar hardship of the colored population has continued. The great truth of their position is well stated in the report of their Columbia convention. After saying that they do not ask to be treated with peculiar favor, the report continues: "While we have, as a body, contributed our labor in the past to enhance the wealth and promote the welfare of the community, we have, as a class, been deprived of the acquisition of labor and experience, the return that civilization makes for the labor of the individual." It is a cruel injustice to forget this. The slaves were freed in the midst of war. They had no education, no money, no land. They were ignorant and dependent children, and their old masters regarded them bitterly as the cause of their humiliation, and the living monuments of the Yankee triumph. The black codes at the end of the war showed what the feeling was toward them; and against every kind of opposition, despised and contemned, they began their exodus from slavery and degradation toward the promised land of civilization and equality.

That they have borne themselves well, no one will deny. That, with every disadvantage and discouragement, the slaves of yesterday have shown themselves to be citizens more orderly and valuable than the majority of the master race that sneered at them, is indisputable. That to-day the anarchy which undermines society in many of the Southern States is not due to them, but to the "enlightened" and "conservative" and "superior" master class, is notorious. Indeed, they are the objects of the malignant hatred of the Ku-Klux. The "chivalry" that sold babes and mothers at the auction block now wreaks its expiring vengeance upon the colored race because of its loyalty to the government that gave it freedom. One of the Ku-Klux, whom the late action of the government persuaded to surrender himself, said that an order one day came to him and others to take out a certain negro and shoot him. The victim was tied to a sapling, and the man who told the story begged for his life as he would have asked for that of a favorite dog. But it was useless, and the negro was shot: and the man who vainly tried to save him told the story as coolly as if he had been describing the drowning of a day-old kitten.

Every colored man in those States knows that if he conspicuously aids the party which the old master class hates as that of its victors, he is in peril of his life. We have heard enough in authentic ways to satisfy us that the situation is not exaggerated. And in the midst of it all the colored people gravely and calmly ask by their representatives in convention that they, in common with the laboring whites, may have such facilities of education as Congress may upon inquiry think expedient, and they invoke the aid of the American people to destroy the prejudice which excludes them from an equal chance in the various mechanical industries. And knowing that every race suffers when any part of it is degraded, they pray that the influence of the country may be directed to the abolition of slavery wherever it lingers.

Naturally the convention asked a word from CHARLES SUMNER, which he gladly sent. He urged the colored people to insist always and every where upon their equal rights, guaranteed by law. He said, "It is in vain to teach equality if you do not practice it." It is well said, and it indicates the duty of every honorable man to do what he can to destroy the prejudice. If public opinion permitted the same kind of discrimination against any other class of equal citizens that it tolerates against this, the sentiment of justice would be obscured, and equality become a name. If, for instance, the Irish or the Germans were excluded from hotels and schools and public conveyances because they were Germans or Irish, the stigma could not fail to hurt them and to harm the rest of us. It would introduce and perpetuate the feeling of caste, which is cruel to a class and fatal to popular government. That feeling is the great foe of the colored population. They are conscious of it, as the appeal of their Southern convention shows. And every honest white American citizen will help to dispel it.

ROBERT ANDERSON.

THE death of General ROBERT ANDERSON recalls one of the most memorable events in our history, in which he was a chief actor. It was only ten years ago, although it seems to have occurred in another age, so vast have been its consequences. What he did was so well done that the country was content that he should do no more. It was easy, when the results of his action appeared in the mighty resolution of the people, to say that his duty was plain, and that he could not have done otherwise. But at the time it was a simple and heroic regard for duty, which, as immediately appeared, was by no means to be universally shown, and which was of incalculable service. The brave defense of the fort and the flag touched the deepest chord of patriotism—developed, indeed, a feeling in the country which surprised itself. If there had been many another officer in ANDERSON's place—scores and scores that we learned to know—he would have surrendered before BEAUREGARD made the demand, and the peaceful occupation of the fort would have perplexed the country.

It was because it was not peaceful—it was because the resistance of ANDERSON developed the rebellion as a war upon the government—that his service was so illustrious. Personally it was said to be hard. Family ties, traditions of many kinds, indifference to the real contest, were all said to have tended to pervert his judgment. It was possibly only the instinct of the soldier for his flag. But where was the same instinct in LEE, in BEAUREGARD? One deed made Major ANDERSON famous, and henceforth he is part of our history. He was the earliest hero of a war in which heroes afterward were a glorious host; and he must not die without a thought of grateful remembrance over his grave from those whom his deed thrilled, and who enjoy the great results which it opened the way. And as one by one the soldiers of the war depart, we shall be freshly reminded of our duty firmly to maintain what they heroically won.

THE UNION MAYOR OF CHICAGO.

THE citizens of Chicago, devoting themselves to rebuilding their city, have no heart nor time for party differences, and have united upon a ticket for city officers. At the head they have placed the name of JOSEPH MEDILL for MAYOR; and as Mr. MEDILL is an owner and editor of the Chicago Tribune, and a very firm Republican, it is a peculiarly honorable tribute to his character, and the best proof of the confidence with which he is regarded. The term is two years, and the duties of Mayor of Chicago during that time will be of the most important and difficult character. Mr. MEDILL's platform is a promise to do the best he can, and that is all. But his sound judgment, his firmness and energy, his honesty and humanity, make that enough; and it is interesting to see how a vast common misfortune restores men, as it were, to first principles—the demand for character, not for party.

This nomination of Mr. MEDILL in Chicago, and his support by the whole population of the city, and the nomination that was made of Mr. HORATIO SEYMOUR for Assemblyman from New York—a nomination which the New York Tribune supported—are alike illustrations of the time. They show that it is clearly seen that there may even now be something more important than mere party divisions. In the presence of a great common calamity, like a destructive fire or a corruption like that of Tammany, strict partisan allegiance is relaxed. It is a good sign; and the advice of Mr O'CONOR is the advice of all honorable citizens at such a time. When the contest is simply between honest men and rogues, the honest men must not divide upon any pretext, unless they wish the rogues to win. Such a union has a further humanizing effect. When a man has voted for a candidate of another party expressly upon the ground of his honesty, he differs from him politically with more generosity. He does not think him a bad man because of party difference. And party spirit is in its nature so ferocious that every thing which ameliorates it, or which illustrates its mitigation, is a great public gain.

THE TREASURER OF THE UNITED STATES.

AMONG the desperate resources of the Democratic allies of Tammany, when the corruption was first exposed, was an attempt to turn the tables by charges of Republican rascality. Intimations were even darkly made in the hope of entangling the name of a very high officer of the government, but the sole effect was to cover the anonymous charges with instant and utter contempt. One of those assaults was upon the Treasurer of the United States, General SPINNER—a gentleman whose name is the synonym of honor and financial skill, and who has long filled without the least shadow of real reproach one of the most arduous and responsible positions in the financial service of the country. The papers that thought the storm of indignation against the Tammany Ring would blow over shouted that it was "positively known that every department of the government is reeking with corruption, and that millions of the public money have been abstracted from the treasury." There was an imposing quotation of figures, and the hope was to throw suspicion upon General SPINNER.

The Treasurer was then in Europe, and upon his return the article was shown to him, and he has thought it to be his duty to publish a card, in which he considers the charges in detail, and explains in the simplest and most satisfactory manner every thing which he does not plainly expose as malignantly false. Of course the charge

were not believed to be true by those who made them. They were intended as a counter cry to the public voice of wrath against the Tammany thieves, and to produce a little party capital. They made a good enough Morgan until after the election. But General Spinner properly thought that the specific nature of the charges demanded an explanation. Yet a public officer of so pure a character naturally felt some indignation at the necessity, and his words warm into eloquence as he ends his letter. There is a just and honorable pride in his reference to himself, and his concluding sentence is one that we ought all to lay to heart. We quote the last part of General Spinner's card:

"General charges against my official character, or against the management of the office given me in charge, I have never noticed. These charges were, however, made so maliciously specific that even fair-minded men who did not know me, nor the facts nor the character of those who published them, might be led to believe that there might be some foundation in truth in them.

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"Another reason was, because I hold that the people have a right not only to believe, but to know, that their servants who administer their public affairs, or who have the custody and disposition of their money, are faithful and honest. When I first entered public life, more than forty years ago, I made it a law to myself never to do an official act that I was not willing every body should see me do. This rule I have never broken in a single instance, and so long as God continues to give me strength to adhere, I never will break it. I have now held this office more than ten years, and in that time have perhaps had all opportunities, and what would to some have been such temptations for making money as have rarely been put within the reach of any man.

"I might easily have become rich by speculation in stocks by my foreknowledge of the Government's intentions in advance of others. I have never used this knowledge for my own or the interest of any other person since I have been in the office, and have never engaged in any speculations, nor in any business whatever. I have given my whole time and attention, night and day, to the utter neglect of my own, to the care of the public business and interest; and in consequence am now, at that age that is the time allotted to man in this world, as poor in pecuniary things as I was on the day I came into this office. I have but little to leave to my children save an honest reputation, and that it is my purpose to keep, and, if necessary, to defend even to the extent of appealing to the criminal courts of the country for the correction of its libelers. I have never taken, nor permitted others to take, from the Treasury a single cent, nor any greater amount, except by authority of law.

"If there are wrongs in this office, or here in the Department, or if there have been any since I have been in it, I have been in entire ignorance of them, and feel quite sure that none others (except such as have been officially reported, and whenever reported the parties implicated have been pursued, and, when caught, were convicted and punished) have existed or do now exist. It may be doubted which does the most to undermine confidence in our republican institutions—permitting thieving officials to escape punishment, or the apathy with which the public mind receives infamous charges against trusted public officers."

ENGLISH TORIES AND REPUBLICANS.

The leading English Tories, who were said to have made an agreement with the republicans for certain radical political changes, have thought the report of sufficient importance to contradict it formally. All important statements made upon the authority which gave currency to this story must, therefore, be received with great caution. There is no doubt of peculiar excitement in political circles in England, and of great interest among the people, arising from the reported condition of the Queen, and the want of general confidence in the Prince of Wales, or even of respect for him. The long widowed seclusion of the Queen, the strange stories which have been occasionally told of her, the words of Mr. Disraeli—who undoubtedly said "mental" or "moral" incapacity, although he declines to explain which it was—and the fact that the Queen is the granddaughter of George the Third, indicate that there is something extremely unsatisfactory in her mental condition. The later reports of her refusing to accede to a Regency, or to consent to the marriage of one of her children, may be inaccurately told, but the belief with which they are received shows how deep the conviction is that they may be true.

There is no doubt that many of the most sagacious Englishmen believe that they are living in the last days of the monarchy. Indeed, the idea of a radical change in the form of the government has become so familiar that its accomplishment is not likely to be necessarily attended with a convulsion. The treatment of the House of Lords upon the question of the army purchase shows how entirely its hold upon the popular feeling is relaxed. The Constitution of England implies a government of King, Lords, and Commons. The victory of the Commons over the King has long been complete. That over the Lords has been sealed with the popular approval. And the Commons themselves have twice surrendered to the people—in the Reform bill of 1832 and in the late enlargement of the suffrage. The change, agreeably to the British genius, proceeds silently but swiftly. And it is agreeable to know that as yet not even the most pronounced radicals think that it must necessarily be violent.

THE MORMON TRIALS.

If Brigham Young has really fled from Utah, as is reported, it is probable that another hegira of the Mormons will follow. It will not, however, be easy for them to leave the pleasant places which they have so long occupied in the valley of the Salt Lake, and to turn from their fruitful Egypt into the desert. But there seems to be no successor of Young who can command the people by his personal power, and his departure would seem to involve that of the Saints, or their gradual dispersion. It is curious, should such be the result, that it is due to a law of their own upon the very subject which has most divided them from other modern civilized communities. The conviction of the Mormon husband upon the suit of one of his wives was effected under a statute of the Mormon Legislature, which the Court in its charge to the jury interpreted in accordance with the universal law of Christendom, which does not recognize polygamy. The plea that what the law holds to be a crime is held by the Mormon to be a religious duty, of course could not prevail in a court. A jury would hardly refuse to convict a man who picked a pocket, upon his plea that his religious faith enjoined a community of goods. Whether the people in a certain ward of a city should be allowed to practice bigamy because they called it a religious duty, is a question which would have but one answer.

Of the policy of the trials in the Mormon city there may perhaps be two opinions. Those who think that the moral influence of the usual Christian view is powerful enough to destroy polygamy without alienating the polygamists, and those who feel that it is an honest faith with the Mormons, which will be only confirmed by what they will regard as persecution, will regret that the trials have occurred. But it can not be denied that there is an irrepressible conflict between the two forms of society, and that when they come actually into contact, one must yield to the other. When the state proclaims religious liberty it evidently does not mean liberty to break the laws.

WOODEN PAVEMENT AND FIRE.

It was naturally supposed after the fire at Chicago that the wooden pavement must have been a chief agent in the rapid spreading of the fire, and it has been understood that it was so. But the question is one of general interest to all who wish a durable and quiet pavement, no less than to those who are pecuniarily concerned in the manufacture and sale of the blocks. If the fact be as has been alleged, it is a very serious if not fatal argument against the use of the block pavement in cities. But we find in the Chicago *Tribune* that it is very doubtful if a stone pavement "would have stood the siege better." It says that the block pavement still stands in good order, excepting in places where it has been injured, but by no means destroyed, by the showers of brands and cinders and avalanches of red-hot bricks which fell upon it. The *Tribune* says that the heaviest of stone sidewalks were calcined and ruined.

But it has nothing to say in defense of the plank sidewalks. Indeed, it declares that they were "simply damnable." The wooden blocks in the burned district upon the South Side are in perfect order, and there is very little throughout the whole burned district which must be relaid. Indeed, it is so smooth and in such good order that it will be very serviceable in the process of rebuilding. These are pleasant things to hear, since there was, undoubtedly, a very general feeling that the fire was communicated by the pavement, because it is supposed to be soaked in tar and to be perilously inflammable. But the *Tribune* states distinctly that it has vindicated itself satisfactorily, although we were, in the absence of accurate information, of another opinion. The first reports were, of course, not to be trusted; and if the block pavement is relaid in Chicago, of which we shall take care to inform ourselves, the objection, which has been always latent, will be disposed of forever.

MISS COLUMBIA'S PUBLIC SCHOOL.

Mr. Nast has illustrated recent events in "Miss Columbia's School" with that comic art in which he has no rival. Every sketch, however small, is suggestive, and a few lines often contain an important lesson. There is no weakness or bad accessories, no line but has its meaning. Here are "our neutral friends," Louis and John, rejoicing over the battle between the Northern and the Southern boys, and Austria and Prussia looking on; then John lets loose the *Alabama*, and Louis sends an army of frogs to invade Mexico, and both are made to repent of their misdeeds. Next we have a dream. The locomotive of infallibility attempts to ride over Columbia's domain, and the Irish boys lay the rails. The "Cat's Paw," in which the Jesuit persuades the Irishman to seize the school funds, is one of the best pictures, and the unlucky cat is plainly burning its paws.

Comic satire could have no more fertile subject than our city administration. Our rulers plundering the people, sharing their gains with the "Church," excluding the books of Protestant booksellers from the schools, abandoning the streets of the city to the wild hordes of Irish on St. Patrick's Day, forbidding the Orange parade, discountenancing the Italian, scarcely noticing the German, and, when convicted of enormous frauds, exclaiming, "What can you do with us?" have never escaped the artist. In the "Fight in Dame Europa's School" the Irishman stands behind Napoleon. The "Welcome to New Cork" is a sketch of our city rulers rushing in mad haste to greet a ship-load of exiles from Erin. The "Bill-Poster" recalls the memorable proclamation against the Orange procession.

To strike the guilty and amend the follies of the age is the proper aim of the pencil as well as the pen. There are comic sketches on the walls of Pompeii, and the monks and priests of early Europe carved each other in hideous or grotesque images of stone. It is the high praise of Mr. Nast that he aims only at truth, never descends to coarseness or impropriety, abounds in novelty, and is never dull. These pleasant satires—from the first aiming of the infallible canon against the temple of liberty to the final explosion of the antiquated engine, the melancholy end of the Irish, who, being transported back to their own green isle, are at last found to have exterminated each other; the solitary shores of Erin, the peaceful triumph of Columbia—will amuse long after their purpose is accomplished.

PERSONAL.

Colonel Charles Gordon Greene, of the Boston *Post*, has just returned from his trip to Europe, and has met, of course, a right cordial reception from his friends in and out of the profession. Colonel Greene has outlived most of those who commenced editorial life with him, and during the eighty or ninety years of his management of the *Post* he has endeared himself to all of the more youthful journalists of the United States by his kindly and generous course toward them. In one particular Colonel Greene is honorably distinguished: he has never forgotten the dignity of his profession, has always known where he stood, always manfully maintained what he believed to be right, and never smirched his fair fame by having to do with tricksters and jobbers. No editor in the country stands higher as a gentleman than Charles Gordon Greene.

—Mr. T. A. Hoyt, who, on the 17th ult., was re-elected First Vice President of the New York Gold Exchange, was the Rev. Thomas A. Hoyt in 1860-61, and pastor of the First Presbyterian Church in Louisville, Kentucky. During the war he was arrested for certain acts of disloyalty, and thrown into Newport Barracks. His disloyalty in Louisville finally became so demonstrative that General Boyle, then commanding there, sent him out of Kentucky. Mr. Hoyt is a native of South Carolina, and, out of regard to his supposed wishes, General Boyle offered him a passport through the Union lines to go to his Palmetto friends, but he declined the same, preferring to take refuge among his "enemies of his native South." He came to New York, and finally turned up in the Gold-room. Another clergyman, the Rev. S. S. Laws, D.D., who was permitted to retire from Missouri for disloyalty, came to this city, and went into the Gold Exchange, and for a time was its president. He is now out of the business. Mr. Hoyt preached a first-class rebel sermon on President Buchanan's fast-day, in January, 1861, containing a large quantity of "war to the knife." Fortunately the country still continues to exist, and Brother Hoyt and the rest of us in New York are permitted to follow the peaceful and ennobling pursuits of avarice.

—Cardinal Antonelli is reported to be seriously ill at Rome. Although only sixty-five years old, he has for twenty-one years past been not merely Prime Minister of the Pope, but may be said to have influenced, if not inspired, during that time most of the public movements of the papal government. He is a man of great abilities, and a thorough conservative. It is understood to be by the advice of Cardinal Antonelli that the Pope continues to dwell in Rome with all the dignity of a sovereign and a sovereign's income, paid to him out of the public treasury of Italy. It has been said that when Victor Emanuel occupied Rome the Pope was disposed to leave, but that Antonelli insisted on his remaining and taking the money, which has been paid with scrupulous punctuality.

—We commend to aspirants for Senatorial honors from this city the remarks of Mr. Gladstone during his recent visit to Scotland. Disclaiming the compliment paid to him by the Provost of Aberdeen, that the course of his life had been "onward and upward," he preferred to say that he desired that his course might be resolutely "onward" to the accomplishment of the duties he had set himself, and "upward" in an honest, if feeble, effort to purge himself from the influence of those lower motives which degrade the high position of a statesman.

—Baron Gerolt, for so many years Prussian minister to this country, has written a work on "America," the publication of which is announced in Leipsic. It will be awaited with interest by the people of the United States and by the publicists of Europe.

—There is one man in Chicago whose name should be trumpeted throughout the land for the daring and persistence he displayed during the fire. It was by him, to use his own words, that Chicago was saved from the accursed of "returning to the tomahawk, pre-emption, and possession," by his extraordinary luck and pluck in preserving from the fire his record books, containing indexes, digests of records, judgment dockets, abstracts of title, etc., which, with the aid of proper legislation, will enable his firm to establish the title of every [illegible] in the city of Chicago. He went through fear, fire, and water to save the books, and succeeded.

—John Quincy Adams, from being the candidate of the Democratic party of Massachusetts, has been interviewed and [illegible] catechized by the women suffragists of Massachusetts as to how he stands on that point. He replies: "After careful thought and some study I am firmly and unequivocally opposed to woman suffrage, and shall feel it my duty, in the very improbable contingency of my ever occupying any considerable public office, to stand by the old immemorial division of activities and functions which seems to me to be at the foundation of society."

—The Hon. J. Proctor Knott, the witty member of Congress from Kentucky, may be said to have become substantially famous, judging by the following superscription of a letter received at the Lebanon post-office a few days ago. It came from Greensburg:

"To Jeferson Kalamucky.
"Too Mr prok not, hoo is a lawyer thar and who lives thar
"of this is not gev up send her bak."

—As a warning to those who are seeking the place of Admiral Gueydon, of the French navy, that marine hero, at a dinner recently given him in Paris, said: "Do not be anxious, gentlemen, to succeed me, for I bequeath only misfortune to my successors. At the outset of my maritime career I commanded a small brig. I gave up that command upon being promoted, and the next year my successor was lost in the vessel which I had commanded. Afterward I commanded the brig *Oreste*, and in that vessel my successor came into collision with another, which nearly cost him his life. Subsequently I was appointed Governor of Martinique, and my successor in that post died there insane. I was then appointed Major-General at Brest, and my successor there was found dead in his bed. I am now Governor-General of Algeria, and I really tremble for my successor; and for his sake, rather than my own, I hope to retain my post for a long time to come."

—Unlike certain potentates who reign not a thousand miles from New York, the Mikado of Japan seems to be an exceedingly wise and judicious monarch, and his example may be profitably imitated by certain other rulers of greater pretensions and refinement. In a recent order to some of his ministers he says: "In performing your duties do away with all useless customs, cleave to retrenchment, cut off all unnecessary expenses, and abrogate all troublesome laws. Do you, my servants, carry out this my mind."

—Of Mr. J. F. Bailey, an involuntary exile from New York for doing certain irregular things with the funds of the government, the Washington *Star* of the 30th ult. says: "He is living in Montevideo, in good health and apparently in possession of ample means. He is not engaged in the introduction of American manufactures into that country, as has heretofore been represented, but was living a life of elegant leisure, so far as our informant could observe as an outsider. He had for a long time occupied quarters in the Oriental Hotel, one of the most elegant and expensive establishments in the city, but within a short time had leased a house for occupancy in connection, it was understood, with the American minister resident there, with whom he appeared to be on friendly and intimate terms. The explanation given to and believed by the friends of Mr. Bailey in Montevideo of his absence from the United States is that he found it to be necessary as an officer of the government to expend, in ferreting out frauds against it, large sums of public money which he had been unable to replace, and consequently was advised to withdraw temporarily from the country for fear of embarrassing the administration or party in power, or of compromising it with the people."

—Cardinal Bonaparte, the youngest of the cardinals, is a second cousin of Napoleon III., being the grandson of Lucien Bonaparte, Prince of Canino, and a private much respected by his clerical brethren. He is modest and unassuming, and although a recognized candidate for the tiara, bears himself with dignity, taking little part in the more stirring events of the time. Before the downfall of Louis Napoleon the French emperor hoped that his cousin would be enthroned in St. Peter's. Events have probably settled that question against him. [illegible] inherits the stern integrity and positiveness of his grandsire, who preferred obscurity and almost penury to becoming the slave of the first Napoleon's will.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

The public debt was reduced $[illegible] during October.

At the request of a number of citizens Governor Hoffman has changed the day fixed in his proclamation for Thanksgiving to the 30th inst., to conform with that of President Grant.

The Milwaukee Relief Committee, on behalf of the sufferers by the terrible fires in the northern part of Wisconsin, have published a circular setting forth that enough clothing for all ages among the sufferers is [illegible], but that money will be needed for provisions, building material, farm implements, and stock.

Fourteen thousand families, or about sixty-three thousand persons of all ages and sexes and colors, are now receiving aid from the Chicago Aid and Relief Society.

An official statement shows that the brandy manufactured in the United States from fruit distilleries last year was [illegible] gallons. Of this quantity California made [illegible], Kentucky [illegible], New Jersey [illegible], New York [illegible], North Carolina [illegible], and Virginia [illegible] gallons.

Thirty-three American whaling ships are reported to have been crushed in the arctic ice [illegible] and destroyed. So extensive a calamity has never before befallen the whaling fleet.

It is reported that about $[illegible] of the Relief Fund sent to Chicago has been appropriated by one of the aldermen attached to the Board of Relief.

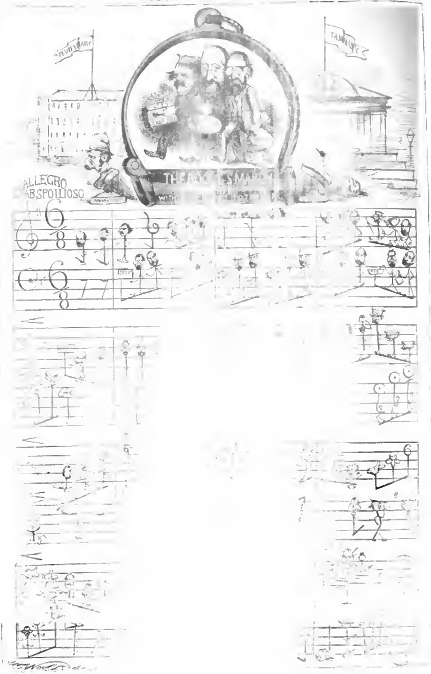
FOREIGN NEWS.

The Workingmen's Committee of Berlin, Prussia, have summoned a congress of workmen to meet in that city to organize a general strike for a reduction of the daily hours of labor to nine hours, and for a general increase of wages.

A convention for the sale of the Dutch colonies in [illegible] and Guinea to Great Britain has been signed by the representatives of both countries.

Numerous arrests of conspirators have been made at Barcelona, Spain, and strong proofs of their guilt have been brought to light. Arms of all kinds, bombs, and other war material have been discovered. The men arrested are, for the most part, members of the International Society.

The Roman Catholic envoy to Constantinople has returned to Rome, having been unable to obtain from the Sultan any guarantee for the protection of his Christian subjects.


ALLEGRO

[illegible] (See Page 1079.)

[illegible] Act of Congress, in the Year [illegible] by Harper & Brothers, in the Office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington.

POOR MISS FINCH.

A Domestic Story.

BY WILKIE COLLINS,

[illegible]

WITH ORIGINAL ILLUSTRATIONS.

[illegible]

...ings of one confusing them ... and forms of ... own private amusement ... on a side-table for ... tremble through it ... If I take a jump ... future of previous time ... go for your present ... to ... just the ... the house.

[illegible]

... laugh will they keep us ... patience!"

... again with a weary sigh. ... sound, and old Zillah peeped ...

... ma'am, in a choice of the ...

... the skirts of my green silk, I cast ... a glance at the Mayonnaise. Na... reached us from the gar... the strangers. "This way, gen... A pause. Steps outside. ... agent brought them to ... America. Mr. Sebright, ...

... the start when my name ... Englishman remained per... Herr Grosse had heard ... Mr. Sebright was ... of his existence. I shall ... shall take the ...

... nodding on a pair ... ... those fears, ... dark ... black, ... spectacles standing ... in front of them; a shaggy ... mixed black, white, and gray; a prodigious cameo ring on the forefinger of one hairy hand; the other hand always in and out of a deep silver snuff-box like a small tea-caddy; a rough, rasping voice; a diabolically humorous smile; a curtly confident way of speaking; resolution, independence, power, expressed all over him from head to foot—there is the portrait of the man who held in his hands (if Nugent was to be trusted) the restoration of Lucilla's sight!

The English oculist was as unlike his German colleague as it is possible for one human being to be to another.

Mr. Sebright was slim and spare, and scrupulously (painfully) clean and neat. His smooth light hair was carefully parted; his well-shaved face exhibited two little crisp morsels of whisker about two inches long, and no hair more. His decent black clothes were perfectly made; he wore no ornaments, not even a watch-chain; he moved deliberately; he spoke gravely and quietly; disciplined intellect looked coldly at you out of his light gray eyes, and said, Here I am if you want me, in every movement of his thin firmly-set lips. A thoroughly capable man beyond all doubt—but ... accidentally sitting next to him at dinner ... with him for my only companion ... years.

I received these discrepant ... with my best grace. Herr Grosse ... return on my ... Mr. Sebright said ... and bowed. The German ... was so liberal ... at the ... the Englishman looked ...

"W... gentlemen?"

Herr Grosse ... high ... and greedily at the ... prodigious ... said the ... such ... know how to make ... like ... The ... more ... He is ... cool to the eye, ... taste. Soh! we will break ... Madame Pratolungo, you shall begin ... goes for ... wings.

In this ex... Engl... words in the singular ... in the plural, and borrowing from the British vocabulary the expletive ... and"—Herr Grosse announced his readiness to sit down to lunch. He was promptly recalled from the Mayonnaise to the patient by his discreet English colleague.

"I beg your pardon," said Mr. Sebright. "Would it not be advisable to see the young lady before we do any thing else? I am obliged to return to London by the next train."

Herr Grosse—with a fork in one hand and a spoon in the other, and a napkin tied round his neck—stared piteously, shook his shock head, and turned his

"... WITH HIS FACE CLOSE TO LUCILLA'S."

... Madame ... the same ... nd Herr ... Damp ... take the ... Grosse ... with ... supervision if ... ran, and bringing ... surgery and German surgery to bear back together ... volumes of ... brains, as if those brains were a labyrinth, with the strings and de...

back on the Mayonnaise, with a heavy heart at parting.

"Goot. We shall do our works first—then eat our lunches afterward. Where is the patients? Come-begin-begin!" He removed the napkin, blew a sigh (there is no other way of expressing it), and plunged his finger and thumb into his tea-caddy snuff-box. "Where is the patients?" he repeated, irritably. "Why is she not close-handy in here?"

"She is waiting in the next room," I said. "I will bring her in directly. You will make allowances for her, gentlemen, I am sure, if you find her a little nervous?" I added, looking at both the oculists. Silent Mr. Sebright bowed. Herr Grosse grinned diabolically, and said, "Make your mind easy, my goot creature. I am not such a brutes as I look!"

"Where is Oscar?" asked Nugent, as I passed him on my way to Lucilla's room.

"After altering his mind a dozen times at least," I replied, "he has decided on not being present at the examination."

I had barely said the words before the door opened, and Oscar entered the room. He had altered his mind for the thirteenth time—and here he was, as the result of it!

Herr Grosse burst out with an exclamation in his own language at the sight of Oscar's face. "Ach Gott!" he exclaimed, "he has been taking Nitrate of Silvers. His complexions is spoilt. Poor boys! poor boys!" He shook his shaggy head—turned—and spat compassionately into a corner of the room. Oscar looked offended; Mr Sebright looked disgusted; Nugent thoroughly enjoyed it. I left the room, and closed the door behind me.

I had not taken two steps in the corridor when I heard the door opened again. Looking back directly, I found myself, to my amazement, face to face with Herr Grosse—staring ferociously at me through his spectacles, and offering me his arm.

"Hush!" said the famous oculist, in a heavy whisper. "Say nothing to nobody. I am come to help you."

"To help me?" I repeated.

Herr Grosse nodded vehemently—so vehemently that his prodigious spectacles hopped up and down on his nose.

"What did you tell me just now?" he asked. "You told me the patients was nervous. Goot! I am come to go with you to the patients, and help you to fetch her. Soh! soh! I am not such a brutes as I look. Come-begin-begin! Where is she?"

I hesitated for a moment about introducing this remarkable ambassador into Lucilla's bedroom. One look at him decided me. After all, he was a doctor—and such an ugly one! I took his arm.

We went together into Lucilla's room. She started up from the sofa on which she was reclining when she heard the strange footsteps entering side by side with mine.

"Who is it?" she cried.

"It is me, my dears," said Herr Grosse. "Ach Gott! what a pretty girls! Here is just the complexions I like—nice-fair! nice-fair! I am come to see what I can do, my pretty miss, for this eyes of yours. If I can let the light in on you—hey? you will lofe me, won't you? You will kiss even an ugly Germans like me. Soh! Come under my arm. We will go back into the odder rooms. There is another one waiting to let the light in too—Mr. Sebrights. Two surgeon-optic to one pretty miss—English surgeon-optic; German surgeon-optic—hey! between us we shall cure this nice girls. Madame Pratolungo, here is my odder arms at your service. Hey! what? You look at my coat-sleeve. He is shabby-greasy—I am ashamed of him. No matter! You have got Mr. Sebrights to look at in the odder rooms. He is spick-span, beautiful-new. Come! Forwards! March!"

Nugent, waiting in the corridor, threw the door open for us. "Isn't he delightful?" Nugent whispered behind me, pointing to his friend. Escorted by Herr Grosse, we made a magnificent entry into the room. The German doctor had done Lucilla good already. The examination was relieved of all its embarrassments and its terrors at the outset. Herr Grosse had made her laugh—Herr Grosse had set her completely at her ease.

Mr Sebright and Oscar were talking together in a perfectly friendly way when we returned to the sitting-room. The reserved Englishman appeared to have his attraction for the shy Oscar. Even Mr. Sebright was struck by Lucilla. His cold face lit up with interest when he was presented to her. He placed a chair for her in front of the window. There was a warmth in his tone which I had not heard yet when he begged her to be seated in that place. She took the chair. Mr Sebright thereupon drew back, and bowed to Herr Grosse, with a courteous wave of his hand toward Lucilla which signified, "You first!"

Herr Grosse met this advance with a counter wave of the hand, and a vehement shake of his shock head, which signified, "I couldn't think of such a thing!"

"Pardon me," entreated Mr Sebright. "As my senior, as a visitor to England, as a master in our art."

Herr Grosse responded by regaling himself with three pinches of snuff in rapid succession—a pinch as senior, a pinch as visitor to England, a pinch as master in the art. An awful pause followed. Neither of the surgeons would take precedence of the other. Nugent interfered.

"Miss Finch is waiting," he said. "Come, Grosse, you were first presented to her. You examine her first."

Herr Grosse took Nugent's ear between his finger and thumb, and gave it a good-humored pinch. "You clever boys!" he said. "You have the right word always at the tip of your tongue." He waddled to Lucilla's chair, and stopped short with a scandalized look. Oscar was bending over her, and whispering to her with her hand in his. "Hey! what?" cried Herr Grosse. "Is this a third surgeon-optic? What, Sir? you treat young miss's eyes by taking hold of young miss's hand? You are a Quack. Get out!" Oscar withdrew—not very graciously. Herr Grosse took a chair in front of Lucilla, and removed his spectacles. As a short-sighted man, he had necessarily excellent eyes for all objects which were sufficiently near to him. He bent forward, with his face close to Lucilla's, and parted her eyelids alternately, with his finger and thumb, peering attentively first into one eye, then into the other.

It was a moment of breathless interest. Who could say what an influence on her future life might be exercised by this quaint, kindly, uncouth little foreign man? How anxiously we watched those shaggy eyebrows, those piercing goggle eyes! And, O Heavens! how disappointed we were at the first result! Lucilla suddenly gave a little irrepressible shudder of disgust. Herr Grosse drew back from her, and glared at her benignantly with his diabolical smile.

"Aha!" he said. "I see what it is. I snuff, I smoke, I reek of tobacco. The pretty miss smells me. She says to her inmost heart—Ach Gott, how he stink!"

Lucilla burst into a fit of laughter. Herr Grosse, unaffectedly amused on his side, grinned with delight, and snatched her handkerchief out of her apron pocket. "Gif me scents," said this excellent German. "I shall stop up her nose with her handkerchiefs. So she will not smell my tobacco-stinks—all will be nice-right again—we shall go on." I gave him some lavender-water from a scent bottle on the table. He gravely drenched the handkerchief with it, and popped it suddenly on Lucilla's nose. "Hold him there, miss. You can not for the life of you smell Grosse now. Goot! We may go on again."

He took a magnifying glass out of his waistcoat pocket, and waited till Lucilla had fairly exhausted herself with laughing. Then the examination—so cruelly grotesque in itself, so terribly serious in the issue which it involved—resumed its course. Herr Grosse glaring at his patient through his magnifying-glass; Lucilla leaning back in the chair, holding the handkerchief over her nose.

A minute or more passed, and the ordeal of the examination came to an end.

Herr Grosse put back his magnifying-glass with a grunt which sounded like a grunt of relief, and snatched the handkerchief away from Lucilla. "Ach! what a nasty smell!" he said, holding the handkerchief to his nose with a grimace of disgust. "Tobaccos is much better than this." He solaced his nostrils, offended by the lavender-water, with a huge pinch of snuff. "Now I am going to talk," he went on. "See! I keep my distance. You don't want your handkerchiefs—you smell me no more."

"Am I blind for life?" asked Lucilla. "Pray, pray, tell me, Sir! Am I blind for life?"

"Will you kiss me if I tell you?"

"Oh, do consider how anxious I am! Pray, pray, pray tell me!"

She tried to go down on her knees before him. He held her back firmly and kindly in her chair.

"Now! now! now! you be nice-goot, and tell me this first. When you are out in the garden, taking your little lazy lady's walks on a shiny-sunny day, is it all the same to your eyes as if you were lying in your bed in the middles of the night?"

"No."

"Hah! You know it is nice-light at one time? you know it is horrid-dark at the odder?"

"Yes."

"Then why you ask me if you are blind for life? If you can see so much as that, you are not properly blind at all!"

She clasped her hands, with a low cry of delight. "Oh, where is Oscar?" she said, softly. "Where is Oscar?" I looked round for him. He was gone. While his brother and I had been hanging spell-bound over the surgeon's questions and the patient's answers, he must have stolen silently out of the room.

Herr Grosse rose and vacated the chair in favor of Mr Sebright. In the ecstasy of the new hope now confirmed in her, Lucilla seemed to be unconscious of the presence of the English oculist when he took his colleague's place. His grave face looked more serious than ever as he, too, produced a magnifying-glass from his pocket, and, gently parting the patient's eyelids, entered on the examination of her blindness, in his turn.

The investigation by Mr. Sebright lasted a much longer time than the investigation by Herr Grosse. He pursued it in perfect silence. When he had done, he rose without a word, and left Lucilla as he had found her, rapt in the trance of her own happiness—thinking, thinking, thinking of the time when she should open her eyes in the new morning, and see!

"Well?" said Nugent, impatiently addressing Mr. Sebright. "What do you say?"

"I say nothing yet." With that implied reproof to Nugent, he turned to me. "I understand that Miss Finch was blind—or as nearly blind as could be discovered—at a year old?"

"I have always heard so," I replied.

"Is there any person in the house—parent, or relative, or servant—who can speak to the symptoms noticed when she was an infant?"

I rang the bell for Zillah. "Her mother is dead," I said, "and there are reasons which prevent her father from being present to-day. Her old nurse will be able to give you all the information you want."

Zillah appeared. Mr. Sebright put his questions.

"Were you in the house when Miss Finch was born?"

"Yes, Sir."

"Was there any thing wrong with her eyes at her birth, or soon afterward?"

"Nothing, Sir."

"How did you know?"

"I knew by seeing her take notice, Sir. She used to stare at the candles, and clutch at things that were held before her, as other babies do."

"How did you discover it when she began to get blind?"

"In the same way, Sir. There came a time, poor little thing! when her eyes looked glazed like, and try her as we might, morning or evening, it was all the same—she noticed nothing."

"Did the blindness come on gradually?"

"Yes, Sir—bit by bit, as you may say. Slowly worse and worse one week after another. She was a little better than a year old before we clearly made it out that her sight was gone."

"Was her father's sight, or her mother's sight, ever affected in any way?"

"Never, Sir, that I heard of."

Mr Sebright turned to Herr Grosse, sitting at the luncheon-table resignedly contemplating the Mayonnaise. "Do you wish to ask the nurse any questions?" he said.

Herr Grosse shrugged his shoulders, and pointed backward with his thumb at the place in which Lucilla was sitting.

"Her case is as plain to me as twice and twice make fours. Ach Gott! what do I want with the nurse?" He turned again longingly toward the Mayonnaise. "My fine appetites is going! When shall we lunch?"

Mr. Sebright dismissed Zillah with a frigid inclination of the head. His discouraging manner made me begin to feel a little uneasy. I ventured to ask if he had arrived at a conclusion yet. "Permit me to consult with my colleague before I answer you," said the impenetrable man. I roused Lucilla. She again inquired for Oscar. I said I supposed we should find him in the garden—and so took her out. Nugent followed us. I heard Herr Grosse whisper to him, piteously, as we passed the luncheon-table, "For the love of Heaven, come back soon, and let us lunch!" We left the ill-assorted pair to their consultation in the sitting-room.

CHAPTER THE THIRTY-FIRST.

"WHO SHALL DECIDE WHEN DOCTORS DISAGREE?"

We had certainly not been more than ten minutes in the garden when we were startled by an extraordinary outbreak of shouting in broken English proceeding from the window of the sitting-room. "Hi-hi-hoi! hoi-hi! hoi-hi!" We looked up, and discovered Herr Grosse frantically waving a huge red silk handkerchief at the window. "Lunch! lunch!" cried the German surgeon. "The consultations is done. Come-begin-begin!"

Obedient to this peremptory summons, Lucilla, Nugent, and I returned to the sitting-room. We had, as I had foreseen, found Oscar wandering alone in the garden. He had entreated me, by a sign, not to reveal our discovery of him to Lucilla, and had hurried away to hide himself in one of the side walks. His agitation was pitiable to see. He was totally unfit to be trusted in Lucilla's presence at that anxious moment.

When we had left the oculists together I had sent Zillah with a little written message to Reverend Finch, entreating him (if it was only for form's sake) to reconsider his resolution, and be present on the all-important occasion to his daughter of the delivery of the medical opinions on her case. At the bottom of the stairs (on our return) my answer was handed to me on a slip of common paper. "Mr. Finch declined to submit a question of principle to any considerations dictated by mere expediency. He desired seriously to remind Madame Pratolungo of what he had already told her. In other words, he would repeat, and he would beg her to remember this time, that his Foot was down."

On re-entering the room we found the eminent oculists seated as far apart as possible one from the other. Both gentlemen were engaged in reading. Mr Sebright was reading a book. Herr Grosse was reading the Mayonnaise.

I placed Lucilla close by me, and took her hand. It was as cold as ice. My poor dear trembled pitiably. *For her*, what moments of unutterable suffering were those moments of suspense before the surgeons delivered their sentence! I pressed her little cold hand in mine, and whispered, "Courage!" Truly, I can say it (though I am not usually one of the sentimental sort), my heart bled for her.

"Well, gentlemen," said Nugent, "what is the result? Are you both agreed?"

"No," said Mr. Sebright, putting aside his book.

"No," said Herr Grosse, ogling the Mayonnaise.

Lucilla turned her face toward me—her color shifting and changing, her bosom rising and falling more and more rapidly. I whispered to her to compose herself. "One of them, at any rate," I said, "thinks *you* will recover your sight." She understood me, and became quieter directly. Nugent went on with his questions, addressed to the two oculists.

"What do you differ about?" he asked. "Will you let us hear your opinions?"

The wearisome contest of courtesy was renewed between our medical advisers. Mr Sebright bowed to *Herr Grosse*: "You first." Herr Grosse bowed to Mr. Sebright: "No—you!" My impatience broke through this cruel and ridiculous professional restraint. "Speak both together, gentlemen, if you like!" I said, sharply. "Do any thing, for God's sake, but keep us in suspense! Is it, or is it not, possible to restore her sight?"

"Yes," said Herr Grosse.

Lucilla sprang to her feet, with a cry of joy.

"No," said Mr. Sebright.

Lucilla dropped back again into her chair, and silently laid her head on my shoulder.

"Are you agreed about the cause of her blindness?" asked Nugent.

"Cataracts is the cause," answered Herr Grosse.

"So far, I agree," said Mr. Sebright. "Cataract is the cause."

"Cataracts is curable," pursued the German.

"I agree again," continued the Englishman—"with a reservation. Cataract is sometimes curable."

"This cataracts is curable!" cried Herr Grosse.

"With all possible deference," said Mr. Sebright, "I dispute that conclusion. The cataract in Miss Finch's case is not curable."

"Can you give us your reasons, Sir, for saying that?" I inquired.

"My reasons are based on surgical considerations which it requires a professional training to understand," Mr. Sebright replied. "I can only tell you that I am convinced—after the most minute and careful examination—that Miss Finch's sight is irrevocably gone. Any attempt to restore it by an operation would be, in my opinion, an unwarrantable proceeding. The young lady would not only have the operation to undergo, she would be kept secluded afterward for at least six weeks or two months, in a darkened room. During that time, it is only right for me to remind you that she would inevitably form the most confident hope of her restoration to sight. Remembering this, and believing as I do that the sacrifice demanded of her will end in failure, I think it most undesirable to expose the patient to the moral consequences of a disappointment which must seriously try her. She has been resigned from childhood to her blindness. As an honest man, who feels bound to speak out, and to speak strongly, I advise you not further to disturb that resignation. I declare it to be, in my opinion, certainly useless, and possibly dangerous, to allow her to be operated on for the restoration of her sight."

In those uncompromising words the Englishman delivered his opinion.

Lucilla's hand closed fast on mine. "Cruel! cruel!" she whispered to herself, angrily. I gave her a little squeeze, recommending patience, and looked in silent expectation (just as Nugent was looking too) to Herr Grosse. The German rose deliberately to his feet, and waddled to the place in which Lucilla and I were sitting together.

"Has goot Mr. Sebrights done?" he asked.

Mr. Sebright only replied by his everlasting, never-changing bow.

"Goot! I have now my own word to put," said Herr Grosse. "It shall be not little—no more. With my best compliments to Mr. Sebrights, I set up against what he only says what I—Grosse—with these hands of mine have done. The cataracts of man there is not one that I have not cut into before, a cataracts like this I have cured before. Now look!" He suddenly wheeled round to Lucilla, tucked up his cuffs, laid a forefinger of each hand on either side of her forehead, and softly turned down her eyelids with his two big thumbs. "I pledge you my word as surgeon-optic," he resumed, "my knife shall let the light in here. This infable-nice girl shall be more infable-nicer than ever. My pretty Feench must be first in her best goot health. She must next git me my own ways with her—and then one, two, three—ping! my pretty Feench shall see!" He lifted Lucilla's eyelids again as he said the last word—glared fiercely at her through his spectacles—gave her the loudest kiss, on the forehead, that I ever heard given in my life—laughed till the room rang again—and returned to his post as medical guardian over the Mayonnaise. "Now," cried Herr Grosse, cheerfully, "the talkings is all done. Gott be thanked, the eatings may begin!"

Lucilla left her chair for the second time.

"Herr Grosse," she said, "where are you?"

"Here, my dears."

She crossed the room to the table at which he was sitting, already occupied in carving his favorite dish.

"Did you say you must use a knife to make me see?" she asked, quite calmly.

"Yes, yes. Don't you be frightened of that. Not much pains to bear—not much pains."

She tapped him smartly on the shoulder with her hand.

"Get up, Herr Grosse," she said. "If you have your knife about you, here am I—do it now!"

Nugent started. Mr Sebright started. Her daring amazed them both. As for me, I am the greatest coward living, in the matter of surgical operations performed on myself or on others. Lucilla terrified me. I ran headlong across the room to her. I was even fool enough to scream.

Before I could reach her Herr Grosse had risen, obedient to command, with a choice morsel of chicken on the end of his fork. "You charming little fools," he said, "I don't see no reason to be in such a hurry as that. I perform no operations on you to-day. It is this!" He unceremoniously popped the morsel of chicken into Lucilla's mouth. "Aha! Bite him well. He is nice-goot! Now, then! Sit down all! Lunch! lunch!"

He was irresistible. We all sat down to table.

The rest of us ate. Herr Grosse gobbled. From Mayonnaise to marmalade tart. From marmalade tart back again to Mayonnaise. From Mayonnaise forward again to ham sandwiches and blanc-mange; and then back once more (on the word of an honest woman) to Mayon-

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paise! His drinking was on the same scale as his eating. Beer, wine, brandy—nothing came amiss to him: he mixed them all. As for the lighter elements in the feast—the almonds and raisins, the preserved ginger and the crystallized fruits—he ate them as accompaniments to every thing. A dish of olives especially won his favor. He plunged both hands into it, and deposited his fistfuls of olives in the pockets of his trousers. "In this way," he explained, "I shall trouble nobody to pass the dish—I shall have by me continually all the olives that I want." When he could eat and drink no more, he rolled up his napkin into a ball, and became devoutly thankful. "How good of Gott," he remarked, "when he invented the worlds to invent eatings and drinkings too! Ah!" sighed Herr Grosse, gently laying his outspread fingers on the pit of his stomach, "what immense happiness there is in This!"

Mr. Sebright looked at his watch.

"If there is any thing more to be said on the question of the operation," he announced, "it must be said at once. We have barely five minutes more to spare. You have heard my opinion. I hold to it."

Herr Grosse took a pinch of snuff. "I also," he said, "hold to mine."

Lucilla turned toward the place from which Mr. Sebright had spoken.

"I am obliged to you, Sir, for your opinion," she said, very quietly and firmly. "I am determined to try the operation. If it does fail, it will only leave me what I am now. If it succeeds, it gives me a new life. I will bear any thing and risk any thing on the chance that I may see."

So she announced her decision. In those memorable words she cleared the way for the coming Event in her life and in our lives which it is the purpose of these pages to record.

PYTHON AND BOA.

The incident of which we give an illustration on page 1077 occurred as follows: It was dinner-time in the reptile house of the London Zoological Gardens, and a rabbit, ensnarled in the folds of a boa, had just uttered its last squeak. Then the boa began to swallow his prey, but before it had entirely disappeared down his maw a python shot forth, moving swiftly round a glass chain placed in the centre of the cage, seized on the half-ingulfed rabbit, and not only swallowed it, but the boa also, all but a few inches of his tail. A keeper named Holland, being immediately summoned, boldly seized the python, and forced him to disgorge, though not without receiving some severe bites. He accomplished this difficult operation thus: seizing the python behind the head, he shook it till about a foot of the boa's tail projected from its mouth. He then threw the python down, whereupon it opened its mouth of its own accord, and helped its comrade to wriggle out. The boa's tail quivered about, and the python pulled back like a mad thing, lashing about in every direction with its tail. Meanwhile Holland swiftly hauled out the boa, blinding the angry python by clapping his cap over its head. The whole affair was over in less time than it takes to tell it, but the keeper, nevertheless, deserves grateful recognition for his pluck and promptitude. He says that large snakes have often bowled him over, or pushed him against the wall, and recommends that if a snake comes at you, you must seize him, and by passing your hand up and down, prevent him from coiling round you. The boa, which is about six feet long, seemed little the worse for his temporary imprisonment.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

Evidences of industrial losses in Paris consequent upon the war with Prussia are startling. The number of boot and shoe makers before the war was estimated at 34,000, of these 10,000 were Germans and Belgians, who have found openings for their industries elsewhere; of the remaining 24,000 French workers 12,000 have been killed, or are in prison or exile, leaving only 12,000 to ply their trade. The making of ladies' shoes was formerly a specialty in Paris, but circumstances seem to be forcing this industry into other countries. In ordinary times the tailors of Paris numbered 30,000; now 10,000 of these are missing. Almost all other industries have suffered in a similar manner. Parisian jewelry, both real and artificial, was celebrated all the world over. Many skilled artificers have been induced to go to London, Brussels, and even to come to New York. The receipts of the best hotels in Paris give evidence that the number of strangers and visitors has greatly diminished. Guides and interpreters have almost disappeared; cafes are not doing their ordinary business, and the closed shutters of numerous shops tell their own tale. Yet to the outward eye of many visitors the city seems the same old bright, gay, smoking Paris as they stroll through certain avenues which bear no external marks of the devastations of war. But any extended investigations reveal what cruel wounds the once gay city has suffered.

The *Shoe and Leather Reporter* says that probably the severest strain to which the Eastern boot and shoe trade has ever been subjected will result from the Chicago calamity. As the season of the year Western and Southern dealers accumulate large stocks of goods, which they are enabled to do owing to a system of long credit. In the fall of the year, also, the freight lines, engaged in transporting millions of tons of produce from the West to the Eastern markets, reduce their tariff for return freights so low as to make it an object for the Western merchants to take advantage of the low rates, the difference between September and February being nearly 100 per cent. in favor of the former month. Owing to these several influences, there can be no doubt but that Chicago had on hand at the time of the conflagration the largest stock of goods ever before at any one time in her possession. It is estimated that the destruction of boots and shoes will easily foot up a total loss of not less than $20,000,000 in value. Every shoe house in the East will feel the effect of this heavy loss. Many of them certainly must suffer severely.

The postal cards which go through the British mails for a half-penny are cream-colored, and the size of an ordinary letter envelope. On one side are printed the directions for superscription, the English coat of arms, and the Queen's head; the other side is left blank for the message or letter. For brief letters committing no privacy they are certainly convenient.

London has opened a new business—a regular trade in wild animals, which is really brisk. Lions and tigers may be bought either at wholesale or retail.

A ludicrous incident of the Bangor railway celebration was the putting of the words, "Welcome to the President" upon the county jail by a Boston decorator employed for the occasion. The jail is a handsome building, and conspicuously situated, and the decorator did not know the special purposes to which it was dedicated. He was somewhat chagrined to learn his blunder, and hastily pulled the motto down just before the President passed by.

The house of Artemus Ward, at Waterford, Maine, is advertised for sale.

Every where may be found harpies who will, if possible, turn to their own greedy gain a common misfortune. Chicago had her share of such. The following anecdote of General Sheridan illustrates the manner in which some of these unscrupulous dealers were forced to limit their avarice. Having heard that a certain hotel-keeper on the South Side was extortionate in his prices, General Sheridan disguised himself and visited the individual, asking him what he "charged by the day."

"Ten dollars," was the response.

"Could you not run it at less?"

"No, we charge ten dollars per day," was the reply.

"Well," answered Sheridan, "if you do not take your sign down, and replace the $10 with $2 50, we will run it for you."

Whatever followed few knew, but $2 50 per day was the charge from that hour.

We should have fewer solitary organ-grinders if the example of one Marcus Ainsworth, of Calais, Vermont, were properly appreciated. Although possessed of but one arm, Marcus dug eighty bushels of potatoes in one day. He deserves not only a pension but a palm.

A medical officer of the English army writes to the London *Times* supporting the theory that the cholera is generated by the vast assemblages at Hindoo religious gatherings on the banks of the Ganges. There are sometimes 300,000 Hindoos gathered on these occasions, and a severe epidemic is almost invariably generated. Instances are mentioned to substantiate this theory.

A curious statement, said to have been prepared from authentic statistics, appears in the French papers, showing that during a year's occupation of Champagne the German army of occupation consumed no less than 1,000,000 bottles of the famous vintage of that country.

The "Heathen" Chinese of San Francisco contributed thirteen hundred dollars for Chicago.

The Belgians, like the French, are not very strong on the geography of foreign countries, and we are not surprised to find, noted in a recent number of the *Indépendance Belge*, under the head of "Punishments in the Prisons of China," a sensational letter to the New York *Times* describing certain atrocities said to be practiced in *Sing Sing*.

Seldom has there been a season so abounding in fruit of every variety. Our markets are literally choked with the superabundance. Grapes have been especially fine and sweet this year, and numerous varieties are yet plenty. Luscious pears are seen on fruit stands at almost every street corner. Apples—golden, green, and rosy ones—make attractive contrasts, and the display of this fruit is large.

We are pleased to see that Professor M'Graw, of the Detroit Medical College, imparted to the last graduating class some of his excellent ideas in regard to the general aspect of a physician's office. He says: "I have been in doctors' offices where a skull grinned from one corner, ghastly anatomical plates hung from the walls, and [illegible] suggestive of broken bones, were placed conspicuously in every corner. What a delightful resting-place for a sick woman—visions of death, disease, and [illegible] staring her on every side! Now, gentlemen, make your offices pictures of comfort and cheerfulness. Banish from them every sign of your profession [illegible], so that your patients may [illegible] their [illegible] without disgust, but with actual pleasure. If there is any place which should be made bright and cheerful, and contain something attractive and agreeable to the mind, it is the room where patients are often compelled to wait an hour. We have often seen them, weary and restless, with nothing to do but lugubriously reflect on the ills their flesh is heir to, growing each moment more impatient, and feeling sickly by the time they are as sick as when they first entered the consultation room. Without exception, the pleasantest physician's office we ever entered was that of Dr. D——, a well-known practitioner of Boston. Books, flowers, paintings, engravings, rare and beautiful [illegible], handsome carpets and furniture, luxurious [illegible] and easy-chairs, with them the cares of [illegible] and the time of waiting seemed not [illegible]. All physicians can not afford such charming luxuries; but there is no reason why pleasant books and magazines and cheerful pictures should not be found in the waiting-room of every physician.

Dr. Hall does not approve of the old-fashioned doctrine which formerly was instilled into the minds of children, namely, that they should spring out of bed the [illegible] they awoke in the morning. He [illegible] "up [illegible] every child should be allowed [illegible] in bed. They may [illegible] long time, until [illegible] they feel as if [illegible] really [illegible]. It is [illegible] children [illegible] of bed the moment they wake up, [illegible] shrink from [illegible] and [illegible] against it. [illegible] open are opened, and in turning over and [illegible] limbs, do as much good as sound sleep. [illegible] operations set the blood in motion by degrees, tending to equalize the circulation; for during sleep the blood tends to stagnation, the heart beats feebly and slow; and to shock the system by bouncing up in an instant and sending the blood in overpowering quantities to the heart, causing it to assume a gallop, when the instant before it was in a creep, is the greatest absurdity. This instantaneous bouncing out of the bed as soon as the eyes are opened will be followed by weariness long before noon."

When Rochefort heard his sentence of imprisonment for life in a colonial fortress he was much excited. Upon being taken back to his cell he broke into loud sobs, threw himself on the floor, and tore his hair. His lamentations could be heard in every part of the building for several hours. Finally the ex-editor of *La Lanterne* fainted, and it was some time before he awoke again to consciousness.

A new discovery has been made in regard to grape leaves—namely, that from them yeast may be made, which in some respects is superior to hop yeast—the bread rising sooner, and not possessing that peculiar taste to which many object in hop yeast.

There are scores of advertisements in the newspapers of wonderful remedies, the secret of which will be imparted on the receipt of a few postage stamps or a small sum of money. In general these things are all humbugs. Nineteen-twentieths of the unwary who are caught by them find themselves hoaxed, as was the simple country youth who believed an advertisement which offered, on receipt of fifty cents, to show any one how to write without pen or ink. He sent his fifty cents, and received the simple direction, "Write with a lead-pencil." Occasionally a more sensible answer comes. Not long since a dyspeptic was beguiled by an advertisement to send to a New York individual a dollar, for which sum a cure for dyspepsia was promised. He received a printed slip with these words, "Stop drinking and hoe in the garden." The man was angry at first, then laughed, and finally stopped drinking and "hoed in the garden." In a short time he was as well as ever. There is more in this case than would appear at first sight.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

An alderman was heard the other day putting the following specimen of what may be called "corporation" logic: "All human things are hollow; I'm a human thing, therefore I'm hollow. It is contemptible to be hollow, therefore I'll stuff myself as full as I can able."

"Eighteen ladies will lecture this winter," says an exchange. Is that all?

A young lady went into a music store and asked the clerk if he had "Loving Eyes." He replied, "I'm told so by the girls."

Another poor girl has died in Virginia from the use of tobacco, at the age of one hundred. She was an orphan.

The Rev. George Moore, of Edinburgh, was riding, one snowy day, muffled up in a Spanish cloak, and with a woman's shawl tied around his neck and shoulders. These garments, flapping in the wind, startled the horse of a "commercial traveler" who met the divine, and who, irritated at the plunging of his steed, exclaimed, "You would frighten the devil, Sir!" "Maybe," answered Mr. Moore; "for it's just my trade."

Permanent Head-Quarters—The shoulders.

"Thou hast loved me and left me—for twenty-five cents," is the inscription upon some sheet music in the window of a New York dealer.

A Popular Lean—Cologne.

Why is every Boston boy sure to make a noise in the world?—Because he is a little Hub bub in himself.

A stolid Scotchman was addressed by his sick wife, "Oh, John, I [illegible] leave this ane alive!" "Please thysell, Betty, and that'll please me," returned John, with great equanimity. "I have been a guid wife to you, John," persisted the dying woman. "Middlin', Betty, middlin'," responded the matter-of-fact husband.

Money is a great lever in the affairs of man; so good a lever that some of us can never keep it.

People afflicted with corns should go to Chattanooga, where the streets are said to be filled with foot-pads.

"Boy, why did you take an armful of my shingles on Sunday?" "Why, Sir, mother wanted some kindling-wood, and I didn't want to split wood on Sunday."

Thiers likens himself to "an umbrella on which it had been raining for forty years." Isn't it time he was shut up?

"The Best Fellow"—That with the largest bones.

A man out West read that dry copperas put into a bed of [illegible] would cause them to leave, and put some in his mother-in-law's bed to see if she wouldn't go. He says she was there at last accounts.

Wanted to Know Immediately—What is "the milk of human kindness" per quart?

At a trial not long since one of the witnesses, an old lady of some eighty years, was closely questioned by the opposing counsel relative to the clearness of her eye-sight. "Can you see me?" said he. "Yes," was answered. "How well can you see me?" persisted the lawyer. "Well enough," responded the lady, "to see that you're neither a negro, an Indian, nor a gentleman."

Living in Vain—Working in a coal mine.

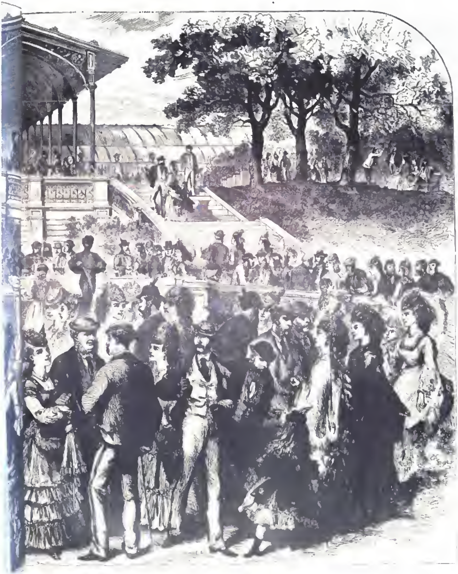
An epitaph in a rural church-yard reads thus: "Here lies Bernard Lightfoot, who was accidentally killed in the forty-fifth year of his age. This monument was erected by his grateful family."

How to Sink a Long Well—Dig it deep.

A veteran shoe-maker says that, although his clerks are very talkative during the day, they are always ready to shut up at night.

"IF A CANDLE DRIPS TOO MUCH, EXTINGUISH IT."—*Domestic Economy.*

THE TRINKHALLE



T HOMBURG.—[See Page 1082.]

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THE HOMBURG SPA.

The double-page illustration in this number of the *Weekly* shows the aspect of the crowd of idlers and invalids frequenting the "Trinkhalle," or pump-room, of this famous watering place. Here are the young and old, the refined and vulgar, the strong and sickly, but not the poor; for this is no healing Pool of Siloam for those most in need of relief and least able to pay for it. There is much to be said, no doubt, concerning the salutary effects of different springs, which contain various solutions of the muriates and carbonates of lime, soda, or magnesia, or the oxides or sulphates of iron and other metals; the former being good for bathing, the latter for drinking. Both sorts are found abundantly accessible in these famous German watering places —Homburg, Wiesbaden, Ems, and Schwalbach—which are most agreeably situated amidst the picturesque scenery of the Taunus Mountains or the Lahn Valley. But it is probable that the change of air, the change of scene, the simpler habits of life (if people are wise), the early rising and retiring, the walking or riding exercise, and the lighter fare of the Continental cuisine may do them as much good as the alkali, or the sulphate, or whatever other chemical ingredient is perceptible in the mineral waters of the place.

Like our own watering-places, Homburg will undoubtedly continue to be a place of fashionable resort for invalids requiring change of air and diet, even when the gambling-house is closed, as it will be after the season of 1872, by a law of the new German empire.

THE BALLAD OF BOSS BILLEE.

It was four pirates of Gotham City,
They went a-sailing out to sea
In a long, low, black, brass-mounted schooner,
Which carried the name of Tammanee.
There was Rueful Richard and Cunning Peter,
And Joky Oakey and Boss Billee.

Now when they had been some years a-sailing
It blowed a regular jamboree,
And overboard fell Rueful Richard,
A-leaving his debts to his deputee.
"Push him under," says Joky Oakey;
"It takes all our craft to carry three."

Now when they had sailed a little further
There came a big ship up on their lee,
And the skipper hollered through his trumpet,
"Whoever the devil may you be?"
Then Joky Oakey snapped his fingers—
"What will you do about it?" says he.

The skipper he called to Charles O'Conor,
"Just hand that big chap up to me."
So Charles he reached down into the schooner
And jerked Boss Bill out suddenlee;
And the last that was seen of Master William
The skipper had him over his knee.

When Joky Oakey saw this happen,
He fell a-weeping Miserlee:
"Ah, were I again but an honest peddler
Of second-hand puns and poetree!
Alas! there isn't in all Joe Miller
A joke for this catastrophe."

To Joky Oakey said Cunning Peter,
"With your expressions you are too free."
Said Joky Oakey to Cunning Peter,
"I guess you don't realize, Peter B.,
That we have lost, in William's pockets,
The grog and the grub for all we three!

"And what is to hinder Charles O'Conor,
Whenever the skipper shall agree,
From reaching again down over the gunnel
And catching hold of my green coatee,
To lock me up in a County Court-house,
Or uninhabited Armoree?"

"Do as I tell you," said Cunning Peter,
"We are both in one boat, you see:
Let us surrender to Richard O'Gorman,
And tell him to smite us tenderlee.
Better be smote by Richard O'Gorman
Than swing at O'Conor's main-cross-tree!"
—*From the Tribune.*

HIS LITTLE LESSON.

Among the half dozen American girls who bore off the palm of beauty that winter in Rome she was the very prettiest—a triumph sufficient to turn almost any feminine head at nineteen, though it affected Milly Anderson less than her rivals would have believed.

She had been in Europe some twelve months, under the care of old Miss Josephine Southbrooke, who acted as her guardian since the odd change in Milly's lot which made her an heiress to the world's opinion, as report, of course, magnified her fifty thousand dollars into a fortune three times that amount. It had all happened less than two years previous, but before the change came Milly had dreamed her little dream and seen her romance rudely destroyed, as most of us are obliged to do before youth is any where near gone.

Laurence Southbrooke was a younger brother of old Miss Josephine—a staid bachelor of forty when he first went down with his sister to pass the summer in the beautiful Pennsylvania valley where Milly had spent the quiet seventeen years which then made up her life. She was living with some relatives who were in every respect uncongenial, and not overfond of her, besides; and Milly taught the village school that season to escape the feeling of dependence, which had become unendurable. She, staid Laurence took it into his head to fall absurdly in love with her, and as it was the first time, old as he was, that he had indulged in such weakness, of course he took the disease in its severest form. But he was too reticent and undemonstrative for any body to perceive how much he had the matter at heart, and not even his sister really knew that he proposed to Milly, and was refused.

He seemed fairly ancient in the girl's eyes, and she wondered at his folly—a little cruel in her treatment of his affection, as the very young are apt to be before they learn what love is worth. Then she drifted away into the full beauty of her dream, for Albert Marston came into the neighborhood, an idle young poet, always raving of the wonderful books he meant to write, and wasting the present in any pleasure which fell in his way, as such natures usually do.

The winter passed, spring came, and summer. Marston made ready to leave his relatives and go to South America. Milly found herself in the eyes of her little world regarded as a jilted, disappointed creature; and there were plenty of severe elderly virgins who did not scruple even to assail her reputation, after the charming habit of the race.

Between the ache at her heart and the blow to her pride, Milly nearly went mad. She was not a girl to sit down and die, as a good many weak women might have done. She determined to go away out West, beyond the reach of enemies and the friends who were more to be dreaded, with their reproofs and condolences. She was absolutely trying to obtain a situation as teacher somewhere in Nebraska, when, without any warning, Destiny lifted her out of poverty and the necessity of painful cares in regard to the future. Some railway and manufacturing company, in which Mr. Southbrooke was largely interested, bought a farm that Milly owned; coal had been discovered thereon, and before she could realize it she was the possessor of what at first seemed a colossal fortune. Then Miss Josephine Southbrooke came to her and proposed that she should become Milly's guardian, and take her to Europe. The old maid had not been very cordial during the past months; she knew that the girl had caused her brother suffering; but when Milly's fickle admirer left her to bear heart-ache and slanders, the spinster's generous nature relented at once and completely. It may be, too, that the idea of pleasing her brother helped her more easily to ignore the past.

So for a year the two women had wandered about the Continent, and now the Carnival found them settled in Rome, and Milly at the height of her pleasant successes. Laurence Southbrooke joined them in the dear old city, and Milly felt that she was making acquaintance with him anew, he was so different from what he had appeared to her ignorant girlish eyes in the days when he first came within reach of her quiet life. No brother could have been kinder or more thoughtful; still as the weeks went on Milly grew fretted by a certain impalpable barrier which seemed to keep them apart, and which no efforts of hers succeeded in breaking down.

"I suppose he thinks I'm silly and frivolous," grumbled Milly to herself, "and my head turned by this change of fortune, and all the nonsense of these ridiculous men. He ought to be ashamed of himself not to know me better."

Then, womanlike, she made herself appear more carried away than ever by worldly pleasures, got herself the name of being an intolerable flirt, was more worshiped in consequence, and so all the sooner exhausted the small excitements of her youthful sovereignty.

A rich Bostonian dared his fate, and was refused; at least half a dozen brother Americans followed suit; and when each was discarded in turn, people said that the heartless creature had set her mind on a title and coronet.

"It certainly looks like it," Miss Southbrooke observed to her brother one morning, after repeating for his benefit a quantity of gossip and advice which had been poured in her ears by sister spinsters and jealous mothers with daughters to be provided for. "I declare, the charge of a young lady is a more serious business than I anticipated."

"Milly must choose for herself," Laurence answered. "She is gentle and affectionate with you—always good-natured, careful not to make us trouble. I think it is all we could have a right to ask."

He spoke so calmly, even unconcernedly, that the old maid wondered to herself if he had really gotten over his fancy for the girl, but she asked no questions; that was a subject upon which there had never been the slightest confidence between them. I suppose away down in her heart Miss Josephine must always have guarded a shade of rancor against Milly for having brought Laurence pain or disappointment, but the wonderful old woman never showed it by word or look, and Milly had long since decided that the spinster was entirely ignorant of his temporary fascination.

It had ended thoroughly enough, Milly thought, and was a little indignant thereat. Before he joined them she fancied that little affair would make their first meeting difficult, and flattered herself a good deal. Her trouble was wasted, and he did the elder brother so successfully that she was inclined to be vexed, for all she had beforehand been so full of remorse at the thought of having caused him suffering.

One night, at a grand ball given by Prince Torlonia, our little American was so much admired and surrounded that it really might be considered her crowning triumph, and in the midst of it she came face to face with a ghost, as most of us have done at one time or another in the course of our pilgrimage. The saddest, dreariest ghost, too, human eyes can ever see—that of a dead love! She was in the midst of a waltz when she caught sight of it, but made no sign, though she was conscious that the eyes followed her every where, at first with an expression of incredulity, which changed to wonder and admiration—those marvelous dark eyes whose passionate light had so often thrilled her soul in the old time.

Miss Josephine was not well this evening, and had consigned Milly to the care of a friend, and as the girl's partner led her back to Mrs. Walworth at the conclusion of the dance, she found that lady gayly conversing with the phantom, who looked handsome and melancholy enough to have been the shade of Hamlet himself.

"My dear," cried the widow at once, "here is my most abominable of cousins waiting to be presented to you. He says you have forgotten him, though he tells me a long story that I didn't listen to about having known you; so let me name—"

"Mr. Marston doesn't need an introduction," interrupted Milly; "I never forget my old friends. How rare it is to meet you here, of all places! But, dear me! don't act so dazed. I think it is I who ought to be introduced. Bless me, Mrs. Walworth, you must have made a mistake! It can't be me Mr. Marston meant. He certainly doesn't behave as if he knew me!"

Would any mortal have dreamed that her first impulse had been to run away and hide her eyes from the phantom of her old love, with an dismal waking, its horrible pain? The widow began to laugh and jest too. Albert Marston tried to subdue his unaccustomed awkwardness and constraint, and say the words suitable to the occasion, but it was very difficult. This Milly, radiant in costly silk and laces, with pearls gleaming on her neck and arms, and with her ease of manner, her woman-of-the-world air, was so unlike the shy girl who had looked up to him in loving humility, and yet so much the same, with her fleeting smiles, her changeful face, that he was completely taken aback, and wondered at his own folly and presumption in scarcely having considered her his equal in the old days.

It was a night of odd bewilderment and confusion to him. He kept near Milly as much as was possible; but though she treated him with the utmost cordiality, she was surrounded by such a crowd of admirers that he was poorly satisfied with his share of her attention and gracious words.

Late in the evening he did find her free for one waltz. In the midst of it, while he was whispering his delight at this meeting in that musical voice whose slightest utterance had once possessed such fascination for her, she looked up and saw Laurence Southbrooke watching them. He had promised to come and see her home, and it was part of his creed never to forfeit his word, even where the slightest matter was concerned. Milly gave him a smile and a quick amical sign as she floated past. He smiled in return, but there was a troubled look in his eyes which carried her back to that summer day when she had so carelessly refused the offer of his love. It was not like Milly to be intentionally cruel, but tonight she really seemed so. Her spirits rose to an unusual height, and for the next hour she did nothing but tease Laurence every time she got within his reach; and Albert Marston told himself that, if this newly revived passion for Milly grew, he need not fear a rival in the staid old bachelor, and was patronizingly cordial to him in consequence.

The first news Miss Josephine had of the meeting with Marston reached her from the lips of Mrs. Walworth, who came the next morning to see how Milly was after the fatigues of the ball.

"To think of your knowing my cousin!" began the widow at once; "and he is crazy about you. He's such a nice fellow, too, and so handsome—isn't he, Milly? Miss Southbrooke, did this wicked girl tell you of the new victim she made last night?"

"No," replied the spinster, rather curtly. "Milly knows I'm old-fashioned in my ideas, and don't believe in girls making victims."

"Ah, but there will be cakes and ale still, though you may be virtuous," cried the widow, unblushingly twisting Shakspeare to suit her purpose. "And I assure you any girl might be a little proud of victimizing Albert Marston."

"Who?" demanded Miss Josephine, in an awful voice, forgetful of etiquette and proper breeding.

"My cousin, young Marston. Didn't you meet him when Milly did in America?"

"I know his name," replied the spinster, stiffly.

Milly was conscious that the ancient vestal's eyes were fixed full upon her in wonder and wrath; but she said, with a charming innocence, which seemed a horrible insolence to her guardian, "You will know him, I hope. I asked him to come and see us. It's so nice to meet one's old friends."

Miss Josephine could not trust her temper an instant longer. She rose and left the room, with a scant farewell to Mrs. Walworth and a parting glare to Milly.

"What ails her this morning?" asked the widow. "She marches off as if her corset was made out of the fender; but she's a good soul, in spite of her rigidness."

"She's the best woman that ever breathed," cried Milly, hotly—"worth twenty thousand like you and me!"

"Bless me! I haven't slandered her. You needn't be so sharp. What is the matter with every body this morning? Be good, and come off your pedestal. I want you to go to Clarisse's with me. I must have a new dress for the Doria ball."

The two plunged straight into millinery and laces, and Milly, having a genius for adornment, devised an attire for her friend which would be perfection. Presently they went in search of that most expensive and autocratic of modistes, whose very name must always rouse a sense of horror and dread in every unfortunate masculine that has taken his womankind to spend a season in Rome.

It had been agreed several days previous that the Southbrookes and Milly were to go this very Wednesday to the Spada Palace, but Milly came home so late from her shopping expedition that luncheon was over, Miss Josephine sitting in her shawl and bonnet, more upright and rigid than any thing but a statue ever did before, and her brother immersed in a newspaper by the window.

"I'm dreadfully late," said Milly. "Please don't be vexed, Miss Jo. I couldn't get away from Lina Walworth."

"I am afraid the tea is cold," returned Miss Jo, with lofty politeness.

"Oh, I don't care for any. I'll just eat a bit of bread, and we will start."

"A bit of bread for a girl who has danced till two o'clock in the morning!" exclaimed the spinster; then recollecting the *rôle* she had determined to assume, added, "of course you are the best judge; I never give advice."

Milly understood what it all meant; Miss Jo was tacitly declaring that she washed her hands of her young friend and her concerns. A creature with no more dignity or self-respect than she was displaying in regard to Albert Marston deserved neither mercy nor care.

There was an odd, provoking smile on Milly's lips, which she was careful to hide from her guardian, as she sat down at the luncheon-table. Mr. Southbrooke rose and brought her a glass of wine, speaking for the first time.

"If you are too tired to go, we'll put off the expedition," he said, kindly.

"I'm not a bit tired," she answered, "not a bit. I only hope Miss Josephine won't eat me. I never saw her really cross before."

"You have!" exclaimed the spinster; and long after she acknowledged that only the idea of being downright rude kept her from bursting a blood-vessel. "Twenty times you have! I'm as good-natured as ever I was in my life, only you and Laurence go off to balls, and come home at indecent hours crookeder than two sticks, and then lay the blame on me! Bah! I'm sick of human nature—I wish I was a camelopard! As for fools, I do think Lina Walworth is the biggest one I ever saw in a petticoat, and I've seen big enough, the Lord knows."

Laurence laughed a little, and Milly tried to keep from joining him, but it was useless. laugh she must, if Miss Jo boxed her ears on the instant.

"If we are going at all, we'd better be off, I should think," said the spinster. "Laurence, if your brain has softened you'd be safer in bed! As for Milly, the tone and manner she is adopting of late are any thing but becoming to a young lady."

"Josephine!" pronounced her brother. The word was very softly spoken, but it brought the good soul back to her senses. Milly paid no attention to her lecture, and the three drove away, in a rather subdued mood; but before they reached the Spada Miss Jo relented, and was sweet as honey. Once in the gallery, her wrath rose to boiling heat again, for the first persons they met were Mrs. Walworth and Albert Marston. Miss Jo's reception of them was about what one would imagine Lady Macbeth's manner might have been to a Scotch dinner-party. However, nobody concerned was greatly troubled by her stateliness. Marston took possession of Milly, and separated her as much as he could from the rest of the party. The widow fastened herself to Southbrooke's arm, and as she was a charming conversationalist, with a carefully cultivated appreciation of art, he was not greatly to be pitied. They both tried to talk to Miss Josephine, but she was very terse and crisp in her answers—unreasonably so angry with her brother as she was with the others. He did not appear either indignant or grieved at Milly's conduct, and though she would have despised the weakness if he had, she could not forgive him for keeping her in a state of uncertainty and trouble.

This day was the commencement of a very uncomfortable month for Miss Josephine, though she was obliged carefully to govern both words and conduct. She knew that her brother watched her, and would resent the least change in her manner toward Milly; besides, after her first feeling of anger, she was too much grieved at the destruction of her private hopes in regard to the pair to have any room in her mind for harsher sentiments.

Milly went on in the most beautiful unconsciousness, apparently, that any thing was amiss, treated the spinster with even more demonstrative affection than usual, and never scrupled to rally Laurence upon his growing love of solitude, and the silent moods into which he gradually subsided. The Carnival ended, there were no more balls or dinners to keep people up till impossible hours, so during the pleasant smoking days there was leisure for sight-seeing. But all the beauties of nature or art soon became loathsome to Miss Josephine, because, wherever they went, Albert Marston either accompanied them on the expedition or managed to encounter them in any gallery or church to which they set foot.

The quiet Lenten days floated slowly past, bringing neither peace nor rest to poor Laurence, though he bore his burden, as became a man, in silence, with a patience which amounted to heroism. As Easter grew near it became too hard to bear; and one morning, at the breakfast-table, he looked up from a pile of letters he was reading, and said,

"I am thinking of running over to Vienna; the Macphersons are there, and seeing him will make it easier for me to stay in Europe until autumn. He is going home, and can attend to some matters for me."

"I'd be willing to start for America to-morrow," exclaimed Miss Jo, setting the tea-pot down so heavily that the table shook. "And why shouldn't we go to Vienna with you?"

"I shall be busy all the time; it would not be pleasant for you—"

"You are not good at excuses," interrupted

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Milly, laughing. "The truth is, you have got one of your morose bachelor fits on, and want to be alone. Miss Jo, do let him have his way; we will go to Naples and Venice with Mrs. Walworth and her party."

The spinster could have throttled the young lady with pleasure, but Laurence was watching; so she leaned back in her chair, shut her lips close, and breathed like a person who had just run too fast up a steep hill.

"That was what I meant to propose to you," Laurence said to Milly.

"How very good of you to think about it!" cried Milly. "Go off and amuse yourself, by all means; we're of no consequence, being only women."

To free her mind, fall in a fit, or run away: one of the three courses was open to Miss Jo. She chose the latter, and, once in the solitude of her room, she sat down and cried as heartily as if she had been fifteen instead of fifty. Laurence talked a while on unimportant topics; then a servant brought in a note for Miss Milly, and he took refuge in a newspaper while she was reading it.

"Excuse me for interrupting you," said Milly, rather loftily. "I have an invitation from Mrs. Walworth for us to go with her party to Albano to-day. Do you wish to go?"

"I have seen the villa so many times—"

"That you don't care to see it again," broke in Milly. "That settles the matter so far as you are concerned. I'll send the note up to Miss Josephine to see if she likes the idea."

Presently the servant came back to say that Miss Josephine had a headache, and begged Milly to go without her. Milly's cheeks got scarlet, and her eyes flashed ominously.

"I'm so glad to feel that I am no restraint on your doing just as you please," said she; "it puts me completely at my ease."

"I am sure, if you wish it, Josephine would go," Southbrooke answered. "For my own part, I only meant to say—"

"Excuse me: there's no necessity for discussing the matter further," cried Milly. "I am going to the villa, and you to stay at home—it's all settled. A pleasant day to you!"

She was absolutely insolent in her careless disregard of the pained look in his face. He rose to leave the room. As he reached the door she called:

"Apropos to going and staying, when set you off for Vienna?"

"Next Tuesday," he answered, setting that date without reflection. "You will have a lovely morning for your drive. Good-by."

He closed the door without receiving any other answer than a careless wave of the hand; she was deep in her note again. Laurence walked slowly across the great antechamber, thinking a thousand dreary thoughts in an instant; above all, and saddest of all, coming the weak question, what good was his life? what hope had the future? what but vexation and bitterness were his fortune, his reputation, any good that Fate had offered, since she denied him the one happiness which could have sweetened and made valuable the other gifts?

"Mr. Southbrooke," he heard Milly call suddenly.

He looked back. She had opened the door of the breakfast-room, and was standing in the shadow of the crimson curtains, making such a pretty picture, in her light draperies, that he thought of St. Cecilia and Raphael's Madonnas, and half a dozen other famous creatures whom she was not a bit like.

"I beg your pardon?" he said, questioningly, moving toward her.

"Don't be so English," returned she, irritably. "Say, What do you want? American fashion."

"Say, what do you want?" he repeated, smiling to her through the trouble that dimmed his eyes.

"I want you to wait till Easter-Monday before you start for Vienna," she answered.

"Easter-Monday be it; the delay is of no consequence," he said. "You have some reason that you will tell me, I suppose?"

"I shouldn't be surprised if you found out the reason for yourself," returned she, and swept back into the breakfast-room with a bitter little laugh. The mocking sound rang in Laurence's ears during his long solitary walk, and made him deaf and blind to every thing but the sharp pain at his heart. It was all plain to him; before Easter he was to be told that Milly no longer required his sister's guardianship; she had made her choice, and would leave them to become Marston's wife. He was to hear the Easter bells ring out, see the sun of that blessed season shine forth, and know that for the murdered hopes and love lying in the chill tomb of his soul there could be no resurrection.

The days passed on. Miss Jo was so wretched with a feverish cold that she staid at home a great deal, but would not permit Milly or her brother to keep her company, and the young lady had constantly expeditions on foot, into which she dragged Laurence without scruple. Every night there was an opera or a concert, or somebody gave a reading, or did something else fiendish, and Milly must go, and Laurence accompany her to watch Albert Marston's assumption and confident graces, which he had a small, spiteful satisfaction in assuming whenever Southbrooke was present. Truth to say, the young man was any thing but so certain as he appeared; Milly's treatment puzzled him enormously. She was cordial and pleasant; but though their intercourse seemed to lookers-on a violent flirtation, he was astonished to find how she kept him at a distance, and gave him no inducement really to hope that his suit was a thing she expected to hear renewed.

Finally his atrocious vanity helped to a solution of the mystery. She had not forgotten his former treatment of her; she wanted the luxury of holding him in suspense until he absolutely spoke the fatal words—asked her outright to marry him. He was violently in love with her now—what he dignified by that name, at least, and it certainly was the strongest sentiment he was capable of feeling, next to his love for himself.

He meant this week to put his fate to the test, and lay in wait for opportunities, which Milly skillfully deprived him of. He began to think it was Southbrooke's fault. The man kept hanging about her lately—he was doing his best to ward off any explanation. A bright idea at last occurred to the young poet: he would punish the stiff old fellow properly for his impertinence. Southbrooke should be made the bearer of the tidings, should be forced to tell Milly with his own lips of Marston's proposal. He had confided his story to his cousin—indeed, his present devotion was patent to all beholders. Mrs. Walworth encouraged him to believe that he had only to speak, and Milly would relent; and as the pretty widow heartily detested Southbrooke, she was delighted with the plan for humiliating him.

It was the day before Easter. Marston was announced to Laurence as he sat alone in his private sitting-room.

"I wouldn't have bothered you," said the young man, rather cavalierly, as he entered, looking so handsome and youthful that Laurence for an instant felt a vague pang of envy rise in his heart, "but the matter about which I wish to consult you is of a good deal of importance to me."

"Pray be seated," returned Southbrooke, courteously. "If I can oblige you in any way, you may count on my doing so."

"That's sweeping. Will you stick to it?" asked Marston, laughing, till Laurence caught the insolence intended, and his fingers tingled with a desire to throw him out of the window.

"I never go back from my word," he said, quietly. "Pray sit down."

"Thanks," said the visitor, and sat down directly opposite, looking full in Southbrooke's face with cruel eyes, which meant to lose no jot of the pain his words would cause. "Perhaps you can guess what brings me here?"

"I have very little fancy," replied Laurence. "You had better tell me outright. Not advice, I am sure, because I have often heard you say you hated that."

"I want you to do me a favor. As Milly's guardian, I suppose, too, it's my right to come to you first."

Southbrooke's eyes never wavered; not a muscle of his face changed. "Wait," he said; "let us have every thing quite clear. It is my sister who is Miss Anderson's guardian. Perhaps you would like to see her?"

"No, no," replied Marston, hastily, for he stood rather in awe of the old maid. The opening was not so successful as he had expected. Southbrooke decidedly had the best of it. The young man's difficult temper was rising; he made his grand coup abruptly. "The truth is, I come as a suitor for Miss Anderson's hand."

"Then it would be best to go to Miss Anderson," returned Laurence. "All I can do for you is to inquire if she is at home."

"You can do more than that," he continued, more and more vexed, and determined to sting before he was through. "I may as well be frank. In the old days I treated Milly a little cavalierly. I never actually said her I loved her. We were both poor then, and I was cribb de dettes—"

"I think that explanation ought only to be made to her," interrupted Laurence, gravely. "If I know her at all, she would be deeply offended at your saying this to me."

The blood rushed to Marston's face. He had not explained himself as he meant to do. To receive a lesson, in addition to feeling that he appeared a vain fool, was more than his pride could endure. "It is always better to be perfectly candid," said he. "The fact is, I have every reason to think Milly will consider my proposal favorably. I should have had my answer before this, only somehow since I made up my mind to speak, you have never left us alone for a moment. I don't suppose it was intentional; but I thought it better to put the whole case plainly before you."

"Mr. Marston," returned Laurence, "for your own sake, I am very glad that you were not guilty of the meanness of attributing such petty plots to me. For mine, the explanation was not necessary; only, now that you have made it, I owe it to myself to show you that, so far from standing in your way, I am ready to aid you to the utmost of my power—"

Before he could finish there was a tap at the door, and Milly half opened it to call, "Miss Jo wants to see you before you go out, Laurence."

Then she saw his visitor, and added, "You here, Mr. Marston? I thought you would be dead after the fatigues of yesterday."

"Please come in," said Laurence, gravely. "Mr. Marston's errand was to you."

She entered the room and sat down, while the young man exclaimed, shaken out of his assurance, and stammering like a school-boy,

"Wait, Southbrooke. You place me in a very odd position. I owe it to—"

"I owe it to myself to be set rights with both of you," continued Southbrooke, while Milly leaned calmly back in her chair and looked from one to the other. "Possibly Miss Anderson may have fancied the same thing of me that you did."

"No! no!" cried Marston, hurriedly; "I said distinctly I did not think it."

"This is all very confusing," observed Milly, sweetly. "Pray let me hear. I am quite able to tell what I have or have not thought."

"Mr. Marston came to me with the offer of his hand for you," Laurence went on, in spite of a broken attempt at expostulation from the young man. "He told me that he should have spoken to you during this past week, but that I was so constantly about you he had no chance. I wish distinctly to state, as I did to him, that if either of you were capable of supposing me guilty of such conduct, I should be sorry, for your own sakes."

He stopped. Milly did not speak. Marston tried a dozen speeches, and broke down in each.

"Well?" Milly said at last, turning toward Southbrooke with a sudden flush on her cheeks and a bright light in her eyes.

"Nay," said he, "I have done my part. Mr. Marston must tell his own story. I will leave you that he may do so."

"There is no necessity," returned Milly. "It's a little mistake on my old friend Albert's part: he has no story to tell."

"Oh, Milly, how can you speak like that!" broke in Marston. "You know I love you. Let me tell you—the whole world may hear. I did love you even in the old days when I went away in silence. I couldn't speak then. Forgive me all that. Don't let any shadow trouble the present."

"This is more poetical than clear," answered Milly. "You mean that you think I suffered at your going away, and harbor resentment? My dear friend, let me set your mind completely at rest. I like you very much, but there is neither love nor anger in my heart toward you; there never was either."

"Milly! Milly!" he fairly groaned.

"I thought my conduct from the first would have shown it. You force me to speak now in a way that I am sorry to do, but I have no alternative."

"You did care, Milly—you are not in earnest—you can't deny that you did care," he cried, so nearly out of his senses that he scarcely knew what he said.

"Oh yes," replied Milly, "but not in the way you fancied. I was a silly, ignorant child in those days, and you were my first of mirror. I have learned what love really means since then."

"I don't understand. Who—what—"

"What taught me?" she asked, as he broke down again. "Having the love of a true, honest man offered me, and wickedly throwing it away. Laurence, this is a morning of confessions; but I am not ashamed. I owed you this much at least." She hid her face in her hands. When she looked up Marston was gone. Laurence Southbrooke held her close to his heart, and the dull, actual world had floated away out of sight for both her and him.

SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

AMONG the disastrous results of the recent fire at Chicago, one not referred to in the public papers was the entire destruction of the building and collections of the Academy of Sciences of that city. This institution, first started by the energy of the late ROBERT KENNICOTT, Esq., and carried to its late condition of prosperity under the charge of Dr. WILLIAM STIMPSON, had already taken a front rank among the learned establishments of the country. Its publications embraced material of the utmost value, while its museum ranked at least as high as the fifth in the United States. Although believed to be fire-proof, the building, like others of the same character in Chicago, presented but little resistance to the flames, and every thing within the walls was destroyed. The loss included, besides the collections in natural history of the Academy, a large number of marine invertebrates belonging to the Smithsonian Institution, which had been forwarded to Dr. STIMPSON for investigation. The private cabinet of this gentleman, and a large mass of valuable manuscript belonging to him, embracing extended memoirs upon the mollusca, radiata, and crustacea of North America, with numerous illustrations, were entirely destroyed.

After a seven years' tour of exploration in South America, Dr. A. HABEL, a former resident of Hastings-on-the-Hudson, has returned to New York, where he is assiduously engaged in preparing the results of his labors for the press. Among the regions traversed by this gentleman may be mentioned the greater part of Central America, the Cordilleras of the Andes in Colombia, Ecuador, and Peru, and finally the Chincha Islands and the Galapagos. During this whole period Dr. HABEL was diligently occupied in gathering information in regard to the natural and physical history of the countries mentioned, especially in the departments of ethnology, meteorology, and zoology. He has already made some communications on the subject of his travels to the Academy of Sciences at Paris, and other learned bodies, and we look forward to his detailed report with anticipations of much interest. The guano deposits of the Chinchas were thoroughly explored by the doctor, who found them to be of a much more complicated structure than has hitherto been supposed.

Mr. MESTRE, the secretary of the Academy of Sciences of Havana, has lately offered in its behalf certain prizes for memoirs on subjects of medicine and natural history, indicating a gratifying condition of scientific activity in Cuba. Competition is open to persons of all nations, although the memoirs are to be written in the Spanish language. Among the prizes mentioned by Mr. MESTRE is one of three hundred dollars, proposed by the president of the society, Dr. GUTIERREZ, for the best paper upon a certain beetle which is very destructive to the sweet potato. A full account of the animal and its habits is required, and the best method of protecting the plants against its ravages. The RAYAS premium of one hundred dollars is offered for a paper upon the hygiene of children—to be written as an aid to mothers. Competition for these prizes is to close on the 1st of March, 1872.

A very important step in scientific education has recently been taken by the British government. A number of science teachers from various parts of England, Scotland, and Ireland were assembled in London for the purpose of attending practical classes arranged for their instruction under the auspices of the Science and Art Department, their expenses being defrayed by the government. In the section of biology thirty-nine students presented themselves. The course occupied six weeks, and the students attended every day (with the exception of Sundays). Each morning a lecture, occupying from an hour to an hour and a half, was given by Professor HUXLEY, and the remainder of the day was occupied in dissection, microscopic work, and demonstrations, in carrying out which Professor HUXLEY was assisted by Professor MICHAEL FOSTER, Professor RUTHERFORD, and Mr. RAY LANKESTER. The reports of the work and lectures daily sent in by the members of the class, many of whom had previously never used a microscope or dissected a single organ or organism for themselves, was entirely satisfactory; and the spirit and enthusiasm displayed throughout proved how greatly the value of the course was appreciated. Two microscopes were offered as prizes for the best work done, and the best record of lectures; and one of these was gained by a lady, and the only one in the class.

The aquarium at the Crystal Palace at Sydenham, near London, is now in full working order, under the management of Mr. W. A. LLOYD. The ground occupied by the aquarium and its adjuncts is nearly 400 feet long and 70 feet broad. The sea-water reservoir contains 80,000 gallons, and the fresh-water tanks 20,000 gallons, in all 100,000 gallons, weighing 1,000,000 pounds. The main aeration of the water is effected by mechanical agitation, and by the growth of sea-weeds on the rocks. The animals at present in the aquarium are sea-anemones, (about twelve species and 2000 individuals), tube-worms (four species), star-fishes (three species), sea-urchins, lobsters, crawfish, edible crabs, spider crabs, swimming crabs, and various other crabs, prawns (two species), barnacles, oysters, mussels, cockles, scallops, whelks, periwinkles, dog whelks, topes, cuttles (two species), skates, angel-fish, lance, pipe-fish, lump-fish, sucking-fish, sole, plaice, cod, whiting-pout, whiting, corkling, wrasse (four species), goby (three species), blenny (three species), dragonet, gunnel, gray mullet, sea-bream, sea-scorpion (two species), pogge, gurnard, weever, bass, and many other species of fish. A few of the animals consume green sea-weed, but the food of by far the larger number is animal, consisting of shrimps (alive or dead), crabs, mussels, oysters, and fish, but never butcher meat. A full and very interesting account of this magnificent object, with drawings, appears in *Nature* for October 12.

Letters have been received from Dr. CARPENTER, who recently proceeded in the *Shearwater* to the Straits of Gibraltar, in order to investigate more thoroughly the phenomena of the current through the straits. He states that, in conjunction with Captain NARES, of the *Shearwater*, he has been able to accomplish a further series of researches, which place beyond all doubt the outflow of dense Mediterranean water into the Atlantic over the ridge, or marine water-shed, between Cape Trafalgar and Spartel, beneath the surface inflow of Atlantic water.

Mr. WILLIAM CROOKES, F.R.S., publishes in the October number of *The Quarterly Journal of Science* (London) a fresh series of experiments on the so-called "psychic force," mostly performed in the presence of the well-known "spiritualistic medium," Mr. D. D. HOME. Mr. CROOKES states that "these experiments confirm beyond doubt the conclusions to which he arrived in his former paper (published in the July number of the same journal), namely, the existence of a force associated in some manner not yet explained with the human organization, by which force increased weight is capable of being imparted to solid bodies without physical contact." Mr. CROOKES believes that this force is possessed by all human beings, although he has witnessed its exhibition in the case of but very few. Mr. CROOKES's previous account had not been received with great favor by the scientific world in England, the Royal Society and the British Association having both declined to take up the subject.

A gap has been made in the ranks of American naturalists by the death of the Rev. WILLIAM HINCKS, for many years Professor of Natural History at the University of Toronto, and previously holding a corresponding position in Queen's College, Cork. We owe a number of articles upon the botany and geology of Canada to his pen, among which was the announcement of a supposed new species of American swan, named by him *Cygnus passmori*, but which is now believed to be simply an immature stage of the trumpeter swan.

At a recent meeting of the French Academy of Sciences M. FAYE expressed a hope that a series of pendulum experiments would be conducted on the top of Mont Cenis, as well as in the central part of the tunnel recently completed, in order to test the effect of the mass of the mountain on the time of the oscillations.

According to *Nature*, geological science has met with a severe loss in the death of GERLACH, on the 9th of September last, in consequence of injuries received in falling from the mountains of the Upper Valais during the course of one of his explorations. This gentleman is well known for valuable works relating to explorations of the Swiss Alps.

The London journals announce the arrival at the Zoological Gardens in that city of a living specimen (since deceased) of the Panama tapir, described a few years ago as new, under the name of *Elasmognathus bairdii*, and of which an excellent figure is published in the *Field*. Although several specimens have been sent from Panama, designed for the London gardens, this is the first that reached England alive. It is not a little noticeable that this tapir, the largest and most remarkable of the several species inhabiting South America, should have remained undescribed until within a few years past.

The list of working men of science in America has lately been increased by the appointment of Dr. ALLEYNE NICHOLSON, late lecturer on natural history in the Medical School of Edinburgh, to the chair of natural history in the University of Toronto, made vacant by the death of Professor HINCKS.

THE ARREST OF "BOSS" TWEED—ANOTHER GOOD JOKE.

THE SHADOW OF JUSTICE. "I'LL MAKE SOME OF YOU [illegible]."

"[illegible] merely nodded to Mr. Tweed, bade him 'Good-day,' and laying his hand tenderly on his shoulder, said, laughingly, 'You're my man!' It seemed like a [illegible] joke, and, judging from the faces, it was."—*New York Tribune.*

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A SCHOOL AT ROME.

The illustration on this page shows the great advance which has been made in Rome since the occupation of that city by the Italian government. It is a scene in a school-room—the place where, as [illegible], [illegible] and theories were [illegible], and the early [illegible] and her elders have been so recently enslaved as the first-fruits of [illegible] liberty.

The Italian government certainly deserves great credit for its energy in establishing public schools, of which fourteen day and eight night have been opened since last November; and, although at first, owing to the [illegible] opposition of the clerical party, few scholars attended, [illegible] to educate [illegible] the priesthood, and [illegible] has been able [illegible] children [illegible] by [illegible]

This [illegible] Nearly [illegible] opportunity [illegible] against the last guns of the Church. The large cities, following the example of countries where free [illegible] have had a longer existence, have set free schools on a [illegible] foundation. Turin expends about $200,000 a year on free public education, Naples about $[illegible], and Florence and Milan about as much as Turin.

When we consider that only a twelvemonth [illegible]

A PUBLIC SCHOOL IN ROME—THE NEW [illegible]

[illegible] which is perfect [illegible] the government [illegible] encouraging this [illegible] such it [illegible] [illegible] to Rome [illegible] Florence [illegible] back, [illegible] which [illegible] and [illegible] on the [illegible] being [illegible]

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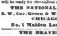

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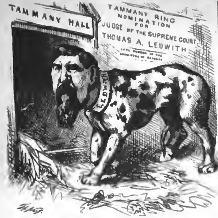

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(Prov., xxvi., 11; 2 Pet., ii., 22.)

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"WHAT ARE YOU LAUGHING AT? TO THE VICTOR BELONG THE SPOILS."

MATINS.

By John Hay.

The trembling pulses of the dawn
Fill with faint gold the violet skies,
And as the moist dew-smitten lawn
The peace of morning lies.

A blessed truce of woe and sin,
A glad surcease of care's annoy,
The waking world has pleasure in
Its matin light and joy.

And all the joy that fills the air,
And all the light that gilds the blue,
I see it in your eyes and hair,
I know it, love, in you.

O'er lips and eyes and golden floss
There floats a charm I can not reach—
A wealth of love, a threat of loss,
Beyond my subtlest speech.

The amethyst flush will fade above
Into the dust-dim glare of noon;
The love of youth, the youth of love,
Will fade and pass so soon.

Kiss close, beloved! for never yet
Could love its bloom unchanging keep;
There are no hearts but they forget,
There are no eyes but sleep.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

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THE VICTORY OF THE PEOPLE.

The significance of the political victory in New York can scarcely be exaggerated. Both the great parties were interested in the contest, but the popular system itself was more interested. The city of New York had always been considered to be, as it undoubtedly is, an exceptional community. The popular principle might fail there, it was thought, and yet not be vitally touched. It was a city, it was alleged, largely composed of a doubtful foreign population, of a character to be swayed by wholly personal and mercenary considerations, and not by great principles nor by reason. The majority, it was often asserted, was a rabble, ruled by demagogues at their pleasure. There can be no hope for the city of New York, it was said, except in a Vigilance Committee, which is a forcible revolution, or a radical limitation of the suffrage. This was unquestionably the feeling of very many grave and sensible persons when the sun rose on the morning of election day—a day which has probably greatly deepened their respect for human nature, and their confidence in the appeal to the people.

First of all, the result is the triumph of a free and fearless press. In surveying the field let no one forget that its glory is largely due to the courage, the fidelity, and the ability of one great journal, the New York *Times*. The battle was, in fact, at the outset a contest between that fundamental principle of a popular government, the freedom of the press, and that ancient and fatal foe of republics, corruption. The mean tyranny of Tammany had bought and frightened and silenced many organs of public opinion, as they were called, and it seemed that if it could only muzzle those that still spoke independently, its power was absolutely secure. It knew that the tongue, the pen, and the pencil are stronger and more durable than adamant or brass, and that there is no tyranny, however ruthless and coarse and inexorable, that those little wands can not destroy. Therefore it wished to paralyze them all. It struck at the free press in its infamous code amendments, and so dastardly blows at private fortunes, but it struck in vain. A great journal, unbought and unterrified, led the assault, which grew more and more terrible, until this vilest although formidable despotism of the Tammany Ring, the reckless tyranny of thieves and blackguards, fell before the wrath of honest citizens.

It is not difficult to refine upon the result, and to perceive that all motives were not pure nor all hands clean. But the chief lesson is this, that in a system founded upon popular consent great evils tend to cure themselves by developing hostility among themselves. In other words, knavery can not always be united. It is distrustful and blind, and its dissatisfied element will combine with honesty and intelligence to work a reform. If it be said—and there is great force in the remark—that a victory for absolute honesty and intelligence is not won by such an alliance, the reply is, that in political contests we may wisely be content with something less than victories of absolute right, if only intrenched wrong is hurled from power. The moral stimulus that follows is of incalculable benefit.

But the victory has been won only by the most unprecedented activity and zeal and union of all honest men in the city. They have learned their power, and let us hope that they have also learned the conditions of its efficiency. If we would have a free government, we must pay the price, and the price is care and thought and trouble and labor and sacrifice. Tweed and the Tammany Ring ruled the city because thousands of intelligent and refined persons hated politics, and thought that no gentleman could touch them without contamination, and recoiled from the name of politician, and thought that the Tammany Ring was no worse than those who would break it. But the Tammany Ring and all similar political rings make politics disgusting and repulsive for this very purpose. They wish to disgust and to repel honest and decent men, for then they are sure of having their own unclean way. And every honest man who suffers himself to be repelled, who refrains from an active share in politics, who never goes to the primaries nor to the conventions, betrays honesty and his country, and bends himself and others to such a miserable yoke as that which has just been spurned.

Let those who have now for the first time actively engaged in politics remember that this victory is won for the year only, not for next year nor for future years. It has merely shown how victories may be won. The same interest and attention and zeal, the same willingness to bear and forbear, the same rigorous resolution that votes shall be honestly cast and honestly counted, will save the future as it has saved the present. Those who now for the first time have done what every American citizen ought always to do, have learned also for the first time what they have always heard without comprehending—that eternal vigilance is the price of liberty. It will be the fault of no class but that of honest and intelligent men if another tyranny as foul as that of Tammany ever again enslaves the city.

EXCUSING THE KU-KLUX.

The Ku-Klux troubles in parts of the Southern States, and the tone and spirit of the Democratic orators and papers in the Northern States in speaking of them, unpleasantly suggest the days before the war, when slavery did what it would, and the same orators and papers obsequiously cried Amen. The recent meeting in Baltimore over which Mr Reverdy Johnson presided, and at which he and Mr. William Pinckney White, since elected Governor of Maryland, were the chief speakers, was a remarkable illustration of the tone and spirit of which we speak. The facts of the Southern situation are familiar. It is merely idle to suppose that a few disturbances and occasional disorders have been exaggerated into the story of the organization and operations of the Ku-Klux. There are murders and abuses of every kind in the Northern States; and they have no peculiar significance, because it is known that they are not the result of a general, secret, organized conspiracy. If that were suspected, the situation here would be very different. Now the fact of such a conspiracy is not only suspected, but it is known in the Southern States. It may be magnified by mystery. But its crimes, all showing an intelligible method, are verified in detail. Indeed, it is unnecessary to insist upon this truth; for Mr William Pinckney White himself asks, in his Baltimore speech, "Was it to be expected that peace and order were to reign every where through States where all the intelligent and educated were excluded from the ballot-box?" etc. The statement is incorrect, because Mr. White knows that the existing disabilities do not affect voting, but it is a sufficient confession of the fact of disorder.

Yet Mr. Reverdy Johnson begins his remarks upon the subject by depicting the Southern situation as entirely peaceful. He cites what may be called technical illustrations: the forts are in the quiet possession of the government; each State is represented in Congress; each has its Governor, Legislature, and Judiciary; our ships are safe in Southern ports—in other words, no State has receded into an attitude of open rebellion, as in 1861. But when Mr. Johnson says that there is "a general acknowledgment of the authority of the United States and of the duty of allegiance," he says what is, at the most, only formally true. There are those in the Southern States who sincerely believed that secession was a right, who fought for it bravely, and who have honorably acquiesced in the result. If we had to deal with them only, there would be no trouble. But the characteristic feeling, as we gather it from the best authorities, is one of passive submission to the inevitable. The government is regarded as a despotism and tyranny to which general armed resistance is impracticable. But this is the very sentiment out of which a midnight organization of the more reckless spirits would be developed, which the others, knowing that they were not themselves threatened, would not trouble themselves to repress. It is not candid, therefore, for Mr. Johnson to describe the situation as he does. He represents the President's proclamation as directed against a wholly peaceful and loyal section of the country; and although he says that the courts sit tranquilly for judgment, he remembers to forget that the juries, if not drawn from the Ku-Klux, are largely composed of the passive class of which we have spoken, and that no Ku-Klux outrage is remedied by the local law.

We are not now considering the causes of this situation, nor the character of the remedies which Congress has authorized. We are merely stating the facts which Mr. Johnson suppressed, just as the Democratic orators used before to conceal the truth in regard to slavery. The question of the Ku-Klux legislation was this: Is there no constitutional remedy for citizens of the United States who in any State are deprived, by negligence to enforce the law, of the most sacred rights? Suppose the Ku-Klux in any State to be the majority, and Ku-Klux courts refuse to convict the authors of crimes against a certain class of the community, is there no remedy but the voluntary withdrawal of that class to some other State? But if that class is persecuted not by its own fault, but by the action of the United States, and is a class which has not the means of emigration, but which is poor and uneducated, and inexperienced in every way, must the United States, which have exposed it to this suffering, merely inform this class that it must suffer as patiently as it can? Is this not substantially acquiescing in the black codes that followed the war—the Ku-Klux harrying the black race because of its color and loyalty, and the courts sanctioning the persecution by refusing to convict? Is this the protection which the United States is authorized and bound to give directly to all its citizens?

Mr. Johnson, indeed, was not addressing the Supreme Court, nor the Senate of the United States; he was speaking to a mass-meeting; but he was morally bound to state the case fairly, whatever his constitutional argument might have been, and this he failed to do. Mr. White, who followed him, is a rhetorician. He too said that the war was long past; and with the instinct of a sincere secessionist the present Democratic Governor of Maryland spoke of the army of the rebellion as standing "as heroically and firmly against overwhelming numbers as did the brave Spartans at the pass of Thermopylæ." He then proceeded, not to deny the existence of the Ku-Klux, but, as we have already quoted, virtually to justify it as the natural result of the situation. He denounced the military despotism which superseded law in the disturbed districts; but he failed to state that it was Ku-Klux law which was superseded. He sneered at the President's peaceful Indian policy, declaring that while he is "soft as a mother's smile" to the red savages, he "knows no law of kindness for his white brethren at the South." And what, in the name of humanity and justice, is the law of kindness of Mr. White and his political white brethren toward the loyal Union black and white men at the South? We used to have this cant of Christian love from the apologists of slavery before the war; and now it falls from the same lips to screen the Ku-Klux midnight assassins. Mr. White concluded his speech by bewailing the apathy of good citizens over "the infractions of the Constitution," having just compared to the brave heroes of Thermopylæ the men who tried not to "infract," but to smother that Constitution in the blood of its defenders.

The significance of all this is unmistakable. The tendency of such speeches as those of Mr. Reverdy Johnson and Mr. White is to prolong the disorder and exasperate the bitterness of feeling which prevail in many parts of the Southern States. The pretense is regard for the Constitution and for the safeguards of liberty, and the necessary consequence is the encouragement of crime and of those who would gladly trample upon the Constitution, and who wish no liberty except that of oppression. The Baltimore meeting is a fair illustration of the kind of canvass which will be conducted next year against the Republicans. The only "people" recognized in the Southern States will be the active Ku-Klux and their passive supporters. There will, however, be one advantage for the country, and that is, that in the discussion the constitutional principle of the Ku-Klux legislation will be fairly presented to public consideration, as they have not yet been, and will be fully understood by the people, as they are not now. Even those Republicans who were disposed, with us, to question the propriety of that legislation will, perhaps, agree that they had not fairly perceived the constitutional authority of that legislation.

THE DEMOCRATIC PARTY AND TAMMANY.

The question in the late New York election which has most interested the country is the relation of the Democratic party in this State to the Tammany Ring. Some of the Democratic papers have incessantly declared that the contest was a purgation of the Democratic party by its own leaders and agencies, and that the party was therefore entitled to the confidence of the country. Its position and action were contrasted with those of the Republicans, who, it was said, were stolidly following leaders who were denounced as equally corrupt with the Tammany Ring. Let us look for a moment at the relation between the Democratic party and the Ring.

The character of that cabal has long been understood. Charges of the utmost corruption were openly made and universally believed. They were as much believed last year as this, but the plain proof had not yet been presented. The Legislature of last winter was nearly tied. But Tammany had absolutely controlled the State Democratic Convention, and in the city the Democrats who voted at all voted chiefly for the Tammany candidates. The Ring owned the majority of the Legislature. It was notorious that it bought certain Republicans, but it did not buy the Republican party; and the important point to this inquiry is, not whether individual Republicans were bribed, but whether the Democratic members in any considerable numbers rebelled. Nobody asserts it. The Tammany Ring absolutely controlled its party to the last Legislature, as it had in the last Democratic Convention.

Moreover, when the proof of all the charges made was presented, and there could be doubt no longer, it was presented by a Republican paper. The Democratic papers, notably the *World*, sneered and defied, while the *Argus* could only sullenly say that if the Ring stole money, it was to buy Republicans. Even down to the appointment of Mr Green as Deputy-Controller the *World* sneered at Mr Tilden and Mr. Havemeyer, and it was the rising tide of popular wrath, not at all Democratic zeal, as such, which led to the decisive step of the formation of the Committee of Seventy. Doubtless honest men like Mr Tilden and Mr. O'Conor were very glad to seize the occasion to throw off the incubus of the Ring, but doubtless, also, they did not begin the movement. The Democratic State Convention of this year declined to receive the reform delegation from the city, and although it did not seat the Tammany delegation, it permitted that delegation to exclude the other, and to leave the city of New York, which is the seat of its majority, unrepresented; and the Convention then, refusing to nominate Mr. O'Conor, nominated candidates who had been previously approved by the Ring.

The most that can be said, therefore, is that there were honest Democrats enough to join the Republicans in a union for the overthrow of the Ring. It is true that the Republicans alone could not have done it: but what would have been the fate of the reforming Democrats alone? It is idle to attempt to misrepresent the recent movement as a rising of the Democratic party of New York, as such, to cast off Tammany. Mr O'Conor and Mr. Tilden and Mr Seymour took part in the general movement. But it was not the Democratic party that put the care of the city into the hands of Mr. O'Conor and Mr. Evarts, but it was the force of the movement which the Democratic party did not begin. The victory, we repeat, could not have been won in the city without the cordial union of men of both parties. Therefore, in the city, the result is not a party triumph. But the fact remains that the exposure was made by a leading Republican paper, and was most vigorously urged by the whole Republican press. While, on the other hand, the *World*, which claims to be the chief Democratic newspaper, sneered and sneered until denial was so absurd that, as usual, it ate all its words, and finding that it could not hope to persuade people that Mr. Tweed had grown rich in legitimate business, denounced him as a public robber.

Meanwhile the same foolish paper, vociferously supporting a State ticket which Tammany had nominated two years ago and still approved, railed at the Republicans for sustaining candidates against none of whom

was a word ever breathed implying Tammany sympathy or alliance, because they were supported by what was called the Custom-house, the head of which had been charged by the *Tribune* with fraud and Tammany taint. But if the charges of the *Tribune*, which were not proved, were to be considered as tainting the Republican State ticket with Tammany, how much more should the proved frauds of the Ring have tainted the Democratic State ticket with the same corruption!

But the people have decided. We refer to the facts only that in the hour of the happy result the truth may be recorded. The great event is the work of honest men of both parties. Henceforth let these honest men take care that there is no Tammany Ring of either party.

THE NEXT DUTY.

DURING all the contest which resulted in the election the important point to be gained was not only the punishment of the members of the Ring for stealing, but the prevention of future thefts by the destruction of the system which they had established. This point has been gained beyond all question. Not only is the Ring routed, and its majority lost in the Legislature, but the veto of its old agent, the Governor, has been paralyzed. The reformers have obtained the absolute control of legislation, and, with the power, the responsibility. They can do what they will, and they must, therefore, will wisely. They can make such a charter for the city as they please, and it is essential that they should be governed by the most sagacious counsels.

The Legislature which will meet at the opening of the new year is the most important body of the kind which has assembled in this State for a very long time. It will be a strictly Republican Legislature; for it was inevitable that the party organization opposed to that which Tammany has so long controlled should gain the advantage of the coalition against Tammany. That is well understood. The State of New York, indeed, upon a full and honest vote, is undoubtedly Republican; but we all know that it is not exclusively as Republicans that we have won this great victory. It is in the light of that truth that the party should undertake municipal reform and the formation of a new charter. The policy as well as the glory of the party lies in framing a charter which, in the simplest and most intelligible way for every voter, will remedy the evils which sharp experience has revealed in the city government. And in this work the best Democrats in the Legislature will doubtless gladly co-operate. Mr. TILDEN, for instance, is a gentleman who is entirely familiar with the subject, and who has been conspicuous in the revolution. His counsel should and will have great weight with all candid legislators of every party.

The situation and the history of the last few years of the city government impose upon the Legislature and upon all good citizens the duty of reflection upon the true principles of a sound municipal system. The election shows that the people of the city wish a good and honest government. It shows that with care and union and efficient organization the good citizens are the majority. They will approve, therefore, a system, however radical its differences from the old systems may be, which will give them, for instance, fair security that the necessary duties of the municipality will be efficiently performed, and which will enable them to see constantly the accounts of the receipts and expenditures of the treasury. The election relieves us all of the conviction that in such a city as this the popular system is a failure; and without fearing any radical change of detail that may be made, we may all feel deeper confidence in the principle. The press will doubtless contribute its share of wise suggestion toward the new charter; and it will demand what it will help the Legislature to give—a simple and efficient municipal government.

THE UNITED STATES AND JAPAN.

THE invitation to Japan of General CAPRON, late chief of the Department of Agriculture in this country, and of General WILLIAMS, a distinguished expert in the internal revenue system, and the flattering manner in which General CAPRON has been received in Yeddo, are facts full of suggestive interest for Americans. There are already many Japanese in this country engaged in careful observation and study of the character and working of our system; and Mr. MORI, the Japanese chargé d'affaires, is a gentleman whose intelligence and earnest interest in the elevation and improvement of his country have made the best possible impression upon all who have met him. At several of our colleges the Japanese students are not the least distinguished for diligence and proficiency. At the Yale commencement Mr. MORI mentioned that Dr. WOOLSEY's work upon International Law was carefully studied in Japan; and under the auspices of the Mikado, himself a young man, it is evident that a new era has opened in Japan, in which we Americans have an especial stake, and which if we are wise we shall turn to our great advantage.

The first step for us will be the cultivation of the most friendly relations by the utmost care in the selection of those who will represent us in that country. We must not send jobbers and charlatans. The immediate commercial advantages of a close and friendly intercourse with Japan are so conspicuous and immense that they must not be sacrificed. All the modern useful inventions of this country would find an almost boundless market in that new world. And the feeling with which we are regarded will depend, therefore, in a very great degree upon the character of our official agents, as of those who are invited from among us to official positions. It is in this view that the selection of General CAPRON and of General WILLIAMS is most fortunate. They go to meet a friendly disposition, and they carry, in their character and ability, that which will satisfy it. Hitherto the English ascendency has been virtually supreme among the foreign interests; but the official presence of Mr. MORI in this country, and the warm sympathy with which he presses upon his government the cultivation of amity with the United States by the most efficient means, show that the hold of England is not indisputable.

The intelligent movement toward the friendship of this country has been greatly quickened by the result of the revolution in Japan, which has established the supremacy of the Mikado, and has abolished parts of the old Japanese feudalism. The accounts of this subject from the mission of General CAPRON are most interesting, confirming as they do the impressions derived from the Japanese legation here. There is a general tendency toward liberal reforms. This is good; but the question which they suggest is whether they are the demand of the people or are the desire only or chiefly of the ruling and upper classes. In every old and highly monarchical land there is always the suspicion that liberal reform may be only a fashion of thought among the aristocracy, as with JOSEPH the Second and certain noblemen at the close of the last century; so that it may not be rooted in the popular intelligence, as in the reforms in Spain under FLORIDA BLANCA and ARANDA. BUCKLE, upon a review of their action, says what is certainly true, that "no reform can produce real good unless it is the result of public opinion, and unless the people themselves take the initiative."

Upon this point, however, there is a presumption in favor of Japan arising from its system of education. A letter from one of the suit of General CAPRON says: "A stupid Japanese is difficult to find, an uneducated one certainly is rare, at least here in the city. The meanest 'cooly' who carries your baggage or draws you in a jinrikisha can both read and write." This correspondent speaks of the assiduity with which English is studied, reminding the reader of the zeal of the freedmen to learn. Indeed, Mr. MORI is of opinion that English may be made the familiar foreign language of his country. The tendency which these facts indicate is the natural result of steam and the telegraph. Countries are ceasing to be foreign in any remote and inseparable manner. COWLEY's queer conceit that "on the lunar world" we might "securely pry" is becoming sober truth. The test of statesmanship will be a sagacious use of the great opportunities which are thus opened to us. A generous and truly friendly reception of the overtures of Japan, consequent upon the most ample and intelligent inquiry, is plainly what the situation both invites and facilitates.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

HARPER'S WEEKLY has never done better service for truth and justice than it is doing now. It has given the battle with Tammany a popular power which, without pictorial illustration, it never could have had. One of NAST's cartoons gathers up the force of many editorials: that of the present week, representing the destruction of the republic by Tammany corruption, is very effective. The intensity of its feeling is all through relieved by touches of humor. As an ancient city magistrate, TWEED sits in his official chair, presiding over the contest of the arena. Instead of the conventional eagle, at the top of the standard is a fireman's hat, marked "6"—a touch of fun at the beginning of TWEED's public life. The tiger, symbol of the Americus Club, is used in a manner to produce the effect of a telling retort. This is, however, only one of many engravings in the same number in which NAST carries home to the popular feeling the arguments of orators and editors.

We can have hope for the republic so long as the people are instructed by such a paper. And it gives us pleasure to record the fact that 120,000 copies of a recent number of the WEEKLY were ordered by three news companies. Through this immense circulation the contest with our corrupt city officers has attained the magnitude of a national question, and may be the means of municipal reform throughout the Union. For, after all, "Tammany" is but an aggravated case of a disease every where prevalent among us.

The country owes much to HARPER'S WEEKLY for its defense of our public schools against the schemes of the Roman Catholic hierarchy. Here again NAST's tireless pencil has made the issue plain to the humblest understanding. The fertility of this artist is amazing. Without a sign of exhaustion, he produces, week after week, illustrations of current events in which humor, sarcasm, and intense indignation against wrong are fused together. Mr. NAST is always easily understood. Plain people who would never read long arguments find all their force condensed in one of his pictures.

Such a periodical as HARPER'S WEEKLY is a public benefaction. The Messrs. HARPER are doing an educational work so important that we can only think of the absence of their periodicals as an irreparable national loss.—*From the Methodist.*

PERSONAL.

GENERAL GEORGE B. WILLIAMS, formerly of Indiana, and Deputy Commissioner of Internal Revenue, has been appointed by the Japanese government, at a salary of $10,000 per annum, to assist in the organization and administration of an internal revenue system in that country. He departs on his mission in January.

—The Hon. MORTON M'MICHAEL is the first gentleman in America, at the head of a paper, who has had the satisfaction of being at the helm on the one hundredth anniversary of its existence, and the eighty-seventh of its continuous daily publication. The Philadelphia *North American* is one of the ablest and highest toned of our journals, and has had among its editors and contributors many of the brightest intellects of the country. Mr. M'MICHAEL is not only able as a journalist and public speaker, but as a presider at important public meetings, political or social, is probably without an equal in the United States.

—It is not improbable that Mr. SEWARD may occupy himself for some months to come in preparing a sketch of his remarkable journey around the world, and that afterward, as leisure and health may permit, he may prepare for publication a sketch of the public men with whom he has associated, and the public measures with which he has had to do, since he entered public life forty-three years ago.

—Mr. A. B. WOOD has accepted the position tendered to him by the Japanese government, to take charge of the diplomatic and consular affairs of that empire.

—The library of Lafayette College, Pennsylvania, is indebted to M. DE LESSEPS, the engineer of the Suez Canal, for a complete set of the reports and documents relating to that great enterprise. The gift consists of twenty-three volumes, with maps and plans.

—Mr. Secretary BOUTWELL's statement that the public debt of the nations is about $20,000,000,000 is criticised by the editor of the New York *Evening Post*, who, after careful ciphering, makes the amount at this time about $17,400,000,000. Add to this the debt of the United States, and the productive industry of Christendom will be found to be mortgaged to capitalists for about $19,800,000,000. Public debts are unknown in Asia, and there are none in Africa, except in Egypt.

—The Rev. Dr. SPRAGUE, formerly of Albany, but now living in retirement in Flushing, possesses the largest and most valuable collection of autographs of any person in the United States, and it is probably unsurpassed by any collection in Europe. They are arranged, classified, and numbered. Those of the Revolutionary period are perfect—WASHINGTON, his staff, his generals, his cabinet, with every eminent American of that age. He has the entire originals of the ARNOLD treason, with the identical letter of "John Anderson." These autographs, valued at not less than $100,000, are chronologically arranged and indexed, so that any one can be turned to in a moment. Dr. SPRAGUE has traveled every where, heard nearly every one speak or preach who has made any mark in this century, and is full of incidents of ROBERT HALL, ROWLAND HILL, WILBERFORCE, and their associates.

—CHARLES SPRAGUE, poet and banker, of Boston, celebrated his eightieth birthday on the 26th October last. He became cashier of the Globe Bank, Boston, forty-six years ago, and has continued in that position ever since. The best known of his poems is an ode on SHAKESPEARE, delivered at the Boston Theatre in 1823, and pronounced by PRESCOTT, the historian, and RUFUS W. GRISWOLD, to be the best of its kind written since the days of POPE. Besides this, he took five prizes for odes delivered at the opening of different theatres, all equally good. He is equally respected by poets and business men, especially by the latter, for, since he became its cashier, the Globe Bank has never failed to make a dividend.

—The name of DANIEL DREW is pretty sure to be connected one way or another with any great operation in Wall Street. In the recent grand scrimmage between the "bulls" and "bears" Mr. DREW is said to have had an immense "short" interest, and that since the Chicago fire his profits have been a clear half million of dollars.

—Bishop TUTTLE, of the missionary diocese comprising Utah, Montana, and Idaho, is of the opinion that to extirpate Mormonism will be a very tough job. He thinks that the completion of the Northern Pacific Railroad will be the greatest help in the work, as the increased influx of miners and people from the East will crowd out the followers of YOUNG, and eventually deprive them of influence and power. The Episcopalians have built a fine church at Salt Lake City, which cost about $40,000, and from its tower may be heard the only bell that calls the citizens to worship on Sunday.

—Count MOLTKE has received as a present from Kaiser WILLIAM two of the captured French guns, to be placed in front of his country seat in Silesia.

—Mr. DANIEL DOUGHERTY, one of the most brilliant men of the Philadelphia bar, last week delivered a lecture in the "Bay State Course" in Music Hall, Boston, and for two hours delighted one of the most critical audiences of that city. His subject was "Orators and Oratory," and the journals are quite warm in commendation of his effort. As an advocate Mr. DOUGHERTY has no superior at the bar of Pennsylvania.

—Lord Dufferin is to be made an earl. He is equally noted in yachts and literature, is always going somewhere and writing something, and has, moreover, rendered such service to his party that the government requite it with a coronet.

—Reading, Pennsylvania, goes down to posterity with two items of distinction: Senator CARL SCHURZ once taught school there, and BAYARD TAYLOR was clerk in a grocery store. Two more completely self-made men could hardly be found in the country.

—The SPRAGUE brothers—Senator WILLIAM and Colonel AMASA—are probably the largest cotton-mill owners in the world. It was the ambition of their great-grandfather, who built the first cotton mill in Providence, to run 100 looms, and at his death 90 were in operation. The present firm runs [illegible] looms, manufacture 8000 pieces of cloth per day, and print 7000. The largest individual mill in the United States belongs to them, and is located at Baltic; it is 964 feet long, five stories high, contains 2000 looms, and runs 70,000 spindles. They own two mills at Quidneck, Rhode Island, of [illegible] spindles; at Arctic, one mill of [illegible] spindles; at Natick, four mills of 51,000 spindles; at Central Falls, four mills of [illegible] spindles, constituting the United States Flax Mill; and at Maine, two mills of 25,000 spindles. These different mills are surrounded by villages formed of houses occupied by the operatives, churches for their attendance, and a large store to supply their necessities, all erected at the same time as the mills. In Baltic the firm own every lot of land bordering both banks of the Shetucket River for ten miles, extending through Windham, Sprague, and South Windham to Willimantic.

—General ROBERT TOOMBS, who has probably the most extensive practice of any member of the bar of Georgia, was recently in attendance at court in Atlanta. He has great personal popularity, and the moment he leaves his room at the hotel is surrounded by a crowd, all eager to be in his presence and listen to his conversation. His speeches at the bar are said to be fine specimens of forensic eloquence. Yet he is not a close student, spends little time among law books, and gives the preparation of his cases to others. It is in the court-house that his talent is conspicuous, and there he literally overrides all opposition, and carries his point by adroit management and vehement eloquence.

—Mr. DELANE, the present editor of the London *Times*, does not write much, but he does ably, being hand in glove with the Prince of Wales, Lord Granville, Mr. GLADSTONE, Mr. DISRAELI, and with most of the political and aristocratic notabilities.

—The elevation of M. THIERS to the Presidency animates the litterateurs and interviewers of France in hunting up anecdotes and incidents of a personal character. A writer in the *Gaulois* has this piquant paragraph: "About 1827 M. COSTE, chief editor of the *Temps*, and M. LOUIS BELLET passed, every night, on leaving their office about two o'clock in the morning, before a house in the fifth story of which a light was always burning. Their curiosity was greatly excited, and they often stopped to speculate upon the character of the occupant of that lofty room. One night they could no longer resist the temptation to ask who was the owner of that constant light, and M. COSTE rang the bell. The concierge opened the door, and answered the question as to who occupied the fifth story: 'It is a poor young man from the Midi,' he replied—'very poor, laborious, and an obstinate digger into his books, although only destined to be a journalist.' On learning that he had to do with one of the profession, M. COSTE insisted upon mounting the stairs. They found the young man at his work; they conversed with him, and, at last, M. COSTE engaged him to make his *début* in his journal. The young man's name was ADOLPHE THIERS."

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

ON Tuesday, November 7, elections occurred in the States of New York, Massachusetts, Wisconsin, Illinois, Maryland, New Jersey, and Virginia. The Republicans carried New York, gaining two-thirds of both branches of the Legislature by about three majority, defeating, with the aid of the Reform Democrats, every Tammany candidate but Senator [illegible] Tweed. In Massachusetts Washburn was elected Governor by a large majority over the Democratic candidate, and Illinois and Wisconsin also went strongly Republican. In New Jersey the Democrats elected their candidate for Governor, but the Legislature is Republican. Maryland and Virginia went Democratic by reduced majorities.

Out of about $3,000,000 subscribed to the Chicago Relief Fund, $2,000,000 have been received by the Executive Committee. The cost of temporary buildings, with the necessary furniture, for the protection of the burned-out poor, will be about $1,000,000, leaving $1,000,000 to meet the demands for food, clothing, fuel, and general expenses.

United States Commissioner Sexton has discharged the Fenian Generals O'Neil and Curley, on the ground that, although the offense was clearly established, no proof was adduced that the expedition was organized in Minnesota.

It is reported, semi-officially, from Washington, in explanation of the terrible spread of small-pox in our Eastern cities, that the infected buffalo-skins bought and captured from the Indians two years ago, having disappeared from quarantine, have been sold to the public. The prevalence of the virulent disease is attributed to this.

FOREIGN NEWS.

On the arrival of Victor Emanuel at Rome he will occupy the state apartments in the Quirinal Palace, which are now in course of preparation for him.

In all the principal towns of the North of England the workmen are following the example of the Newcastle engineers, by demanding a reduction of the hours of labor to nine hours per day. The ironworkers of Middlesborough, the shipwrights of Stockton, the dyers of Leeds, and many other large bodies of workmen have already insisted upon the reduction. The whole of the employés of Messrs. Laird, the great ship-builders of Birkenhead, have resolved to insist upon the reduction of the hours of labor to nine.

It is reported that M. Thiers has accepted the Castle of Pau, in France, as a gift from the Government, where he will probably take refuge there when Victor Emanuel settles for good in Rome.

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SOMETHING THAT DID BLOW OVER—NOVEMBER 7, 1871

DOWN WITH THE RING! THE BATTLE CRY OF FREEDOM
THE POLLS
"THE REASONS WHICH HAVE PROMPTED THIS ACTION - THESE REASONS ARE OF AN OVERWHELMING CHARACTER."
"THE FACT SHALL NOT BE MADE KNOWN UNTIL AFTER THE ELECTION."
TAMMANY RING LOST.
"I HEREBY TENDER MY RESIGNATION."
THE TAMMANY BRAINS
WHAT WILL THE JUDGE DO WITHOUT HIS "BRAINS"
"I SEVER MY CONNECTION"
THE POLITICAL SUICIDE OF PETER "BRAINS" SWEENY.
"THE TIMES HAVE BEEN THAT WHEN THE BRAINS WERE OUT, THE MAN WOULD DIE AND THERE AN END." SHAKSPEARE.
SING-SING STATE'S PRISON OR ALBANY. THE SENATE
THE "HEAD" AND "BRAIN" GONE, THE BODY GOES TO

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1871, by Harper & Brothers, in the Office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington.]

POOR MISS FINCH.

A Domestic Story.

By WILKIE COLLINS,

Author of "The Woman in White," "No Name," "The Moonstone," "Man and Wife," etc.

WITH ORIGINAL ILLUSTRATIONS.

CHAPTER THE THIRTY-FIRST.

(Continued.)

"WHO SHALL DECIDE WHEN DOCTORS DISAGREE?"

MR. SEBRIGHT answered her, in Mr. Sebright's discreet way.

"I can not affect to be surprised at your decision," he said. "However sincerely I may regret it, I admit that it is the natural decision in your case."

Lucilla addressed herself next to Herr Grosse.

"Choose your own day," she said. "The sooner the better. To-morrow, if you can."

"Answer me one little thing, miss," rejoined the German, with a sudden gravity of tone and manner, which was quite new to my experience of him. "Do you mean what you say?"

She answered him gravely on her side. "I mean what I say."

"Good. There is times, my lofe, to be funny. There is also times to be grave. It is grave-times now. I have my last word to say to you before I go."

With his wild black eyes staring through his outlish spectacles at Lucilla's face, speaking earnestly in his strange broken English, he now enpressed on his patient the necessity of gravely considering and preparing for the operation which he had undertaken to perform. I was greatly relieved by the tone he took with her. He spoke with authority: she would be obliged to listen to him.

In the first place he warned Lucilla, if the operation failed, that there would be no possibility of returning to it and trying it again. Once done, be the results what they might, it was done for good.

In the second place, before he would consent to operate, he must insist on certain conditions, essential to success, being rigidly complied with on the part of the patient and her friends. Mr. Sebright had by no means exaggerated the length of the time of trial which would follow the operation, in the darkened room. Under no circumstances could she hope to have her eyes uncovered, even for a few moments, to the light, after a shorter interval than six weeks. During the whole of that time, and probably during another six weeks to follow, it was absolutely necessary that she should be kept in such a state of health as would assist her, constitutionally, in her gradual progress toward complete restoration of sight. If body and mind both were not preserved in their best and steadiest condition, all that his skill could do might be done in vain. Nothing to excite or to agitate her must be allowed to find its way into the quiet daily routine of her life until her medical attendant was satisfied that her sight was safe. The success of Herr Grosse's professional career had been due, in no small degree, to his rigid enforcement of these rules, founded on his own experience of the influence which a patient's general health, moral as well as physical, exercised on that patient's chance of profiting under an operation—more especially an operation on an organ so delicate as the organ of sight.

Having spoken to this effect, he appealed to Lucilla's own good sense to recognize the necessity of taking time to consider her decision, and to consult on it with relatives and friends. In plain words, for at least three months the family arrangements must be so shaped as to enable the surgeon in attendance on her to hold the absolute power of regulating her life, and of deciding on any changes introduced into it. When she and the members of her family circle were sure of being able to comply with these conditions, Lucilla had only to write to him at his hotel in London. On the next day he would undertake to be at Dimchurch. And then and there (if he was satisfied with the state of her health at the time) he would perform the operation.

After pledging himself in those terms, Herr Grosse puffed out his remaining breath in one deep guttural "Hah!" and got briskly on his short legs. At the same moment Zillah knocked at the door, and announced that the chaise was waiting for the two gentlemen at the rectory gate.

Mr. Sebright rose—in some doubt, apparently, whether his colleague had done talking. "Don't let me hurry you," he said. "I have business in London; and I must positively catch the next train."

"Sob! I have my business in London too," answered his brother oculist—"the business of pleasure." (Mr. Sebright looked scandalized at the frankness of this confession, coming from a professional man.) "I am so musics-fond of musics," Herr Grosse went on, "I want to be in good times for the opera. Ach Gott! musics is expensive in England! I climb to the gallery, and pay my five silver shillings even there. For five copper pence, in my own country, I can get the same thing—only better done. From the deep bottoms of my heart," proceeded this curious man, taking a cordial leave of me, "I thank you, dear madam, for the Macaroni. When I come again, I pray you more of that lofely dish." He turned to Lucilla and popped his thumbs on her eyelids for the last time at parting. "My sweet-Fanich, remember what your sur-

geon-optic has said to you. I shall let the light in here—but in my own way, at my own time. Pretty lofe! Ah, how infinitely much prettier she will be when she can see!" He took Lucilla's hand, and put it sentimentally inside the collar of his waistcoat, over the region of the heart, laying his other hand upon it as if he was keeping it warm. In this tender attitude he blew a prodigious sigh, recovered himself with a shake of his shock head, winked at me through his spectacles, and waddled out after Mr. Sebright, who was already at the bottom of the stairs. Who would have guessed that this man held the key which was to open for my blind Lucilla the gates of a new life!

CHAPTER THE THIRTY-SECOND.

ALAS FOR THE MARRIAGE!

We were left together; Nugent having accompanied the two oculists to the garden gate.

Now that we were alone, Oscar's absence could hardly fail to attract Lucilla's attention. Just as she was referring to him, in terms which made it no easy task for me to quiet her successfully, we were interrupted by the screams of the baby, ascending from the garden below. I ran to the window and looked out.

Mrs. Finch had actually effected her desperate purpose of waylaying the two surgeons in the interests of "baby's eyes." There she was, in a shirt and a shawl—with her novel dropped in one part of the lawn, and her handkerchief in the other—pursuing the oculists on their way to the chaise. Reckless of appearances, Herr Grosse had taken to his heels. He was retreating from the screeching infant (with his fingers stuffed into his ears) as fast as his short legs would let him. Nugent was ahead of him, hurrying on to open the garden gate. Respectable Mr. Sebright (professionally incapable of running) brought up the rear. At short intervals Mrs. Finch, close on his heels, held up the baby for inspection. At short intervals Mr. Sebright held up his hands in polite protest. Nugent, roaring with laughter, threw open the garden gate. Herr Grosse rushed through the opening and disappeared. Mr. Sebright followed Herr Grosse; and Mrs. Finch attempted to follow Mr. Sebright—when a new personage appeared on the scene. Startled in the sanctuary of his study by the noise, the rector himself strutted into the garden, and brought his wife to a sudden stand-still, by inquiring in his deepest bass notes, "What does this unseemly disturbance mean?"

The chaise drove off; and Nugent closed the garden gate.

Some words, inaudible to my ears, passed between Nugent and the rector—referring, as I could only suppose, to the visit of the two departing surgeons. After a while Mr. Finch turned away (to all appearance offended by something which had been said to him), and addressed himself to Oscar, who now reappeared on the lawn, having evidently only waited to show himself until the chaise drove away. The rector fraternally took his arm; and, beckoning to his wife with the other hand, took Mrs. Finch's arm next. Majestically marching back to the house between the two, Reverend Finch asserted himself and his authority alternately, now to Oscar and now to his wife. His big booming voice reached my ears distinctly, accompanied in sharp discord by the last wailings of the exhausted child.

In these terrible words the Pope of Dimchurch began:

"Oscar! you are to understand distinctly, if you please, that I maintain my protest against this impious attempt to meddle with my afflicted daughter's sight.—Mrs. Finch! you are to understand that I excuse your unseemly pursuit of two strange surgeons in consideration of the state that I find you in at this moment. After your last confinement but eight you became, I remember, hysterically irresponsible. Hold your tongue. You are hysterically irresponsible now.—Oscar! I decline, in justice to myself, to be present at any discussion which may follow the visit of those two professional persons. But I am not averse to advising you for your own good. My Foot is down. Put your foot down too.—Mrs. Finch! how long is it since you ate last? Two hours? Are you sure it is two hours? Very good. You require a sedative application. I order you, medically, to get into a warm bath, and stay there till I come to you.—Oscar! you are deficient, my good fellow, in moral weight. Endeavor to oppose yourself resolutely to any scheme, on the part of my unhappy daughter or of those who advise her, which involves more expenditure of money in fees, and new appearances of professional persons.—Mrs. Finch! the temperature is to be ninety-eight, and the position partially recumbent.—Oscar! I authorize you (if you can't stop it in any other way) to throw My moral weight into the scale. You are free at any time to say, 'I oppose This, with Mr. Finch's approval.' I am, so to speak, backed by Mr. Finch.'—Mrs. Finch! I wish you to understand the object of the bath. Hold your tongue. The object is to produce a gentle action on your skin. One of the women is to keep her eye on your forehead. The instant she perceives an appearance of moisture she is to run for me.—Oscar! you will let me know to what decision they arrive up stairs in my daughter's room. Not after they have merely heard what you have to say, but after My Moral Weight has been thrown into the scale.—Mrs. Finch! on leaving the bath, I shall have you only lightly clothed. I forbid, with a view to your head, all compression, whether of stays or strings, round the waist. I forbid garters—with the same object. You will abstain from tea and talking. You will lie, loose, on your back. You will—"

What else this unhappy woman was to do, I failed to hear. Mr. Finch disappeared with her round the corner of the house. Oscar waited at

the door of one side of the rectory until Nugent joined him on their way back to the sitting-room in which we were expecting their return.

After an interval of a few minutes the brothers appeared.

Throughout the whole of the time during which the surgeons had been in the house I had noticed that Nugent persisted in keeping himself scrupulously in the background. Having assumed the responsibility of putting the serious question of Lucilla's sight scientifically to the test, he appeared to be resolved to pause there, and to interfere no further in the affair after it had passed its first stage. And now again, when we were met in our little committee to discuss, and possibly to combat, Lucilla's resolution to proceed to extremities, he once more refrained from interfering actively with the matter in hand.

"I have brought Oscar back with me," he said to Lucilla, "and I have told him how widely the two oculists differ in opinion on your case. He knows also that you have decided on being guided by the more favorable view taken by Herr Grosse—and he knows no more."

There he stopped abruptly, and seated himself apart from us, at the lower end of the room.

Lucilla instantly appealed to Oscar to explain his conduct.

"Why have you kept out of the way?" she asked. "Why have you not been with me at the most important moment of my life?"

"Because I felt your anxious position too keenly," Oscar answered. "Don't think me inconsiderate toward you, Lucilla. If I had not kept away, I might not have been able to control myself."

I thought that reply far too dexterous to have come from Oscar on the spur of the moment. Besides, he looked at his brother when he said the last words. It seemed more than likely—short as the interval had been before they appeared in the sitting-room—that Nugent had been advising Oscar, and had been telling him what to say.

Lucilla received his excuses with the readiest grace and kindness.

"Mr. Sebright tells me, Oscar, that my sight is hopelessly gone," she said. "Herr Grosse answers for it that an operation will make me see. Need I tell you which of the two I believe in? If I could have had my own way, Herr Grosse should have operated on my eyes before he went back to London."

"Did he refuse?"

"Yes."

"Why?"

Lucilla told him of the reasons which the German oculist had stated as unanswerable reasons for delay. Oscar listened attentively, and looked at his brother again before he replied.

"As I understand it," he said, "if you decide on risking the operation at once, you decide on undergoing six weeks' imprisonment in a darkened room, and on placing yourself entirely at the surgeon's disposal for six weeks more after that. Have you considered, Lucilla, that this means putting off our marriage again for at least three months?"

"If you were in my place, Oscar, you would let nothing, not even your marriage, stand in the way of your restoration to sight. Don't ask me to consider, love. I can consider nothing but the prospect of seeing You!"

That fearlessly frank confession silenced him. He happened to be sitting opposite to the glass, so that he could see his face. The poor wretch abruptly moved his chair, so as to turn his back on it.

I looked at Nugent, and surprised him trying to catch his brother's eye. Prompted by him, as I could now no longer doubt, Oscar had laid his finger on a certain domestic difficulty which I had had in my mind from the moment when the question of the operation had been first agitated among us.

(The marriage of Oscar and Lucilla—it is here necessary to explain—had encountered another obstacle, and undergone a new delay, in consequence of the dangerous illness of Lucilla's aunt. Miss Batchford, invited to the ceremony as a matter of course, had most considerately sent a message begging that the marriage might not be deferred on her account. Lucilla, however, had refused to allow her wedding to be celebrated while the woman who had been a second mother to her lay at the point of death. The rector (with an eye to rich Miss Batchford's money) had supported his daughter's decision, and Oscar had been compelled to submit. These domestic events had taken place about three weeks since; and we were now in receipt of news which not only assured us of the old lady's recovery, but informed us also that she would be well enough to make one of the wedding-party in a fortnight's time. The bride's dress was in the house; the bride's father was ready to officiate—and here, like a fatality, was the question of the operation unexpectedly starting up, and threatening another delay yet for a period which could not possibly be shorter than a period of three months! Add to this, if you please, a new element of embarrassment as follows. Supposing Lucilla to persist in her resolution, and Oscar to persist in concealing from her the personal change in him produced by the medical treatment of the fits, what would happen? Nothing less than this: Lucilla, if the operation succeeded, would find out for herself—before instead of after her marriage—the deception that had been practiced on her. And how she might resent that deception, thus discovered, the cleverest person among us could not pretend to foresee. There was our situation, as we sat in domestic parliament assembled, when the surgeons had left us!)

Finding it impossible to attract his brother's attention, Nugent had no alternative but to interfere actively for the first time.

"Let me suggest, Lucilla," he said, "that it is your duty to look at the other side of the question before you make up your mind. In the first place, it is surely hard on Oscar to postpone the wedding-day again. In the second place, clever as he is, Herr Grosse is not infallible. It is just possible that the operation may fail, and that you may find you have put off your marriage for three months to no purpose. Do think of it! If you defer the operation on your eyes till after your marriage, you conciliate all interests, and you only delay by a month or so the time when you may see."

Lucilla impatiently shook her head.

"If you were blind," she answered, "you would not willingly delay by a single hour the time when you might see. You ask me to think of it. I ask you to think of the years I have lost. I ask you to think of the exquisite happiness I shall feel when Oscar and I are standing at the altar, if I can see the husband to whom I am giving myself for life! Put it off for a month? You might as well ask me to die for a month. It is like death to be sitting here blind, and to know that a man is within a few hours' reach of me who can give me my sight! I tell you all plainly, if you go on opposing me in this, I don't answer for myself. If Herr Grosse is not recalled to Dimchurch before the end of the week—I am my own mistress—I will go to him in London!"

Both the brothers looked at me.

"Have you nothing to say, Madame Pratolungo?" asked Nugent.

Oscar was too painfully agitated to speak. He softly crossed to my chair; and, kneeling by me, put my hand entreatingly to his lips.

You may consider me a heartless woman if you will. I remained entirely unmoved even by this. Lucilla's interests and my interests, you will observe, were now one. I had resolved, from the first, that she should not be married in ignorance of which was the man who was disfigured by the blue face. If she took the course which would enable her to make that discovery for herself, at the right time, she would spare me the performance of a very painful and ungracious duty, and she would marry, as I was determined she should marry, with a full knowledge of the truth. In this position of affairs it was no business of mine to join the twin brothers in trying to make her alter her resolution. On the contrary, it was my business to confirm her in it.

"I can't see that I have any right to interfere," I said. "In Lucilla's place—after one-and-twenty years of blindness—I too should sacrifice every other consideration to the consideration of recovering my sight."

Oscar instantly rose, offended with me, and walked away to the window. Lucilla's face brightened gratefully. "Ah!" she said, "you understand me!" Nugent, in his turn, left his chair. He had confidently calculated, in his brother's interests, on Lucilla's marriage preceding the recovery of Lucilla's sight. That calculation was completely baffled. The marriage would now depend on the state of Lucilla's feelings after she had penetrated the truth for herself. I saw Nugent's face darken as he walked to the door.

"Madame Pratolungo," he said, "you may, one day, regret the course that you have just taken. Do as you please, Lucilla—I have no more to say."

He left the room, with a quiet submission to circumstances which became him admirably. Now, as always, it was impossible not to compare him advantageously with his vacillating brother. Oscar turned round at the window, apparently with the idea of following Nugent out. At the first step he checked himself. There was a last effort still left to make. Reverend Finch's "moral weight" had not been thrown into the scale yet.

"There is one thing more, Lucilla," he said, "which you ought to know before you decide. I have seen your father. He desires me to tell you that he is strongly opposed to the experiment which you are determined to try."

Lucilla sighed wearily. "It is not the first time that I find my father failing to sympathize with me," she said. "I am distressed—but not surprised. It is you who surprise me!" she added, suddenly raising her voice. "You, who love me, are not one with me, when I am standing on the brink of a new life. Good Heavens! are my interests not your interests in this? Is it not worth your while to wait till I can look at you when I vow before God to love, honor, and obey you? Do you understand him?" she asked, appealing abruptly to me. "Why does he try to start difficulties? why is he not as eager about it as I am?"

I turned to Oscar. Now was the time for him to fall at her feet and own it! Here was the golden opportunity that might never come again. I signed to him impatiently to take it. He tried to take it—let me do him the justice now which I failed to do him at the time—he tried to take it. He advanced toward her; he struggled with himself; he said, "There is a motive for my conduct, Lucilla—" and stopped. His breath failed him; he struggled again; he forced out a word or two more: "A motive," he went on, "which I have been afraid to confess—" he paused again, with the perspiration pouring over his livid face.

Lucilla's patience failed her. "What is your motive?" she asked, sharply.

The tone in which she spoke broke down his last reserves of resolution. He turned his head suddenly so as not to see her. At the final moment—miserable, miserable man!—at the final moment he took refuge in an excuse.

"I don't believe in Herr Grosse," he said, faintly, "as you believe in him."

Lucilla rose, bitterly disappointed, and opened the door that led into her own room.

"If it had been you who were blind," she answered, "your belief would have been my belief, and your hope my hope. It seems I have

expected so much from you. Live and learn! live and learn!"

She went into her room and closed the door on us. I could bear it no longer. I got up, with the firm resolution in me to follow her and say the words he had failed to say for himself. My hand was on the door, when I was suddenly pulled back from it by Oscar. I turned and faced him in silence.

"No!" he said, with his eyes fixed on mine, and his hand still on my arm. "If I don't tell her, nobody shall tell her for me."

"She shall be deceived no longer—she must and shall hear it," I answered. "Let me go!"

"You have given me your promise to wait for my leave before you open your lips. I forbid you to open your lips."

I snapped the fingers of my hand that was free in his face. "*That* for my promise!" I said. "Your contemptible weakness is putting her happiness in peril as well as yours." I turned my head toward the door, and called to her. "Lucilla!"

His hand closed fast on my arm. Some lurking devil in him that I had never seen yet leaped up and looked at me out of his eyes.

"Tell her," he whispered, savagely, between his teeth, "and I will contradict you to your face! If you are desperate, I am desperate too. I don't care what meanness I am guilty of! I will deny it on my honor; I will deny it on my oath. You heard what she said about you to Browndown. She will believe *me* before *you*."

Lucilla opened her door, and stood waiting on the threshold.

"What is it?" she asked, quietly.

A moment's glance at Oscar warned me that he would do what he had threatened if I persisted in my resolution. The desperation of a weak man is, of all desperations, the most unscrupulous and the most unmanageable—when it is once roused. Angry as I was, I shrank from degrading him, as I must now have degraded him if I matched my obstinacy against his. In mercy to both of them, I gave way.

"I may be going out, my dear, before it gets dark," I said to Lucilla. "Can I do any thing for you in the village?"

"Yes," she said; "if you will wait a little, you can take a letter for me to the post."

She went back into her room, and closed the door.

I neither looked at Oscar nor spoke to him when we were alone again. He was the first who broke the silence.

"You have remembered your promise to me," he said. "You have done well."

"I have nothing more to say to you," I answered. "I shall go to my own room."

His eyes followed me uneasily as I walked to the door.

"I shall speak to her," he muttered, doggedly, "in my own time."

A wise woman would not have allowed him to irritate her into saying another word. Alas! I am not a wise woman—that is to say, not always.

"Your own time?" I repeated, with the whole force of my contempt. "If you don't own the truth to her before the German surgeon comes back, your time will have gone by forever. He has told us, in the plainest terms, when once the operation is performed nothing must be said to agitate or distress her for months afterward. The preservation of her tranquillity is the condition of the recovery of her sight. You will have been an excuse for your silence, Mr. Oscar Dubourg!"

The tone in which I said those last words stung him to some purpose.

"Spare your sneers, you heartless Frenchwoman!" he broke out, angrily. "I don't care how I stand in your estimation. Lucilla loves me. Nugent feels for me."

My vile temper instantly hit on the most merciless answer that I could make to him in return.

"Ah, poor Lucilla!" I said. "What a much happier prospect hers might have been! What a thousand, thousand pities it is that she is not going to marry your brother instead of marrying you!"

He winced under that reply as if I had cut him with a knife. His head dropped on his breast. He started back from me like a beaten dog, and suddenly and silently left the room.

I had not been a minute by myself before my anger cooled. I tried to keep it hot; I tried to remember that he had outraged my nation in calling me a "heartless Frenchwoman." No! it was not to be done. In spite of myself I repented what I had said to him.

In a moment more I was out on the stairs to try if I could overtake him.

I was too late. I heard the garden gate bang before I was out of the house. Twice I approached the gate to follow him. And twice I drew back in the fear of making bad worse. It ended in my returning to the sitting-room, very seriously dissatisfied with myself.

The first welcome interruption to my solitude came, not from Lucilla, but from the old nurse. Zillah appeared with a letter for me: left that moment at the rectory by the servant from Browndown. The direction was in Oscar's handwriting. I opened the envelope, and read these words:

"MADAME PRATOLUNGO,—You have distressed and pained me more than I can say. There are faults, and serious ones, on my side, I know. I heartily beg your pardon for any thing that I may have said or done to offend you. I can not submit to your hard verdict on me. If you knew how I adore Lucilla, you would make allowances for me—you would understand me better than you do. I can not get your last cruel words out of my ears. I can not meet you again without some explanation of them. You stabbed me to the heart when you said this evening that it would be a happier prospect for Lucilla if she had been going to marry my brother instead of marrying me. I hope you did not really mean that? Will you please write and tell me whether you did or not? OSCAR."

Write and tell him! It was absurd enough—when we were within a few minutes' walk of each other—that Oscar should prefer the cold formality of a letter to the friendly ease of a personal interview. Why could he not have called and spoken to me? We should have made it up together far more comfortably in that way—and in half the time. At any rate, I determined to go to Browndown, and be good friends again, *viva voce*, with this poor, weak, well-meaning, ill-judging boy. Was it not monstrous to have attached serious meaning to what Oscar had said when he was in a panic of nervous terror! His tone of writing so keenly distressed me that I resented his letter on that very account. It was one of the chilly evenings of an English June. A small fire was burning in the grate. I crumpled up the letter, and threw it, as I supposed, into the fire. (After-events showed that I only threw it into a corner of the fender instead.) Then I put on my hat, without stopping to think of Lucilla, or of what she was writing for the post, and ran off to Browndown.

Where do you think I found him? Locked up in his own room! His insane shyness—it was really nothing less—made him shrink from that very personal explanation which (with such a temperament as mine) was the only possible explanation under the circumstances. I had to threaten him with forcing his door before I could get him to show himself and take my hand.

Once face to face with him, I soon set things right. I really believe he had been half mad with his own self-imposed troubles when he had threatened giving me the lie at the door of Lucilla's room.

It is needless to dwell on what took place between us. I shall only say here that I had serious reason, at a later time—as you will soon see—to regret not having humored Oscar's request that I should reconcile myself to him by writing, instead of by word of mouth. If I had only placed on record, in pen and ink, what I actually said in the way of making atonement to him, I might have spared some suffering to myself and to others. As it was, the only proof that I had absolved myself in his estimation consisted in his cordially shaking hands with me at the door when I left him.

"Did you meet Nugent?" he asked, as he walked with me across the inclosure in front of the house.

I had gone to Browndown by a short-cut to the back of the garden, instead of going through the village. Having mentioned this, I asked if Nugent had returned to the rectory.

"He went back to see you," said Oscar.

"Why?"

"Only his usual kindness. He takes your views of things. He laughed when he heard I had sent a letter to you, and he ran off (dear fellow!) to see you on my behalf. You must have met him if you had come here by the village."

On getting back to the rectory I questioned Zillah. Nugent, in my absence, had run up into the sitting-room; had waited there a few minutes alone, on the chance of my return; had got tired of waiting, and had gone away again. I inquired about Lucilla next. A few minutes after Nugent had gone she had left her room, and she too had asked for me. Hearing that I was not to be found in the house, she had given Zillah a letter to post, and had then returned to her bed-chamber.

I happened to be standing by the hearth looking into the dying fire while the nurse was speaking. Not a vestige of Oscar's letter to me (as I now well remember) was to be seen. In my position, the plain conclusion was that I had really done what I supposed myself to have done—that is to say, thrown the letter into the flames.

Entering Lucilla's room, soon afterward, to make my apologies for having forgotten to wait and take her letter to the post, I found her, weary enough after the events of the day, getting ready for bed.

"I don't wonder at your being tired of waiting for me," she said. "Writing is long, long work for me. But this was a letter which I felt bound to write myself if I could. Can you guess who I am corresponding with? It is done, my dear! I have written to Herr Grosse!"

"Already!"

"What is there to wait for? What is there left to determine on? I have told Herr Grosse that our family consultation is over, and that I am entirely at his disposal for any length of time he may think right. And I warn him, if he attempts to put it off, that he will be only forcing on me the inconvenience of going to him in London. I have expressed that part of my letter strongly, I can tell you! He will get it to-morrow by the afternoon post. And the next day—if he is a man of his word—he will be here."

"Oh, Lucilla! not to operate on your eyes?"

"Yes—to operate on my eyes!"

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

THE establishment now known as the Government Printing-office, at Washington, was organized in 1860. Previous to that time Congressional reports, and other public documents, were printed sometimes by contract and sometimes by printers chosen by ballot in both Senate and House of Representatives. Of course the work was often done in a very unsatisfactory manner. Before the commencement of the present century, the government printing and binding was a matter of comparatively little importance. Probably the sum annually expended for printing, about the year 1792, did not exceed one thousand dollars. During the year 1860 about seventy-five thousand reams of paper were required for public printing, which cost an aggregate of nearly half a million of dollars; and the yearly disbursements for the purchase of material and compensation of service amounts to more than a million and a half. Nevertheless, under the necessities of our thriving country, this department makes, by its economies, a large annual saving to the government. Some idea of the work to be done may be gained from the statement that in the press-room of the Government Printing-office there are twenty-six Adams presses, fourteen Hoe cylinder presses, thirteen small jobbing presses, and one Bullock press, making an aggregate of fifty-four presses.

The Bullock press, which prints both sides of the sheet at the same time, is used exclusively for printing the Agricultural Report, a work of some seven hundred pages, with an annual edition of two hundred and twenty-five thousand volumes. In the press-room are stationed two steam-engines of fifty-horse power, four hydraulic presses, two smithing-machines, and two elevators ply between the different stories of the building. In the bindery there are twenty-nine presses, twenty-five machines for cutting, paging, numbering, etc., and nineteen ruling-machines constantly in operation. About one thousand persons are employed in this department, two hundred and fifty of whom are compositors.

Like other journals, the Chicago *Evening Post* lost every thing—office, presses, type, paper, and all materials. Nevertheless, not one issue of the paper failed. It happened on this wise: Two of the *Post* compositors, driven to the West District by the fire, found a little job office, about Monday noon, open and completely deserted, the occupants having rushed to the fire, then raging and seething over the doomed city. One instantly wrote out an account of the fire as far as it had progressed, and the other put it in type, and they clapped above it the old familiar words, *The Evening Post*, made it up in a page about six by eight inches, and constantly printed it.

In the palace of Tsarskoe Selo, near St. Petersburg, are the rooms of the late Emperor Alexander, which, in conformity with a custom common among the nobility of Russia, have been kept exactly as he left them when he departed for Taganrog, where he died. His writing-table and cabinet are in confusion, as if he had just made use of the various articles which are scattered around. On a chair, as if thrown down carelessly, is a worn military surtout.

Boston cautions its citizens against a prodigal use of water, lest there be a water famine. The amount now consumed equals an average of seventy gallons per day for every man, woman, and child in the city.

An exchange says that Andrew Johnson's daughter, Mrs. Patterson, who used to preside at the White House, has just taken the premium for the best butter at a county fair held in Tennessee.

It is well known that certain inhuman horse-trainers make use of an attachment to the bit which so tortures the animal that he rears and plunges, and appears a magnificent stepper. An ingenious German has made himself celebrated for his ability to train horses with a peculiarly proud gait. The secret of his success was long unknown. Now it is ascertained that he put magnifying goggles upon the horse. Small stones looked like big ones, and the horse, in his efforts to surmount the supposed obstacles, acquired a grand trend.

The paper currency of Japan is made exclusively from the bark of a tree called *mitsumata*, which is expressly reserved for this purpose. The bark of the *kaja-tree*, which resembles our common willow, is extensively employed for making the different peculiar kinds of paper and papier-maché, in the manufacture of which the Japanese excel. More than 200 varieties of paper are made in Japan, for book-making, house-writing, drawing, the manufacture of umbrellas, fans, mats, handkerchiefs, hats, coats, lanterns, artificial flowers, and for sundry curious and special purposes.

The *Herald of Health* approves of cheese—that is, if it is not too old. It says good cheese is even more nutritious than eggs. Americans eat cheese as a relish, but rarely as an article of nourishment. The English working classes use bread and cheese very largely as an article of diet.

All house plants, it is said, flourish better for being watered with water several degrees warmer than the atmosphere in which they are grown. Mr. R. G. Williams, of the Vermont State Normal School, gives to the Department of Agriculture his testimony on this subject, as follows:

"Last winter we had about one hundred plants in the house, and usually gave them warm water, and very frequently water that was much too warm for the hand; some water at or very near the boiling-point has been poured into the saucers of the pots and just on the sides. We have about forty persons in the family, from different parts of the country, and their testimony is that they never saw so fine geraniums, heliotropes, fuchsias, verbenas, passion-flowers, oleanders. These plants show very marked improvement; others have flourished finely under the treatment."

Tennessee has some women of pluck. Recently a woman of that State got her husband released from prison by walking 430 miles, to Nashville, with a child in her arms, and asking the Governor to pardon him.

The present royal house of Russia has produced several princes of rare ability, the chief of whom was doubtless Peter the Great. Michael Fedorowitch Romanoff was the first emperor of the present family.

The Club des Opiophiles is the appellation of a club in Paris which owes its existence to the necessity of escaping from the sorrowful realities of the present times in France. A magnificent mansion in the vicinity of the Arc de Triomphe has been furnished with the most exquisite taste. On a large gallery, all festoons and astragals, are arranged a number of most enticing boudoirs, the principal piece of furniture of which is a most luxurious couch. At the head of each couch is a small night lamp, intended to set fire to the opium which the smoker inhales. There is, besides, a servant for each smoker, to assist him in all the details. Each member is to note down in a register the sensations he experiences during the trance produced by the effects of the opium. These will constitute the memoirs of the club, and will be published every year.

An English engineer has recently built a novel railway in Turkey, mules being the propelling power. A single rail is laid on sleepers, and the carriage has wheels in the centre on the same longitudinal line. Through the car runs a balancing pole, the two ends of which, projecting three feet or more, are secured to saddles on the backs of mules. The animals will thus be one on each side of the load. It would be impossible for the cart to turn over, and all the weight in the cart, if evenly distributed, would bear upon the rail.

Crude sign-boards and cartoon-signs were improvised after the Chicago fire, announcing whither various establishments had fled. The following is a specimen: "Owing to the recent warm snap, Jones & Smith have removed to ——."

The new Emperor of Germany and Von Moltke, chief of staff, have given their official sanction to the public observance of the Sabbath by ordering that the general parades of the German armies be held hereafter on Wednesday instead of Sunday.

Prince de Polignac recently married Mlle. De Bagneux. The "happy couple"—to use a time-honored phrase—started for Dieppe to spend the honey-moon. Arrived at Rouen, they found the train for Dieppe would not start for two hours, and therefore determined to go on to Havre instead. But, lo and behold! on their arrival there, passports were called for.

"I have no passports," quoth the bridegroom. "I am Prince de Polignac."

"Mighty fine," retorted the policeman; "we know that yarn, my friend—it's rather stale. Come along."

The bride wept, the bridegroom entreated, and prevailed on the police superintendent to send a telegram to the father-in-law: "A man calling himself Prince de Polignac, just arrested at Havre, says he is your son-in-law. Is it the case?"

Back came the answer: "The man must be an impostor. My daughter and son-in-law have gone to Dieppe."

And thereupon the happy couple were hauled off to the lock-up, where they had to spend their wedding night. The following day the matter was cleared up.

An exchange remarks that an evening dress [illegible] is required now at receptions and weddings than for church or for ordinary visiting, which is one of the most sensible of late fashions.

Certain milkmen who cross the Brooklyn ferries in the early morning hours have been seen just before going on the ferry-boat to fill a milk-can with water from the hydrant in the ferry-house. During the passage across the river this harmless liquid was impartially distributed among the other cans on the milk-cart.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

An old lady complaining of the bad quality of a ham to the provision dealer, the latter assured her it was a regular Westphalia. "That it is, indeed!" exclaimed the dame, "and the worst failure I ever had!"

The sting of a bee carries conviction with it. It makes a man a bee-liever at once.

Too polite to interfere with the slumbers of adjacent boats, a Michigan boater recently remained in a tree all night.

A darkey in attempting to cross a hatchway fell through, and his head struck a big piece of stone-coal, breaking it too. On looking up, he saw his employer, and, fearing he had done something wrong, exclaimed, mournfully, "Golly, massa, I'm real sorry I broke dat coal!"

It is at the approach of dinner-time that we feel most sensibly the "emptiness of things below."

The best way for a man to train up a child in the way he should go is to travel that way sometimes himself.

The following is an old sailor's direction to a dentist: "'Tis the aftermost grinder aloft on the starboard quarter."

Why is the coupling-chain of a locomotive like love?—Because it's a tender attachment.

There is a story going of an English tourist who entered a restaurant, and by a few scraps of French was able to order a dinner. He wished some mushrooms—preserved ones—very delicious and large. Not knowing the name, he demanded a sheet of paper, and a pencil. The waiter understood him in a second, disappeared for one minute, and returned with a splendid—umbrella!

THE GARDENER'S NERVE—Lettuce plant.

"That is unremitting attention," the student said, when his father forgot his usual allowance.

The champion snorer lives in Pequog, Massachusetts. His wife, awaking from a sound sleep the other night, began to shake her slumbering lord smartly to make him stop snoring. Just then came several very loud peals of thunder, and desisting from her attempt, she resigned herself quietly to sleep, remarking, "It is only thundering, after all; I thought you were snoring!"

"My lord," said the foreman of an Irish jury, when giving in the verdict, "we find the man who stole the horse not guilty."

A lisping mother, who had presented her infant at the baptismal font for christening, on being asked by the clergyman, "What name?" responded, in a whisper, "Lucy, Sir," when, to the horror of the whole congregation and the consternation of the speaker, he christened the baby—Lucifer.

A little boy defines snoring as "letting off sleep."

Why are Cashmere shawls like people who are totally deaf?—Because you can not make them hear.

"Bridget, I told you to have my hot water the first thing in the morning." "Shure, Sir," replied Bridget, "didn't I bring it up and leave it at the door last night, so as to have it in time?"

What is higher when the head is off?—The pillow.

What kind of a bat flies without wings?—A brick-bat.

What is the lightest place in Ireland?—Cork.

Is a pawnbroker a man of principal?—Yes; it is his interest to be so.

A country pedagogue had two pupils, to one of whom he was partial, and to the other severe. One morning it happened that these two boys were both late, and were called to account for it. "You must have heard the bell, boys; why did you not come?" "Please, Sir," said the favorite, "I was dreaming that I was going to California, and I thought the school bell was the steamboat bell as I was going in." "Very well," said the master, glad of any pretext to excuse his favorite. "And you, Sir," turning to the other, "what have you to say?" "Please, Sir," said the puzzled boy, "I—I—was waiting to see Tom off."

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FOREST FIRES IN THE

IRNING OF PESHTIGO.—[See Page 1109.]

HOW I LOST THE HEIRESS.

I am about to disclose a story which, I consider, places in a very shady category indeed all persons concerned in it except one. That one is a young gentleman of elegant manners, of attractive person, of many accomplishments, of high character. If you wish to know the name of this young gentleman, I may tell you that his name is Gigglewich—George Gigglewich—and I may add that George Gigglewick is no other than myself.

I purpose to lay the following facts before the public, because I feel that I ought to receive sympathy. I have suffered much. And yet I am not a scoundrel. I never took a purse, much less cut a throat. Nobody has ever had to say on my behalf that I am a kleptomaniac, or any thing of that sort. I am not in the habit of reeling out of public-houses; you would not meet me openly perambulating the Haymarket at late hours. I regard myself, in short, as a respectable young man. And yet during the last year, till I can bear it no longer, I have been exposed to the ridicule of every body who knows me. And ridicule is a punishment as terrible as any. Does not Byron say that by means of it Voltaire shook thrones? And I have been exposed to more than ridicule. I hesitate to say it, but I have been regarded by all my acquaintances during the above-mentioned time with hearty contempt. Yes, in this moral, virtuous, religious England of the nineteenth century, I have thus suffered entirely through the machinations of certain unprincipled persons, whose conduct I shall here proceed publicly to expose.

It is now nearly a twelvemonth since to me, sitting alone one evening in my lodgings (I am engaged in business in the great manufacturing town of Cotherbham), there entered my friend Apthorne Vyse. Recognizing him in the doorway, I felt rather uncomfortable; for I had lately been compelled to act in a manner which, I admit, may have caused annoyance as well as chagrin toward a young lady in whom I had heard that he took a very tender interest. It struck me, seeing him enter, that he might have heard of the matter, and have come to represent her resentment.

This young lady was a very attractive girl, with an exquisite figure for dancing, and one of those piquantly pretty faces which you see in Frank Stone's pictures. I had met her at a ball about a fortnight before, and had been, I confess, much struck with her. I had honored her with so conspicuous a preference as to dance several dances with her, and even, for the sake of having her as a partner, had attempted the Caledonian Quadrilles—a dance of a complicated character, and with which I am imperfectly acquainted. On the morning after the ball I should have paid her the further attention of a call, but understood that she quitted town by an early train. Accordingly I dispatched to her town residence—with which she had acquainted me in the course of the evening—a letter, on the envelope of which I wrote, "To be forwarded." Its contents were as follows:

"My dear Miss Carfax,—It is seldom that a person of any principle is justified in pursuing or attempting to form a matrimonial engagement in a manner which, being hurried, is therefore incautious. But there are, my dearest Miss Carfax, exceptions to every rule. When beauty is supereminent, it carries away even the most steadily constituted mind; but when excellence is combined with beauty, as it is in you, there is at once an additional excuse for the loss of one's deliberative balance, and a strong assurance that in the event, the happy event, of the fervid vows of the lover being acceded to, no ill consequences will result in the precipitate adorer. I say 'to the adorer,' for I adore you. Let me state my condition and prospects. I am employed in an important, and in say a confidential, capacity in one of the first of the merchants' houses in this town. My salary is at present not so high as it will, from the inevitable process of gradual augmentation, eventually be." (My salary, I may here say, was £120 a year—a small one upon which to propose marriage; but I flatter myself I expressed myself on this head both convincingly and cleverly.)

"I enclose a sonnet, and I am, my dearest Maud, devotedly yours, George Gigglewick."

Upon the ensuing day (up to which time I had received no answer—important letters usually require long consideration) I again wrote as follows:

"Mr. Gigglewick presents his compliments to Miss Maud Carfax, and begs to withdraw the letter of yesterday. He feels, on more mature consideration, that such matters ought not to be entered upon too hastily; and he further is conscious that his present limited income does not allow him to contemplate seriously a matrimonial engagement."

But it is time that I should return to my evening visitor, postponing such explanations as may hereafter be necessary of the causes which led me to supplement my first letter by one which, I admit, seems a strange contradiction.

I allow I was agreeably relieved to find that he was not hostile. I had apprehended that he might have become acquainted with that contradictory behavior of mine, which I shall shortly explain, and that his visit was likely to be a provocative one. I looked hard at Apthorne Vyse as he entered, anxious to see whether his face—a dark, handsome one—wore the frown which I have heard one of his many female admirers say would have become it well. But I was reassured. He held out his hand to me in a friend's ordinary manner, and said,

"I've come to ask you to play over at Guffleton to-morrow."

It was the beginning of the cricket season; and as cricket was the subject that was usually in the mouths of us young fellows just then, I at once understood the object of Apthorne's visit, which was to enlist me as a member of his eleven. He was captain of the Nomad Nothingarians, a wandering cricket club of some status. I always have had a proper regard for position in all matters. I believe my enemies say that I am "cocky about my cricket"—a low expression. However, I have always been most accommodating to Apthorne about these matters, and on this occasion also I consented to give him my services. He said he would call for me in the morning, and we could go to Guffleton by train together; and having made this appointment, he left me.

Next morning, I regret to say, the pleasure of my breakfast was spoiled. I was sitting at it, with my long green cricket bag duly packed at my side, ready for a start, when the servant brought in a letter. I hesitate to give the contents of that letter, in such strong contrast was its violent language with the calm and temperate style of the compositions which I have just now laid before the public. However, here it is:

"Sir,—After the disgracefully ungentlemanlike manner in which you have behaved to a young lady whom, as my signature will inform, I have a right to represent, I take leave to inform you that I shall horsewhip you on the first favorable opportunity. I shall endeavor to make arrangements to secure such an opportunity, and I am, Sir, yours obediently,

"Archibald Carfax."

"I shall be out of his reach to-day, at any rate," I said to myself, glancing at the long cricket bag as I laid the letter down.

I felt nervous, I confess, as well as indignant. I had never spoken to this bullying Mr. Archibald Carfax in my life; but I had seen him once at the ball, where I heard his name mentioned, and so identified him with a large and remarkably stout young man, with whose waltzing I had been amused, as he had been at my quadrilling, for I noticed him stop laughing abruptly when I looked his way as the set ended, which it did a little sooner, I fancy, than it would have done in the ordinary course of things, in consequence of some trifling mistake or other made by myself. I feel, however, that this is the best opportunity for explaining at once the origin of such points as may require explanation in the three letters which I have just now produced to the public; and I may remark, in parenthesis, that it is not every one who would state a case so candidly as I do. I am no special pleader. I state my adversary's dealings as well as my own, and only make such comments as I consider would naturally be made by a dispassionate observer.

Well, then, to account for the first letter. I had heard from two or three quarters that Maud Carfax was the possessor of some very solid attractions. The poets (a class of persons for whom I have the profoundest contempt; for very few of them make any money, and they grumble more even than the farmers)—the poets may talk as they like about love, but my views are essentially different from theirs. What one of the gentlemen to whom I have referred says about knowledge—viz.,

"She is the second, not the first"—

is, in my opinion, equally true of love. I have no space to pursue the subject, or I might here take the opportunity of installing my views, which, I flatter myself, steer that middle course so strongly recommended by the best authorities between the enthusiastic son or daughter and the calculating parent or guardian. I think, however, that I have now sufficiently accounted for my first letter.

The occasion of my second was as follows: After having dispatched my first, I began to feel, as we frequently do after committing ourselves to an important step, a little nervous. Had I not, I asked myself, been too precipitate? Had I acted with the consideration that was due to myself in proposing marriage to this young lady, having no evidence stronger than hearsay that the fortune was considerable? Had I not allowed my romantic feelings to get the better of my prudential?

After sitting in my arm-chair for a whole morning engaged in reflection, I decided to consult my medical man. Three weeks ago I had been indisposed, having experienced an unpleasant sensation in the thoracic cavity, temporarily relieved, indeed, by a jujube, but which might possibly return with augmented force, and should by all means be provided against by anticipatory treatment. I further reflected that medical men know as much about their neighbors as most people, and that it was a peculiar practice of my own particular medical man, Mr. Barber, to interweave his advice with a padding, as a literary man might say, of all the gossip of the neighborhood.

Thus, then, when I had waited some time in the consulting parlor of Mr. Barber, there entered to me that practitioner. His usual practice with patients (some people like it) is to run up to them and shake both their hands. While questioning them or giving them advice he has a tendency to dance more or less round them, smiling.

"My dear Mr. Gigglewick, so sorry to see you," he said, on this occasion. "A good deal of illness about just now. Mrs. Harcourt Fuffle, one of my most esteemed patients—Mrs. Harcourt Fuffle is going to be married again. A Mr. Clegg."

"Indeed," I replied. "Didn't see Mrs. Fuffle at the ball the other night, Mr. Barber."

"My information, just given, may account for Mrs. Harcourt Fuffle's absence," Mr. Barber returned, dropping my hand, and, in acknowledgment of the ball, perhaps, performing a sort of faint pirouette in front of me.

"Miss Maud Carfax was the belle," I said.

"Miss—whom did you say, my dear Sir?"

"Miss Maud Carfax."

At this statement Mr. Barber seemed amused. He made desperate efforts to control his mirth, but only partially succeeded. He laughed awkwardly.

"She's very pretty," I said.

"A little *embonpoint*," Mr. Barber replied, his mouth twitching again. "But it improves some people. I trust, my dear Mr. Gigglewick, that we have nothing serious the matter with us. *Would* you protrude your tongue for a moment?"

"I suppose you don't admire Miss Carfax?" I said.

"Oh dear, yes, my dear Sir; a charming person," the doctor said, sniggering again in spite of himself.

"Well," I said, "I see you don't much admire her looks. But you can not deny that she has some very substantial attractions."

"Good, my dear Sir, good," said the doctor; "I don't deny that for a moment."

"Fifteen thousand pounds—some in the funds, some in mortgages, some in railway debentures; and a very safe way of putting out one's money," I said.

"Fifteen thousand pounds! My dear Sir," the doctor broke in, "to my certain knowledge Maud Carfax hasn't fifteen pence. How can you expect it? Look at the family—all those brothers." And Mr. Barber performed a *pas seul* on the hearth-rug, or at least something very like one. "But, my dear Sir," he exclaimed, stopping in the middle of it, "I fear we had too good reason for our visit. We are ill; we have suddenly turned pale; we—"

"Are you sure?" I interrupted.

"My dear Sir," the doctor said, with dignity, "am I, to your knowledge, the man to injure a young lady's matrimonial prospects by false statements? Miss Maud Carfax told my second cousin, who visits there, that she hadn't a penny, and never would have one, and that she didn't care who knew it. So my statement is not a breach of confidence. She is a good-hearted—girl," said the doctor, hesitating at the substantive, "and has only one fault—she takes snuff."

I was at the door before this speech was done. I positively, in my consternation, forgot the thoracic ailment respecting which I had come to consult Mr. Barber. I am not sure whether, in my consternation and confusion, I said so much as "Good-morning." I heard Mr. Barber behind me, as I forestalled him in opening the front-door, being quick in getting away—

"My dear Sir, try a sedative. I will send the boy with one shortly."

I have now, I think, accounted for the second and third letters, and my narrative has reached the point of time at which Apthorne Vyse, according to appointment, called on me, that we might together seek the tented plain of Guffleton.

My mind being somewhat occupied just now, I had not troubled myself much to make farther inquiries about my opponents of to-day; and, indeed, your cricketer of the period cares very little against whom he plays, so long as he has an opportunity of playing against somebody. On our journey down this morning (we went by the second train, Apthorne telling me that most of the men from our way had gone by the first) I questioned him very little on the above-mentioned head. Nor was he very communicative upon that point. He told me there would be a strongish team against us.

Who was their best man, I asked.

Apthorne didn't know; thought they were a very even lot, all pretty fair, and no "tail" to the eleven. We were slackening speed for the station: I had better get my bag down from the tray.

Guffleton is a pretty village; several houses of pretension, one especially large one, with a lodge, which we passed going up from the station, an ivy-covered church, and a good many Elizabethan cottages scattered over a smiling fertile land. It was a bright morning, and the cricket ground looked well as we approached it, walking from the station.

"There's our tent," Apthorne said—"that on the nearest side of the field;" and he pointed with a bat which he was carrying to a marquee, above which fluttered in the air, on a flag, the inscription "N. N.," being the initials of the Nomad Nothingarians.

"You had better go in and dress at once. I see our fellows are getting out into the field. Guffleton must have won the toss."

And so saying, Apthorne vaulted over some iron hurdles, as the most direct access to our tent, which stood in the corner of the field opposite to the large one of the Guffleton Cricket Club. I followed Apthorne. He was already dressed for the game, and was consequently out in the field, performing the duties of his captaincy, while I was still engaged with the contents of my bag. Presently he came running in.

"Now, Gigglewick, clap on those spiked soles. They're only waiting for you to send their first two men in."

At last, suitably attired, I came forth from the tent, the last but not the least of the Nomad Nothingarians. I went out into the field, observed with respectful admiration, of which I felt a pleasing consciousness, by a ring of spectators, many of them well-dressed, which was now forming round the ground. The rest of my eleven were already in their various positions in the field.

"You take point and mid-on," Apthorne said, from his own post of wicket-keeper. "Point, first over."

I took my position for the first over as point, with my back to the Guffleton tent.

"It seems to me," I said, "that these duffers are longer in sending their men in than we shall be in getting them out."

"Hush," Apthorne said; "they're close behind you." And as he spoke, to my considerable confusion—for they must have overheard me—a stout cricketer, bat in hand, passed me on the right hand side, and another stout cricketer, bat in hand, passed me on the left.

The latter proceeded to the wicket at which the first over was to be bowled, and, arriving, turned round, for the first time showing me his face, while he said to the umpire,

"Guard, please."

A thrill of terror ran through me. He was Maud Carfax's brother!—the very man who had

written the note I had only that [...]
ceived, in which he had so amiably [...]
horsewhip. Yes, that was the man [...]
at the ball. I recollected him only [...]

But while this passed through my [...]
taken "guard." "Play!" called the [...]
one of our men delivered the first b[...]
clear to the "off," and the batsman [...]
"cut" it, but getting a little too so[...]
merely tipped it up, an easy catc[...]
hands. But the catch was not on[...]
me in my present alarm and conf[...]
dropped it. I saw, but heeded n[...]
grieved looks of the rest of the fi[...]
heard, but heeded not, the laughter [...]
of spectators. An exclamation o[...]
my ears—I believe it was "Butte[...]
But I was regardless.

However, my enemy did not appe[...]
nize me, to least at present; but w[...]
had "got his eye in," and had leisu[...]
about him, I felt convinced he wo[...]
me. I wished he would make a ru[...]
the other wicket, where he would be [...]
I glanced at the other wicket. Powe[...]
shades of Merlin and Michael Scott [...]
was there already in a flash! There, [...]
er wicket, was the man I had seen [...]
the stout large man who had written [...]
ening epistle. I looked back. No, [...]
two of them!

I did not know whether I was stan[...]
head or on my heels, and I missed a[...]
other ball that shot along the ground [...]
disgracefully as I had missed catchi[...]
which had come to me through [...]
rubbed my eyes. Was I dreaming? [...]
neously at each wicket stood the [...]
brother of Maud Carfax, who had to[...]
should diligently provide himself wit[...]
tunity of horsewhipping me. I mus[...]
ing. I had read Edgar Allan Poe'[...]
double lately, and I was surely in bed [...]
ing about it. But at this moment [...]
batsmen gave another chance to an[...]
man, who, not having on his mind [...]
opened his hands successfully. Th[...]
was "out," and walked away from [...]
without recognizing me. I felt a tri[...]
One enemy had gone away. But to [...]
looking down toward the Guffleton [...]
him coming back again, the very [...]
large man, my bitter foe. He drew [...]
nearer.

"How uncommonly like to each [...]
these brothers are!" said the man wh[...]
ing next me.

A light, which had been graduall[...]
upon me, now broke clear. I had n[...]
person whom I dreaded more than [...]
having no very accurate knowledge [...]
ures, was unable to distinguish which [...]
three brothers. From my not havin[...]
present recognized, I was compelled t[...]
that the third brother, now arrivin[...]
Nemesis I had to dread. But after [...]
three or four minutes, I was rejoiced [...]
he, too, took no notice of me. Pr[...]
partner "ran out." "They will be [...]
by degrees," I said to myself, not w[...]
to be passed by one from the wicke[...]
unutterable horror, he was replaced [...]
brother, respecting whom I went th[...]
same terrible emotions as those which [...]
fore described.

"How many are there of them b[...]
asked my previous informant.

"Don't you know? Didn't Ap[...]
you?" he said. "Why, it is the w[...]
the fair. We're playing against ele[...]
ers."

I went cold all over.

"And are they—are they all exact[...]
other?" I asked.

"Exactly."

They were so, and I leave the rea[...]
the condition I was in till the tenth [...]
Each successive batter might be Arc[...]
of course, on account of the exchan[...]
which was going on, the possibility [...]
likely each time a wicket fell. I fanc[...]
hairs I have are due to that cricket [...]
that, pending its termination, I gr[...]
I remained, however, not recogniz[...]
are some enthusiastic members of [...]
Nothingarians, but I question wheth[...]
lective was equal to my individual d[...]
the innings of Guffleton ended. Up[...]
and I had failed to find out which o[...]
stout brothers was the man I had [...]
ball-room. There must, of course, [...]
great interval between the ages of th[...]
the youngest; but they all equally pos[...]
black whiskers and that substantia[...]
corpulence, which makes a young ma[...]
er, and that easy-going semi-sporting [...]
makes the attacks of Time upon [...]
gentlemen less obvious. And, as I [...]
observed, I had only seen my *bête* [...]
and in a ball-room, where age, we[...]
thing unusually uncertain. Howe[...]
tainly seemed very strange that my [...]
not been cleared up by the one of the [...]
had written the letter. Surely he [...]
taken pains to familiarize himself [...]
sonal appearance. I had forgotten [...]
that I contrived to find out that the[...]
and all, had the same accent, the [...]
thickness of speech, and that I see[...]
peculiarity in the one observation [...]
heard of my enemy at the ball. [...]
escape between the innings; but [...]
looking down the fields toward the [...]
waiting for a suitable opportunity of [...]
appearing by the remotest corner of [...]
felt myself touched on the shoulder [...]
ing, saw Apthorne.

"You'll go in first with me," he [...]

"Well, I—I—I—"

"Should have thought you'd got over that nervousness about going in first by this time. I'll take the first over," Apthorne said. "We shall only play one innings each," he went on, "and we'll cut the dinner. I'll take you to a house I know for a quiet meat-tea."

I assented to this proposal gladly, as it would remove me from observation. It was the best thing next to escape, and escape now, with Apthorne's eye upon me, was impossible. Already I saw in the distance the eleven fat brothers taking up their positions in the field.

"Get your pads on," Apthorne said.

So I went into the dressing-tent again, and shortly emerged with my bat. It was a terrible ordeal, arriving at my wicket before the eyes of the eleven fat brothers, all, of course, surveying me. Every moment I expected a dénouement. I trembled as I took guard, giving the umpire about thrice as much trouble as he usually has in the matter, and momentarily expected a rush upon me, from near "point" or distant "long leg," from "slip" behind or "long on" in front, of the actual fat brother of my fears. But not one of them made any sign. I played my innings—a short one, for which I was not sorry—and, indeed, in spite of a cricketer's objection to injure his own reputation, I went so far as to play it in as random a fashion as I could; and I was soon "out." "Out," too, immediately afterward was Apthorne; and he reached the tent, where I was taking off my pads, and sat down by me.

"It's four o'clock now," he said, looking at his watch, "and as I suppose I shall be expected to put in some sort of an appearance at the regular feed, what do you say to going off at once and getting the meat-tea forward? If you like you can take the train home after."

I jumped at the proposal.

"By all means," I said, and, starting up, I took a run and jumped the iron hurdles that lay behind our tent. I turned round after alighting, and saw Apthorne smiling. He quietly came up and vaulted over the railing after me, as he had done before me in the morning. We were now on the high-road, and I walked fast enough at his side till we stopped at the lodge gate of the large house which I have mentioned before as having noted on my way up.

"This is the place," Apthorne said, briefly, as he swung open the gate before the lodge-keeper, who saw us entering, had time to reach it. And we walked side by side up an avenue edged with rustling poplars, and widening into a bay of gravel before some large stone steps, above which rose the house—a handsome brick-built mansion, with stone dressings. We went up the steps, and Apthorne, when the bell was answered, walked in without making any inquiry whatever of the servant in livery. We were being shown into the drawing-room, when a voice that made me start—for it had the character of the voices of the eleven fat brothers—invoked us from the far end of the hall; it was, however, a lady's voice.

"Come into the dining-room, Mishter Vyse," it said, "and bring your friend. You shall have tea in five minutes."

Just as I discovered a head protruding from a distant door, and inferred it to be the proprietor of the voice, the head drew itself in, and I followed Apthorne in its direction. On entering the dining-room I obtained a full view of the owner of the voice. She was standing on the hearth-rug to receive us. She was very large, very stout, very plain—in age about, I should say, forty-five. A cold shudder ran through me when I perceived that she bore a strong resemblance to the eleven representative cricketers of Guffleton. Apthorne, meanwhile, murmured an introduction, enunciating my name very distinctly, but dropping his voice when he pronounced hers.

I was in the agonies of composition of a remark suitable to the occasion, when the door opened and another person entered, of the male sex. I glanced at him, and if my hair did not stand on end, as did that of Proculus Julius when, returning from Alba Longa after dinner, he saw the ghost of Romulus, why nobody's hair ever did so erect itself. I saw before me at last, indubitably, that brother of Maud Carfax whom I had seen at the ball.

Every one knows, I should think, how, when we are not quite certain that a face is thoroughly known to us, we are perplexed by thinking we recognize the acquaintance in question, when we see only one who much resembles him. From this cause had arisen my embarrassment respecting the eleven fat brothers. But every one also knows, when we actually do meet the person whom we have been incessantly and erroneously supposing ourselves to meet, how absurd our former identifications appear, and how clear our present one. Looking now at the man who faced me, I wondered I could have felt a single alarm that morning, much more eleven successive terrors. I bowed with as much composure as I could summon to the new-comer. Very rudely, he did not acknowledge my salute in the least, but sat down at the table. Looking up from it intently at me, he put his hand into his coat pocket, and drew forth and laid on the table before him a—horsewhip.

He then spoke to me, with the same thickness of accent as the rest of his confounded family.

"You received a letter from me this morning, Sir."

I was very much confused, and even alarmed, and did not know what to reply to this. In answer, I sat down at that angle of the table most remote from his own position.

"I repeat the sentiments of that letter," pursued its writer, in his rude way. "I presume that you revoked your offer to Miss Maud Carfax from some idea that the favorable report you had heard about her property—hearsay which probably provoked your first offer—was an incorrect rumor. Now, Sir, let me tell you that Miss Maud Carfax is in actual possession of a large property, and is heiress to a larger."

I looked at him incredulously, remembering the remarks of Mr. Barber. He looked at Apthorne.

"Is it not so, Apthorne?" he asked.

"I believe," Apthorne said, "that Miss Maud Carfax—her least attraction in my eyes—is, in point of property, very well off indeed."

"I am sorry, Sir," I began; "I am sure I admire your sister very much. She is to me the personification of grace, the quintessence of female loveliness."

Here the two men simultaneously began to laugh, and the lady produced a snuff-box and used it.

"Well, now, Mr. Gigglewick," said the gentleman on the other side of the table, taking up the horsewhip and slowly winding the lash round the handle, "you have your friend Apthorne Vyse's word, which every one would believe, that Miss Maud Carfax is an heiress. I was disposed to let you off very lightly for the impertinence you have shown to her—the gross impertinence. It is quite possible"—here he looked at the lady—"that my sister's feelings may be drawn toward you."

"Archibald!" the lady said, remonstratingly.

Archibald and Apthorne laughed.

"Now I propose," the former went on, "that you should simply rewrite your first letter in all essentials, revoking thus your second; but as my sister is a very punctilious person, and as I know her weak side, I will dictate the letter myself."

"I think I would rather—" I began, hesitatingly.

Archibald unrolled the lash of the horsewhip; Apthorne rang the bell.

"Arrange writing materials in front of this gentleman," Archibald said to the servant who entered.

The servant did this, and on his retirement Archibald began to dictate.

"Dearest Miss Carfax."

"Yes," I said, writing it down.

"It is with feelings of the deepest admiration, united with the greatest affection, that I ask you to be my wife."

"'Ask you to be my wife'—yes," I said.

"The moral susceptibilities of my nature," Archibald resumed, "are as much aroused by your virtues, so any refined, my aesthetic sympathies are by your beauty—a beauty that surpasses my most romantic visions."

"Don't be such a fool, Archibald!" said the lady, coloring as well as laughing.

"'My most romantic visions,'" I said, diligently writing.

"It is indeed fortunate," Archibald continued, "that if you honor me with your hand, I shall have, not only a peerless wife, but twelve incomparable brothers-in-law. To be united in the bonds of affinity with so exemplary a person as Mr Archibald Carfax is my earnest aspiration."

"I don't see the good of bringing in the rest of the family," I observed, pausing.

"You had better," said Archibald, toying with the horsewhip. He repeated the passage, and I took it down.

"Now," said he, "sign, address, and put the date."

I did so.

"And give me the letter."

"Stop!" I said, "there's a little thing that might go some way—a sonnet that I sent. Has your sister got it?"

"No," said Archibald; "you had better re-write it, by all means, if you can recollect it."

"It is odd she hasn't it already," I said, "but I can write it down again in a few minutes." And I immediately proceeded to do so from memory, upon which it had been impressed by the labor of composition. I don't put it down here. It was too affectionate, too romantic; the style of an Amadis addressing his Diana.

He took the letter and read it out, sonnet and all, slowly and distinctly, to my farther disconcertment. On concluding, he looked at the lady between whom and himself there existed so strong a family likeness, and said,

"Do you accept this offer?"

"Stop," Apthorne put in; "take time, Miss Carfax. Don't lose your action for breach."

"I—I—" I said, looking amazedly from one to the other—"have not proposed to this lady, but to your sister."

"This lady is my sister," Archibald returned, touching the horsewhip as it lay on the table before him.

"But to your other sister, to Miss Maud Carfax—a young lady of fortune," I exclaimed.

"Don't expose the meanness of your character," observed Apthorne.

"You have proposed, Sir, to Miss Maud Carfax, a lady without a farthing, my sister, and I hold your written offer in my hand, referring to me as her brother."

"You told me your sister had a fortune," I shrieked—"capital in debentures!"

"I did not. I told you Miss Maud Carfax had a fortune."

"Well," I said, "and I have proposed to her."

"My good fellow," Archibald resumed, very quietly and slowly, "there are two Misses Maud Carfax, one is my sister and the other my cousin, and you have proposed to the wrong one."

"It's a vile plant!" I cried out. "I'll indict the three of you for a conspiracy!"

"If you don't drop that row, I shall pick up the horsewhip," Archibald said, in his brutal way.

"We've had some very good fun out of you to-day," observed Apthorne. "You had better, I think, take the earlier evening train."

"And a glass of sherry and a chop before you go, Mr. Gigglewick," Miss Carfax said, helping herself to snuff again. "You needn't fear me. I here publicly refuse your offer of marriage, while I thank you for the complimentary terms in which it is made."

I went away without partaking of their hospitality. I had spirit enough to do that. But the revenge of those wretched creatures has not stopped here. That obese old Miss Carfax keeps my letter and sonnet, and has shown it to all her confidential friends. Each of them, of course, has spread its renown wider, and, in short, for the last year I have been the laughing-stock. Last Valentine's Day I received forty-seven valentines; they were all copies of one, and sent, no doubt, by a single idiot who had nothing better to do. They represented a very stout, large, and distinctly middle-aged female, and at her feet, in an absurd Romeo-like attitude, a small thin man (I myself am neither tall nor fat), and underneath was the very sonnet I had recopied and given to that person calling himself a gentleman, Archibald Carfax.

To explain would be useless; the remedy would be at least as bad as the disease. I don't know, though. The thing has come down to the boys in the street; I hear them sniggering behind, and calling after me. Life is a burden. I must unbosom my grief in some manner, and I have hereby done so.

That deceitful, ungentlemanly fellow, Apthorne Vyse, is going to be married to the rich and pretty Miss Maud Carfax. I have not seen him since the events I have recorded, nor, since then, have I played cricket. I believe Mr Barber erred in ignorance, not knowing that *two* Misses Carfax were named Maud; but he is no longer my medical attendant.

SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

We are in receipt of a circular letter from Dr. PETERMANN, the eminent geographer of Gotha, containing more detailed information in regard to the polar discoveries lately referred to by the daily papers in the form of a brief telegram. It will be remembered that in recent articles we have given an account, among other arctic expeditions, of one under the direction of Messrs. PAYER and WEYPRECHT, on the vessel called the *Isbjörn*, which sailed from Tromsöe, in Norway, during the past summer. The expedition returned to Tromsöe on the 2d of October, and dispatched a telegram to Dr PETERMANN, stating that in September they had found an open sea between 42° and 60° east longitude from Greenwich, and that they had followed this as far as the 79th degree of north latitude and 43d east longitude. Without giving any reason for not proceeding farther, they state that their route was, probably, much the most favorable one for reaching the pole, connecting, as they imagined it to do, with the open polar sea north of Siberia, and toward the east.

An unintelligible portion of the dispatch of these gentlemen was supposed to intimate that King Charles Land, east of Spitzbergen and near Gillies Land, extended south to 77° 15'. Dr PETERMANN considers this information as of the utmost importance, especially in view of the fact that reports from all the other polar expeditions of the present year indicate a very unfavorable state of the ice. Full accounts of these other expeditions will be published in a forthcoming number of the *Mittheilungen*.

Dr PETERMANN thinks the favorable condition of the ice for navigation in those seas is caused by the action of the Gulf Stream, and he refers to his map of 1870 (lately reproduced by the United States Hydrographic Bureau, under Captain WYMAN), in which he lays down the Gulf Stream, between 73° and 76°, as having a temperature, according to Dr BESSELS, of over 41°; while an arrow, inserted there to indicate the direction of the stream, points exactly to the 79th degree of north latitude and 60th of east longitude.

The German surveying ship *Pommerania* returned from her cruise in the Baltic in August last, having been occupied during the summer in making soundings of the sea bottom, in dredging, and in noting the temperature of the water at different depths. The greatest depth between Gothland and Windau was found to be 720 feet, being less than previously estimated. At a depth of from 600 to 720 feet, at the latter end of July, the temperature was only 33° to 36.5° Fahrenheit. No marine plants were met with in this cold area, and only a few annelids were dredged up. Life was very abundant to the depth of about 300 feet, while plants were seldom found at a depth of more than thirty feet.

In a previous number of the *Weekly* we announced the intended visit to the United States of Mr GWYN JEFFREYS, the eminent British marine zoologist and naturalist, well known as an author, and from his connection with the British dredging expeditions. This gentleman arrived in the United States toward the end of August, and after spending some time in Cambridge and Newport, visited Professor BAIRD, United States Commissioner of Fisheries, at Wood's Hole, Massachusetts, where on several occasions he accompanied the parties engaged in the investigation of the marine zoology of the adjacent region. After a short stay at Burlington, New Jersey, and at Philadelphia, he proceeded to Chicago, where he spent considerable time in examining the collections in zoology in charge of Dr WILLIAM STIMPSON, and which, unfortunately, have been since destroyed by the great Chicago fire. After a short visit in Montreal, Mr JEFFREYS returned to England.

Late advices from England bring us information of the death of two prominent men of science. One of them, Mr CHARLES BABBAGE, who died on the 20th of October, and the other, Sir RODERICK IMPEY MURCHISON, who died on the 22d.

Mr BABBAGE was a mathematician of great eminence, and rendered much service to his branch of science in various ways. Among the occupations of a long and busy life was the construction of a calculating machine, which, however, we believe, was not completed at the time of his death, although so far finished as to exhibit specimens of its work. He contributed numerous papers to scientific journals, and was the author of one of the series of the celebrated Bridgewater Treatises. At the time of his death Mr BABBAGE was in his seventy-sixth year.

Sir RODERICK MURCHISON attained distinction in a different line of science—namely, that of geography and geology. He was born in Scotland on the 19th of February, 1792, and was consequently seventy-nine years of age at the time of his decease. In early life he was an officer in the British army, and served with distinction in the Peninsular campaign; but shortly after his marriage, in 1815, he disposed of his commission, and occupied himself more and more with scientific pursuits. As a geologist he in time took a very high rank, and is known for the number and magnitude of the articles on this subject from his pen. The most important of these are two works on the Silurian system, and one on the geology of Russia in Europe and the Ural Mountains. He was much interested in the subject of geography, and during his connection with the Royal Geographical Society of London did much to extend the bounds of science. At the time of his death he was director of the Geological Survey of Great Britain and Ireland, and head of the School of Mines in Jermyn Street. Few scientific men in Great Britain have occupied a more prominent position before the public than Sir RODERICK MURCHISON.

A prize of $1000 is offered by the marine secretary of the British Board of Trade for the most efficient and simple green light for the starboard side of ships, that shall fulfill the conditions of being of sufficient power to be seen on a dark night, in a clear atmosphere, for a distance of two miles, uniformly, over an arc of ten points of the compass, from right ahead to two points abaft the beam. Lamps intended to compete for the prize should be sent in before the 15th of December next.

Dr CARPENTER has lately been employed on board the *Shearwater* in continuing the researches commenced last summer upon the Gibraltar current, and has succeeded in establishing beyond a doubt the existence of the outward under-current as already indicated. Dr CARPENTER will proceed in the *Shearwater* to Egypt, for the purpose of prosecuting in the eastern basin of the Mediterranean the inquiries carried on last year in the western basin.

The death is announced in *Nature* of Captain BASEVI, of the Royal Engineers, and deputy superintendent of the great Trigonometrical Survey of India. We have already referred to the pendulum experiments carried on by this gentleman in India, having for their special object the determination of the mass of the earth in that region, and we regret to hear of the untimely interruption of these important observations. As far as the results of his labors are known, it would appear that the local variations of gravity which are superposed on the great law of increase from the equator to the poles, though apparently irregular when examined singly, are subject to laws which are highly interesting and curious, and are well worthy of investigation. At the northern extremity of the arc the results indicate a deficiency of density as the stations approach the Himalayan Mountains, while at the southern extremity they show an increase of density as the stations approach the ocean: thus both groups of results point to a law of diminution of density under mountains and continents, and an increase under the bed of the ocean.

While this applies to altitudes of 7000 feet and under, it remained to determine the conditions at greater heights, and arrangements were made to experiment on some of the table-lands of the interior of the Himalayas of 14,000 to 17,000 feet in height. After this was done the pendulums were to be taken back to England, and swung at the base stations of Greenwich and Kew, stopping at Aden, on the Suez Canal. In this way the gravity at Aden would be directly compared with that at certain points of the coast and continental stations of the Indian peninsula, while the plains of Egypt would be compared with the Himalayan Mountains. In the prosecution of this research Captain BASEVI reached a spot in Ladak, where, at an altitude of 15,500 feet, he completed a satisfactory series of observations, which show a very great deficiency of density. After applying the usual reductions to sea level, etc., it was found that the force of gravity at that point did not exceed the normal amount for the parallel of six degrees to the south, as determined by previous observations with the same pendulums.

Wishing to have one more independent determination at a high altitude, Captain BASEVI continued his journey to a point on the borders of the Chinese territories at an altitude of about 18,000 feet. Here, however, his labors were abruptly closed by disease, which had been impending for some time, and but a short period elapsed before his death occurred.

The latest advices from Captain HALL's expedition were dated at Upernavik, September 5, being somewhat later than the information brought back by the *Congress*. After parting with the *Congress* at Disco, Captain HALL sailed nearly north until he reached the harbor of Proven, where he landed and endeavored to obtain dogs. In this, however, he was not very successful, procuring only eighteen, most of which were not well fitted for service. From Proven the *Polaris* proceeded to Upernavik, arriving there on the 30th of August. He left this port on the 5th of September, and continued on his polar journey.

The editors of the *American Naturalist*, with commendable enterprise, publish a double number for September, containing the proceedings of the American Association for the Advancement of Science at the meeting held at Indianapolis in August last. The address of the retiring president, Dr. T. STERRY HUNT, upon the Geognosy of the Appalachian Chain and the Origin of Crystalline Rocks, is given in full, together with abstracts of a large number of the papers read in the Section of Natural History. It may be proper to remark that some exception has been taken to the views of Dr HUNT, and that vigorous rejoinders have already appeared, or will appear, from several of the leading geologists of the country. Among the most important and original communications before the Section of Natural History was that by Professor COPE, presenting a new system for the classification of fishes, and another by Professor GILL, upon the classification of the mammals.

THE MORMON TROUBLES—BRIGHAM YOUNG IN HIS STUDY.

TROUBLOUS TIMES IN UTAH.

THE reported flight of BRIGHAM YOUNG from the Territory over which he has held despotic sway for so many years, indicates the breaking up of the "peculiar institution" which made Utah a plague-spot on the map of our country. The "Gentiles," as our readers already know, had commenced prosecution against him, on the charge of having a greater number of wives than is allowed by the laws of Christian countries. He had also fallen into disfavor with his own followers on account of his sharp practice in respect to the Pacific Railroad bonds. When he found that he could not prevent the construction of the road, he determined to extract a profit out of it. Accordingly he contracted for and built that portion of it which passed through his Territory. When it was built, however, he found a difficulty in getting his money, and consequently was unable to pay the poor Mormons who had left their farms and work-shops at his bidding to work on the road. Instead of money he gave them railway bonds, which at the time had fallen to about 35. Then, as trustee of the Church, he accepted those bonds in the payment of tithes and the like. The bonds having steadily risen, it is said that BRIGHAM YOUNG, the private individual, bought them from BRIGHAM YOUNG, the trustee of the Mormon Church, not at their current value, but at the price at which they had been paid in, and that by this juggle he realized a very handsome profit.

The upper engraving on this page shows the cabinet or office in which the Prophet transacts his public business. This is a somewhat spacious apartment, divided into two by a wooden screen or half-high partition. It is plainly but comfortably furnished, the walls being hung with portraits of leading "saints" in black ebony frames. The lower engraving represents a scene at the trial of THOMAS HAWKINS for the same offense with which BRIGHAM YOUNG is charged. The accuser was the first wife of HAWKINS, to whom she was married in England many years ago. She seems to have lived comfortably enough with him, even after he had taken two other wives unto himself, until recently, when, finding that the others engrossed most of his attentions and his money, she brought a suit for divorce and alimony. The trial was piquant and brief, and the verdict in favor of the woman.

THE MORMON TROUBLES—TRIAL OF THOMAS HAWKINS.

FOREST FIRES IN THE WEST.

Simultaneously with the news of the burning of Chicago came the intelligence of vast conflagrations in the forests and prairies in the States of Michigan, Wisconsin, and Minnesota. These terrible fires have probably destroyed many times the number of those who fell victims of the burning of Chicago, though the damage to property in much less in actual value.

The worst calamity occurred in the State of Wisconsin, where, in the woods between Green Bay and Fox River, a conflagration raged many days, laying waste a strip of country thirty miles wide in Shawano and Oconto counties. The towns of Marinette, Peshtigo, and Little Sturgeon Bay were destroyed. At Peshtigo 330 lives were lost, seventy-five at Little Sturgeon, and hundreds more in other places, while many families were driven out of house and home. Farm buildings, fences, and bridges all over the country were swept away. Thousands of square miles of valuable pine forests were destroyed. Bears and other wild beasts were driven in dismay from the woods, and were flying about in every direction. All supplies of food for man and beast have been destroyed, and starvation during the coming winter stares them in the face. The double page illustration in this number of the *Weekly* gives a graphic idea of the terrors of this unexampled conflagration.

It has been estimated that in the State of Wisconsin the fire extended over an area of 180 square miles, through a region of pine and hard-wood timber, which was thickly settled. The drought in August had dried up springs, streams, and vegetation, and parched the ground to such a depth below the surface that the soil itself burned, and living trees were falling from the action of the fire which undermined them. All surrounding property was swept away, there being no water available to stop the fires. Barns and their contents, hay stacks, corn, wood, and other property, with hundreds of miles of fences, were burned. The hardest fights against the flames were made at the saw-mills located among the pine forests of Green Bay region, but many of them have been burned.

WOMEN AT THE POLLS.

Five adventurous women of this city marched boldly to the polls on last election day, and demanded to be allowed to vote. Among these was Mrs. Victoria Woodhull, who, fresh from an interview on the house-top with the roving spirit of Demosthenes, drove up early to the polls in a fine carriage. This lady was more determined and more demonstrative than her sister reformers. She was not to be bluffed off without an argument. Her lawyer was at hand, but she required no prompting. When her right to vote was denied, she planted herself on the Constitution of the United States, and insisted that the inspector should read the clause on which she founded her claim. The objection that no copy of that document was at hand was immediately met by the production of a pocket edition with which the fair claimant had come provided. The Republican inspector was inclined to receive her vote, but his Democratic colleague was immovable. He would not even look at the Constitution, and finally put an end to the scene by telling the persistent lady that she "obstructed the polls, and must get out." Miss Tennie C. Claflin met with the same rebuff; and then, seeing that their efforts were fruitless, the ladies departed. Our artist has delineated this serio-humorous rencontre in the sketch on this page.

The only one of the five who succeeded in voting was a Mrs. Miller, who afterward openly boasted that she had cast a ballot for Tweed. The *World* suggests that if this is a fair sample of the use which women will make of the ballot, the opposition to their demand will be stronger than ever, and humorously expresses the fear that Mrs Miller may have "chosen some untrustworthy Greek—Alcibiades, perhaps, or possibly Peisistratus—as her guide and counselor." Demosthenes is wholly occupied by his prior engagements with Mrs. Woodhull, but the *World* suggests the names of several other distinguished Grecian spirits who might be glad to undertake the task of directing Mrs. Miller's political conscience.

THE HON. JOEL PARKER, GOVERNOR ELECT OF NEW JERSEY.
[Photographed by C. D. Fredricks & Company.]

THE HON. JOEL PARKER.

We give on this page a portrait of this gentleman, who has just been chosen for the second time to fill the gubernatorial chair of New Jersey. Mr Parker owes his election more to the personal esteem in which he is held by his fellow-citizens than to the strength of the Democratic party, the Republicans having a numerical majority in the State. He was first elected Governor in 1862, and proved himself to be an honest and able administrator of affairs, and so truly patriotic that in several of the strongly "Copperhead" counties of New Jersey he was burned in effigy by members of his own party.

HUMAN MISERY IN LONDON.

M. Taine, in his notes upon England, gives an equally terrible account of the two extremes of human life as they appear in the most neglected and poorest districts of London. Speaking of Shadwell, he describes "small streets, dusty courts, infected by a smell of rotten rags, and tapestried with poor clothing and linen hung out to dry. The children swarm. At one moment," says M. Taine, "I had fourteen or fifteen round me, dirty, barefooted, the little sister carrying the baby in her arms, the nursling of a year old, with its bald white head. Nothing can be more distressing to see than these white bodies, these flaxen tangles, these pasty cheeks plastered with dirt of long standing. They come running up, showing the gentleman to each other with curious and greedy gestures. The motionless mothers look out from the door-ways with lack-lustre eyes. The narrow dwelling may be seen within, often one single room in which all is heaped together in the foul air. The houses often consist but of one story; they are low and narrow hovels in which to sleep and die. What an abode in winter, when the window remains shut through continuous weeks of rain and fog! And that this brood may not die of hunger, the father must not drink, must never be without work, must never be ill. Here and there is a heap of street sweepings. Women were working among the rubbish. One of them, who is old and faded, had a short pipe in her mouth. They raised themselves from their work to look at me, showing brutalized, disquieting faces, like female Yahoos: perhaps that pipe, with a glass of gin, is the last idea which comes uppermost in their idiotic brain. Could any thing be found therein above the instincts and appetites of a savage or a beast of burden? A miserable black cat, lank, lame, and bewildered, watched them out of the corners of its terrified eyes, and stealthily searched about a dust-heap; the old woman followed it with looks as wild as its own, mumbling as she did so, and evidently calculating that it represented two pounds or so of meat!" M. Taine thinks the street boys of this part of London more wretched-looking and more repulsive than the Parisian "voyou," and attributes this to the "climate being worse, and the gin more murderous." But the same story is true of most large cities. Our own New York could supply M. Taine with pictures quite as terrible in their repulsive misery as those which he has drawn of the London slums.

MRS. WOODHULL ASSERTING HER RIGHT TO VOTE.—[From a Sketch by H. Balling.]

NOVELTY PRINTING-PRESS.

The annals of inventions may be searched in vain for one more useful than the printing-press referred to below. It calls into activity the highest human powers, and familiarity with it affords the means, should misfortune compel such a step, of gaining a livelihood by its use. It renders incalculable service by furnishing, at a nominal cost, a way of publicity which would otherwise be disregarded—the best way of advertising, because the most direct. The outfit of an insurance, banker's, or merchant's office can not be reckoned complete without one of these presses.

Office of the Winneshiek Insurance Company, Freeport, Ill.

Benj. O. Woods, 351 Federal Street, Boston, Mass.:

Dear Sir,—Two years ago I purchased of you one of your $60 Novelty Printing Presses. Since purchasing the same it has been in almost constant use, and I can safely assert that it has paid for itself at least six times over. Our office boy, aged about 15, has had the control of it, and has printed almost all the blanks used by the company. He has frequently printed from 800 to 1000 circulars per hour, and the work has been equal to that of our best job offices. We have experienced no difficulty from its getting out of repair, which, I learn, is a common fault with other cheap presses, and I can not see that it has sustained any wear or tear. This letter-head and envelope (bearing the same) were printed on your press from electrotype plates.

I think you would be rendering a favor to insurance companies by forwarding circulars and samples of your work to every one in the country, as by the use of the press they could save thousands of dollars annually.

I know this is uncalled for, but when I see a good thing I do not think it proper to keep it to myself, but desire to have others receive the benefit of it. Wishing you success, I am truly yours,

[Com.] Wm. Thomson, Secretary.

TASTE AND UTILITY.

Nothing marks with greater certainty the gentility of a family than the character of the ornaments which enter into its everyday life. For example, during gilt frames on paintings of mediocre ability, flashy furniture, and extravagant table display point out the family which is purvenue so distinctly as overdress does the lady or gentleman. A true taste avoids loudness in personal or household adornments. There are some persons who pride themselves upon the display of their silver. Their dinner and tea services are got up in the most extravagant style, with no regard to taste or adaptation to the purposes of the various articles in use. Brown says that whatever is most convenient for use is always most beautiful, filling the eye with its grace and elegance. The Grecian vase is considered the model of beauty, and is introduced wherever good taste exists, because its contour is always graceful. Its organic simplicity of shape will bear ornamentation to almost any extent, and yet not verge upon the vulgar. In the manufacture of silver-ware the Old World has no advantage over us, because their wealth has grown slowly, and the taste of its possessors has kept pace with it. In the United States, where fortunes are made so rapidly, there will be luxurious articles purchased, and there may not be the taste to select the most artistic patterns. The "Gorham" Manufacturing Co. has addressed itself to the preparation of artistic designs and the manufacture of a high grade of articles of use and luxury. At the establishment of Messrs. Starr & Marcus, No. 22 John St. (up stairs), N. Y., there is a beautiful display of silver-ware for table use. Besides the certainty of having pure silver, there is a grace and finish about the work which argues well for the advance of our country in a taste for the fine arts. The Gorham Co. avoid all that is offensive to refinement; what they seek after and attain in the adaptation of patterns to the uses of the ware. In all their varieties and patterns you can discover the brain work of a cultivated artist; and with all these advantages is combined an economy of production unapproached by any manufacturer in the United States.—[Com.]

EXAMPLE FOR THE LADIES.

Mrs. M. L. Sloan, Cottonwood Falls (formerly of Leavenworth), earned, in dress-making, with a Wheeler & Wilson Machine, in 6½ months, $13,310; in 1866 she earned $1250; in December, 1867, $135. The machine has been constantly employed since 1861 without a cent for repairs.—[Com.]

The "Boys Chums" is one of the best and cheapest illustrated story papers in the United States, brimful of good things every week. Only $1 a year, besides a beautiful magazine given free a whole year to every subscriber. Splendid premiums for clubs, such as costly gold watches and silver-ware. Single copies, 5 cts., for sale every where. Sample copies sent free by addressing the publisher, F. Gleason, No. 42 Summer St., Boston, Mass.—[Com.]

IMPORTANT TO AUTHORS.

Messrs. D. Lothrop & Co., Boston, announce that MSS. for a S. S. Book for the Premium of $1000 will be received until March 15, 1872, and offer an additional prize of $500 for the next best MS.—[Com.]

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The Yor[illegible] circulation [illegible] a paper that has proven [illegible] and is unequaled [illegible] excellence.—[Com.]

Dr. O. [illegible] many distinguished men [illegible] Remedy.—[Com.]

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A public trial of the Boynton Lightning Saw occurred last evening at the American Institute Fair. ... A chestnut log, nine inches in diameter, was sawed off by hand, by two men with the lightning cross-cut saw, in 5½ seconds, by 2¾ strokes of the saw. It was next sawed 18 times in two in 4 minutes and 15 seconds, or faster than a cord in nine minutes, including lost time.—Semi-weekly N. Y. Tribune.

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A Sufferer Five Years.

Globe Village, Southbridge, Mass., Feb. 22, 1871.

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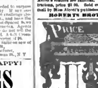

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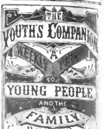

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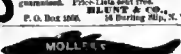

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A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

Vol. XV.—No. 779.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 2, 1871. [WITH A SUPPLEMENT. PRICE TEN CENTS.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1871, by Harper & Brothers, in the Office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington.

THE TAMMANY TIGER STRUNG UP.—[From a Sketch by Charles J. Fagan.]

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SATURDAY, DECEMBER 2, 1871.

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PRESIDENTIAL PROSPECTS.

AS the year ends there is little doubt that the candidate of the Republican party will be the next President. It is probably the conviction of all sagacious observers that, by whatever party or combination elected, he will, in any case, be a Republican. It is clear that the Democratic party, after its apparent revival since the war, has no hearty hold upon the people. In Massachusetts, where the labor reformers and the temperance parties nominated candidates, the proof of the unity of the Republican party was prodigious, and probably the real majority in that State of the party which Mr. PHILLIPS declares to be dead is not less than a hundred and twenty thousand, if it were fully polled. In New Jersey, where the Democratic candidate for Governor was elected by more than four thousand majority, it is doubtful if the majority of votes cast for the Legislature is not Republican, showing that purely personal considerations affected the vote for Governor, and that the State will declare for the Republican Presidential candidate. Even in Maryland the result shows a Republican activity and growth which are full of hope and promise. Indeed, if it is remembered that this is the third year of the Presidential term, which is traditionally the weakest year, the general defeat of the Democratic party is more significant than any which it has ever encountered.

The evidence of this is seen in the conviction of the Democratic leaders, which is not concealed, that the only hope lies in a union with certain Republicans, and the nomination of what is called a moderate, or conservative, Republican. We have already mentioned that this plan has been suggested by various Democratic orators and papers in different parts of the country, and that it is undoubtedly the subject of very grave consideration. There is little to add to what we have said about it. The Democratic party would enter such a coalition as the lion, and it would have the lion's share. The Republicans who entered it would only bring the Democrats into power. Nor could such a coalition change the real tendencies of the two parties. Its success would restore the ascendency of the Bourbon element in the Southern Democratic party, because the moderates, who now apparently control it, as in Georgia, where Mr. TOOMBS and Mr. STEPHENS consider themselves temporarily beaten, would immediately, with the party again in power, yield to the positive leaders. The new Administration would immediately remove every disability, and the Bourbons, turning upon the moderate Democrats who have acquiesced and been pardoned, would say that by receiving a pardon the moderates had confessed a crime, while they, the Bourbons, without confession, had regained every right. Such a position, if the party were in control of the national government, would at once restore to the Bourbons their lost leadership. Much of this untoward result would be obviated, however, as it was in Missouri, if the Republicans should remove all disabilities; and the Republican party is strong enough, even if it is not wise enough, to be magnanimous.

What the American people oppose in the Democratic party are the theories and hates which preceded and which have survived the war. That the Republicans have done all that they might have done to mollify those feelings, we certainly do not say. They have not done all that we wish they had. But that they can justly be held responsible for the angry and morbid situation in many parts of the Southern States, is an absurd assertion. It is their misfortune, but it is not their fault, that there have been so much incompetency and corruption in many of the new State governments. Yet their policy of reconstruction was the true policy. If it introduced unfortunate elements into the politics of those States, it was, nevertheless, inevitable, and it is in a situation which the Democratic ascendency had produced that the misfortune is due. The Democratic party is fatally associated with principles and practices which well-nigh ruined all that is most precious to the American people. They do not forget it. They do not trust the party, and in this generation they will not trust it again.

This distrust is too deep to be at present removed. The facts are too recent, the wounds too fresh; and a coalition, of which the Democratic party would be the chief element, would be opposed like the party itself. The popular intelligence and resolution which baffled ANDREW JOHNSON, and which have indicated the American principle in the New York election, would be aroused to overwhelming strength against such a coalition as is suggested. The people, who thoroughly understand the war and its results, would no more suffer the enemy to return under such a mask, however Republican might be its name, than they suffered it under ANDREW JOHNSON, who was elected by Republicans: and the prospect, therefore, seems to be a continued Republican ascendency, until the present Democratic party has disappeared, or until both parties crumble, and recombine in other forms. But the condition of this ascendency is Republican unity, and the question is, whether, as is alleged by many intelligent Republicans, some of them long honored and trusted, the candidacy of the President would fatally disturb that harmony.

In answering this question the one point to determine is that of general confidence. If the great mass of the Republican party are, upon the whole, satisfied with the results of the administration, and believe General GRANT to be an honest man aiming to do his duty, it will be of no use to declare to them that he is not as good a representative of certain party ideas and tendencies as some whom the objectors believe that they could name. Now of the fact of this confidence we do not believe that there is any doubt whatever. Every effort to implicate the President personally in questionable transactions has been not only a total failure, but a contemptible failure. The people would not have voted as they have during the autumn if they thought the President to be a thief or a speculator prostituting his office. The assertion that he degrades the civil service is effectually answered by the fact that he is the only President who has seriously addressed himself to a radical reform of the present system, and will fight it out upon the line of that reform.

That appointments have been made which many of the best Republicans regret, is true; but it is not true that the *personnel* of this administration compares unfavorably with that of any other. Thus the gentlemen appointed upon the San Domingo Commission, upon the Commission that negotiated the Treaty of Washington, and those who have been sent to the Geneva Court of Arbitration are such as WASHINGTON would have called to similar duties in his day. To hold the President personally responsible for all the infamies of the civil service, with which he is now preparing to deal, because he has seen what they are, is to hold him responsible for a system to which all our later Presidents have submitted, and which none but he has ever thought of disturbing.

To this general confidence in the honesty and purpose of the President must be added the feeling for the soldier who is chiefly associated with the overthrow of the rebellion. This is a feeling which is not due to a political beating of the war drum—it is a natural emotion. Beyond this there is the same general confidence in the honest purpose of his Cabinet, which is probably one of the most harmonious councils ever gathered about a President. Then the results of the administration—the lessening debt and diminishing taxation at home, and the happy settlement of the great questions abroad, deepen and confirm that confidence. All these things are identified with the head of the Administration; and as no candidate can be mentioned who is really "stronger," in the party sense, and as a secession of any great number of Republicans to restore the Democratic party to power is not very probable, we do not believe that the renomination of the President would seriously threaten the unity of the Republican party, or endanger Republican success.

THE TAMMANY JUDGES.

THE revolution which has overthrown Tammany will not have done even its immediate work until it has purified the bench. In every free country the courts of law are the last peaceful resort, and when they fail, there is nothing before it but anarchy. The character of some of the judges in New York has long been known as that of the Tammany Ring was known. Of them also, as of the Ring it was said that whatever the suspicion might be, nothing was proved. But the proof against Tammany has been produced, and with results. The proof against the judges will not, we hope, be long wanting, [illegible] will then be produced, and [illegible] results. Indeed, it is unquestionable [illegible] so vital and momentous a revolution was never accomplished so swiftly and so peacefully. It was only last spring that, in an article upon the empire of the Ring, we described the ingenious net of despotism in which the city and State were entangled. No part was wanting. Judges to whom liberty and right instinctively appeal wore the chains of Tammany over their ermine; and the amendments to the code sought to clothe venal judges with absolute power over the freedom of the citizen.

Two years ago, when the Ring charter was only designed, a Democratic lawyer, over whom Tammany had thrown its blandishments, said that if the Republican majority in the Legislature would only impeach certain judges, the best part of the Democratic party would sustain the impeachment. Even the *World* spoke of judges who sell injustice for a price. An article in the *North American Review*, in July, 1867, understood to be written by Mr. SHEARMAN, who has since appeared as one of the Erie counsel, exposed with masterly fidelity some of the secrets of the corrupt bench and the conduct of Ring judges. The letters of General BARLOW to Mr. DAVID DUDLEY FIELD made certain terrible assertions, which have never been refuted. The public consciousness of the corruption of certain judges was a whip of fire in the hands of the Ring, for those with whom it was enraged knew that it held judges in pay like hounds in a leash.

And now that public justice and morality have overtaken the master, let it not spare the man. The mean and mercenary Tammany tyranny was openly and notoriously corrupt. The Ring smiled at the idea of principle, or the suggestion of honesty and honor. But the Tammany judges sat, as it were, veiled. It is not easy to believe in a bench of scoundrels. They sat in seats with which the sentiment of a free country associates essential dignity and rectitude. Their power was enormous. They could give the sanctity and finality of law to theft and every kind of corruption. Nobody doubts that they gave it. Nobody doubts that the monstrous schemes of the Ring were pursued so recklessly because it relied upon the judges whom it had bought with stolen money. Meanwhile the reputation of the New York bench, however pure and able many of its magistrates, has been fatally sullied by these men. "New York law" is a phrase of contempt. No honest judge in the country would think of alluding to a Tammany magistrate except as a warning and an illustration of what should never be seen in the courts until we are ready to lose all our liberties, and to slay justice upon its own altar.

The duty of the Bar Association is plain. It is an association of lawyers whose professed object is the purification of their profession in this city. In this city, as these lawyers know, are corrupt judges. Before those judges these lawyers daily appear. They, more even than the rest of their fellow-citizens, are aware of the methods and details and rewards of the judicial corruption. So long as they are silent, they connive. So long as, knowing the fountain to be poisoned, they do not warn all men away, they betray the innocent to destruction. If the Bar Association proposes to allow its outraged manly and professional honor to exhale in resolutions, it will be overwhelmed with general contempt. We do not believe that it will. The meeting recently held showed some determined purpose. And if that association, in concert with the people and the Legislature, shall promptly cause the impeachment of the Tammany judges, instead of a name it will become a power. The public will know that there is an unsparing eye fixed upon the bench, and a remedial hand always ready, and corrupt judges will feel the admonishing terror of a justice that they can not escape.

WOMEN AS CITIZENS.

CHIEF JUSTICE CARTTER, of the Supreme Court of the District of Columbia, has recently decided that, by the Fourteenth Amendment of the Constitution, women are made citizens in the fullest sense, but that, as there is no natural right to vote, the suffrage must be considered a franchise to be regulated by law; and, therefore, that women can not vote until they are specially enabled. Another local court in Washington many years ago unanimously asserted that one of the privileges and immunities mentioned in the Constitution was "to enjoy the elective franchise as regulated and established by the laws or Constitution of the State in which it is to be exercised." The advocates of equal political power for the two sexes hail the late decision as a triumph, upon the ground that voting is one of the chief privileges and immunities of citizens, notwithstanding the judge's dictum.

The Constitution now declares that every person born or naturalized in the United States, and subject to its jurisdiction, is a citizen not only of the United States, but of the State in which he resides. If, there-

fore, the right of suffrage be one of the privileges and immunities mentioned, no State or local law can constitutionally prevent women from voting.

This, of course, brings the question to a very simple point. That Congress, in adopting the Amendment, did not mean to authorize women to vote, is unquestionable. But it is a political axiom in the history of our Anglo-Saxon race that every statute may be justly interpreted to favor liberty, if the text will fairly allow it, although it has been notoriously intended to restrain and limit it. Now the confessed purpose of the Fourteenth Amendment was to enlarge liberty; and if it should prove to have done more than was meant, the greater enlargement can not be refused. The spirit of the Constitution toward slavery was that of the law of Venice to Shylock. It gave him the pound of flesh—no more, no less. But toward liberty its spirit is that of the father to his returning son, "All that I have is thine."

It is conceded that there are two classes of persons known to the law—citizens and aliens. What is the difference between these? When the alien becomes by naturalization a citizen, is not the only real difference in his condition the fact that he is then a voter? And is he a voter solely because of the State law? If the State law denied the right of voting to all persons with red hair, would it be urged that the law was valid, because the Constitution only forbids disfranchisement on account of race, color, or previous condition of servitude? And if disfranchisement for reasons so wholly arbitrary as the color of the eyes or hair would be overruled as repugnant to the spirit of the Constitution, which requires equal rights—that is to say, no test which, in the nature of things, can not be satisfied by a large part of the community—is not the disfranchisement of equal citizens for the reason of sex alone equally repugnant to that spirit?

These are questions which the opinion of Judge CARTTER will commend to the grave consideration of thoughtful persons every where, and there is little reason to doubt that it justifies the feeling that it is a triumph of the cause of equal suffrage.

THE DEMOCRATIC PARTY.

In speaking of the Democratic party we necessarily use a name which includes many persons of whom what we say of the party itself can not be truly affirmed. When we say, for instance, that the Democratic policy was inhuman, we do not mean nor reasonably imply that every individual member of that party is cruel; as, when we speak of the ambitious and dangerous political purposes of the Roman Church, we do not, in any just sense, accuse all adherents of that Church of hostility to our institutions. A party is, in some points, but by no means entirely, like an army. It has a general movement, to which every soldier must conform, and the general direction of its march is determined by circumstances which the single soldier can not control, and to which he must submit. In a country like ours the active political forces are organized in two bodies, and it is the tendency and spirit of each which are criticised when the name is mentioned.

Many persons call themselves Democrats because they approve the democratic principle. But the history of the Democratic party shows little regard for the principle. For a generation the organization known by that name was a body whose chief policy was the protection, extension, and perpetuity of human slavery. The central fact in the history of the party is not that it advocated a revenue tariff, opposed the United States Bank, and was jealous of the limits of government, but that it cherished slavery and caused the civil war. The democratic principle is fair play for all men. The Democratic policy was slavery. It is folly to try to escape this truth by saying that the North foisted slavery upon the country, and that the Constitution guaranteed the right of property in man. If all this had been admitted, the Democratic policy would logically have been the restriction of slavery in every way, drawing a line of fire around it, as General DIX said, that, like the scorpion, it might sting itself to death. This would have been, assuming that nothing more could have been done, the natural policy of a real democratic party—of a party that really sought fair play. But this was precisely the policy that the party rejected, because it was controlled by the slave-masters; and it was precisely the policy which the party bitterly opposed as unfraternal when it appeared as the Republican policy.

This organized apology for slavery, and justification of it, and passionate hatred of its opponents, are the chief roots of our political demoralization. Nor will any Democrat who knows the facts deny that his party is strongest to-day in those parts of the country where there is the most ignorance, and where the cruel faith and feeling of the time when slavery was supreme survive. He would not assert that the Ku-Klux, for instance, are Republicans; nor that they intimidate Democrats from the polls. The truth is that the Democratic party does not now represent, and never has represented, the democratic idea. Assuming that the Republicans are as corrupt, and that in the dishonesty of administration they have bettered the Democratic example, it nevertheless remains true that the Republican is the only party in our history which has ever asserted and put in practice the democratic principle of equal human rights.

And the latent hostility to that principle survives, organized, in the Democratic party. We are told to let by-gones be by-gones. We are reminded that the year 1871 is not the year 1860. We are asked if there is to be no end of the old battles, and if we really suppose that the Democrats wish to restore slavery. We are pointed to Republican corruption and centralization. The reply is simple: granting it all, is the Democratic party as we know it, and as it shows itself every day, more likely to protect and defend liberty, or to administer the government more honestly? Certainly we do not suppose that all good men are in the Republican party, nor that a Democrat may not be honest and patriotic. But we certainly say that those men sustain a party to which the most dangerous classes in the country belong, and whose policy, were the party successful, would be directed—as it always has been, as it was in its last National Convention—by the more positive and mischievous of its leaders. The return of that party to power would be the menace of incalculable evils, because it would intrust the administration of the government, under a changed Constitution, to those who hate the changes and resisted them, and who have stigmatized them as revolutionary and void. If there were even a promise of greater purity of administration simply, it might be some mitigation of the natural alarm at the prospect of Democratic ascendency. But the traditions, the spirit, the composition, the theories, the declarations, the acts of the party summon every citizen who does not think that a change of name is a change of things to work faithfully until the party which was the body-guard of human slavery in this republic is not only utterly defeated, but disbanded.

PERSONAL.

MR. JAMES T. FIELDS remarked, in a recent lecture in Boston on "Cheerfulness," that WASHINGTON IRVING was one of the most cheerful men he had ever known, and that CHARLES DICKENS had such portable faculties of good cheer that wherever he went he carried happiness with him.

—When Boston entertains its strangers, it does it handsomely. Thus, when Colonel FORNEY and DANIEL DOUGHERTY, of Philadelphia, were in Boston recently, the very Honorable SAMUEL HOOPER, M.C. from that commonwealth, gave them a grand fish and game dinner at TAFT'S, just outside the walls of Boston, at which assisted AGASSIZ, LONGFELLOW, CHARLES SUMNER, and all the judges of the courts, and the way in which the New England judge eats and slakes is one of the wonders that have passed into history. The Pennsylvania men survived the event, and have returned in safety to their families.

—In court and diplomatic circles abroad some importance is attached to the recent visit made in state by the Queen of Holland to Pope PIUS. It is the first thing of the kind that has been done; and the fact that she staid and chatted two hours with the good old gentleman indicates that she had a right pleasant time.

—The most aristocratic of all democrats in the United States—Mr. WENDELL PHILLIPS—having been ferreted out by an interviewer, said: "I have given thirty years of my life—and I rejoice to have been permitted to give them—to the redemption of a race. If I am spared another ten years, I hope I shall be permitted to give them to the redemption of every man who works with his hands." Mr. PHILLIPS sees what is becoming daily more apparent, that the great public question that is speedily to confront the politician is the labor question.

—Mr. GEORGE JONES, the publisher of the New York *Times*, has been associated with that paper from the day it was founded, and his business capacity and excellent management were largely instrumental in the establishment of its fortunes. When the *Times's* vigorous war on the Ring began to tell against that corrupt body, several overtures to sell out were made to him, but he declined them all, and by a persistent, manly, and courageous course has placed his paper at the head of daily journalism in this country. Its attacks upon the immense power of the Ring would have entitled it to this position even if the struggle had not ended in a splendid victory.

—Sir RODERICK IMPEY MURCHISON appointed Professor GEIKIE, of Edinburgh, his literary executor, and bequeathed him $1000. Professor G. will write his life. The descent of the late Sir RODERICK is a curious illustration of the changes which take place in the feelings and pursuits of a people in the course of generations. The baronet was descended on both sides from famous Highland Scotch families, who espoused the cause of the STUARTS against the present reigning family. His great uncle was killed at the battle of Sheriff Muir in 1715. An uncle defended two Scotch towns for six years after that battle against the forces of GEORGE the First and GEORGE the Second. Sir RODERICK'S father went to India, and served under WARREN HASTINGS, to whom, in a great measure, are due the prosperity and splendor of the British Indian empire. Sir RODERICK went over the same country as a geologist, preferring the career of a scientific man to that of a military, in which latter he had been educated.

—Surgeon WILLIAM MAXWELL WOOD, who has recently retired from the head of the Medical Bureau of the Navy Department, has attained distinction outside of his profession. When the early history of California annexation comes to be written, it will be found that to Surgeon WOOD as much as, if not more than, to any other man are we indebted for that event. To rare intellectual powers he adds the highest culture, and in the literature of his profession he has attained distinguished eminence.

—Mr. JAMES BROOKS, in one of his Japanese letters, writes that the national food is fish. There is not an ocean or river creature that the Japs do not eat; and most of the fish sold are not deceased fish, but alive and wriggling. So much is thought of the water creatures that on a certain festival day every family that has had a boy born during the year hangs out a great painted fish to boast of it.

—Speaking of old age: HORACE BINNEY, born in Philadelphia January 4, 1780, graduated at Harvard College in 1797, is still living. Lords Eldon, Stowell, Mansfield, Lyndhurst, and Brougham died between the ages of eighty-six and ninety-two. Lyndhurst, the oldest, was ninety-one years, four months, and twenty-one days; but Mr. BINNEY is ninety-one years and nearly eleven months. SUGDEN, Lord St. Leonard's, born February, 1781, is still living. When Dr. ROUTH, for more than sixty-three years president of Magdalen College, Oxford, was nearly one hundred, some one remarked to him, "That is a pretty good old age." "Yes," replied the doctor, "but there was a Dissenting minister who died at one hundred and seven, and," continued the old gentleman, "I should like the Church to win."

—Mr. GEORGE ALFRED TOWNSEND, who has been doing the Mormons, has no hesitation in expressing the opinion that "most of the Mormon men look as if they wanted a new coat and a square meal."

—Mr. DISRAELI'S latest success is his election as Lord Rector of the University of Glasgow over Professor RUSKIN, who was zealous of that distinction.

—"Twenty years ago," says an exchange, "LELAND STANFORD arrived in California with only one shirt to his back. Since then, by close attention to business, he has contrived to accumulate over 10,000,000." Why retain so many shirts?

—The prevalent notion is that the Hon. CALEB CUSHING is a bachelor. It is a mistake. He was married early in life, and lost his wife many years ago. She was a woman of fine intellect and culture. Her letters from Spain, written during their residence there, were published, and are very charming reading. With Mr. CUSHING and Mr. EVARTS to represent us at Geneva, there need be no apprehension but that the interests of the country will be ably cared for.

—Mr. THEODORE A. HAVEMEYER has received the appointment of Austrian consul general for the port of New York. Mr. HAVEMEYER is one of the most intelligent as well as one of the most extensive of the younger business men of New York—a good linguist and thorough gentleman. He married a daughter of the late Sir CHARLES DE LOOSEY, for many years Austrian consul-general here, and one of the ablest and most useful of the foreign representatives of Austria. The emperor could scarcely have selected a gentleman more competent for the duties of the position, or more acceptable to the mercantile interest of New York.

—Chatty people in Washington assert with pleasing earnestness that there is to be a wedding in the cabinet—Secretary ROBESON to Mrs. AULICK. It has been thoroughly talked over. Mrs. A. is not only fine looking and accomplished, but one of the finest vocalists in Washington society. Moreover, very lively, fascinating, and popular.

—There is no instance in history where one individual has given so much money for philanthropical purposes to the suffering of other countries as Mr. A. T. STEWART. Soon after the breaking out of the war of the rebellion he sent $10,000 to the distressed cotton weavers of Lancashire, in England. Soon afterward he sent out a ship freighted with provisions for the relief of the starving people of Ireland. At the outbreak of our war with the South he subscribed for the government $50,000. The year previous to the recent Franco-German war there was great dearth of food in Southeastern Prussia, and to the sufferers Mr. S. sent $10,000, gold, for which BISMARCK sent him an autograph letter of thanks. Toward the end of the war between France and Germany Mr. STEWART sent a ship with $50,000 worth of flour to Havre, to be distributed among the suffering and poor. Afterward he sent 100,000 francs to Paris for the benefit of disabled French soldiers, and a like amount to Berlin for the Germans. His $50,000 to Chicago appropriately crowns the column.

—The first man in England that had "copymoney"—i.e., a price for the copyright of a literary work—was Dr. HAMMOND, rector of Penshurst, in Kent. The book was called "Annota on the New Testament." HAMMOND, being a warm royalist, was one of the most noted among the numerous divines who lost their benefices under the government of CROMWELL. His clerical career being thus cut short, he thenceforth devoted his activity to the investigation of the literature and antiquities of the Bible, in which, in his own age, he had no rival.

—The trifles for which men will risk life are especially noticeable in the disputes that lead to duels. In 1787 a duel occurred in this city between Lieutenant FEATHERSTONEHAUGH, of the Seventy-sixth, and Captain M'PHERSON, of the Forty-second British regiment, in regard to the manner of eating an ear of corn, one contending that the best eating was from the cob, and the other that the grain should be cut off from the cob before eating. Lieutenant FEATHERSTONEHAUGH lost his right arm, the ball from his antagonist's pistol shattering the limb dreadfully, so much so that it had to be amputated. GRAHAM, Major NOAH'S assistant editor on the *National Advocate*, lost his life in 1827, at the duelling ground at Hoboken, with BARTON, the son-in-law of EDWARD LIVINGSTON, in a simple dispute about "what was trumps" in a game of cards. Colonel MONTGOMERY was shot in a duel about a dog, Colonel RAMSEY in one about a servant, Mr. FEATHERSTONE in one about a moroll, SCHOBA'S father in one about a goose, and another gentleman in one about an acre of anchovies; one officer was challenged for merely asking his opponent to enjoy the second goblet, and another was compelled to fight about a pinch of snuff. General BARRY was challenged by a Captain SMITH for declining wine at dinner on a steamboat, although the general had pleaded as an excuse that wine invariably made him sick; and Lieutenant CROWTHER lost his life in a duel because he was refused admittance to a club of pigeon-shooters.

—Hon. GALUSHA A. GROW has turned his back on politics, and become president of the Houston and Great Northern Railroad of Texas, which is owned chiefly by capitalists of this city. Although only forty-eight years of age, he has had a brilliant public career, having been elected to Congress from Pennsylvania in 1850, when only twenty-seven years old, and served with honor up to the assembling of the Thirty-seventh Congress, when he was chosen Speaker.

—The Lord Bishop of Lichfield, Dean HOWSON, and an English clergyman or two were publicly breakfasted, a few days ago, at the Union League House in Philadelphia by Bishop STEVENS, Bishop ODENHEIMER, Bishop-elect HOWE, and Bishop MORRIS. Most of the clergy were there—Low Church, Broad Church, High Church, and high and dry church. The speaking was good, and it was all good. At the public breakfast given to the same Britons at Delmonico's, a few mornings since, the representatives of the press were most expressly and specially snubbed, and consequently nobody knows any thing about what was done. We hope they didn't "carry on" too much, or do any thing very bad.

—Count BENEDETTI is about to figure in a new rôle. He is of Greek descent, and when consul in Egypt married a young Greek lady, who passed as the daughter of M. ANASTASE, a wealthy merchant in Alexandria. It was, however, generally known that Madame BENEDETTI was a Greek slave of great beauty, who had been taken very young into Egypt, after the war in the Morea. M. ANASTASE, who had no family, and purchased her, adopted and brought her up, and on his death he left her the whole of his fortune, which amounted to several millions of francs. The relations of the deceased protested against the will, but did not venture to dispute it under the empire, the husband of Madame BENEDETTI possessing great influence. At present, however, a nephew of M. ANASTASE has taken up the subject, and placed it in the hands of two advocates of Paris.

—Mr. JOHN HAY has been delivering, with marked success, in Boston, Washington, and elsewhere, a lecture on the "Progress of Democracy in Europe." Mr. HAY is one of the most industrious and painstaking of the younger and rising men of the day. Besides being one of the most industrious and clever on the staff of the *Tribune*, he is constantly writing books, poetry, magazine articles, etc., and does a good deal of heavy work in society.

—Our readers will be glad to learn that their old friend PAUL DU CHAILLU has returned from the arctic seas. During the seven months of his absence from this country he has traveled through Sweden, Norway, and Lapland, passed through many striking adventures, and observed many strange and interesting customs, of which he is ready to talk to the numerous audiences who are looking forward to his lectures this winter.

—San Francisco is to have a splendid season of Italian opera this winter, the stars of the troupe being Miss CLARA LOUISE KELLOGG and Miss PAULA MORENSI. These charming singers, who adorn the stage with the most attractive qualities of personal beauty and the highest and most refined culture in their art, have been associated before, as lovers of Italian opera in that city will remember. Miss MORENSI, like Miss KELLOGG, has a foreign as well as a home reputation, having appeared with great acceptance in the chief capitals of Europe, and in Cuba and South America.

—Bishop COLENSO, who seems to have somewhat subsided from public notice of late, is about to publish a new part of his "Commentary on the Pentateuch and Joshua."

—Sir HENRY HOLLAND, it is said, has finally consented to publish, in enlarged form, a volume of "Recollections of Past Life," of which a few copies only were printed a year or two ago for his own family and private friends.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

The Grand Duke Alexis arrived in safety at New York on the morning of November 19, after a tedious and stormy voyage. A grand reception was given him.

About 3 o'clock A.M. of November 16 the people of Hyde Park, Pennsylvania, were startled out of their sleep by a rumbling noise and a trembling of the earth, which continued until about twenty acres of land, thickly covered by buildings and handsome dwellings, sunk about two feet. Defects in the construction of the mines which run under the town are assigned as the cause of this alarming catastrophe.

Three negroes, under arrest on the charge of murdering a whole family near Henryville, Indiana, were taken from the jail at that place on the morning of November 17 by a mob of about 200 men, and immediately hanged.

A new revolution is in progress in Mexico, led by Porfirio Diaz, a defeated candidate for the Presidency. The movement is said to be very formidable.

Two New York savings-banks—one presided over by W. M. Tweed, the other by Police Commissioner Smith—have suspended, to the great distress of many poor families.

FOREIGN NEWS.

The Sultan of Turkey has directed his Minister of Works to inaugurate a comprehensive system of public improvements throughout the Ottoman Empire.

The Moscow Gazette, semi-official, counsels Russia to demand the neutralization of Denmark and the restoration of Northern Schleswig, in order to curtail the power of Prussia on the Baltic Sea.

The expulsion of nuns of various nationalities and the forcible suppression of religious houses by the Italian government are said to form the grounds of a protest which the Pope is about to address to the European powers.

The reported intention of the Pope to leave Rome is confirmed by the Duc d'Harcourt, French ambassador to the Papal court. He says the Holy Father will leave when a bill is presented in the Italian Parliament convening that body in session in the Holy City.

A terrible gunpowder explosion has occurred in the fortress of Ehrenbreitstein, Germany, three soldiers being killed and many wounded.

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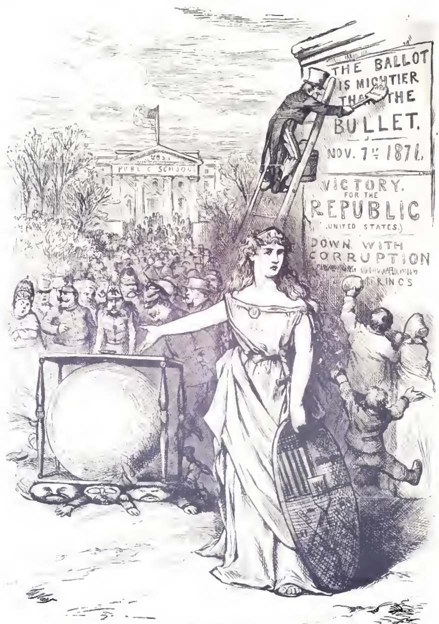


TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN.

New York. "Now you see what I DID ABOUT IT. Go and Do likewise."

SKETCHES IN RUSSIA.—[SEE PAGE 1127.]

RESIGNATIONS.

There is no soul, however slim and sinuous,
Can slip through every knot;
There is no Ring, howe'er it seem continuous,
But has some weakest spot.

The air is full of stately resignations
And dignified remarks:
Some score, in view of recent revelations,
To beautify the Parks.

Some can not find in politics a remedy
For teaching boys to spell;
And others will lay down, we fear, in season,
Pavements and sewers as well.

Not as a Ring shall we again behold them;
For often, at 100, the thing
Has reached the climax Seventy Seers foretold them,
They will not be a Ring.

But a fair row of names upon the docket
And faces in the docks;
Of hands no longer in the public pocket,
And feet in public stocks.

Let us be patient; these severe afflictions
Not from the ground arise,
But oftentimes celestial benedictions
Assume this dark disguise!

Perchance the loss of Hilton, Bell, and Peter,
Or even the Mayor and Boss,
Might be construed, when scanned by heavenly meter,
A riddance, not a loss!

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1871, by Harper & Brothers, in the Office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington.]

POOR MISS FINCH.

A Domestic Story.

By WILKIE COLLINS,

Author of "The Woman in White," "No Name," "The Moonstone," "Man and Wife," etc.

WITH ORIGINAL ILLUSTRATIONS.

CHAPTER THE THIRTY-THIRD.

THE DAY BETWEEN.

The interval-day before the second appearance of Herr Grosse, and the experiment on Lucilla's sight that was to follow it, was marked by two incidents which ought to be noticed in this place.

The first incident was the arrival, early in the morning, of another letter addressed to me privately by Oscar Dubourg. Like many other shy people, he had a perfect mania, where any embarrassing circumstances were concerned, for explaining himself, with difficulty, by means of his pen, in preference to explaining himself, with ease, by means of his tongue.

Oscar's present communication informed me that he had left us for London by the first morning train, and that his object in taking this sudden journey was to state his present position toward Lucilla to a gentleman especially conversant with the peculiarities of blind people. In plain words, he had resolved on applying to Mr. Sebright for advice.

"I like Mr. Sebright" (Oscar wrote) "as cordially as I detest Herr Grosse. The short conversation I had with him has left me with the pleasantest impression of his delicacy and his kindness. If I freely reveal to this skillful surgeon the sad situation in which I am placed, I believe his experience will throw an entirely new light on the present state of Lucilla's mind, and on the changes which we may expect to see produced in her if she really does recover her sight. The result may be of incalculable benefit in teaching me how I may own the truth most harmlessly to her as well as to myself. Pray don't suppose I undervalue your advice. I only want to be doubly fortified, before I risk my confession, by the advice of a scientific man."

All this I took to mean, in plain English, that vacillating Oscar wanted to quiet his conscience by gaining time, and that his absurd idea of consulting Mr. Sebright was nothing less than a new and plausible excuse for putting off the evil day. His letter ended by pledging me to secrecy, and by entreating me so to manage matters as to grant him a private interview on his return to Dimchurch by the evening train.

I confess I felt some curiosity as to what would come of the proposed consultation between unready Oscar and precise Mr. Sebright; and I accordingly arranged to take my walk alone, toward eight o'clock that evening, on the road that led to the distant railway station.

The second incident of the day may be described as a confidential conversation between Lucilla and myself on the subject which now equally absorbed us both—the momentous subject of her restoration to the blessing of sight.

She joined me at the breakfast-table, with her ready distrust newly excited, poor thing, by Oscar. He had accounted to her for his journey to London by putting forward the commonplace excuse of "business." She instantly suspected (knowing how he felt about it) that he was secretly bent on interfering with the performance of the operation by Herr Grosse. I contrived to compose the anxiety thus aroused in her mind by informing her, on Oscar's own authority, that he personally disliked and distrusted the German oculist. "Whatever else he may do in London," I said, "make your mind easy, my dear. I answer for his not consulting Herr Grosse."

After a long silence between us, following on those words, Lucilla raised her head from her second cup of tea, and abruptly referred to Oscar in another way—a way which revealed to me a new peculiarity of feeling belonging exclusively to the strange temperament of the blind.

"Do you know one thing?" she said. "If I had not been going to be married to Oscar, I doubt if I should have cared to put any oculist, native or foreign, to the trouble of coming to Dimchurch."

"I don't think I understand you," I answered. "You can not surely mean to say that you would not have been glad, under any circumstances, to recover the use of your eyes?"

"That is just what I do mean to say," she rejoined.

"What! you, who have been blind from your infancy, don't care to see?"

"I only care to see Oscar. And what is more, I only care to see *him* because I am in love with him. But for that, I really don't feel as if it would give me any particular pleasure to use my eyes. I have been blind so long, I have learned to do without them."

"Impossible! My dear Lucilla, I really can not believe you are in earnest in talking in that way."

She laughed, and finished her tea.

"You people who can see," she said, "attach such an absurd importance to your eyes! I set my touch, my dear, against your eyes, as much the most trustworthy and much the most intelligent sense of the two. If Oscar was not, as I have said, the uppermost feeling with me, shall I tell you what I should have infinitely preferred to recovering my sight—supposing it could have been done?" She shook her head with a comic resignation to circumstances. "Unfortunately, it can't be done!"

"What can't be done?"

She suddenly held out both her arms over the breakfast-table.

"The stretching out of *these* to an enormous and unheard-of length. That is what I should have liked!" she answered. "I could find out better what was going on at a distance with my hands than you could with your eyes and your telescopes. What doubts I might set to rest, for instance, about the planetary system, among the people who can see, if I could only stretch out far enough to touch the stars!"

"This is talking sheer nonsense, Lucilla."

"Is it? Just tell me which knows best in the dark—my touch or your eyes? Who has got a sense that she can always trust to serve her equally well through the whole four-and-twenty hours? You or me? But for Oscar—to speak in sober earnest this time—I tell you I would much rather perfect the sense in me that I have already got than have a sense given to me that I have not got. Until I knew Oscar I don't think I ever honestly envied any of you the use of your eyes."

"You astonish me, Lucilla!"

She rattled her tea-spoon impatiently in her empty cup.

"Can you always trust to your eyes, even in broad daylight?" she burst out. "How often do they deceive you in the simplest things! What did I hear you all disputing about the other day in the garden? You were looking at some view?"

"Yes, at the view down the alley of trees at the other end of the church-yard wall."

"Some object in the alley had attracted general notice—had it not?"

"Yes, an object at the further end of it."

"I heard you up here. You all differed in opinion, in spite of your wonderful eyes. My father said it moved. You said it stood still. Oscar said it was a man. Mrs. Finch said it was a calf. Nugent ran off and examined this amazing object at close quarters. And what did it turn out to be? A stump of an old tree, blown across the road in the night! Why am I to envy people the possession of a sense which plays them such tricks as that? No! no! Herr Grosse is going to 'cut into my cataracts,' as he calls it—because I am going to be married to a man I love; and I fancy, like a fool, I may love him better still if I can see him. I may be quite wrong," she added, archly. "It may end in my not loving him half as well as I do now!"

I thought of Oscar's face, and felt a sickening fear that she might be speaking far more seriously than she suspected. I tried to change the subject. No! Her imaginative nature had found its way into a new region of speculation before I could open my lips.

"I associate light," she said, thoughtfully, "with all that is beautiful and heavenly, and dark with all that is vile and horrible and devilish. I wonder how light and dark will look to me when I see?"

"I believe they will astonish *you*," I answered, "by being entirely unlike what you fancy them to be now."

She started. I had alarmed her without intending it.

"Will Oscar's face be utterly unlike what I fancy it to be now?" she asked, in suddenly altered tones. "Do you mean to say that I have not had the right image of him in my mind all this time?"

I tried again to draw her off to another topic. What more could I do, with my tongue tied by the German's warning to us not to agitate her in the face of the operation to be performed on the next day?

It was quite useless. She went on, as before, without heeding me.

"Have I no means of judging rightly what Oscar is like?" she said. "I touch my own face; I know how long it is, and how broad it is; I know how big the different features are, and where they are. And then I touch Oscar, and compare his face with my knowledge of my own face. Not a single detail escapes me. I see him in my mind as plainly as you see me across this table. Do you mean to say, when I see him with my eyes, that I shall discover something perfectly new to me? I don't believe it!" She started up impatiently, and took a turn in the room. "Oh!" she exclaimed, with a stamp of her foot, "why can't I take laudanum enough or chloroform enough to kill me for the next six weeks, and then come to life again when the German takes the bandage off my eyes!" She sat down once more, and drifted all on a sudden into a question of pure morality. "Tell me this," she said. "Is the greatest virtue the virtue which it is most difficult to practice?"

"I suppose so," I answered.

She drummed with both hands on the table, petulantly, viciously, as hard as she could. "Then, Madame Pratolungo," she said, "the greatest of all the virtues is—*Patience*. Oh, my friend, how I hate the greatest of all the virtues at this moment!"

That ended it—there the conversation found its way into other topics at last.

Thinking afterward of the strange things which Lucilla had said to me, I derived one consolation from what had passed at the breakfast-table. If Mr. Sebright proved to be right, and if the operation failed after all, I had Lucilla's word for it that blindness, of itself, is not the terrible affliction to the blind which the rest of us fancy it to be—because we can see.

Toward half past seven in the evening I went out alone, as I had planned, to meet Oscar on his return from London.

At a long straight stretch of the road I saw him advancing toward me. He was walking more rapidly than usual, and singing as he walked. Even through its livid discoloration the poor fellow's face looked radiant with happiness as he came nearer. He waved his walking-stick excitingly in the air. "Good news!" he called out at the top of his voice. "Mr. Sebright has made me a happy man again!" I had never before seen him so like Nugent in manner as I now saw him when we met and he shook hands with me.

"Tell me all about it," I said.

He gave me his arm; and, talking all the way, we walked back slowly to Dimchurch.

"In the first place," he began, "Mr. Sebright holds to his own opinion more firmly than ever. He feels absolutely certain that the operation will fail."

"Is that your good news?" I asked, reproachfully.

"No," he said. "Though, mind, I own to my shame there was a time when I almost hoped it would fail. Mr. Sebright has put me in a better frame of mind. I have little or nothing to dread from the success of the operation, if by any extraordinary chance it should succeed. I remind you of Mr. Sebright's opinion merely to give you a right idea of the tone which he took with me at starting. He only consented under protest to contemplate the event which Lucilla and Herr Grosse consider to be a certainty. 'If the statement of your position requires it,' he said, 'I will admit that it is barely possible she may be able to see you two months hence. Now begin.' I began by informing him of my marriage engagement."

"Shall I tell how Mr. Sebright received the information?" I said. "He held his tongue, and made you a bow."

Oscar laughed. "Quite true," he answered. "I told him next of Lucilla's extraordinary antipathy to dark people, and dark shades of color of all kinds. Can you guess what he said to me when I had done?"

I owned that my observation of Mr. Sebright's character did not extend to guessing that.

"He said it was a common antipathy in his experience of the blind. It was one among the many strange influences exercised by blindness on the mind. 'The physical affliction has its mysterious moral influence,' he said. 'We can observe it, but we can't explain it. The special antipathy which you mention is an incurable antipathy, except on one condition—the recovery of the sight.' There he stopped. I entreated him to go on. No! He declined to go on until I had finished what I had to say to him first. I had my confession still to make to him—and I made it."

"You concealed nothing?"

"Nothing. I laid my weakness bare before him. I told him that Lucilla was still firmly convinced that Nugent's was the discolored face instead of mine. And then I put the question—What am I to do?"

"And how did he reply?"

"In these words: 'If you ask me what you are to do in the event of her remaining blind (which I tell you again *will* be the event), I decline to advise you. Your own conscience and your own sense of honor must decide the question. On the other hand, if you ask me what you are to do in the event of her recovering her sight, I can answer you unreservedly in the plainest terms. Leave things as they are, and wait till she sees.' Those were his own words. Oh, the load that they took off my mind! I made him repeat them—I declare I was almost afraid to trust the evidence of my own ears."

I understood the motive of Oscar's good spirits better than I understood the motive of Mr. Sebright's advice. "Did he give his reasons?" I asked.

"You shall hear his reasons directly. He insisted on first satisfying himself that I thoroughly understood my position at that moment. 'The prime condition of success, as Herr Grosse has told you,' he said, 'is the perfect tranquillity of the patient. If you make your confession to the young lady when you get back to Dimchurch, you throw her into a state of excitement which will render it impossible for my German colleague to operate on her to-morrow. If you defer your confession, the medical necessities of the case force you to be silent until the professional attendance of the oculist has ceased. There is your position! My advice to you is to adopt the last alternative. Wait (and make the other persons in the secret wait) until the result of the operation has declared itself.' There I stopped him. 'Do you mean that I am to be present on the first occasion when she is able to see her eyes?' I asked. 'Am I to let her see me without a word beforehand to prepare her for the color of my face?'"

We were now getting to the interesting part of it. You English people, when you are out walking and are carrying on a conversation with your friend, never come to a stand-still at the points of interest. We foreigners, on the other hand, invariably stop. I surprised Oscar by suddenly pulling him up in the middle of the road.

"What is the matter?" he asked.

"Go on!" I said, impatiently.

"I can't go on," he rejoined. "You're holding me."

I held him tighter than ever, and ordered him more resolutely than ever to go on. Oscar resigned himself to a halt (foreign fashion) on the high-road.

"Mr. Sebright met my question by putting a question on his side," he resumed. "He asked me how I proposed to prepare her for the color of my face."

"And what did you tell him?"

"I said I had planned to make an excuse for leaving Dimchurch, and, once away, to prepare her by writing for what she might expect to see when I returned."

"What did he say to that?"

"He wouldn't hear of it. He said, 'I strongly recommend you to be present on the first occasion when she is capable (if she ever is capable) of using her sight. I attach the greatest importance to her being able to correct the hideous and absurd image now in her mind of a face like yours, by seeing you as you really are at the earliest available opportunity.'"

We were just walking on again when certain words in that last sentence startled me. I stopped short once more.

"Hideous and absurd image?" I repeated, thinking instantly of my conversation of that morning with Lucilla. "What did Mr. Sebright mean by using such language as that?"

"Just what I asked him. His reply will interest you. It led him into that explanation of his motives which you inquired for just now. Shall we walk on?"

My petrified foreign feet recovered their activity. We went on again.

"When I had spoken to Mr. Sebright of Lucilla's inveterate prejudice," Oscar continued, "he had surprised me by saying that it was common in his experience, and was only curable by her restoration to sight. In support of these assertions he now told me of two interesting cases which had occurred in his professional practice. The first was the case of the little daughter of an Indian officer—blind from infancy, like Lucilla. After operating successfully, the time came when he could permit his patient to try her sight—that is to say, to try if she could see sufficiently well at first to distinguish dark objects from light. Among the members of the household assembled to witness the removal of the bandage was an Indian nurse who had accompanied the family to England. The first person the child saw was her mother—a fair woman. She clasped her little hands in astonishment, and that was all. At the next turn of her head she saw the dark Indian nurse, and instantly screamed with terror. Mr. Sebright owned to me that he could not explain it. The child could have no possible association with colors. Yet there, nevertheless, was the most violent hatred and horror of a dark object (the hatred and horror peculiar to the blind) expressing itself unmistakably in a child of ten years old! My first thought, while he was telling me this, was of myself, and of my chance with Lucilla. My first question was, 'Did the child get used to the nurse?' I can give you his answer in his own words. 'In a week's time I found the child sitting in the nurse's lap as composedly as I am sitting in this chair.' That is encouraging, isn't it?"

"Most encouraging—nobody can deny it."

"The second instance was more curious still. This time the case was the case of a grown man—and the object was to show me what strange fantastic images (utterly unlike the reality) the blind form of the people about them. The patient was married, and was to see his wife (as Lucilla is one day to see me) for the first time. He had been told before he married her that she was personally disfigured by the scar of a wound on one of her cheeks. The poor woman—ah, how well I can understand her!—trembled for the consequences. The man who had loved her dearly while he was blind might hate her when he saw her scarred face. Her husband had been the first to console her when the operation was determined on. He declared that his sense of touch, and the description given to him by others, had enabled him to form, to his own mind, the most complete and faithful image of his wife's face. Nothing that Mr. Sebright could say would induce him to believe that it was physically impossible for him to form a really correct idea of any object, animate or inanimate, which he had never seen. He wouldn't hear of it. He was so certain of the result that he held his wife's hand in his, to encourage her, when the bandage was removed from him. At his first look at her he uttered a cry of horror, and fell back in his chair in a swoon. His wife, poor thing, was distracted. Mr. Sebright did his best to compose her, and waited till her husband was able to answer the questions put to him. It then appeared that his blind idea of his wife and of her disfigurement had been something so grotesque and horribly unlike the reality that it was hard to know whether to laugh or to tremble at it. She was as beautiful as an angel, by comparison with her husband's favorite idea of her—and yet, because it was his idea, he was absolutely disgusted and terrified at the first sight of her! In a few weeks he was able to compare his wife with other women, to look at pictures, to understand what beauty was, and what ugliness was; and from that time they have lived

together as happy a married couple as any in the kingdom."

I was not quite sure which way this last example pointed. It alarmed me when I thought of Lucilla. I came to a stand-still again.

"How did Mr. Sebright apply this second case to Lucilla and to you?" I asked.

"You shall hear," said Oscar. "He first appealed to the case as supporting his assertion that Lucilla's idea of me must be utterly unlike what I am myself. He asked if I was now satisfied that she could have no correct conception of what faces and colors were really like, and if I agreed with him in believing that the image in her mind of the man with the blue face was in all probability something fantastically and hideously unlike the reality. After what I had heard, I agreed with him as a matter of course. 'Very well,' says Mr. Sebright. 'Now be so remember that there is one important difference between the case of Miss Finch and the case that I have just mentioned. The husband's blind idea of his wife was the husband's favorite idea. The shock of the first sight of her was plainly a shock to him on that account. Now Miss Finch's blind idea of the blue face is, on the contrary, a hateful idea to her—the image is an image that she loathes. Is it not fair to conclude from this that the first sight of you as you really are is likely to be, in her case, a relief to her instead of a shock? Reasoning from my experience, I reach that conclusion; and I advise you, in your own interests, to be present when the bandage is taken off. Even if I prove to be mistaken—even if she is not immediately reconciled to the sight of you—there is the other example of the child and the Indian nurse to satisfy you that it is only a question of time. Sooner or later she will take the discovery as any other young lady would take it. At first she will be indignant with you for deceiving her; and then, if you are sure of your place in her affections, she will end in forgiving you. There is my view of your position, and there are the grounds on which I form it. In the mean time my own opinion remains unshaken. I firmly believe that you will never have occasion to act on the advice that I have given to you. When the bandage is taken off, the chances are five hundred to one that she is no nearer to seeing you then than she is now.' Those were his last words—and on that we parted."

Oscar and I walked on again for a little way in silence.

I had nothing to say against Mr. Sebright's reasons; it was impossible to question the professional experience from which they were drawn. As to blind people in general, I felt no doubt that his advice was good, and that his conclusions were arrived at correctly. But Lucilla's was no ordinary character. My experience of her was better experience than Mr. Sebright's: and the more I thought of the future, the less inclined I felt to take Oscar's hopeful view. She was just the person to say something or do something, at the critical moment of the experiment, which would take the wisest previous calculation by surprise. Oscar's prospects had never looked darker to me than they looked at that moment.

It would have been useless and cruel to have said to him what I have just said here. I put as bright a face on it as I could, and asked if he proposed to follow Mr. Sebright's advice.

"Yes," he said. "With a certain reservation of my own, which occurred to me after I had left his house."

"May I ask what it is?"

"Certainly. I mean to beg Nugent to leave Dimchurch before Lucilla tries her sight for the first time. He will do that, I know, to please me."

"And when he has done it, what then?"

"Then I mean to be present—as Mr. Sebright suggested—when the bandage is taken off."

"Previously telling Lucilla," I interposed, "that it is you who are in the room?"

"No. There I take the precaution that I alluded to just now. I propose to leave Lucilla under the impression that it is I who have left Dimchurch, and that Nugent's face is the face she sees. If Mr. Sebright proves to be right, and if her first sensation is a sensation of relief, I will own the truth to her the same day. If not, I will wait to make my confession until she has become reconciled to the sight of me. This plan meets every possible emergency. It is one of the few good ideas that my stupid head has hit on since I have been at Dimchurch."

He said those last words with such an innocent air of triumph that I really could not find it in my heart to damp his ardor by telling him what I thought of his idea. All I said was, "Don't forget, Oscar, that the cleverest plans are at the mercy of circumstances. At the last moment, an accident may happen which will force you to speak out."

We came in sight of the rectory as I gave him that final warning. Nugent was strolling up and down the road on the look-out for us. I left Oscar to tell his story over again to his brother, and went into the house.

Lucilla was at her piano when I entered the sitting-room. She was not only playing, but (a rare thing with her) singing too. The song was, poetry and music both, of her own composing. "I shall see him! I shall see him!" In those four words the composition began and ended. She adapted them to all the happy melodies in her memory. She accompanied them with hands that seemed to be mad for joy—hands that threatened every moment to snap the chords of the instrument. Never, since my first day at the rectory, had I heard such a noise in our quiet sitting-room as I heard now. She was in a fever of exhilaration which, in my foreboding frame of mind at that moment, it pained and shocked me to see. I lifted her off the music-stool, and shut up the piano by main force.

"Compose yourself, for Heaven's sake," I said. "Do you want to be completely exhausted when the German comes to-morrow?"

That consideration instantly checked her. She suddenly became quiet, with the abrupt facility of a child.

"I forgot that," she said, sitting down in a corner, with a face of dismay. "He might refuse to perform the operation! Oh, my dear, quiet me down somehow. Get a book and read to me."

I got the book. Ah, the poor author! Neither the one nor the other of us paid the slightest attention to him. Worse still, we abused him for not interesting us—and then shut him up with a bang, and pushed him rudely into his place on the book-shelf, and left him upside down, and went to bed.

She was standing at her window when I went in to wish her good-night. The mellow moonlight fell tenderly on her lovely face. "Moon that I have never seen," she murmured, softly, "I feel you looking at me! Is the time coming when *I* shall look at You?" She turned from the window, and eagerly put my fingers on her pulse. "Am I quite composed again?" she asked. "Will he find me well to-morrow? Feel it! feel it! Is it quiet now?" I felt it—throbbing faster and faster. "Sleep will quiet it," I said, and kissed her and left her.

She slept well. As for me, I passed such a wretched night, and got up so completely worn out, that I had to go back to my room, after breakfast, and lie down again. Lucilla persuaded me to do it. "Herr Grosse won't be here till the afternoon," she said. "Rest till he comes."

We had reckoned without allowing for the eccentric character of our German surgeon. Excepting the business of his profession, Herr Grosse did every thing by impulse, and nothing by rule. I had not long fallen into a broken, unrefreshing sleep, when I felt Zillah's hand on my shoulder, and heard Zillah's voice in my ear.

"Please to get up, ma'am! He's here—he has come from London by the morning train."

I hurried into the sitting-room.

There, at the table, sat Herr Grosse, with an open instrument-case before him; his wild black eyes glaring over a hideous array of scissors, probes, and knives, and his shabby hat hard by with lint and bandages huddled together anyhow inside it. And there stood Lucilla by his side, stooping over him—with one hand laid familiarly on his shoulder, and with the other deftly fingering one of his horrid instruments to find out what it was like!

THE END OF THE FIRST PART.

RUSSIAN CHARACTERISTICS.

In view of the interest in the great empire of Russia awakened among American readers by the visit of the Grand Duke Alexis to this country, we give on page 1125 a series of illustrations, from which our readers may obtain an accurate impression of the characteristics which most forcibly strike a traveler in that country.

Our first illustration shows the Transcaucasian private escort of the czar. This is composed of Lesghins, Mingrelians, warriors from the Caucasus, and from the wandering tribes of Turkestan: singular types, where the whole regularity of the Caucasic race contrasts with the yellow tones and flat features of the Mongolian race—caps of lamb-skin or fur turbans, floating robes and arsenal belts, cimeters and kandjars, lances as iron maces of the Middle Ages.

Besides a soldier belonging to these legions, we give in our illustrations four different types of princes belonging to this escort. Only yesterday these very princes were the sworn enemies of the emperor of whom they now form the prætorian guard. Their costumes are remarkably rich and handsome. The fur caps, as may be seen, affect different shapes. Some are round, some pointed, some wider toward the top; some are black, some brown, white, or gray. The robes, very long in the skirts, vary also in color: some are blue, some red. The sleeves are double. The trowsers are of a blue cloth, large to the knees, narrow round the ankles, and fall in the shape of spatterdashes, very ample in form, over boots of red leather. The sword is curved in the Oriental style.

THE COSSACKS.

This corps of the Russian army first acquired its reputation in 1811, when the great French armies of the First Empire were fleeing from burning Moscow. It was the Cossacks who, during that most sadly eventful retreat, were employed in the pursuit of the French. With untiring activity, without mercy or pity, did they follow up and, without respite, attack the famished, half naked "débris" of that splendid army of 500,000 men which started from France so beautifully equipped, so light at heart, so full of hope and ambition, to conquer the Russian capital. Savage warriors were those Cossacks—with their shabby uniforms, with their hairy countenances, their flat, broad features, with their arms of past days—flying about on their little disheveled horses round the wretched French soldiers like so many ravenous birds of prey.

In regard to the rest of the Russian army we must confine ourselves to a simple mention of the different arms composing it: There are the Pavlov Guards, the Semenoff Guards, and the Pavlogradski Guards, the Sum Hussars, the Ishagurny Hussars; the Chasseurs à Cheval, the sharp-shooters on foot, the Cuirassiers and Grenadiers and Pioneers and Engineers, the Horse Artillery, the Foot Artillery, the Dragoons, the Lancers, the Hussars of the Emperor, the Horse-Guards, the regiments of Moscow, the regiments of Finland, the sailors of the Guard, the regiments of Ismailofski, the Sappers, etc., etc. The Russian army is, next the imperial French army, the most handsomely dressed in Europe.

THE CLERGY.

The Russian clergy are divided into the white and black clergy. The former are the secular, the latter the cloistered, clergy. The appellations are derived from their respective dresses; the one party being clothed from head to foot in black, the other performing divine service in white robes bordered with gold.

The following is the description of the dress of the black clergy: The head is covered with a tall cylindrical black cap, round which flutters a long piece of black gauze, which lies down like a lady's veil when thrown back. The principal garment is a long, full tunic, made generally of black velvet. The handsome curling beards with which the monks are universally decorated harmonize admirably with this dress. As the monks all wear black, the secular priests, almost without exception, choose brown for their ordinary dress. When they are officiating as ministers of religion, it is, of course, different. On their heads they wear high brown or red velvet caps, trimmed with handsome fur, and carry excessively long brown sticks studded with wrought silver knobs.

RUSSIAN CARRIAGES AND SLEDGES.

In Russia, besides the ordinary trains or sledges which are used for traveling during the long and severe winters, the people employ nearly all the vehicles which are known to the rest of Europe. In the great cities the upper circles of society are every day adopting the habits of the French. The truly national Russian carriages are generally small and uncovered, the traveler sits alone, and the driver occupies a position in front. Among the vehicles most commonly employed, and which are the most remarkable in form, are three—namely, the drosky, the telega, and kibitka. We show in our illustration a couple of sledges. The single-horsed one is principally used for trotting purposes. It is very simple in its structure, and exceedingly light. The Russians possess a very fine breed of trotters, almost equal to our own American trotters. They are a tall, well-limbed, splendidly appointed race of animals, full of activity, fire, and speed. The performances of several specimens of this race proved, indeed, very remarkable at the last equine exhibition at Paris. The general form of the other sledge is that of a wheelless cradle or chaise, with a pair of shafts attached. In town, imperial carriages alone can have six horses. The nobles can harness four. The "bourgeoise," tradesmen, and all not noble, are restricted to three, but generally employ two horses.

SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

Dr. Bessels, the director of the scientific corps of Captain Hall's steamer *Polaris*, in a letter addressed to the president of the National Academy of Sciences, dated Godhaven, August 16, states that he had already made some important observations in regard to the physics of the northern seas, such as a peculiar coloration of the water and an unexpectedly high specific gravity, the maximum of density noticed being 1.028. His experiences with his colleagues, Mr. Bryan, the astronomer, and Mr. Meyer, the meteorologist, have been very satisfactory; the former gentleman having made a number of successful azimuth observations, and the latter approving himself an excellent mathematician and an accomplished observer, and an honor to the Signal Service, from which he was detailed for duty with Captain Hall. This information may perhaps serve in some measure to relieve the apprehensions expressed by Dr. David Walker, in his *Overland Monthly* article on Captain Hall's expedition, in regard to the scientific results of the voyage.

It is with great regret that we have to announce the recent death, in Boston, of Rev. J. A. Swan, on the 31st of October last, at the age of forty-eight. Mr. Swan has been long known among his New England friends for his love of natural history and his skill in the use of the microscope, and during his residence at Kennebunk, although a devoted pastor in that village, he found time to make numerous important explorations and observations in the natural history of the vicinity. Failing in health a few years ago, he visited Europe, and on his return was appointed to the responsible post of secretary of the Boston Society of Natural History, in connection with Professor A. Hyatt, succeeding Mr. Scudder in charge of the business of the society. Apart from his scientific accomplishments, Mr. Swan was endeared to all his friends by personal qualifications of the rarest merit.

Among the important works in natural history lately announced by the London publishers is one on the poisonous snakes of India, by Dr. Fayrer, an author to whom we have made frequent reference in connection with his experiments upon antidotes for snake poison. Another work is a manual of the anatomy of vertebrated animals, by Professor Huxley.

A new planet was discovered on the night of September 15 last, at Marseilles, by M. Borelly, and named by him Lomia. This constitutes the 116th in the series of asteroids found between Mars and Jupiter.

The cultivation of edible fungi is being pursued with considerable vigor in England. An exhibition of fungi, especially of the edible and the poisonous species, was recently held in the grounds of the Royal Horticultural Society, which is described as being for the best that has yet taken place. Several new species were exhibited, and prizes were offered for the best collection. The visitors, who were very numerous, showed the greatest possible interest in the plants exhibited.

Telegraphic advices from the West bring the news of a serious disaster to the whaling fleet of the arctic seas, no less than thirty-three vessels having been destroyed, valued, with their cargoes, at a million and a half of dollars. Fortunately no lives were lost, although much suffering was experienced in consequence of the crowded quarters in which the crews of the vessels were obliged to huddle themselves. According to the reports brought in, the entire fleet had been working northward, with varying success, and in considerable numbers, in Behring Sea, and followed the whales into the Arctic Ocean, where fair success was met with, until about the 1st of September, when the ice came drifting down, and in the course of a week or two a number of vessels were sunk, and others crushed by the ice or driven ashore. The catch destroyed amounted to 13,055 barrels of whale oil, and 985 barrels of sperm, and 100,000 pounds of bone. Most of the vessels were owned in New Bedford, where the loss will be keenly felt.

Professor Ansell Post, in a late number of *Nature*, gives a figure of what he considers to be a new form of cloud, observed by him only twice in his life, once at Washington, and once in Wisconsin. For fuller details he refers to the paper on the classification of clouds published last year in the *Rural New Yorker*, accompanied by figures and a description of this new phenomenon.

We learn from *Nature* that the English eclipse expedition sailed on the 26th of October in the *Mirzapore*, and expected to arrive at Point de Galle on the 27th of November. Professor Respighi, of Rome, well known for his researches upon the physics of the sun, was to accompany the party.

According to the Harrisburg *Telegraph*, the Swatara Creek, a tributary of the Susquehanna, has lately been stocked with a large number of black bass, which will probably in time aid in supplying the Susquehanna River with an abundance of this valuable fish.

We have before us the recently published report of Commissioner R. W. Raymond upon statistics of mines and mining in the States and Territories west of the Rocky Mountains for the year 1870. This forms a stout volume of nearly 800 pages, illustrated by a number of plates and sections, embodying the result of a laborious personal examination, and that of several assistants. The report contains a detailed account of the present condition of the mining industry in California, Nevada, Oregon, Idaho, Montana, Utah, Arizona, New Mexico, Colorado, and Wyoming, together with interesting statements in regard to improved metallurgical processes, such as especially relate to the treatment of auriferous ores, the chlorination and smelting of silver ores, etc. There are also chapters on narrow-gauge railways and their adaptation to mining regions, the mining law, the geographical distribution of mining districts, the origin of gold ingots and gold-dust, and the bullion product.

The Commissioner congratulates the country upon an increased prosperity in the mining industry, as seen not only in an augmented bullion product, but an improved tone in the business itself, and relief from more or less of the irritating and burdensome questions that have hitherto been connected with the mining interest. Although the excitements which so frequently carry off the miners and settlers of one region into a new locality have been comparatively rare, yet there have been a few of special note. Among those mentioned by Mr. Raymond are those caused by the discovery of gold in South California, near San Diego, the discovery of silver in the Burro Mountains, and the rumors of rich placers on Peace River, far into the interior of British Columbia, the base of Snake River, several localities in Nevada, and others in Utah, the silver mines in the Caribou district of Colorado, etc. The work is too encyclopedic in its character to permit of an abstract in our pages, and we refer our readers to it for an exhaustive treatment, in an intelligible form, of the subject in question.

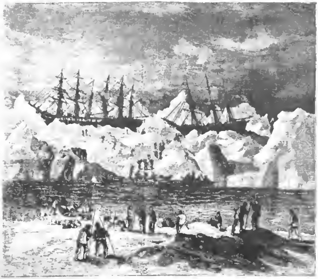
The annual report of the Light-house Board for the year preceding September, 1871, has just been printed as a department document, and gives a general account of the present condition of the service, with recommendations for its improvement. In consequence of the detaching of Admiral Shubrick from the chairmanship, the vacant office has been filled by an election to it of Professor Joseph Henry, secretary of the Smithsonian Institution.

The British government is carrying the system of competitive examination for appointments in all the departments under its control to an extreme pitch. There are at the present time vacancies for a junior assistant in the herbarium at Kew, and for a clerk in the office of the Royal Gardens at Kew. The principals of these establishments had in their eye young men whom they wished should receive the appointments, but the government officials insist that they shall be thrown open to public competition, the examination to be such as clerks in any of the other offices would have to go through, the merest smattering of botany being added. No account will thus be taken of many qualifications equally important with literary ones—punctuality, neatness, an obliging demeanor, etc., and the door is closed for the employment of young men of scientific tastes who may not have much literary acquirements. The British Museum is not yet under the control of the same department of the government, and the principals of that establishment are still permitted to nominate candidates for the subordinate posts, after which they have to submit to a qualifying examination.

A heavy rain occurred on the 31st of May last in the great desert of Atacama, Chili, a phenomenon hitherto almost entirely unknown in that region of the world.

The Society of the Friends of Science, in Posen, proposes, on the 19th of February, 1873, to celebrate the 400th birthday of the eminent astronomer Nicolaus Copernicus, at his birth-place, in the village of Thorn. In addition to the festivities of the occasion, they propose to publish an accurate biography of their countryman, and to prepare a monumental album, as also to strike an appropriate medal. A prize of 300 thalers is offered for the best biography that can be prepared before the 1st of January, 1873, to be based only upon authentic documents.

GENERAL VIEW OF TH



ABANDONING THE BARKS "GEORGE," "GAYHEAD," AND "CONCORDIA" IN THE ICE OFF POINT BELCHER, SEPTEMBER 14, 1871.

THE RENDEZVOUS AT ICY

DESTRUCTION OF THE WHALING FLEET IN THE ARCTIC

WHALING FLEET IN THE ICE

BOATS EFFECTING A LANDING.

BARKS "ARCTIC" AND "PROGRESS" RECEIVING THE CREWS OF THE WRECKED AND ABANDONED SHIPS SOUTH OF ICY CAPE.

Sketches by Captain Kelly, of the "Gayhead."—[See Page 1130.]

CRUSHED AMONG ICEBERGS.

Of the arctic whaling fleet, forty in number, which proudly sailed on their perilous voyage from San Francisco and Honolulu last season, thirty-three have been crushed in the ice, and their crews have barely escaped with life through many hardships and perils. The tidings of this catastrophe were brought to Honolulu on the 23d October; and on that and the following day no fewer than 1200 shipwrecked mariners were landed upon the Hawaiian shores.

The particulars of this crushing blow to the whaling enterprise of America may be gathered from the following details, supplied to us by Mr. Thomas G. Thrum, of Honolulu, to whom also we are indebted for the several graphic sketches of some of the frightful situations of the fleet and its distressed crews which appear in our opening pages this week.

Early in May the whalers arrived at the south of Cape Thaddeus, where they found the ice; but it was so closely packed that they were unable to make much headway northward, and the wind was strong from the northeast for most of the month.

June commenced with light and variable winds and foggy weather, but the ice opened somewhat, and the ships made up to sight of Cape Navarine, where five or six whales were taken, and many more were heard spouting among the heavy ice, but these soon left. Toward the middle of June the ice opened, enabling the fleet to pursue their way north, picking up a few whales in crossing the Anadir Sea. When the ships made Cape Behring, the whales had mostly passed through the straits; the fleet had also passed through by the 30th June. They now commenced catching walrus, but with small success in comparison with former seasons. In the latter part of July strong winds prevailed from southeast and northeast, breaking up the walrus hunting; so the fleet pressed to the northeast for Icy Cape. Finding the ice disappear from the east shore south of Cape Lisburne, the fleet pushed to eastward, following the ice, the main body of which was in latitude 69° 10′, in to the east shore, where they found a clear strip of water running along the land to northeast, and in this water the whalers worked up to a few miles off Icy Cape. Here some of them anchored, being unable to proceed further through the ice lying on Blossom Shoals, the wind at the same time blowing strong from the northeast. The wind moderated, and the ice started off the shoals about the 6th of August. In a few days most of the fleet reached north of Blossom Shoals, and the weather being favorable, they worked up to northeast, making Wainwright Inlet, where they captured a large number of whales, though some more were lost, the ice being very heavy and densely packed; but notwithstanding this, the prospects appeared good, and promised a large season's catch. The ships all anchored or made fast to heavy ground-ice, and whaling was continued smartly for several days, when, about the 11th August, a large number of the boats that had been cruising in the open ice were caught in [illegible] by a shifting wind setting the ice on shore. The wind was from the west, and the ships were compelled to get under way to save themselves from being jammed. They worked inshore under the lee of the ground-ice, and it was only with the utmost difficulty that they succeeded in saving the boats, having to haul them for long distances over the ice, which now set [illegible] on shore; and, to avoid being stove, the ships got into shoal water. On the 13th the ice stopped, having at last grounded, leaving an open space of water along the land up to Point Belcher. The boats now kept off whaling continually, and plenty of whales were heard and seen among the heavy ice, but were inaccessible.

Up to the 25th of August the ships remained [illegible] anchored and tied up to the ice, waiting [illegible] northeaster to open up the ice off [illegible]. On that day a strong northeast gale set in, and the ice opened and went off shore. [illegible] the weather was good, whales plenty [illegible], and so it was considered that the ice was going off permanently, [illegible] got under way and began whaling [illegible].

[illegible] had fine weather and light, variable [illegible] on the 28th, but on the 29th a southwest [illegible], light in the morning, freshened so toward [illegible] that the ice set inshore, and caught some of the ships in the pack, while the rest barely succeeded in retreating inshore ahead of the ice where they anchored in from three to four fathoms of water, the ice still coming in, and [illegible] a packing round the ships. By the strong current which ran to the northeast the large heavy floe ice grounded in the shoal water, and inside of this many of the ships lay, while those which could not get in kept working in, as they found it possible, to prevent staving. Snow and winds from south to northwest, with snow, now visited the devoted vessels, many of which were so close together as not to have room enough to swing clear of each other.

And now a series of disasters began, which culminated in the almost total destruction of the arctic whaling fleet.

On the 2d of September the brig *Comet* was completely crushed in the heavy ice, her crew hardly escaping to the other vessels. The ice, [illegible] began to set on shore heavily, and the open space of water became gradually narrower, and the possibility of the vessels getting out grew less and less. Still the brave mariners cherished strong hopes that a northeast gale would yet open a way for their passage. Indeed, though day after day went without any sign of the ice opening, the brave men were more anxious about the loss of time than their apparent danger—so unwilling were they to believe that the ice would not go off shore, as in all their former experience it had done under similar circumstances.

Nothing, however, could be viewed but ice off shore to the utmost range of vision, and the only clear water to be seen was that inshore, and which had become narrowed to from two hundred yards to half a mile wide, where the ships were lying, some packed in the ice, others in open water extending from Point Belcher to about two or three miles south of Wainwright Inlet. The wind continued from southeast to southwest, always light from southeast, and fresh from southwest, causing the ice to pack more closely together every day.

On the 7th the bark *Roman* had been crushed by the ice. She had been caught while cutting a whale, and had drifted helplessly with the ice so far as Sea-horse Islands, and was there caught between two immense floes of ice, one of them being aground, and the other, a tremendous floe of several miles in length, thundered against the fated vessel from off shore, crushing her to atoms. The officers and crew fortunately escaped over the ice to the other ships, saving hardly any thing but their lives.

These several disasters were alone enough to strike the fleet with consternation, but worse was slowly but surely approaching; and on the 8th the fleet beheld the bark *Awashonks* shattered between the stupendous floe and ground ice, and again received a fugitive crew who had lost their all.

The jeopardy in which they were situated now forced itself upon the gallant mariners; and as the season was rapidly advancing toward its close, and the ice increased daily in the open water, the danger of being frozen in seemed imminent. The masters all met to consult upon the situation, and arrange some means for the rescue of their crews, in the event of its becoming impossible to remove the ships from their pent-up position. The masters concluded to make preparations for the final escape, but indulged in sanguine hopes that the ice would yet open, and obviate the necessity for abandoning the ships which were so dear to them. In the first place, they lightened the brig *Kohola*, to get her over the bar to Wainwright Inlet, on which there was five or six feet of water. Her oil and stores were then landed on the deck of the *Charlotte*, of San Francisco, but the *Kohola* was then found to draw nine feet of water. After taking her down the coast close to the beach, an attempt was made to take her over the shoal water, but unsuccessfully, on account of her draught, and the project had to be given up. Then an expedition of three boats was fitted out and went down the coast, under the command of Captain D. R. Frazer, who succeeded in finding the vessels *Arctic*, *Progress*, *Midas*, *Lagoda*, *Chance*, *Daniel Webster*, and *Europa*, which had kept out of the ice, and he found their masters willing to stay and wait for the crews of the distressed vessels as long as their anchors would hold out.

Indulging in their cherished hope that the ice would yet open and let them out, the masters and crews remained steadfast to the distressed vessels, and Captain Redfield, of the brig *Victoria*, repeated upon his vessel the experiment which had been tried upon the *Kohola*, but without effect.

As on the night of the 9th September the clear water round the ships began to freeze over and the weather became calm, it was deemed well to lose no time in forwarding supplies of provisions to the vessels waiting in the south before the passage by boats was cut off by the ice, and so compel them to travel on the ice to those vessels. The boats were sheathed round the bows to protect them from damage by the ice, which had already accumulated in the open space, and the provisions were sent south. This measure was adopted with much reluctance by the brave-hearted men, because it appeared so much like an ultimate abandonment of their vessels, and that was a thing hard for them even to entertain. Still they knew that in case their ships escaped the destruction then impending, those provisions could be reconveyed to their vessels; and it was this reflection that buoyed them up in their sad task, and they "hoped against hope" to the very last.

After waiting what was to them a long, dreary while, until the 13th September, another meeting of the masters took place, when the painful conclusion was arrived at that in order to save the lives of their crews they would be obliged to abandon their vessels, as it was quite impossible to winter there, the supply of provisions being insufficient for three or four months, which is less than a third of the length of winter in those regions. The masters also concluded that as the ships lay in the open sea, exposed to the weather, the probability was strong that they would all be destroyed by the ice, although they were ready to stay any length of time by their ships that they could exist upon the provisions, if sure of a vessel to take them off in the last extremity. Consider the case as they would, they could not see any prospect of saving the ships if they stood by them, and unless they made their escape while they could do so, starvation and death seemed the only alternative. Accordingly, with heavy hearts, and feelings which none but those who have been similarly situated can describe or realize, all the ships' companies, at the preconcerted signal—colors set at the mast-heads—got ready to leave their vessels on the 14th, and on that day at four P.M. every ship's company had left their vessels and proceeded on their way south, carrying only such provisions and clothing as were positively needful.

During their progress southward they found that the ice had increased to an extent greater than they had imagined, and felt satisfied that, even though they had succeeded in taking the brigs over the bar to Wainwright Inlet, they would never have got them into the clear water to the south. On the night of the 14th they camped on the beach, and at daylight on the 15th they went on their way to Icy Cape, the wind blowing strong from the south. When they came in sight of the waiting ships they were indeed grateful to that Providence which had guided them, and preserved means for their rescue from the frightful perils and hardships through which they had passed. They experienced great difficulty in getting off to the ships, owing to the rugged sea and necessarily deep loading of the boats. The *Arctic*, *Midas*, and *Progress* each lost an anchor in trying to hold on to receive the crews who went on board the seven vessels then standing by for the rescue, as promised to Captain Frazer. The boats were cut adrift, as the crowded state of the ships precluded them from saving one of them. On the 16th September—the last boat's crew having been taken on board—the seven vessels weighed anchor, the wind blowing strong from northwest, and proceeded southwest for Plover Bay, where they touched, and took in water and wood sufficient for the voyage to the Hawaiian Islands. They reached Plover Bay on the 24th, and sailed thence the 25th September for Honolulu.

The distance traveled by the boats after the abandonment, until reaching the rescuing vessels south of Icy Cape, was about seventy miles; the ice to seaward being one compact mass, and the water along the beach being a very narrow strip, for the entire distance very shoal.

AGLAË.

By JUSTIN M'CARTHY.

I hold Fulton Street, New York, to be the most absolutely unpoetic, anti-romantic street known to civilized men. It seems a place where it would be impossible for the "violet of a legend" to blow, for any thing sentimental, or dramatic, or æsthetic to happen, for any adventure to find a scene, except such adventure as the collision of a "stage" with a wagon, or the fall of a cart-horse, or the running down of a stray passenger. Yet there was something which had a little affinity to old romance in the feelings which shot through the heart of George Sternhold one day as, hurrying up Fulton Street, he passed suddenly a pale face and a pair of dark eyes.

He had only had a mere glance at the pale face and the dark eyes, and yet the glance quite overcame him. Surprise, emotion, old memories, came rushing on him. He came to a full stop in the crowded street, and, coming to a full stop, came, of course, into collision with several hurrying wayfarers, who had in no wise counted on his sudden pause. He looked anxiously back through the crowd—and, yes, the owner of the pale face and dark eyes had stopped too, and was looking back after him.

Yet even then he did not hasten toward the girl who had stopped in the crowd. He moved toward her slowly, as one not yet assured whether she was really the person he supposed, or not quite certain what his reception might be if she were.

She stood and waited. She was a handsome girl, with colorless cheeks and slender, shapely form. She was plainly dressed, and her expression was one of sadness. She was looking after Sternhold with a face that spoke of surprise and melancholy.

He came up to her at last, shouldering many people out of his way in order to approach her. As he came near, the lingering doubt which had kept possession of his mind thus far wholly disappeared.

"Aglaë!" he exclaimed. What a name to be spoken in Fulton Street, quite near the market, in the region of boot-shops, hardware stores, and whisky-vaults!

"George!" said the girl, in a sad, strange tone; and then their hands touched mechanically.

"I never expected to meet you here, Aglaë."

"Nor I you, George; else I would not have come here," she added, firmly, although with apparent reluctance, as if unwilling to give him pain.

"No," he said, with some bitterness, "you need not tell me that. Now that we have met we may speak a few words to each other. Where were you going?"

"I was crossing to Brooklyn."

"May I go across with you? We can exchange a few words on the boat. Do you object?" he asked, impatiently.

"Oh no, I don't object."

He turned, and they walked in silence to the ferry. They went on board the boat, and walked out to the forepart of it. It was not a time of day when the boats are overcrowded, and the two were left nearly alone.

"Aglaë, how did you come here? Why did you come? How long have you been here?" He poured out these questions almost vehemently.

"George, why did you come here, and how long have you been here? Did we not promise each other that an ocean should always be between us, and did you not say that you would never return to America?"

"Yes; but did you not say you were going to Australia?"

"I did go to Australia."

"And you came here?"

"I came here, yes, because the kind people to whom I owe my means of living, and who have always sheltered me, came here. I could not leave them. I have to earn my bread, George."

"Of course, of course. Need you tell me that? You would not allow me to help you."

She shook her head.

"*I* came here," he said, "because I could not help it, I suppose. Why does a ghost come back and haunt dismal old ruins, where no one who ever knew him, or cared a straw for him in the flesh, still lingers? I came here because I was sick and weary of knocking about Europe, a lonely and miserable wretch. No matter; I shall go away again. I shall go back to Europe—or to Australia, perhaps."

The boat was approaching the Brooklyn shore.

"I expect some friends to meet me," Aglaë said, timidly, but with significance.

"Very well; then, of course, I shall go with you no farther. But I want to see you again, and to speak with you, Aglaë. No; I will listen to no denial. I have a right to speak with you, since we have met. Where can I see you?"

"Can our meeting do any good, George?"

"I don't care. Let it do good or evil, I must speak with you again."

"Well, then," she said, slowly, "near Madison Square. I will walk in the square to-morrow at two o'clock, and meet you there—for once."

Then they parted. Tears were actually bursting from her eyes as she allowed her hand to rest a moment in his. George Sternhold entered the boat to return to New York, and became absorbed in thought.

"I have always," he said to himself, "laughed at people who talked in high-flown words of destiny and fate and such fancies. Yet might not one believe in an inexorable and capricious destiny if he knew that the very first week of my return to New York I should have met her, whom I believed to be away in Australia, she having every reason to believe me away in Europe? Well, I must go away again. I must not stay to interfere with her. Poor girl—poor Aglaë! And yet she seems calmer and happier than I am. Why should she not be? She is the victim, not the criminal. To-day she came on me, with her dark, melancholy eyes, like a haunting ghost."

The young man was soon back again in crowded Fulton Street, through which he carried the light of passion and disappointment and romance, even as Diogenes carried his lantern through the streets of Athens, only that Diogenes wished his lamp to be seen, and ostentatiously showed it; whereas George Sternhold would have concealed his from his closest friend, or his brother, if he had one.

Sternhold had no father or mother, sister or brother, living. He came from one of the Western States, his father being of German extraction. He had some money, and had long lived a wandering life. Now he had only just returned to New York; and it was in New York that he had first met Aglaë.

He spent a restless evening and night, and a restless forenoon next day. He dressed somewhat carefully, however, for his walk in Madison Square. He was first on the ground; but it was not long before he saw Aglaë approaching him. A sudden pang shot through him as he observed how thin her face was, and how poorly she was dressed. The diamond ring or the diamond pin he wore would have bought all her clothes many times over.

They shook hands again, and walked side by side for a while without speaking. At last Aglaë broke the silence:

"You wished to speak to me, George?"

"I wished to know how you are living, Aglaë, and if you are happy, and—and what you wish me to do."

"I am living with the same family who were so kind to me, and took me with them when—when I wanted a home. I am as happy as I could expect or ask to be, and I do not ask you to do any thing except what you know is necessary, except to avoid me. I do not want you to leave New York, George; I have no wish to drive you from your home. It was you, and not I, who insisted that an ocean must always lie between us."

"You are very good, Aglaë—your heart was always good."

She glanced up to him wistfully.

"But I am going away again," he continued, in an excited tone. "I ought not to stay, you know. I should only be interfering with you, and marring your projects and your way of life, and making you unhappy; and so I must go. I was wholly wrong, Aglaë—"

She made a slight gesture, as if she were about to protest, but he hurried on, overwhelming her intended interruption—

"I was wholly wrong, but that is no reason why I should make you unhappy. So I am going away to-morrow, unless, Aglaë, unless you have overcome your scruples, and will take steps to set yourself wholly free. It can be done, and, to any sacrifice to myself, it shall be done, if you desire it, and I think you may fairly and rightly desire it."

"I think I do desire it, George" (she brought the words out with a tremor and a great choking gulp). "I think it would be best for both of us—for you much more than for me."

"Then it has really come to this!" the young man broke in, with a look of bitter anger.

"Better it came to this, George—the sooner the better. We made a great mistake. Once I thought we could not repair it, and that we ought not to try. But I have lately come to think differently. You are quite too young to be doomed to this sort of life any more."

"And you, Aglaë, you feel, I suppose, that you ought not to be doomed to it any longer. Is not that the reason for your change of purpose?"

She glanced to him sadly and reproachfully, and was about to make some answer, when the dialogue was suddenly broken in upon by a lady and gentleman who were crossing the square, and who came to a full stop on seeing them. The lady was a handsome woman of middle age or more; the gentleman was handsome and young. The resemblance his eyes and features bore to her would have settled their relationship at once in the mind of any one blessed with the faculty of observation.

"George Sternhold, I do declare!" exclaimed the lady, holding out both hands to the young man she named. "Why, you roving creature,

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I thought you were thousands of miles away! When did you come back? This is my son. I believe you never met him before. He has only just come home from Egypt. And how on earth did you come to know my dear young friend Aglaë Roden?"

This lady, Mrs. Denbigh by name, was one of George's best and oldest friends, and had been a school-fellow of his mother's, whom she dearly loved. She was now, it seemed, an intimate friend of the Thurston family—the family with whom Aglaë lived. Her son and Aglaë were well acquainted already, it would appear; and when Mrs. Denbigh took George's arm and began to pour out inquiries as to his past, present, and future, Aglaë and young Theodore Denbigh fell behind and talked in a low tone. Through all the animated, eager, kindly questionings of Mrs. Denbigh George strained his sense of hearing and his attention to the utmost, in the hope that some of the words which were passing between Aglaë and the young man might reach him. His efforts were all in vain; he could hear nothing.

"Now I can't let you off, George," said the kindly lady, as she prepared to leave him, "until you promise to come and dine with me to-day. Aglaë Roden is coming; and, of course, my son will be there; and no one else. So we can talk over your affairs, and learn what you are going to do with yourself for the future. You know the house pretty well already—it is the old house. We have not changed, although fashion is moving farther and farther up town every day. You will come?"

Aglaë cast a pleading glance at George, as if to beg of him not to come. It only needed this to determine him. He went, and dined with his friend, his friend's son, and Aglaë. They had, apparently, a very delightful evening. Aglaë sang, and Theodore Denbigh turned the leaves of her music for her; while George, who could not sing, talked apart with his hostess, and tried in vain to keep his anxious eyes from wandering to the piano. Once Aglaë and Theodore sang a duet.

"How charmingly their voices blend!" said Mrs. Denbigh.

"Delightfully," said George, grimly.

"Don't you like my son, George? I do so want you to like him very much, and to be his friend. I think him a splendid young fellow."

"Do you, really?" asked George, not knowing what he was saying.

"Do I really? Why, of course I do. Don't you? Doesn't every body?"

"Aglaë does, I suppose—I mean Miss Roden," murmured George.

"Of course she does. How could any girl help thinking it? Is she not a sweet, good girl? She ought to get married soon; and oh, I do so hope she will find some man worthy of her, capable of appreciating her! I don't believe there are a dozen young men in New York fit to receive the gift of such a heart. How did you come to know her, George? You never told me."

So the evening wore away; and George walked home, and Aglaë was sent home in the carriage. George had not a chance of exchanging a word with her unheard. But he sat down that very night and wrote her a few lines of a letter, which he sent to her next day. This was the letter:

"I am not blind, Aglaë, and I understand why you should wish to be free. You shall be free. I will at once begin to take the proper steps. I do not blame you, and I only ask you to forgive me. George."

In a few hours he received the following answer:

"You are blind, George; but do as you will. Only give me a little time to think. I want to be certain whether I ought not first to tell all to my dear and kind friends. Do nothing, then, I beseech of you, for just two weeks. My mind is bewildered, and I can not think calmly of any thing now. Forgive you? Oh, surely you ought to know—Heaven knows—how truly and entirely I forgive you. Aglaë."

George passed a whole hour, now reading this letter over and over, and then covering his face with his hands and thinking. Then he went out and called, first on Mrs. Denbigh and next on the Thurstons, eagerly hoping that he might see Aglaë. But he did not see her.

From that time he haunted every place where she could be seen. He courted the intimacy of the Thurstons, who were always very glad to welcome him, and he dined with them constantly. There he met Aglaë often; and there, too, he often met young Theodore Denbigh, who hung after the girl as if he were her shadow, and would not be repelled, although she plainly discouraged and tried to avoid him now. Every body could see whither that handsome youth's destiny was leading him; and George Sternhold heard a good deal said about the subject, which it was a bitter trial to bear.

"I am delighted at it," said Mrs. Thurston to him one evening. "He is a fine young fellow, and she is the best girl in the world. She is very poor; his mother is rich, has no other child, and is only too willing that her fortune shall make him happy with any woman he loves."

"Then she will marry him, you think?" asked George between his teeth.

"Marry him—marry Theodore Denbigh? Why, of course she will. What girl could desire any thing better?"

"True," said George, with a spasmodic smile and a bitter heart-pang. "Of course; you are quite right."

Mrs. Thurston looked wonderingly, keenly at him, and changed the conversation.

Next day George said to himself, "I can bear this no longer. I must see her alone and speak with her."

So he went to Mrs. Thurston's and asked, not for any of the family, but for Miss Roden. He sent up his card, and waited in the reception-room, his heart beating wildly, and his lips quivering. Presently he saw Theodore Denbigh come down stairs, pass the door of the reception-room, and leave the house. George ran to the window and looked after him. Denbigh's face wore a crimson flush, and he appeared to be deeply agitated.

Presently a servant came down and brought Miss Roden's compliments, and her regrets that she was not well enough that day to receive Mr. Sternhold.

George went home, convulsed with anger and disappointment, and wrote three successive letters—one full of bitter reproaches, one of pathetic, passionate appeal, and one of cold and studied politeness and formality. Each was addressed to Aglaë, but each in turn he had the good sense to tear up after reading it over.

Next day he received a few lines from Mrs. Denbigh begging of him to come at once and see her. He went to her house immediately. Mrs. Denbigh was alone, very much agitated, apparently, and with eyes that had hardly yet ceased from tears.

"Oh, George, I am so glad you have come! I am in trouble to-day; we are all in trouble. My poor, dear, darling Theodore had set his whole heart and soul on marrying Aglaë Roden, and I so wished it, too; and the poor boy has poured out his love to her, and she has rejected him, and he is in despair."

A ghastly tremor passed over George's face. He tried once or twice to speak, and could not. At last he got out some hard and toneless words.

"Perhaps she will relent; perhaps she only wants a little time. Tell Theodore he has only to wait."

"Ah, no! I have been to her to-day. I have reasoned with her, pleaded for him, begged of her. She says she can not marry him; and I have sent for you, George, because, when I insisted on knowing the reason why, she bade me ask you, and said you could tell me."

George started to his feet.

"What does all this mean, George Sternhold? Have you been deceiving me? You knew of my poor boy's love for this girl—have you been secretly trying to supplant him? For shame, if you have, treacherous friend! Come, speak out and tell me. Have you been making love to this woman? Is she in love with you?"

"No," he replied, sternly; "she is not in love with me, and I have not been making love to her—lately. If any one has been humiliated and wronged in all this, I have been. Aglaë is not in love with me, Mrs. Denbigh, but she is none the less my wife! We were privately married at Bonn fifteen months ago, and we separated soon after, no matter for what. She has refused your son only because she is still my wife. I am about to set her free by means of a divorce, which can be had easily enough, God knows, by the accursed laws of some of our States. It is only a question of time. Let your son wait. When she is rid of me she will doubtless marry him, if he will. And he may, for, as sure as Heaven, there is no spot or stain on her. I, who was not worthy of her, and whom she justly casts away, must, in common justice and decency, say as much of her. Even though she has been my wife, she is pure and good enough for your son, or for the best man that ever lived!"

Mrs. Denbigh listened, amazed, bewildered, to the passionate utterances of the excited young man. She forgot her own distress and that of her son in the presence of the wild agony which was marked in the face and echoed in the voice of poor George Sternhold.

"George, my dear boy," she said at last; "dear son of my best and oldest friend, this is a strange, sad story. I will not ask you to tell me the whole of it, or any more of it now; but I have something to tell you. Do nothing rashly; and if you love your wife, as I think you do, go to her and tell her so. For if I know any thing whatever of a woman's feelings, Aglaë loves you dearly, George, to-day."

Some two years before this time it was that George Sternhold first saw Aglaë Roden. She was then a poor orphan girl trying to teach her way into a living. And the task was the more bitter to her because she had never been prepared for it. Her father was a merchant engaged in the Greek trade, and at one time very flourishing; her mother, who had long been dead, was a Greek. Mr. Roden lived for many years in splendid style, then got into difficulties, then tried more audacious and reckless speculation, then broke into enterprises which might be called criminal, then was exposed and disgraced, and killed himself. George Sternhold pitied and loved Aglaë; but his mother was alive; he was wholly dependent on her, and he did not venture to tell her of his love for the daughter of the disgraced merchant, who had first ruined and then killed himself. Aglaë was offered an engagement to teach at a school in Bonn, on the Rhine, and went there; and George, traveling in Europe soon after, found her out, and renewed his love-suit, and easily won her whole heart, and at last persuaded her to marry him privately. Some mad whim made him absurdly jealous of her, utterly without cause, as he soon found out. This was within a month after their marriage, and he loaded her with insane reproaches, taunted her with having drawn him into a marriage, flung himself into open and reckless dissipation; and then recovering his reason, knowing how utterly he had wronged and misunderstood his wife, despairing of forgiveness, and believing himself unworthy even to touch her hand, he went to her and told her they must separate. If he had but asked for her forgiveness! If he had but said a word of love! She was only too anxious to forget all and forgive all. But he looked on himself and his offenses with pitiless eyes; believed himself lost beyond reparation; persuaded himself that the only atonement he could make to her was to leave her. And so they parted. Her marriage had been kept a complete secret. She had always retained her own name. And when George left her, those who had observed their intimacy only supposed that two lovers had quarreled and parted. It so happened that the Thurston family—New York people, engaged in commerce in Australia—made the acquaintance of Aglaë at Bonn, and offered to take her with them to Melbourne. She welcomed a change that seemed to bear her quite away forever from all her old life; and she left Europe, while George declared that he would return no more to America. After his mother's sudden death, however, he changed his mind. He wandered back, penniless and sad, to New York, and there the first week of his arrival he came face to face with Aglaë.

Long and earnestly Mrs. Denbigh talked with Sternhold the day he made his avowal to her. The true-hearted woman thought little for the moment even of her son's disappointment in her earnest wish to bring the sundered pair together.

"Shall I go to her and plead for you, George, my dear?" asked she at last.

"No, Mrs. Denbigh," the young man replied, firmly; "though I thank you for the good-will. I owe it to her to plead to her myself, and ask her for pardon and love. Even if she still casts me off, I shall always love her."

"She will not cast you off," Mrs. Denbigh said, decisively. "She loves you, and only longs to throw herself into your arms."

And so it proved. Aglaë needed no pleading. When he told her he loved her, that was enough for her. She poured out upon him a tender love which never had changed. They were publicly married in New York, and are happy; and perhaps in time poor Theodore Denbigh will get over his disappointment, and fall in love with some one who can give him a heart, which Aglaë Sternhold had not to give.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

The disastrous effects of a panic are strikingly exemplified in the terrible and fatal accident which recently occurred in the African Baptist Church at Louisville, Kentucky. Between six and seven hundred persons were gathered at the Sunday evening service. The sermon was concluded, and the congregation were about to unite in singing a familiar hymn, when a peculiar crashing, crackling sound was heard. Though the audience were startled, all might have been well had not some thoughtless person, crying out that the church was falling, rushed for the door. The panic that followed was fearful. The narrow stairways were instantly crowded with a struggling, shrieking, surging mass; the weak were trampled down by the strong, eager to escape from some unknown danger; the frenzied people fought their way to the door, or tore out the windows and jumped to the ground. In vain the pastor and a few others, who retained their presence of mind, sought to quell the tumult. When, at length, the frantic mass were without the building eleven dead bodies lay in and near the vestibule—nine women and two children, nearly all apparently suffocated. Several others were severely injured, and over seventy-five more or less bruised. An examination of the building showed that one of the pillars which supported the floor had fallen from its place, and caused the floor to sway down about two inches. The floor in that part of the house was very loose and shaky, but as the other pillars remained firm, it does not seem probable that even the weight of the great crowd in the church at the time would have caused it to give way, and if the congregation had remained seated, or dispersed quietly, not a single one would have been injured.

The Czar of all the Russias cares little for outward pomp: he is a man of remarkable simplicity in all his modes of life. He wanders through the crowded streets of St. Petersburg alone; and in the country, if accompanied at all, goes out generally with some member of his family. He often drives himself, there being neither outriders nor guards.

It is comforting to know that our new territory, Alaska, has other uses than the producing of seals and icebergs. The quality of coal mined in Alaska is said to be excellent, and the beds almost inexhaustible. These coal beds are found near the sea-coast, and also on adjacent islands. It is believed that when arrangements are perfected coal can be delivered in San Francisco at a cost of less than six dollars a ton. The value of accessible coal mines on the Pacific coast will be very great.

The friends of religious liberty may draw encouragement from the result of the efforts of the Evangelical Alliance to obtain from the Emperor of Russia a greater degree of religious toleration in the Baltic provinces. The American delegation was most courteously treated by Prince Gortschakoff, the representative of the czar. At the close of the interview Dr. Schaff, in behalf of the deputation, asked the prince whether they might expect a written reply, and whether he had any objection to their giving publicity to the views expressed by him on this occasion. To this he replied: "I am now seventy-three years old, and have learned by long experience that much writing is apt to prevent acting. I put to paper as little as possible. But you are of perfect liberty to publish the proceedings of this interview; and," he added, with some emphasis, pressing the hand of the deputy, "I authorize you to inform the world that the emperor and myself are in full sympathy with religious liberty, and shall do all in our power to promote it."

A Baltimore court has just rendered a decision by which negroes are allowed to ride in the street cars of that city.

One of the latest patented machines in London is for splitting beans. Coffee-dealers purchase it.

The book-trade of Chicago was enormous—about five millions of dollars annually—and included every department of the business. The finest group of book-stores in the world was the marble block destroyed in Chicago.

The following incident—which comes to us from a private source—illustrates the spirit of many of the carmen during the fatal fire in Chicago. A law publisher, finding that his stereotype plates were in danger, succeeded in getting them out upon the sidewalk. There were about two cart-loads. He offered a carman five hundred dollars a load to take them to a place of safety. The publisher's name was well known, and he was perfectly good for the amount promised. But the carman refused to take them unless the money was paid down at the time; and as the publisher did not carry thousand-dollar bills in his pocket, the plates melted on the sidewalk.

A Southern paper having discussed the question propounded by a New York paper, "Shall the next President of the United States be a woman?" concludes as follows: "We nominate Powers's 'Greek Slave.' She has three of the qualifications, at least—a marble brow, a finely chiseled nose, and a silent tongue."

Some weeks ago Colonel Downing, chief of the Cherokee nation, married a wealthy and cultivated lady of Philadelphia. There is some romance connected with this royal marriage. Several years ago the lady met the handsome chief—then a married man—in the Quaker City, and became deeply interested in him and his distant people. With the resolution of devoting her life and wealth to the advancement of the Cherokees, she removed to Tahlequah, where she has since been active in promoting the religious and educational welfare of the nation. Some years ago she adopted young Lewis Downing, son of the chief, a bright and promising boy, and has since watched over his training and education with more than motherly care. A year ago she built, ostensibly for him, an elegant residence overlooking the beautiful village, and furnished it with artistic taste. A few months since occurred the death of Mrs. Downing, a full-blood Cherokee; and now the chief has led to the altar his old admirer.

A more unpropitious season for working the Louisiana sugar crop has not been encountered, it is alleged, for many years. The prospect is gloomy for sugar-planters in that section, and for the large interests involved with, and depending upon, their industry.

Pius IX., it is said, refuses to emerge from his gloomy retirement in the Vatican. He has been told that his life is not safe if he appears in the streets of Rome, and he has lent a credulous ear to these absurd tales. It is becoming more and more difficult to see the art treasures of his great palace. Visitors to Rome are now often unable to gain admittance to the museum of statuary, which is open only once a week, and then only for a few hours; and access to the paintings of the Vatican is becoming next to impossible.

A Texas exchange relates a story of a party of surveyors who stopped one night at a log-cabin on the Brazos. Their hostess invited them to supper. Being seated at the table, she asked them to state if they would have sugar in their coffee.

"Yes," they replied.

"Make mine very sweet," said one.

"And mine too," said another.

The lady smilingly acknowledged the wishes of each of her guests, and proceeded to pour out the coffee. Suddenly stopping, she looked gravely around the table, and said,

"*But, gentlemen, I haven't got a bit of sugar.*"

It is needless to say they took coffee without sweetening.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

A verdant man from the country, not walking with a young lady, racked his brains for some interesting topic of conversation to amuse her with, but in vain; he could hit upon nothing until they met several cows, when the swain said, with much simplicity of manner, "Now isn't it strange what a motherly appearance a cow has?" To which the lady replied, "I do not think it strange, Sir, that a cow should have a motherly appearance to a calf."

A good-natured traveler fell asleep in a train, and was carried far beyond his destination. "A pretty good joke this, isn't it?" said he to a fellow-passenger. "Yes, but a little too far-fetched," was the rejoinder.

Why is a pig like a miser?—Because he is no good until he is dead.

"Don't you think my son resembles me?" asked an apothecary, as he introduced his gawky-faced boy to the witty Dr. H——. "Yes," replied the doctor, proceeding to scan the physiognomy of each—"yes, I think I see your lineaments in his countenance."

Bald-headed men take a joke more easily than others, because they are not at the trouble of getting it through the hair.

An Episcopal clergyman, who rather likes a joke, was engaged to read the service for a brother minister, and was hurrying to church, a little behind time, one Sunday morning. A friend, struck by his earnest speed, inquired, "Sir, why so fast?" "In order," said he, "that he who runs may read."

Song of the Oyster—"Keep on in my little bed."

"Autumn," says a writer, "is the time to read big books, because that season turns the leaves."

Fee Simple—Money given to a quack doctor.

Why is the crow a brave bird?—Because he never shows the white feather.

It stands to reason that a pawnbroker is of an inquiring turn of mind because he wants to know the name and address of every body.

An exchange has discovered that more married than single persons get divorced. It must have taken hard study to make that discovery.

Press Cuts—Newspaper attacks.

"Mother, this book tells about the angry waves of the ocean. Now what makes the ocean get angry?" "Because it has been crossed so often, my son."

A California editor has bought a mule, and a brother editor chronicles it as a remarkable instance of self-possession.

A lady had her dress trimmed with "bugles" before going to a ball. Her little daughter wanted to know if the bugles would blow when she danced. "Oh, no," said mother, "papa will do that when he sees the bill."

An outside passenger by a coach had his hat blown over a bridge, and carried away by the stream. "Is it not very singular," said he to a gentleman who was seated beside him, "that the hat took that direction?" "Not at all," replied the latter; "it is natural that a beaver should take to the water."

Why is a man searching for the philosopher's stone like Neptune?—Because he is a sea-king [illegible] never did exist.

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KILLING THE TURKEYS.

DRIVING TURKEYS TO THE PICKING-HOUSE.

THE PICKING-HOUSE.

BUYING THE TURKEYS.

OUR THANKSGIVING BIRD.—From Sketches by Theo. R. Davis.—[See Page 1133.]

THE WESTERN FIRES.

We give on this page another illustration of the terrible fire which raged through the Western forests a few weeks ago, of which we have already presented our readers with several graphic sketches. This picture gives an idea of the vast extent of the conflagration, as well as the force and fury with which it swept over miles and miles of woodland and prairie. The loss of life and property can even yet be only vaguely estimated. A lady, writing from Green Bay, Wisconsin, the sad story of Peshtigo, mentions that one family from Richmond, Maine, were all swept away, except one daughter who happened to be at Green Bay. Of another family from Connecticut only one child is left. There were in Peshtigo four families named Newoney, numbering twenty persons, and of them all only one child lives; all the others perished.

The lady writes that all surviving sufferers agree in one statement—namely, that this was no ordinary fire; that almost instantaneously there seemed to be a perfect rain of fire, from which escape was almost impossible, the sparks falling thick and fast as drifting snow. One man will tell you that, seeing falling sparks, he thought he would wet the roof of his house. Suddenly, with a fearful rush and roar, there passed just over his head, so closely that he shrank from it in mortal terror, a cloud of midnight blackness, about as large round as a hogshead, and perhaps twenty feet in length, rolling over and over with whirlwind velocity. When a few yards away it burst, like the bursting of a shell, and the very air seemed all aflame. He hurried his family out of the house and toward the river; not a moment to spare—every thing was on fire in an instant, and no breathing-time was allowed the panting fugitives.

OUR THANKSGIVING BIRD.

The immediate vicinity of Newtown, Fairfield County, Connecticut is chiefly peopled by persons interested in the turkey crop. The choicest birds sent to the New York markets are from this point.

The turkey is not successfully raised in great numbers. A small flock well fed, and permitted to rove among hill and forest, will bring to its owner more profit than a large flock confined and fed upon corn and kitchen refuse. The largest dealers do not raise large flocks themselves. They make it a point to produce fine birds rather than great numbers. Each dealer has suitable houses for picking, and ice-houses for keeping or shipping the poultry, which is collected from the small farmers of the neighborhood. Our sketches are of Mr. E. M. Peck's poultry-house, and give an excellent idea of the modus operandi in any of the establishments. Mr. Peck scours the country, buying only the choice turkeys, paying (live weight) from twelve to fifteen cents per pound. The turkeys are carried to his farm in a wagon, fed for a few days, and then driven to the pen which adjoins the picking-house. Here they are fed a light provender of corn meal, to reduce the "crop," and make the bird shapely for market. The turkey butcher takes the birds from this pen, three at a time, places his foot upon their legs, and makes a small cut in the large vein of the neck. This produces almost instant death; at the same time it permits the bird to bleed freely, which poultry-men say is necessary to secure fine meat. The birds are then taken into the house, when the feathers are picked from the legs (as the skin of the "drumstick" is too tender to be "scald-picked"). The next move is to immerse the bird in water kept nearly at the boiling-point, after

THE FOREST FIRES IN THE WEST.

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which it is passed to a table, where, for a cent and a half per bird, women remove the feathers. A skillful picker will dispose of seventy-five turkeys per day. The poultry is next arranged upon shelves to cool slowly, then packed in large boxes (with ice, if the weather is too warm), and shipped to New York. A single shipment of fifteen tons has been made at once, and, during a single week, Mr. E. M. Pease has slaughtered thirteen hundred birds, averaging fourteen pounds in weight each, making nearly a ton of turkey meat.

Connecticut is *par excellence* the turkey State of the Union; Rhode Island follows, and next comes New York. Some of the finest turkeys sent to this market are the frozen turkeys from Vermont. These do not come in until spring, and command a high price, on account of their fine quality.

The extent of the poultry trade in New York is but little known. One of our leading houses, that of E. & A. Houseys, disposes of upward of 50,000 turkeys during the season, and others sell from 18,000 to 20,000 each, making an aggregate of nearly 2,000,000 pounds of turkey gobbled by Gothamites every season.

EXAMPLE FOR THE LADIES.

Mrs. E. E. Norton, Newcastle, Pa., has used her Wheeler & Wilson Machine almost constantly since 1863; has earned and made the clothing of her family (nine children) with it, earning $2 50 a day the year round, besides attending to her household duties; has done every description of sewing, even to piecing quilts; has made three fine shirts a day, or three pairs of pantaloons in a day; and used the same needle a year at a time; and the machine now is as good as new.—[Com.]

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Let the bald and gray use Hall's Vegetable Sicilian Hair Renewer if they desire as good a head of hair as in youth.—[Com.]

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E. M. Boynton, 78 Beekman St., New York.—Sirs, This certifies that I saw the Lightning Cross-Cut Saw worked by hand, by two men, Nov. 2, at this Fair. Said men and saw cut off a round 8 x 8 inch chestnut log in 6½ seconds, and 16 cuts of same, continuously, in 2 minutes and 18 seconds, or at a rate of a cord of wood in less than nine minutes. I am satisfied that, for all purposes of cross-cutting large and small timber, your cross-cuts and wood saws have no rival in speed, ease, and simplicity.

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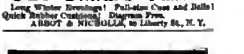

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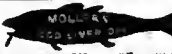

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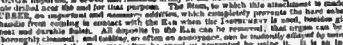

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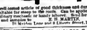

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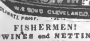

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Vol. XV.—No. 789.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 9, 1871. [WITH A SUPPLEMENT. PRICE TEN CENTS.

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THE GRAND DUKE ALEXIS.

As mentioned in the last number of the *Weekly*, the Grand Duke Alexis arrived at this port on the night of November 19. The following day being the Sabbath, and Monday proving stormy and boisterous, the landing and reception took place on Tuesday, November 21.

The day was clear and resplendent, more like the middle of October than of November, and at an early hour the streets through which the grand procession was to pass were filled with eager crowds. Every available point was occupied, on the sidewalks, in the windows, and on the steps and porches of shops and private houses. Many thousands of people must have kept their feet for hours for the pleasure of seeing a rather handsome young man in uniform ride by in a carriage. They were not impelled, however, solely by that common curiosity which makes people all over the world run after royalty. The welcome was not so much to the Prince himself as to the representative of a power which, however separated from us by form of government, has always been our firm and steadfast ally. Americans will never forget that she stood our friend at a time when she might have joined hands with European powers that were eager for the destruction of the republic, and by her firmness held the others in check.

On this and another page our artists have pictured for us some of the most interesting incidents of the landing and the reception of the Grand Duke: the departure from the Russian frigate *Svetlana*, the reception on board the *Mary Powell*, and the scene at the grand stand at Union Square.

The reception on board the steamer *Mary Powell*, which had been chartered for the occasion, was interesting and impressive. The steamer left the foot of Vestry Street, North River, at twelve o'clock, noon, and steamed down toward the American and Russian war vessels lying off the Battery. On board were the Russian Minister Catacazy, the Reception Committee, and a large number of invited guests. On coming alongside of the United States frigate *Congress*, she received on board Vice-Admiral Rowan and several other naval officers of high rank and distinction. A barge from the *Svetlana* then came alongside to conduct Minister Catacazy and suit on board that vessel. The minister ascended the gangway of the *Svetlana*, and informed the Grand Duke that the Reception Committee awaited him on the steamer. The Grand Duke, attired in full-dress black uniform, and wearing the Imperial Cross of the Royal French and the medal of his regiment, descended into the barge in company with Vice-Admiral Possiet, Captain Kremer, Captain Schilling, Minister Catacazy, and suit. The boat approached the starboard ladder of the *Mary Powell*, and the members of the Executive Committee, headed by W. H. Aspinwall, General M'Dowell, and Vice-Admiral Rowan, stood ready to receive his Imperial Highness. The entire Reception Committee were arranged in double column through the lower saloon, up the stairway, and into the centre of the after-part of the upper cabin. The Grand Duke stepped lightly up the ladder, hat in hand, and took the arm of Wm. H. Aspinwall. Minister Catacazy followed, accepting the same courtesy from General M'Dowell; and Vice-Admiral Possiet came next, leaning on the arm of Vice-Admiral Rowan. The suit and personal attendants of the Duke followed. The party ascended the stairway and halted in the centre of the open space reserved for the ceremony of the reception. Major-General Dix then greeted the Grand Duke, and made an appropriate and cordial speech of welcome, to which the Prince appeared to listen with great interest. He replied in English as follows:

"General Dix, ladies and gentlemen: I beg to express my warmest thanks for the kind feelings to which, on behalf of the people of this great city, you have given expression. They prove that the bonds which exist between Russia and the United States are as strong as they are lasting, and that nothing can sever them. I shall only pass rapidly through New York at present, my first wish being to pay my respects to the President at Washington, whose high character is greatly appreciated by the people of Russia; but on my return to New York I shall have great pleasure in accepting the kind hospitality which has been so generously expressed. Ladies and gentlemen, I heartily thank you."

The Prince spoke fluently, and with only a slight foreign accent. At the conclusion of his address he stepped forward and offered his hand to General Dix, after which the general introductions began, the Grand Duke bowing to each lady and gentleman as they were presented. After some time passed in this manner, during which the steamer made the circuit of the bay, the Grand Duke and suit, Vice-Admiral Possiet, Minister Catacazy and suit, together with all the officers of the United States Reception Fleet, were conducted to the dining-room, where lunch was served. The steamer meanwhile steamed slowly toward pier No. 1 North River, where the landing was to take place, as described on another page.

RECEPTION OF THE GRAND DUKE ALEXIS ON BOARD THE "MARY POWELL."—[Drawn by C. S. Reinhart.]

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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

Saturday, December 9, 1871.

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☞ In the Eight-page SUPPLEMENT sent out gratuitously with this Number of Harper's Weekly the reader will find another very interesting page of Russian Sketches; a very characteristic illustration, appropriate to the season, entitled

Thanksgiving Dinner in a New England Farm-House;

a street scene in New York; an illustrated Story; and other artistic and literary attractions.

ALEXIS AND HIS WELCOME.

One of the accounts of the reception of the Russian Prince in New York stated that "Alexis certainly received such an ovation as no man on earth ever received before from New Yankers between the Battery and Union Square." That is strong language, for New Yankers have heretofore offered a similar "ovation" to the Japanese Tommy and the Prince of Wales, and it seemed as if we had exhausted all the resources of parading all the soldiers, and packing the windows and house-tops and street lanterns with spectators, and shouting until we could shout no more in honor of the hero of the hour. Certainly nobody grudges the handsome young Russian his enthusiastic welcome, under the stress of which, according to the report, he bore himself with good-humored dignity. There was, of course, in itself something very comical in the eager interest of a great city and country in a youth of whom nothing whatever can be said but that he is an emperor's son; and it was very natural to say that Yankees love a lord. But the truth is, that such an excitement for such a cause is not so insignificant as it appears to those whom it affects with impatience and contempt.

If any body, for instance, were disposed to sneer at the affair as illustrating the essential snobbery of a vulgar society, the ludicrous climax of the reception, namely, the introduction of Mr Jim Fisk to the Prince, should have restored entire good humor. That, of course, turned the idea of social exclusiveness into utter ridicule. It may have vaguely occurred to the more solemn gentlemen of the committee that there was something inexpressibly absurd in elaborate preparations, and a long procession under chiming bells and waving flags, and amidst shouting and rejoicing throngs, to end in a presentation of Mr. Jim Fisk. But Fate kindly provides those reliefs. "The best families," of which the reporters respectfully spoke, the select society admitted by cards to certain front seats in the proceedings, were thus drolly brought to grief by the anticlimax. Certainly nobody should be troubled by the social aspect of the reception, which, with its culmination, nobody can think of without inextinguishable laughter.

Nor is the interest in the arrival of the Prince to be explained as a tribute to an ancient ally and friend. Russia was friendly to us during the war, but it was not the kind of friendship that inspires popular enthusiasm; and our relations with the country are too remote to give Russia any more hold of the popular heart than Japan. The affair is very simple, and has very little to do with the Prince. Nobody need draw conclusions from it unfavorable to our national character or manners. If it had been a Crim Tartar, or a king of the Cannibal Islands, or a white elephant, the excitement would have been precisely the same. It was the chance of a holiday spectacle that gathered the people—a spectacle of which they themselves were the chief part. The event had been so carefully "written up," the preparations had been so elaborate, and the mere delay of the fleet had so excited public attention, that the rest was inevitable. It was not snobbery, nor honor to our ally, nor interest in the Prince: it was the opportunity of a holiday that filled the streets; and as enthusiasm is contagious, the Prince's welcome was what Grant's, or Sherman's, or some other real hero's might have been, after a great war or a great debate, in which a country had been saved and civilization advanced.

And now that the public reception has passed, however foolish private society may be, it can not be more foolish than that to which the young man is accustomed. Let nobody be troubled. He will find among us ladies as lovely and well-bred as he ever saw, partners in the dance as graceful as he ever knew. At dinners he will drink wine as delicate, and eat food as exquisitely cooked, as in any country where the host did not begin life as a boy sweeping out an office, nor the hostess her housekeeping by being her own maid-of-all-work. The feeling which is flattered to be near him because he is a prince, is precisely the feeling which speaks of "our best families." It is the dear old soul of the snob which is universal, and which, when there is no prince, is happy with rich and fashionable people. It is not because we love a lord, but because we like to enjoy ourselves, that we welcome the Russian with such enthusiasm.

THE ENGLISH QUEEN AND THE REPUBLICANS.

The speech of Sir Charles Dilke at Newcastle-on-Tyne, in England, and the constant reports of meetings at which the Queen is freely criticised, are signs too significant to be disregarded. The remarks of the English press upon the speech show that it is not thought to be unimportant. Those, however, who say that Sir Charles is not to be confounded with Bradlaugh and Beale forget that it is because of those men that he speaks. That is to say, the feeling which they represent among the working classes has become so general that Sir Charles is sure of an immense popular support when he ventures upon a strain so contemptuous of monarchy. Mr. Bagehot, in his work upon the English Constitution, says that the monarchy is intrenched in popular superstition. It is surrounded by a glamour, and the mass of the people imagine the monarch to be a mystic personage crowned and clad in ermine and purple, holding a sceptre, and governing: and he adds that they are wholly ignorant of the fact that the king is a name merely, and that the government is conducted by a committee of the House of Commons.

If this be so, the first duty of the friends of monarchy is to maintain the glamour, and to surround the person of the monarch with pomp and state of every kind. To such a popular imagination of the government as Bagehot describes a secluded widow in weeds can not be a queen. But the glamour is, in fact, swiftly disappearing. The speech of Sir Charles Dilke is a rude blow to dispel it. The moral of the speech is, in a word, that even granting the Queen to be a necessary officer in a good system, she is yet a ridiculously overpaid officer. Sir Charles laughs at ceremonies. He set his audience roaring over the catalogue of dignitaries which he recited: "Lord high almoner, sub-almoner, hereditary grand almoner, master of the buck-hounds, clerk of the check, clerk of the closet, exons to waiting; and last, but not least, the hereditary grand falconer, the Duke of St. Albans, who might, perhaps, with advantage, if he is to retain his salary of £1500 a year, be created hereditary grand pigeon-shooter in ordinary." No wonder the audience laughed. It is an excellent joke. Sir Charles ridicules the ceremony of the crown. But, "Sire, your Majesty's self is but a ceremony."

The difference between Sir Charles Dilke's speech and that of Edmund Burke upon similar abuses a century ago is that Burke, like the English people, was penetrated with the sentiment of loyalty. Indeed, Edmund Burke was the high-priest and poet of British loyalty. He aimed at reforms in the crown expenses in order to secure the crown. But Sir Charles, in laughing at them, ridicules the crown itself. For loyalty is gone in England. The divinity that hedges a monarch, and consequently the monarchy, has disappeared. The form of government has therefore become a mere matter of pecuniary calculation. The value of the crown is a sum in simple addition. While Burke would have purged the royal household of abuses as he would have cut off the suckers that hampered a noble tree, Sir Charles Dilke says that if it can be shown that a republic would be free from the corruption of a monarchy, he and the middle classes would say, Let it come.

That this is the feeling of a very large class of intelligent Englishmen, as well as of the mass of the less educated, is beyond question. It is not relieved by any thing in the character of the prospective monarch, and is, as we see in the speech of Sir Charles Dilke, but slightly tempered by the fact that the present monarch is a woman. There is no probability that this feeling will disappear or decline, and it must therefore deepen and increase. It will be strongly stimulated by the recent peaceful emancipation of the city of New York from the Tammany Ring. There was a general impression that the republican system was a conspicuous failure in the chief American city, and that general failure was but a result of longer time. So long as the impotence of the people to deal with organized political corruption seemed to be proved, the example of America was as good a Tory argument against republicanism in England as slavery used to be. But a victory of the people any where is a popular triumph every where. Sir Charles Dilke exposes the expense of the household details of monarchy. But that is a small item, both in kind and quantity, in the sum of its cost.

A VOICE FROM VIRGINIA.

Mr. A. H. H. Stuart, of Virginia, has made his contribution of advice to the Democratic party in its extremity, and it is, that in the Presidential campaign of next year the name of Democrat and Conservative be dropped, and that "the high and holy purposes" of the Democratic party be indicated by the name of "Constitutional party." This proposition has a fine old Belverett flavor. Our platform, said that famous party, is the Union, the Constitution, and the enforcement of the laws. But it may truly be said of Mr. Stuart's method of Democratic victory made easy that the name he suggests is as appropriate as those that he would discard. A party which, while defending and extending human slavery, called itself Democratic, and while actively in one part of the country, and passively in the other, trying to overthrow the government, called itself Conservative, may also, when foiled in the attempt to destroy the Constitution, solemnly call itself Constitutional. The motley host called the Democratic party is quite as constitutional as it is democratic, and as conservative as it is constitutional.

Mr. Stuart proposes to rebuild "the Temple of Liberty," and advises union with Messrs. Schurz, Trumbull, Cox, of Ohio, Gratz Brown, and William M. Evarts for that purpose. They are very excellent men, but they are hardly ready to become cat's-paws. They probably do not wish the renomination of the President; but to suppose them, therefore, willing to bring the Democratic party into power, as a less disastrous alternative, is fatally to accuse their patriotism and good sense. For in all the rumor of coalition, of new parties, of plotting and planning and conspiring, there is one constant fact which can never be overlooked, and which should be constantly stated—namely, that the coalition is a desperate device of the Democratic party to save itself. New parties are formed only when old issues are so obsolete that the force of the new disintegrates both parties. The Republican party was a union of old Whigs and Democrats upon a wholly new platform. It was not the Whig party reinforced by discontented Democrats and called by a new name. The Whigs who joined repudiated their old party platform, and the Democrats did likewise, and the old organizations of both parties continued.

But there is no such situation now. For what is the commanding issue which necessarily dissolves both of the great parties? Nobody pretends that there is any. Reverence for the Constitution is not an issue, because both parties profess the utmost regard for it; and what imaginable security could the Democratic party give of higher respect for it than the Republicans, when the whole country knows that the Southern Democrats drew their swords because they could not impose a meaning hostile to liberty upon the Constitution? What object that was ever dear to any Republican does he hope to gain by weakening his own party to strengthen the Democratic? It is not true that both parties are dissolving, and that a new party is inevitable. The New York *World*, which favors the coalition, says frankly that there is no real line of division between Republicans like Mr. Schurz and the Democratic party. It does not say and it does not mean that its party should disband; and its argument is intended to show Mr. Schurz that if he has left the Republicans, he must join the Democrats.

The elections, also, show a Republican union and firmness which indicate the deep conviction of the American people that Republican ascendency is the guarantee of peace and progress. It is the plain significance of these elections which has so startled the Democratic chiefs that they are lost in perplexity as to their future course, and have issued proposals to all dissatisfied persons. It is by the Republican party that the reforms most desired are to be accomplished. We see with regret honorable men who despair of the party. But we believe that as the time for action approaches they will recover something of their old faith, and decide—even if it seem to them no more—for the party which has saved liberty, rather than that which has served slavery.

THE NEW CITY CHARTER.

The new charter of the city of New York should be very simple and intelligible, embodying the results of experience. It is impossible, for instance, in our system, that good men should be elected, if there are a crowd of unknown persons for whom the electors must vote. How many of the young men who at the late election did such memorable and effective service at the polls ever before relied upon the candidates for whom they voted, or knew any thing about them, as men fit for their places? And they had this confidence at this time because the reformers assured themselves of the personal

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character of the candidates, and the young men depended upon the reformers. But this can not always be so. There can not always be the same stirring of the community to its depths; and although there is no doubt that the good impetus of this autumn will be felt for many a year, it is not something upon which we ought permanently to count, for the system which required it is essentially vicious. We do not mean that there is any excuse for a want of practical and personal interest in politics, but only that there is no excuse for those who take such an interest if they permit the vicious system to continue.

The error began with the Constitution of 1846. The principle of that Constitution, and the theory of the men who made it, was that, as all power resides in the people, every individual function of government must be imposed by a direct act of the people. By this dogma any method of reaching results which the people might see to be preferable to the one that they practiced was virtually prohibited. It was treason to the people, for instance, to declare that a great many officers should be appointed by others who are elected, instead of being elected directly by the people. Indeed, demagogery was the natural fruit of our present Constitution. "The people" were made as tyrannical as kings are reputed to be. And every rascal who bought votes and stuffed ballot-boxes declared that he confided in the people, who are always good and great. Now it is true that the popular judgment of great principles and tendencies is usually correct, but the popular knowledge of individuals is often very slight; and one of the difficult practical problems of our system is the method of selecting candidates.

This must be made as easy as possible in the new charter. We must not rely upon a perpetual heroic public virtue. Men will usually take some trouble if they can see how a good result will follow; but they will take none if they can not. If, for instance, as Mr. Nordhoff suggests, the system of the national government should be adopted to the city, there would be a general knowledge of a candidate for Mayor, as there is of a Presidential candidate, and those who would not interest themselves in the nomination of fifty persons, of whom they could know nothing, would gladly join to nominate one man whom they knew, and who should appoint the fifty, and be responsible for them. The municipal legislature, like the national, might be elected, with the minority fairly represented in larger and smaller districts. The project of a legislature elected by tax-payers is impracticable, because no satisfactory line of division can be drawn between those who are tax-payers and those who are not; nor is there any good reason why the expenditure for the common advantage should be controlled by any class. The principle that those who supply the money for public purposes, even if they could be properly ascertained, should alone direct its use, is one which leads to the most perplexing but logical results.

But one cardinal condition of any improved municipal government must be a proper system of filling the subordinate offices. The principle of a reformed civil service must be applied to city administration. Patronage must be practically abolished here, as in the larger sphere; and nowhere is it so practicable as here, if there is the resolute purpose that it shall be. With this there should be a constant public inspection of the accounts, and a direct hold of the people upon offending officers of high degree. Indeed, the vital points of a proper charter are not many. Any elaborate system, however, devised merely for party ascendency, must fail. The welfare of the city in the future depends very much upon the subordination of party politics to a common interest. The moment was never so auspicious. But the great result of the victory would be lost should it be turned only to partisan uses.

JENKINS AND THE PRINCE.

Jenkins always disappoints. He leads us to the very door of the enchanted chamber, and there his incantation fails. When Father Hyacinthe came, Jenkins, who had reported his apostrophes to the stars and the ocean upon the passage, and who attended him with eager and comprehensive eyes to his chamber, forgot to tell us how many towels hung upon his rack, and what soap he used in washing his hands. Now these are the important facts for Jenkins. What Father Hyacinthe might say about the moon or the Pope can be imagined; but who, save Jenkins, could tell us whether the excellent father's boots were half-soled or not? or whether, and if whether, when, he made use of a fine-tooth comb? There were not the details, also, of the father's tooth-brush which we had a right to expect from a Jenkins who has a proper sense of his function in human society; and the total omission of any reference to the Hyacinthine nasal habits during sleep, or—we beg Jenkins's pardon—when wrapped in Elysian slumbers, was an instance of sad negligence or actual want of comprehension of the public expectation.

These faults we had hoped to see repaired when fate offered so great an opportunity as the arrival of an actual grand duke. We are all accustomed to the most awful grandeurs of rank upon the stage, but not in the street: and what can be a more ennobling subject of contemplation than the furniture and carpet and spittoons of a room in which a prince—"a certain high personage," as the older newspapers used to say, catching their breath—dines or sleeps? To gratify this noble curiosity is the generous purpose of Jenkins. But the theme is, perhaps, too oppressively august. For, speaking with respectful awe of the house in which the Prince deigned to pass a day in Washington, he says, "The hall is wide and roomy, fitted up with hat-racks," etc. Do princes, then, wear hats? Do imperial highnesses, indeed, cover their heads like other men? Jenkins invites us, as it were, upon the threshold, to meditate this great question. Then he whispers, to lead us on to still higher thoughts, that "the parlors communicate by folding-doors," and that "the carpet of the front-room has a gray ground with neat flowers." He says nothing of the carpet of the "rear room," and we are left to fancy that it may be a neat ground with gray flowers. But our friend recovers himself in the dining-room, which "has a Brussels carpet of blue and gray."

These are truths which will be contemplated with reverential pleasure, and when we are told, further, that "the table-linen all bears Madame Catacazy's coronet and the initials O. C. (Olga de Catacazy)," and that "the china (Dresden) also bears the same inscription," our cup of happiness (Sèvres) fairly runs over. Then we are admitted, by the wand of Jenkins, to the chamber, or, as he gracefully calls it, the apartment, of the Prince. We learn that "the floor is covered with a Persian rug," and that "the furniture includes a rose-wood armoire with full-length mirror," and "a French bedstead resembling a couch," with "a pretty antique bureau of Louis XIV.'s time." This is edifying, but it is also vexatious. It is too general. As in the case of Father Hyacinthe, there is a cruel injustice of omission of all details of the toweling and tooth-powder; and Jenkins, breathing a diplomatic air, is wisely silent about the boot-jack. Besides, what satisfaction is there in knowing that "all the furniture is covered with chintz," if we are told nothing of the dress of the high being who sits upon it? To what purpose should we be told of the dress of the furniture, if we are to hear nothing of the Prince's dress?

This is where our artist fails. Any body could tell us of a room, and of its carpets and furniture, and of the outer apparel of the most royal and imperial of princes. But Jenkins falls below his own ideal until he interviews the august under-clothing of our imperial ally. It is idle to linger upon Persian rugs, or to dally upon a French bedstead resembling a couch, if we are to be rudely turned away without a glimpse of imperial under-clothing, called socks. Are they merino, Jenkins, or linen, or, perhaps, linen and cotton mixed? And what is the pattern? And in colder weather—say in January—does he exchange them for heavy woolen? and, Jenkins, are they ribbed? It is the imperfection of his work of which we complain. There is no allusion to slippers—none to the toes of boots! Why should Jenkins be so silent about the latter, about something that he has felt so often and knows so well?

HAZING.

The Secretary of the Navy has recently expelled six pupils from the Annapolis Academy for hazing. It was a most proper punishment of one of the meanest acts of which half a dozen boys can be guilty toward another. We understand, also, that hazing was never so rife as it has been at Harvard College since the opening of the new academic year. Now if the young gentlemen of that institution suppose it to be a manly or amusing business, they should be swiftly undeceived, for there is nothing more cowardly than a gang of bullies outraging a single victim. Hazing, as some of our readers may not understand, is just that. Half a dozen Sophomores go to the room of a single Freshman, and compel him to do their foolish pleasure; and if he resists, they thrash him, or pull his clothes off, and lay him in bed and pour dirty water over him. He is one to five or six, and of course they can do what they will. But sometimes, as in one late instance at Harvard, the Freshman smites one of the Sophs, and lays him sprawling upon the ground.

Hazing is not a sign of frolic boyishness nor of high spirits, but of an unmanly fear of an equal contest. If a single Soph undertook to cope with a single Freshman, and to show him life, there would be the chance which every man has against a single blackguard. But to sneak in squads to hold another fellow and pour slops upon him is simply dastardly, and an offense against honor and manhood of which every one of the sneaks should be heartily ashamed. There are a great many secret societies in the colleges, which are supposed to foster the sentiments of a generous rivalry of courtesy and manly excellence. If they wish to be directly useful, let them brand hazing, as it deserves, with the name of the cowardice which it really is. Let every such society require of every member that he show in his conduct and by his influence that he is a gentleman, for no gentleman is guilty of hazing.

Hazing is an amusement like that of the Spanish boors who tossed Sancho Panza in a blanket, and only fat-witted persons find pleasure in it. In every class the noble and generous men are never the hazers, and when you find a hazer, you find a fellow whom all such men despise. If a gang of pickpockets hustle a passenger upon the street, or a sneak thief makes off with a man's coat from the hall, or he is assaulted in his room by a crowd of roughs, he very properly makes complaint at the police-office, and turns them over to the law. It is not, we believe, generally pleaded in their behalf that they are gallant youth with exuberant spirits, and that boys will be boys. Bullies and sneaks, in college or out of college, are not good-natured perpetrators of droll mischief. They are nuisances and pests. The Secretary of the Navy has done only his duty toward all the honorable pupils at Annapolis; and he is a poor-spirited collegian any where who will not give the proper authorities the opportunity to do the cause justice.

PERSONAL.

It may possibly interest out-of-town readers of the Weekly to know that the gentlemen to whom the Committee of Seventy have intrusted the work of framing a new charter for this city are General Dix, Edwards Pierrepont, Samuel B. Ruggles, Henry G. Stebbins, Robert B. Roosevelt, Judge Emott, William F. Havemeyer, and ex-Governor Salomon. These gentlemen are now putting the matter into shape, and in such shape that the Legislature will, in all probability, give it the force of law before the first day of February next.

—One of the most curious wills of the day is now pending in the Surrogate's Court of this city—the will of Louis Bonard, a man who is said to have been a believer in the doctrine of metempsychosis. Dr. Hammond, late Surgeon-General, gives it as his testimony that a man's religious belief, no matter what it is, is no ground for inferring insanity, and that as to metempsychosis, it included among its believers such men as Leibnitz and Lessing, and that it was held by Brahmins and Buddhists, and by probably half the human race.

—The Rev. Edward Everett Hale, who has been spending a brief season in Chicago, writes back to the Boston Advertiser a vivid account of how things look to him. He thinks what is called the Chicago River is a mere tuppenny brook, reminding him of the satire of Mr. Sam Dexter, of Boston, in the discussion of the original building of the Dover-street Bridge. Mr. Dexter was told that in his speech he had not alluded to the maritime commerce of Roxbury. He bided his time, and when it came he said, "I am now, gentlemen, to consider the commerce of the Roxbury ditch." Such is the malignant spirit manifested by the Unitarian clergyman of Massachusetts in A.D. 1871 toward his burned brother of the West!

—Scientific men may be interested to know that Sir Edward Sabine has been engaged for a quarter of a century in working up tables and charts which will be a reduction of all that has been observed of terrestrial magnetism into a [illegible] system. Alone with his wife, who is his constant assistant, in a quiet retreat, he is patiently doing a work of formidable proportions, which attracts no public attention, but which will be of exceeding value to science when complete. It will take two more years to complete the work.

—Senator Wilson, of Massachusetts, flatly refuses to have any connection with the Labor Reform party, believing the Republican party a better organization for the elevation of the working man. He says: "Born in extreme poverty, and bound as an apprentice at an early age, he learned by bitter experience the trials and hardships the poor are doomed to suffer. He saw and felt the degrading influence of a system that held workmen in enforced toil, and hence he assisted to make a political party to emancipate the slave, and free him from the iron rule of his master. He did what he could to bring that party into power. Its work was not secure, and he can do nothing to endanger that work. He is constrained to stand by that party till the great work is secured and finished. If, however, working men should deem it to be their interest to hold a convention, he hopes it will result in benefit to the republic."

—The Southern States are gradually sending to the United States Senate men "native and to the manner born." Northern men are gradually being dropped out, though of the twenty-eight members from the South twelve are members of that enterprising body of men known as "carpet-baggers." The newly elected Senator from Georgia, Thomas M. Norwood, is forty-one years old, and a native of that State. He graduated at Emory College in the class of 1850, and commenced the practice of law at Savannah, where he has since resided. He was a member of the Georgia Legislature in 1861–62, and neither before nor since the war has held any other office. His father, a man of fortune, believed it proper for every body to learn some trade. Accordingly young Norwood learned how to make boots and shoes, and with his own hands made the boots he wore when he went to college. He is a close student and thinker, an able debater, and is said to be one of the best-informed men of his age in Georgia.

—David Paul Brown, one of the very foremost men of the American bar, is still living in Philadelphia, at the age of seventy-seven, hale and hearty. He is frequently seen on the streets, almost as erect and graceful as when he thrilled court-rooms and was followed by crowds of admirers. He was always rather an exquisite in his dress, and to this day his blue coat and brass buttons, buff vest and light pantaloons, gloved hands, neat boots, and rather rakish hat, prove the youthfulness of his taste and the gayety of his disposition. He defends this peculiarity by saying that he had never known a man to speak well in clumsy boots, nor to have a clear mind with dirty hands and face.

—Unlike most gentlemen arriving in this country, certainly most unlike any prince, the first thing the Grand Duke Alexis did after arriving at his hotel in this city, and brushing himself up a little, was to enter carriage with his suit and drive to the Greek chapel in Second Avenue near Fiftieth Street, and give thanks for his safe passage. Then he returned and dined like a gentleman.

—Mr. George H. Boker, our newly appointed minister to Turkey and a true "gentleman of letters," is a man of mark in appearance, being six feet high and of a manly and gracious presence. Although born to wealth, he is a worker. He has great mechanical skill and a miniature workshop connected with his residence enables him to indulge this taste. By "all sorts and conditions of men" in Philadelphia he is held in high esteem.

—Among recent visitors at the White House were Mr. Boyle, managing trustee of the estate of the Marquis of Bute, and Mr. [illegible], president of the Anglo-African steamship line. These gentlemen are arranging for the establishment of a line of steamers from Cardiff, Wales, to this city, and are seeing what can be done here and at Washington to forward the enterprise.

—Mr. Gladstone, in his recent speech to his constituents at Greenwich, told them a fact which most of them did not know, and which is not known to most people, viz., that his was the first liberal ministry in England that had ever subsisted for three years with a large majority. In his time there have been but three liberal governments with large majorities, those of Earl Grey, Lord Palmerston, and Earl Russell.

—Mr. William Morris's new poem, "Love is Enough," is soon to be published. It will be issued with illustrations and ornamental borders specially designed for it.

—One of the papers speaks of Madame Catacazy's receiving the young Russian Prince in a "dress of gold." The dress she wore on that occasion was of pale lemon-colored silk tissue, or *crêpe de Chine*. The corsage, however, was heavily embroidered in real gold.

—Among the many incidents in the many-sided career of General Butler, James Redpath tells this: General B., in one of his speeches in the late campaign, attacked Mr. Sanborn, the editor of the Springfield *Republican*. The editor rose to reply, and the people refused to hear him, and made a great uproar. He came up to Butler, greatly excited, and said, "General, they say you ordered the band to play if I attempted to speak." The General replied, "I suppose the audience has a right to decide upon the kind of brass they will listen to. But," he added, quietly, "you wrong me. My orders were, if you opened your mouth, to throw you out of the window."

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

On Monday, November 20, Controller Connolly resigned, and Mr. Andrew H. Green was appointed to fill the vacancy. Mr. Connolly was subsequently arrested on the charge of deceit and fraud, and held to bail in the sum of $1,000,000.

Mr. Thomas Murphy has resigned the position of Collector of the Port of New York, and is succeeded by General Chester A. Arthur.

The lower branch of the Legislature of Wyoming has repealed the act legalizing woman suffrage. It was a party measure—all the Democrats voting for, and all the Republicans against it. The upper branch has not acted on the measure.

A sad disaster occurred, November 22, on the Thames River, about five miles from Norwich, Connecticut. A fire, caused no one knows how, broke out before daybreak on board the steamer *City of New London*, and gained headway so rapidly that the passengers, numbering seven, and the officers and deckmen, numbering about thirty, were compelled to throw themselves into the water to escape death by fire. Seventeen lives were lost, and the steamer was totally destroyed.

The Hon. O. J. Dunn, Lieutenant-Governor of Louisiana, died, November 22, of congestion of the brain.

FOREIGN NEWS.

Count de Chambord, the head of the elder branch of the Bourbon family, has again, for the hundredth time, declined to renounce his right to the throne of France. It makes but little difference from a practical point of view.

By the end of next January France expects to have a new army, consisting of ten corps d'armée well armed and equipped, posted at the great military centres.

Great uneasiness is felt in Madrid over the cabinet crisis. The republican deputies of the Cortes have issued an address advocating the maintenance of order. Meanwhile the bakers and drivers in Barcelona, who commenced their strike, have assumed so threatening an attitude that more troops have been sent there.

Victor Emanuel made his entry into Rome November 20, and established himself in the Palace of the Quirinal, where he has taken up his permanent residence. He was received with great enthusiasm by the people. It now remains to be seen whether the Pope will carry out his rumored purpose to seek a refuge in France.

The Prince of Wales has been seriously ill with typhoid fever. At last accounts he was better, but not out of danger. Our readers will remember that his father, Prince Albert, died of this disease.

On the 15th of November a large number of the adherents of Louis Napoleon marched through the streets of Paris, shouting "Vive Napoleon!" They were not interfered with.

Mr. John Ruskin, the English art critic, though rejected at Glasgow, has been elected rector of another Scotch university, that of St. Andrew's.

The Belgian government recently appointed an unpopular man to be governor of Limbourg, and, in consequence, several serious riots have taken place in Brussels. The people demand the appointment of another governor, and the dismissal of the ministry.

THE BUTCHER'S WEDDING.—Drawn by E. Muller.—[See Page 1155.]

RECEPTION OF THE GRAND DUKE ALEXIS—DEPARTURE FROM THE FRIGATE "SVETLANA."

LANDING OF THE GRAND DUKE.

THE Grand Duke ALEXIS landed from the *Mary Powell* shortly after one o'clock. The pier was tastefully decorated with Russian and American flags, and all the available space for sight-seeing was occupied by eager spectators. The Prince, his suit, and the Reception Committee, immediately entered the carriages in waiting for them, passed up the pier, and turned into Broadway, the regiments of soldiers on either side falling into line, one after the other, behind the carriages, as the procession moved along. As it passed up Broadway the imperial visitor was greeted with the greatest enthusiasm on the part of the people who thronged the sidewalks and crowded the roofs and windows of buildings along the line of march. Cheers rose from the crowd, hats and handkerchiefs were waved, and the people seemed to vie with each other in doing honor to Russia's imperial representative. Flags and streamers floated upon the air in every direction, and many of the buildings on Broadway were tastefully decorated.

The Grand Duke alighted from his carriage at the Clarendon Hotel at three o'clock, and soon appeared upon one of the balconies, accompanied by the Russian minister and several other gentlemen. He removed his hat, bowed to the multitude, and was received with deafening cheers. The grand review of the troops then began. As the military passed the Clarendon Hotel and marched up Fourth Avenue, each commissioned officer saluted the Grand Duke, and the latter returned the salute by removing his hat and slightly inclining his head. The Grand Duke expressed himself highly pleased with the military display, and when the Seventh Regiment passed remarked, "What fine company fronts those men present!" The grand stand in Union Square was finely decorated with national colors, and was occupied by many leading citizens and their families.

When the troops had all passed, the Grand

RECEPTION OF THE GRAND DUKE—PROCESSION PASSING THE GRAND STAND.—[SKETCHED BY STANLEY FOX.]

Duke retired into the hotel; but the multitude cheered and called for him so loudly that he reappeared. He made no speech, however, but merely bowed his acknowledgment. About five o'clock the Prince ordered his carriage, and proceeded to the Greek church, on Second Avenue, where he attended service. At six o'clock he returned to the Clarendon Hotel, where he spent the evening quietly. He was serenaded, about eleven o'clock, by the band of the Ninth Regiment. Colonel Fisk was subsequently admitted to the presence of the Prince, who thanked him for the music.

It is stated that, on being conducted to the ducal sleeping apartment in the Clarendon Hotel, the Prince peremptorily refused to sleep on the gorgeous bed prepared for his use, but preferred his own hammock, which had been conveyed to the hotel.

Marie Feodorovna is the name of her Imperial Highness the Grand Duchess, sister of Alexis, whose birthday was celebrated in the Greek chapel, on the first Sunday after the arrival of the Grand Duke in New York.

The palace cars occupied by the Grand Duke and suit on the trip from New York to Washington, whither he proceeded the day following the reception, were very elegantly furnished. But Alexis himself, and every member of the royal party, were attired in plain citizen's dress, so that the gaping crowd at the Washington depôt, who had looked for gold-lace and bright uniforms, were sadly disappointed, and the Imperial Prince escaped identification except by a fortunate few.

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POOR MISS FINCH.

A Domestic Story.

By WILKIE COLLINS,

Author of "The Woman in White," "No Name," "The Moonstone," "Man and Wife," etc.

WITH ORIGINAL ILLUSTRATIONS.

PART THE SECOND.

CHAPTER THE THIRTY-FOURTH.

NUGENT SHOWS HIS HAND.

I closed the First Part of my narrative on the day of the operation—the twenty-fifth of June.

I open the Second Part, between six and seven weeks later, on the ninth of August.

How did the time pass at Dimchurch in that interval?

Searching backward in my memory, I call to life again the domestic history of the six weeks. It looks, on retrospection, miserably dull and empty of incident. I wonder, when I contemplate it now, how we got through that weary interval—how we bore that forced inaction, that unrelieved oppression of suspense.

Changing from bedroom to sitting-room, from sitting-room back to bedroom, with the daylight always shut out, with the bandages always on except when the surgeon looked at her eyes, Lucilla bore the imprisonment—and, worse than the imprisonment, the uncertainty—of her period of probation with the courage that can endure any thing, the courage sustained by Hope. With books, with music, with talk—above all, with Love to help her—she counted her way calmly through the dull succession of hours and days till the time came which was to decide the question in dispute between the oculists—the terrible question of which of the two, Mr. Sebright or Herr Grosse, was right.

I was not present at the examination which finally decided all doubt. I joined Oscar in the garden—quite as incapable as he was of exerting the slightest self-control. We paced silently backward and forward on the lawn, like two animals in a cage. Zillah was the only woman present when the German examined our poor darling's eyes, Nugent engaging to wait in the next room and announce the result from the window. As the event turned out, Herr Grosse was beforehand with him. Once more we heard his broken English shouting, "Ho-ho-hoi! hoi-hi! hoi-hi!" Once more we beheld his huge silk handkerchief waving in the window. I turned sick and faint under the excitement of the moment—under the rapture (it was nothing less) of hearing those three electrifying words, "She will see!" Mercy! how we did abuse Mr. Sebright, when we were all reunited again in Lucilla's room!

The first excitement over, we had our difficulties to contend with next.

From the moment when she was positively informed that the operation had succeeded our once patient Lucilla developed into a new being. She now rose in perpetual revolt against the caution which still deferred the day on which she was to be allowed to make the first trial of her sight. It required all my influence, backed by Oscar's entreaties, and strengthened by the furious foreign English of our excellent German surgeon (Herr Grosse had a temper of his own, I can tell you!) to prevent her from breaking through the medical discipline which held her in its grasp. When she became quite unmanageable, and vehemently abused him to his face, our good Grosse used to swear at her, in a compound bad language of his own, with a tremendous aspiration at the beginning of it, which always set matters right by making her laugh. I see him again as I write, leaving the room on these occasions, with his eyes blazing through his spectacles, and his shabby hat cocked sideways on his head. "Sah, you little-spitfire-Feench! If you touch that bandages when I have put him on—Ho-Damn-Damn! I say no more. Good-by!"

From Lucilla I turn to the twin brothers next.

Tranquilized as to the future, after his interview with Mr. Sebright, Oscar presented himself at his best during the time of which I am now writing. Lucilla's main reliance, in her days in the darkened room, was on what her lover could do to relieve and to encourage her. He never once failed her; his patience was perfect, his devotion was inexhaustible. It is sad to my mind, in view of what happened afterward; but I only tell a necessary truth when I declare that he immensely strengthened his hold on her affections in those last days of her blindness, when his society was most precious to her. Ah, how fervently she used to talk of him when she and I were left together at night! Forgive me if I leave this part of the history of the courtship untold. I don't like to write of it—I don't like to think of it. Let us get on to something else.

Nugent comes next. I would give a great deal, poor as I am, to be able to leave him out. It is not to be done. I must write about that lost wretch, and you must read about him, whether we like it or not.

The days of Lucilla's imprisonment were also the days when my favorite disappointed me for the first time. He and his brother seemed to change places. It was Nugent now who appeared to disadvantage by comparison with Oscar. He surprised and grieved his brother by leaving Browndown. "All I can do for you, I have done," he said. "I can be of no further use for the present to any body. Let me go. I am stagnating in this miserable place—I must and will have change." Oscar's entreaties, in Nugent's present frame of mind, failed to move him. Away he went one morning, without bidding any body good-by. He had talked of being absent for a week—he remained away for a month. We heard of him leading a wild life among a vicious set of men. It was reported that a frantic restlessness possessed him which nobody could understand. He came back as suddenly as he had left us. His variable nature had swung round, in the interval, to the opposite extreme. He was full of repentance for his reckless conduct; he was in a state of depression which defied rousing; he despaired of himself and his future. Sometimes he talked of going back to America, and sometimes he threatened to close his career by enlisting as a private soldier. Would any other person, in my place, have seen which way those signs pointed? I doubt it, if that person's mind had been absorbed, as mine was, in watching Lucilla day by day. Even if I had been a suspicious woman by nature—which, thank God, I am not—my distrust must have lain dormant, in the all-subduing atmosphere of suspense hanging heavily on me morning, noon, and night in the darkened room.

So much, briefly, for the sayings and doings of the persons principally concerned in this narrative, during the six weeks which separate Part the First from Part the Second.

I begin again on the ninth of August.

This was the memorable day chosen by Herr Grosse for risking the experiment of removing the bandage, and permitting Lucilla to try her sight for the first time. Conceive for yourselves (don't ask me to describe) the excitement that raged in our obscure little circle, now that we were standing face to face with that grand Event in our lives which I promised to relate in the opening sentence of these pages.

I was the earliest riser at the rectory that morning. My excitable French blood was in a fever. I was irresistibly reminded of myself at a time long past—the time when my glorious Pratolungo and I, succumbing to Fate and tyrants, fled to England for safety; martyrs to that ungrateful Republic (long live the Republic!) for which I laid down my money and my husband his life.

I opened my window, and hailed the good omen of sunrise in a clear sky. Just as I was turning away again from the view, I saw a figure steal out from the shrubbery and appear on the lawn. The figure came nearer. I recognized Oscar.

"What in the world are you doing there, at this time in the morning?" I called out.

He lifted his finger to his lips, and came close under my window before he answered.

"Hush!" he said. "Don't let Lucilla hear you. Come down to me as soon as you can. I am waiting to speak to you."

When I joined him in the garden I saw directly that something had gone wrong. "Bad news from Browndown?" I asked.

"Nugent has disappointed me," he answered. "Do you remember the evening when you met me after my consultation with Mr. Sebright?"

"Perfectly."

"I told you that I meant to ask Nugent to leave Dimchurch on the day when Lucilla tried her sight for the first time."

"Well?"

"Well—he refuses to leave Dimchurch."

"Have you explained your motives to him?"

"Carefully, before I asked him to go. I told him how impossible it was to say what might happen. I reminded him that it might be of the utmost importance to me to preserve the impression now in Lucilla's mind—for a certain time only—after Lucilla could see. I promised, the moment she became reconciled to the sight of me, to recall him, and in his presence to tell her the truth. All that I said to him—and how do you think he answered me?"

"Did he positively refuse?"

"No. He walked away from me to the window, and considered a little. Then he turned round suddenly and said, 'What did you tell me was Mr. Sebright's opinion? Mr. Sebright thought she would be relieved instead of being terrified. In that case, what need is there for me to go away? You can acknowledge at once that she has seen your face, and am mine.' He put his hands in his pockets when he had said that (you know Nugent's downright way), and turned back to the window as if he had settled every thing."

"What did you say, on your side?"

"I said, 'Suppose Mr. Sebright is wrong?' He only answered, 'Suppose Mr. Sebright is right?' I followed him to the window—I never heard him speak so sourly to me as he spoke to that moment. 'What is your objection to going away for a day or two?' I asked. 'My objection is soon stated,' he answered. 'I am sick of these everlasting complications. It is useless and cruel to carry on the deception any longer. Mr. Sebright's advice is the wise advice and the right advice. Let her see you as you are.' With that answer, he walked out of the room. Something has upset him—I can't imagine what it is. Do, pray, see what you can make of him! My only hope is in you."

I own I felt reluctant to interfere. Suddenly and strangely as Nugent had altered his point of view, it seemed to me undeniable that Nugent was right. At the same time, Oscar looked so disappointed and distressed that it was really impossible, on that day above all others, to pain him additionally by roundly saying No. I undertook to do what I could—and I inwardly hoped that circumstances would absolve me from the necessity of doing any thing at all.

Circumstances failed to justify my selfish confidence in them.

I was out in the village after breakfast, on a domestic errand connected with the necessary culinary preparations for the reception of Herr Grosse, when I heard my name pronounced behind me, and, turning round, found myself face to face with Nugent.

"Has my brother been bothering you this morning," he asked, "before I was up?"

I instantly noticed a return in him, as he said that, to the same dogged, ungracious manner which had perplexed and displeased me at my last confidential interview with him in the rectory garden.

"Oscar has been speaking to me this morning," I replied.

"About me?"

"About you. You have distressed and disappointed him—"

"I know! I know! Oscar is worse than a child. I am beginning to lose all patience with him."

"I am sorry to hear you say that, Nugent. You have borne with him so kindly thus far—surely you can make allowance for him to-day. His whole future may depend on what happens in Lucilla's sitting-room a few hours hence."

"He is making a mountain out of a mole-hill—and so are you."

Those words were spoken bitterly, almost rudely. I answered sharply on my side.

"You are the last person living who has any right to say that. Oscar is in a false position toward Lucilla, with your knowledge and consent. In your brother's interests you agreed to the fraud that has been practiced on her. In your brother's interests, again, you are asked to leave Dimchurch. Why do you refuse?"

"I refuse because I have come round to your way of thinking. What did you say of Oscar and of me in the summer-house? You said we were taking a cruel advantage of Lucilla's blindness. You were right. It was cruel not to have told her the truth. I won't be a party to concealing the truth from her any longer! I refuse to persist in deceiving her—in meanly deceiving her—on the day when she recovers her sight!"

It is entirely beyond my power to describe the tone in which he made that reply. I can only declare that it struck me dumb for the moment. I drew a step nearer to him. With vague misgivings in me, I looked him searchingly in the face. He looked back at me without shrinking.

"Well?" he asked, with a hard smile which defied me to put him in the wrong.

I could discover nothing in his face; I could only follow my instincts as a woman. Those instincts warned me to accept his explanation.

"I am to understand, then, that you have decided on staying here?" I said.

"Certainly!"

"What do you propose to do when Herr Grosse arrives, and we assemble in Lucilla's room?"

"I propose to be present among the rest of you at the most interesting moment of Lucilla's life."

"No! you don't propose that!"

"I do!"

"You have forgotten something, Mr. Nugent Dubourg."

"What is it, Madame Pratolungo?"

"You have forgotten that Lucilla believes the brother with the discolored face to be You, and the brother with the fair complexion to be Oscar. You have forgotten that the surgeon has expressly forbidden us to agitate her by entering into any explanations before he allows her to use her eyes. You have forgotten that the very deception which you have just positively refused to go on with will be, nevertheless, a deception continued, if you are present when Lucilla sees. Your own resolution pledges you not to enter the rectory doors until Lucilla has discovered the truth." In those words I closed the vice on him. I had got Mr. Nugent Dubourg!

He turned deadly pale. His eyes dropped before mine for the first time.

"Thank you for reminding me," he said. "I had forgotten."

He pronounced those submissive words in a suddenly lowered voice. Something in his tone, or something in the dropping of his eyes, set my heart beating quickly, with a certain vague expectation which I was unable to realize to myself.

"You agree with me," I said, "that you can not be one among us at the rectory? What will you do?"

"I will remain at Browndown," he answered.

I felt he was lying. Don't ask for my reasons. I have no reasons to give. When he said, "I will remain at Browndown," I felt he was lying.

"Why not do what Oscar asks of you?" I went on. "If you are absent, you may as well be in one place as in another. There is plenty of time still to leave Dimchurch."

He looked up as suddenly as he had looked down.

"Do you and Oscar think me a stock or a stone?" he burst out, angrily.

"What do you mean?"

"Who are you indebted to for what is going to happen to-day?" he went on, more and more passionately. "You are indebted to Me. Who among you all stood alone in refusing to believe that she was blind for life? *I* did! Who brought the man here who has given her back her sight? *I* brought the man! And I am the one person who is to be left in ignorance of how it ends. The others are to be present: I am to be sent away. The others are to see it. I am to hear by post (if any of you think of writing to me) what she does, what she says, how she looks, at the first heavenly moment when she opens her eyes on the world." He flung up his hand in the air, and burst out savagely with a bitter laugh. "I astonish you, don't I? I am claiming a position which I have no right to occupy. What interest can *I* feel in it? O God! what do *I* care about the woman to whom I have given a new life!" His voice broke into a sob as those last wild words. He tore at the breast of his coat as if he was suffocating, and turned and left me.

I stood rooted to the spot. In one breathless instant the truth broke on me like a revelation. At last I had penetrated the terrible secret. Nugent loved her.

My first impulse, when I recovered myself, hurried me at the top of my speed back to the rectory. For a moment or two I think I must really have lost my senses. I felt a frantic suspicion that he had gone into the house, and that he was making his way to Lucilla at that moment. When I found that all was quiet—when Zillah had satisfied me that no visitor had come near our side of the rectory—I calmed down a little, and went back to the garden to compose myself before I ventured into Lucilla's presence.

After a while I got over the first horror of it, and saw my own position plainly. There was not a living soul in Dimchurch in whom I could confide. Come what might of it, in this dreadful emergency, I must trust in myself alone.

I had just arrived at that startling conclusion; I had shed some bitter tears when I remembered how hardly I had judged poor Oscar on more than one occasion; I had decided that my favorite Nugent was the most hateful villain living, and that I would leave nothing undone that the craft of a woman could compass to drive him out of the place—when I was forced back to present necessities by the sound of Zillah's voice calling to me from the house. I went to her directly. The nurse had a message for me from her young mistress. My poor Lucilla was lonely and anxious: she was surprised at my leaving her; she insisted on seeing me immediately.

I took my first precaution against a surprise from Nugent, as I crossed the threshold of the door.

"Our dear child must not be disturbed by visitors to-day," I said to Zillah. "If Mr. Nugent Dubourg comes here and asks for her, don't tell Lucilla; tell me."

This said, I went up stairs and joined my darling in the darkened room.

CHAPTER THE THIRTY-FIFTH.

LUCILLA TRIES HER SIGHT.

She was sitting alone in the dim light, with the bandage over her eyes, with her pretty hands crossed patiently on her lap. My heart swelled in me as I looked at her, and felt the horrid discovery that I had made still present in my mind. "Forgive me for leaving you," I said as steady a voice as I could command at the moment, and kissed her.

She instantly discovered my agitation, carefully as I thought I had concealed it.

"You are frightened too!" she exclaimed, taking my hands in hers.

"Frightened, my love?" I repeated. (I was perfectly stupefied; I really did not know what to say!)

"Yes. Now the time is so near I feel my courage failing me. I forebode all sorts of horrible things. Oh, when will it be over? What will Oscar look like when I see him?"

I answered the first question. Who could answer the second?

"Herr Grosse comes to us by the morning train," I said. "It will soon be over."

"Where is Oscar?"

"On his way here, I have no doubt."

"Describe him to me once more," she said, eagerly. "For the last time before I see. His eyes, his hair, his complexion—every thing!"

How I should have got through the painful task which she had innocently imposed on me, if I had attempted to perform it, I hardly like to think. To my infinite relief, I was interrupted at my first word by the opening of the door, and the sudden appearance of a family deputation in the room.

First, advancing with slow and solemn steps, with one hand laid pathetically on the breast of his clerical waistcoat, appeared Reverend Finch. After him came his wife, shorn of all her proper accompaniments, except the baby. Without her novel, without her jacket, petticoat, or shawl, without even the handkerchief which she was always losing—clothed, for the first time in my experience, in a complete gown—the metamorphosis of damp Mrs. Finch was complete. But for the baby I believe I should have taken her,

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in the dim light, for a stranger! She stood (apparently doubtful of her reception) hesitating in the door-way, and so hiding a third member of the deputation, who appealed piteously to the general notice in a small voice which I knew well, and in a form of address familiar to me from past experience.

"Jicks wants to come in."

The rector took his hand from his waistcoat, and held it up in faint protest against the intrusion of the third member. Mrs. Finch moved mechanically into the room. Jicks appeared, hugging her disreputable doll, and showing signs of recent wandering in the white dust which dropped on the carpet from her frock and her shoes, as she advanced toward the place in which I was sitting. Arrived in front of me, she peered quaintly up in my face through the obscurity of the room, lifted her doll by the legs, hit me a smart rap with the head of it on my knee, and said,

"Jicks will sit here."

I rubbed my knee, and enthroned Jicks as ordered. At the same time Mr. Finch solemnly stalked up to his daughter, laid his hands on her head, raised his eyes to the ceiling, and said, in bass notes that rumbled with paternal emotion, "Bless you, my child!"

At the sound of her husband's magnificent voice Mrs. Finch became herself again. She said, meekly, "How d'ye do, Lucilla?" and sat down in a corner, and suckled the baby.

Mr. Finch set in for one of his harangues.

"My advice has been neglected, Lucilla. My paternal influence has been repudiated. My Moral Weight has been, so to speak, set aside. I don't complain. Understand me—I simply state sad facts." (Here he became aware of my existence.) "Good-morning, Madame Pratolungo; I hope I see you well?—There has been variance between us, Lucilla. I come, my child, with healing on my wings (healing being understood, for present purposes, as reconciliation)—I come and bring Mrs. Finch with me—don't speak, Mrs. Finch!—to offer my heartfelt wishes, my fervent prayers, on this the most eventful day in my daughter's life. No vulgar curiosity has turned my steps this way. No hint shall escape my lips touching any misgivings which I may still feel as to this purely worldly interference with the ways of an inscrutable Providence. I am here as parent and peace-maker. My wife accompanies me—don't speak, Mrs. Finch!—as step-parent and step-peace-maker. (You understand the distinction, Madame Pratolungo? Thank you. Good creature.) Shall I preach forgiveness of injuries from the pulpit, and not practice that forgiveness at home? Can I remain, on this momentous occasion, at variance with my child? Lucilla! I forgive you. With full heart and tearful eyes, I forgive you. (You have never had any children, I believe, Madame Pratolungo? Ah! you can not possibly understand this. Not your fault. Good creature, not your fault.) The kiss of peace, my child; the kiss of peace." He solemnly bent his bristly head, and deposited the kiss of peace on Lucilla's forehead. He sighed superbly, and, in a burst of magnanimity, held out his hand next to me. "My Hand, Madame Pratolungo. Compose yourself. Don't cry. God bless you!" Mrs. Finch, deeply affected by her husband's noble conduct, began to sob hysterically. The baby, disarranged in his proceedings by the emotion of his mamma, set up a sympathetic scream. Mr. Finch crossed the room to them, with domestic healing on his wings. "This does you credit, Mrs. Finch; but, under the circumstances, it must not be continued. Control yourself, in consideration of the infant. Mysterious mechanism of Nature!" cried the rector, raising his prodigious voice over the louder and louder screeching of the baby. "Marvelous and beautiful sympathy which makes the maternal sustenance the conducting medium, as it were, of disturbance between mother and child. What problems confront us, what forces environ us, even in this mortal life! Nature! Maternity! Inscrutable Providence!"

"Inscrutable Providence" was the rector's fatal phrase—it always brought with it an interruption; and it brought one now. Before Mr. Finch (brimful of pathetic apostrophes) could burst into more exclamations, the door opened, and Oscar walked into the room.

Lucilla instantly recognized his footsteps.

"Any signs, Oscar, of Herr Grosse?" she asked.

"Yes. His chaise has been seen on the road. He will be here directly."

Giving that answer and passing by my chair to place himself on the other side of Lucilla, Oscar cast at me one imploring look—a look which said plainly, "Don't desert me when the time comes!" I nodded my head to show that I understood him and felt for him. He sat down in the vacant chair by Lucilla, and took her hand in silence. It was hard to say which of the two felt the position, at that trying moment, most painfully. I don't think I ever saw any sight so simply and irresistibly touching as the sight of those two poor young creatures sitting hand in hand, waiting the event which was to make the happiness or the misery of their future lives.

"Have you seen any thing of your brother?" I asked, putting the question in as careless a tone as my devouring anxiety would allow me to assume.

"Nugent has gone to meet Herr Grosse."

Oscar's eyes once more encountered mine, as he replied in those terms; I saw again the imploring look more marked in them than ever. It was plain to him, as it was plain to me, that Nugent had gone to meet the German with the purpose of making Herr Grosse the innocent means of bringing him into the house.

Before I could speak again, Mr. Finch, recovering himself after the interruption which had silenced him, saw his opportunity of setting in for another harangue. Mrs. Finch had left off sobbing, the baby had left off screaming; the rest of us were silent and nervous. In a word, Mr. Finch's domestic congregation was entirely at Mr. Finch's mercy. He strutted up to Oscar's chair. Was he going to propose to read "Hamlet?" No! He was going to invoke a blessing on Oscar's head.

"On this interesting occasion," began the rector, in his pulpit tones; "now that we are all united in the same room, all animated by the same hope, I could wish, as pastor and parent (God bless you, Oscar: I look on you as a son. Mrs. Finch, follow my example, look on him as a son!)—I could wish, as pastor and parent, to say a few pious and consoling words—"

The door—the friendly, admirable, judicious door—stopped the coming sermon, in the nick of time, by opening again. Herr Grosse's squat figure and owlish spectacles appeared on the threshold. And behind him (exactly as I had anticipated) stood Nugent Dubourg.

Lucilla turned deadly pale; she had heard the door open; she knew by instinct that the surgeon had come. Oscar got up, stole behind my chair, and whispered to me, "For God's sake, get Nugent out of the room!" I gave him a reassuring squeeze of the hand, and, putting Jicks down on the floor, rose to welcome our good Grosse.

The child, as it happened, was beforehand with me. She and the illustrious oculist had met in the garden at one of the German's professional visits to Lucilla, and had taken an amazing fancy to each other. Herr Grosse never afterward appeared at the rectory without some unwholesome eatable thing in his pocket for Jicks; who gave him in return as many kisses as he might ask for, and further distinguished him as the only living creature whom she permitted to nurse the disreputable doll. Grasping this same doll now with both hands, and using it head-foremost as a kind of battering-ram, Jicks plunged in front of me, and butted with all her might at the surgeon's bandy-legs; insisting on a monopoly of his attention before he presumed to speak to any other person in the room. While he was lifting her to a level with his face, and talking to her in his wonderful broken English—while the rector and Mrs. Finch were making the necessary apologies for the child's conduct—Nugent came round from behind Herr Grosse, and drew me mysteriously into a corner of the room. As I followed him I saw the silent torture of anxiety expressed in Oscar's face as he stood by Lucilla's chair. It did me good; it strung up my resolution to the right pitch; it made me feel myself a match, and more than a match, for Nugent Dubourg.

"I am afraid I behaved in a very odd manner when we met in the village," he said. "The fact is, I am not at all well. I have been in a strange feverish state lately. I don't think the air of this place suits me." There he stopped, keeping his eyes steadily fixed on mine, trying to read my mind in my face.

"I am not surprised to hear you say that," I answered. "I have noticed that you have not been looking well lately."

My tone and manner (otherwise perfectly composed) expressed polite sympathy, and nothing more. I saw I puzzled him. He tried again.

"I hope I didn't say or do any thing rude?" he went on.

"Oh no!"

"I was excited—painfully excited. You are too kind to admit it. I am sure I owe you my apologies?"

"No, indeed! You were certainly excited, as you say. But we are all in the same state to-day. The occasion, Mr. Nugent, is your sufficient apology."

Not the slightest sign in my face of any sort of suspicion of him rewarded the close and continued scrutiny with which he regarded me. I saw in his perplexed expression the certain assurance that I was beating him at his own weapons. He made a last effort to entrap me into revealing that I suspected his secret—he attempted, by irritating my quick temper, to take me by surprise.

"You are, no doubt, astonished to seeing me here," he resumed. "I have not forgotten that I promised to remain at Browndown instead of coming to the rectory. Don't be angry with me. I am under medical orders which forbid me to keep my promise."

"I don't understand you," I said, just as coolly as ever.

"I will explain myself," he rejoined. "You remember that we long since took Grosse into our confidence on the subject of Oscar's position toward Lucilla?"

"I am not likely to have forgotten it," I answered, "considering that it was I who first warned your brother that Herr Grosse might do terrible mischief by innocently letting out the truth."

"Do you recollect how he took the warning when we gave it to him first?"

"Perfectly. He promised to be careful. But, at the same time, he gruffly forbade us to involve him in any more of our family troubles. He said he was determined to preserve his professional freedom of action, without being hampered by domestic difficulties which might concern us, but which did not concern *him*. Is my memory accurate enough to satisfy you?"

"Your memory is wonderful. You will now understand me when I tell you that Grosse asserts his professional freedom of action on this occasion. I had it from his own lips on our way here. He considers it very important that Lucilla should not be frightened at the moment when she tries her sight. Oscar's face is sure to startle her, if it is the first face she sees. Grosse has accordingly requested me to be present (as the only other young man in the room), and to place myself so that I shall be the first person who attracts her notice. Ask him yourself, Madame Pratolungo, if you don't believe me."

"Of course I believe you!" I answered. "It is useless to dispute the surgeon's orders in such a time as this."

With that I left him, showing just as much annoyance as an unsuspecting woman, in my position, might have naturally betrayed, and no more. Knowing, as I did, what was going on under the surface, I understood only too plainly what had happened. Nugent had caught at the opportunity which the surgeon had innocently offered to him as a means of misleading Lucilla at the moment, and (possibly) of taking some base advantage of her afterward. I trembled inwardly with rage and fear as I turned my back on him. Our one chance was to make sure of his absence, at the critical moment, and cudgel my brains as I might, how to reach that end successfully was more than I could see.

When I returned to the other persons in the room, Oscar and Lucilla were still occupying the same positions. Mr. Finch had presented himself (at full length) to Herr Grosse. And Jicks was established on a stool in a corner, devouring a complete horse, carved in bilious-yellow German gingerbread, with a voracious relish wonderful and terrible to see.

"Ah, my good Madame Pratolungo!" said Herr Grosse, stopping on his way to Lucilla to shake hands with me. "Have you made order lately Mayonnaise? I have come on purpose with an empty-stomachs, and a wolf's-appetite in due order. Look to that little Imps," he went on, pointing to Jicks. "Ach Gott! I believe I am in love with her. I have sent all the ways to Germany for gingerbreads for Jick. Aha, you Jick! does it stick in your teeths? Is it nice-clammy sweet?" He glared benevolently at the child through his spectacles, and tucked my hand sentimentally into the breast of his waistcoat. "Promise me a child like adorable Jick," he said, solemnly, "I will marry the first wife you bring me—nice womans, nasty womans, I don't care which. Soh! there is my domestic sentiments laid bare before you. Enough of that. Now for my pretty-Feench! Come-begin-begin!"

He crossed the room to Lucilla, and called to Nugent to follow him.

"Open the shutters," he said. "Light-light-light, and plenty of him, for my lovely Feench!"

Nugent opened the shutters, beginning with the lower window, and ending with the window at which Lucilla was sitting. Acting on this plan, he had only to wait where he was, to place himself close by her—to be the first object she saw. He did it. The villain did it. I stepped forward, determined to interfere—and stopped, not knowing what to say or do. I could have beaten my own stupid brains out against the wall. There stood Nugent right before her, as the surgeon turned his patient toward the window. And not the ghost of an idea came to me!

The German stretched out his hairy hands, and took hold of the knot of the bandage to undo it.

Lucilla trembled from head to foot.

Herr Grosse hesitated—looked at her—let go of the bandage—and, lifting one of her hands, laid his fingers on her pulse.

In the moment of silence that followed I had one of my inspirations. The missing idea turned up in my brains at last.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

The French wits have got hold to Gambetta. The latest joke about him is an allusion to his being every where defeated for the Conseils Généraux. It would make a very good conundrum: "Gambetta is only a drum," says one. "Why so?" asks the other. "Because he is beaten on every side."

A Harvard student defines flirtation to be "attention without intention."

NEW DESIGN FOR A MONEY-BOX, SPECIALLY ADAPTED TO THE USE OF WIDOWS AND ORPHANS.

To seek the redress of grievances by going to law is like sheep running for shelter to a bramble-bush.

A rich man asked a poor person if he had any idea of the advantages arising from riches. "I believe they give a rogue an advantage over an honest man," was the answer.

The Rev. Mr. Murray, spending an evening with a social party in Boston, was asked, together with some others, to drink something. "You drink, Mr. Murray?" "Oh yes; drink like a beast!" In the course of the evening, upon being asked to partake a second time, he declined. When reminded of what he had just said, he replied, "Yes; but a beast always stops when he gets enough."

A shrewd old lady compares her husband to a tallow-candle; he always sputters and smokes when he's put out.

A BETWEEN-ACT—Kissing the wrong girl!

A celebrated physician said to Lord Eldon's brother, Sir William Scott, rather more flippantly than became the gravity of his profession, "You know, after forty, a man is always either a fool or a physician." The baronet archly replied, in an insinuating voice, "Perhaps he may be both, doctor."

A grocer having a cask for sale had written on it, "For sale." A wag wrote underneath, "For freight or charter, apply at the bung-hole."

Baron Alderson, learned, gentle, and good, could make puns, and had much drollery. A juryman once said that he was deaf in one ear. "Well, then," said Alderson, "you may leave the box, for it is necessary that jurymen should hear both sides."

McGibbs said to one to his debtors, "Isn't it about time you paid me that little bill?" "My dear Sir," was the consoling reply, "it is not a question of time, it is a question of money."

ELECTION FRUIT—The candy-date.

Edward Tinan was married to a woman in Connecticut last week, and thereafter absconded. An exchange says, "Tinan tied wails for one woman."

THE WORLD IN ARMS—The babies.

A waiter in a village tavern looked in blank amazement when a party of New Yorkers asked for a wine card, and protested that he knew not what they meant. "Well," said one of the party, impatiently, "have you any dry Sillery?" "I think not," replied the waiter, promptly, "but we have some cold cabbage."

THE GRAND DUKE'S RECEPTION.

COLUMBIA. "My long-lost ALEXIS! I am so glad you have come!"

H. G. DIOGENES HAS FOUND THE HONEST MAN.

H. G. D. "Whoever says you ain't is 'a vulgar braggart and liar, chattering slander with as little sense of responsibility as a magpie.'"

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TOO LATE.—Drawn by Paul Frenzeny.—[See Page 1154.]

TOO LATE.

THERE is a tragedy in this picture. It tells the story of many lives, and suggests many a saddening question and haunting doubt. Why should there be so many unsuccessful men and women—so many, in art and literature, to whom fame and fortune never come? History is full of such instances, and they are constantly about us. Almost every body knows some one who is struggling against adverse circumstances, who, in spite of fair talents and industry, never makes headway against the current. In some cases, no doubt, this is the fault of the individual, who may be lacking in practical knowledge and that common-sense which is necessary to the proper direction of talent. In others it is the fault of the public, who fail to discern what is great and good until their appreciation is too late to be of service.

M. FRERZENY's pathetic composition shows the interior of an artist's studio. The surroundings show that he was poor and friendless; but who can guess the hopes that once were his, through what struggles he passed, what short though splendid gleams of victory gladdened his pathway, or by what dark clouds of disappointment it was overshadowed? And his death? Perhaps, like CHATTERTON,

> "The marvelous boy who perished in his pride,"

he grew impatient of neglect and poverty, and forced the gate-way of the other world just as Fortune, led by Fame, was knocking at his door. Perhaps want killed him, or toil. He may have loved in vain, because painted in vain, and some one more favored of fortune may have carried away the prize on which his heart was set. But, whatever his story, there he lies, and Fame and Fortune are nothing to him any more.

CINDERELLA SMITH.

A THANKSGIVING STORY.

"I DECLARE it's getting on night!" ejaculated Clementina Smith, in tones of vexation, as a long shadow fell athwart the buttery window, where she stood straining cranberry "jell" into moulds. "Well, we do beat all for short days."

Truly she might say so. The sun, as per almanac, did not, on this 24th day of November, set until 4.30 P.M. But here, on the east slope of Rattlesnake Mountain, where the old farm-house stood, he vanished, or seemed to vanish, about the middle of the afternoon, sucked down by irresistible attraction into the bosom of the western valley. No sooner did his flaming head dip below the crest of dark pines which topped the range than dense purple shadows began to stretch eastward over the country above which the mountain towered, carrying premature night on their wings. Confusion ensued for all such lazy souls as, in the spirit of the old adage,

> "worked their best
> When the sun is in the west."

But the Smiths were none of these. If Nature and the Rattlesnake did them despite at close of day, lopping off the twenty-four hours and curtailing all afternoon operations, morning, on the contrary, came a bright, punctual visitor, flooding the rear-guard of the "wee sma' hours" with light and activity. By four in summer, by five in winter, open shutters, smoking chimneys, lowing cattle, sounds of household chore, betokened the red farm-house awake and stirring. The long purple shadow, which swooped like eagle from eyrie, and clutched the homestead in daily embrace, always found the day's work put aside; fire glints from the ample chimney-place, dancing on Mrs. Smith's rapidly moving knitting-pins, on Clementina's stocking-block and cotton, Britomarte's glancing thimble, as she creased her long seam, and the bright hair of little Cinda, youngest and fairest, who sat with idle hands beside the blaze, and did nothing: "Lucinda Amarantha" baptismally, gentle reader. The Smiths all gloried in fine names, culled from the *Ledger* and *Ballou's Dollar Monthly*, but Lucinda's was shortened, as oppressive for daily use. "Cinnie," and "Darter," the old farmer called her; "Cinda," her mother and the girls. To me she was known as "Cinderella," from her soft, lazy presence, and certain petted chimney-corner ways she had; somewhat, too, from the fact that her stirring elder sisters, regarding less her good looks than the extreme disinclination for household work which characterized her, were somewhat inclined to look down upon and despise her. And certainly it would have been difficult to find a more useless person, practically speaking, than this little Cinderella.

Clem made beds. She swept and dusted and scoured in a way which would have caused the fairy Longears' eyes to shine with pleasure. Her bread and biscuit were celebrated in all the region: nobody had such a knack at butter; nobody such a "hand" for smooth and flaky piecrust. Not one of all the seven-and-twenty kinds of cake which figured alphabetically in her recipe-book—"almond," "bun," "cup," "cottage," "citron," "currant," etc., etc.—but came from the oven, at her sprinkling, light, flavorous, perfect, and curved to the middle to that shapely round which is the joy of the cake-maker's heart. Preserves with her never "fermented," her jelly never refused to form; sausage and head-cheese beneath her touch rose to the dignity of fine art; pork and beans awoke enthusiasm; absolute poetry lay couched in apple turn-overs. Over all the departments of the kitchen she reigned supreme, with sway undisputed and unquestioned by her appreciative subjects.

But if Clementina ruled the roast, Britomarte, on the other hand, was queen of the work-basket. She possessed that talent for making, mending, and remodeling clothes which in some women amounts to absolute genius. Her powers of adaptation seemed unlimited. In the language of the district, she could "make a sheet out of a pocket-handkerchief any day." No pattern was too complicated or too difficult for her imitation; her patch-work was unrivaled; her "white seam" wonderful. Arachne herself might have been proud of the web-like tracery, crossed and recrossed, which, uniting disrupted heels and toes, made ancient hosen look as well as new. She spun, she wove, diligent as Penelope, unremitting as Lucrece—the wise woman in Proverbs was not more praiseworthy or more industrious than she.

But Lucinda! No mortal thing did she or could she do—except look pretty, curl her hair, cuddle, coax, bask in sun and fire warmth like a drowsy kitten, purr like one, and occasionally inflict a minute scratch on whoso tended to withhold her. These few accomplishments, it must be confessed, she practiced to perfection. Much peering into oven doors had roughened Clementina's complexion, and tinged the tip of her nose with a permanent and unbecoming red; while poor Britomarte's years of sewing had rounded her spine, and sharpened and sallowed her naturally good features. But useless little Cinderella's skin was satin-soft, and tinted like a peach. No needle-pricks disfigured her small forefinger, no lines of worry puckered her brow. Plump, fair, rosy, she lived in the midst of the busy hive of home, consuming the honey of others, and bringing none into the store. Her father and mother scolded and indulged, and both indulgence and blame were borne with like serene indifference. She was equally aware and unconcerned of the opinions entertained of her demerits by those two busy Marthas who called her sister. Not that Clem or Brit envied her beauty or dreaded her as a rival. Oh dear, no! not at all. They simply ignored and scorned her. "A man hadn't need to have more than common-sense to see what a useless piece Cinda is," they remarked to each other, in moments of confidence. By which it will be perceived, first, that man, matrimonially considered, was still a topic of interest in the virgin cogitations of the elder sisters; and secondly, that their knowledge of the sex and its common-sense was, to say the least, rather Utopian than real.

On the special evening of which we treat an unusual bustle pervaded the peaceful precincts of the red farm-house. The hovering purple shadow brought consternation to others besides Clementina and her cranberries. The kitchen wore its morning rather than evening aspect. There was confusion, disarray. Mrs. Smith, at one table, was busily washing dishes. Brit, at another, was scouring candlesticks. Phil Haggerty, the hired man, passing through on regular patrol from "keeping room" to wood-pile, was depositing armfuls of clean-split hickory beside the company fire, while Aunt Viny Jones, hired for the day, mopped away at the sink-room floor. All were astir except the farmer, settled back to rest in his wooden arm-chair, and Cinderella cuddled beside him, the sole unoccupied members of the busy group.

The clock struck four, and punctual Clem, bouncing in from the buttery, flung wide the oven door, and revealed within its generous glow long rows of good things and an ineffable smell.

"Now, ma, move, will you?" she cried, waspishly, "unless you want to get burned with these hot dishes!"

Out and in plunged the active shovel, and soon the pantry blossomed like the rose with steaming dainties—pies of every shade and flavor, from golden squash to translucent apple, cakes redolent of plums and sugar, fragrant spice-bread, tartlets whose foamy circlets a breath would seem enough to dissipate, crusty and delicate loaves of brown and white, chicken-pasties breathing odors of mingled Araby and dyspepsia. Clem stood before her work, flushed and erect, a smile of triumph on her face. Then she called out, "Come and see!"

There was a simultaneous clatter to the pantry. "Seems to me," said the farmer, who had not stirred from his chair, "the girls is making a great fuss this year over Thanksgiving, an't they? What's the reason of it, Darter?"

"Darter" was the father's pet name for useless Cinda. She answered, demurely, with just a little flicker of a smile, "The parson is coming to dinner, you know, pa."

"Whew!" whistled her father. "So that's how it goes, is it? Why, when did Miss Lowther die? Let me see—'tain't quite a twelvemonth yet, I declare! Well! well! I call that crowding of a man, I do."

Cinda laughed again. She had her own thoughts about the matter, but it was not in her way to give them words. "Crowding" though it was, she entertained her private ambition to take a hand in the game of inveigling Mr. Lowther over the brink of a second matrimony. Why not? she said to herself. Clem and Brit were evidently after him, and it would be fun, at least, to see what she could do.

Little did Clem or Brit imagine this budding rivalry in the breast of the little one. To each this forthcoming festival was at once a festival and a tournament. The pastor had now been for eleven months and more that lone, lorn thing which all womankind feels bound to console. "A widower ain't no good," declared the village gossips, "and it's quite time the dominie should be looking about him." Nothing could be truer, thought Clem and Brit each in her secret heart, and each donned armor and polished her weapons for the conflict. Clem had always felt herself capable of undertaking a widower, especially one with children. Her lance, aimed straight at what she was accustomed to think the vulnerable spot in mortal man, was that triumphant chicken-pie, which now stood on the pantry shelf before her. The heart that could resist that, she thought, was proof; and, indeed, it was inimitably perfect. One thing only disturbed her felicity. Britomarte, whose yearnings after a "clergyman" had always been strong, had deemed it best to come doubly armed to the encounter, and besides the table-cloth of her own weaving, which was to grace the board, had insisted on having a hand in the dinner. She had made the apple-tarts. It was an unprecedented interference, for which Clem consoled herself by hoping they might turn out heavy. But no; tarts more perfect had never appeared on table. And there they stood, Mordecais at the gate of that lordly pie. It was certainly a mean invasion of her peculiar province, and Clem felt some sinkings of heart as she contemplated their iniquitous charms.

Only lazy Cinda made no preparation for the important to-morrow, but sat and purred in her chimney-corner, and went to bed earlier than usual.

But if she made none, Nature worked in her behalf, sending sleep, which deepened the blue of her eyes to gentian tint, glossed the sunny curls, and added to the fair cheeks just that tint of shell pink which was necessary to enhance their fairness. In all her life the girl never looked so pretty as on that morning. The old farmer noticed it; and as she stood before the tiny square of looking-glass which hung behind the kitchen door, tying her bonnet strings, he said to his wife, *sotto voce*,

"I declare! If she ain't as pretty as a pink!"

"S-s-h!" replied the dame, with a reproving glance. "Don't be setting the child up with such nonsense." But the mother noted, and was pleased, for all that.

I am inclined to fear that the excellent and prolonged discourse with which Mr. Lowther favored his congregation that day was rather lost on the inmates of the red house. Long before "thirdly" was reached Farmer Smith had nodded himself off to that blissful world where sermons are unknown. Mrs. Smith, less drowsy, but hardly less unconscious, was deep in a train of vagrant meditations, among which certain bundles of catnip, which threatened mustiness, and a son George, who died sixteen years before, were oddly mixed and jumbled. Britomarte, very smart, indeed, in a new pelisse shaped by her own clever fingers after the last fashionable model, was trimming an imaginary blue merino, which, if certain things should come to pass (and why should they not while life and hope lasted?), would be just the thing to "run round the parish" in—nice, but not too nice; exactly adapted to the situation and the circumstances. She tucked and pleated, hooked and buttoned, with infinite satisfaction; then rousing suddenly, with a horrified jump, became aware that she was smiling blandly in the very face of the dominie. But he, good man, proceeded tranquilly from seventhly to eighthly, unconscious of Britomarte's start, of Mrs. Smith's wandering thoughts, of Clem's absence (Clem had staid at home to "see to things"), of his deacon's slumbers—even of little Cinda, distractingly pretty as she chanced to look at that moment.

All human things come to an end in time, and so did that sermon. As the last quaver of the closing hymn died away, each housewife seemed to become aware of her own particular turkey, and there was a general squeeze toward the door. Many "How do you, neighbors?" were exchanged, but for all the hearty tones, promptitude was evidently the order of the day. In five minutes the congregation was scattered, going off by twos and threes over the frozen roads. From every farm-house, far and near, rose brisk curls of smoke, significant of forthcoming cheer. From each open door came a sizzle and fizzle of savory promise. Dinner-time was at hand—coming, but not yet come—and it behooved all men to make ready.

Clem was in her glory. As her father said, she was "some" on dinners. A splendid fire crackled in the best room. In the other stood the table, spread with snowy cloth, and ornamented in the middle with a resplendent "trifle," wonderfully compounded of custard, jam, and white of egg purpled with jelly. On either side rose tumulis of red and amber blanc-mange. Each plate was flanked with a squadron of saucers containing, respectively, tomato, pickles, cranberry, apple-sauce, cold-slaw, and chicken-salad, while in their midst, convoy to these smaller craft, stood a plate, on which a mystic and many-segmented circle exhibited specimens of seven different species of pie. Every available inch of space on table was filled with nuts, apples, raisins, custards, doughnuts, and other toothsome wares, and a general savor of plenty and hospitality filled the air.

At last the hour came—the hour and the man! Mr. Lowther's thin, wistful face relaxed as he passed into the cheerful warmth of the "keeping-room."

"Well, this is comfortable, indeed, brother," he repeated more than once, rubbing his hands cheerfully. How Clem exulted!

There is embarrassment sometimes in our "granted prayers." Now that the worthy sisters had their prize actually secured and on their hands, a certain difficulty of entertaining him made itself felt. Some uneasy consciousness of their secret plans oppressed them. Clem bustled in and out to make it evident that she was the presiding genius of the feast; and Brit called after her, ostentatiously, "The snow-drop table-cloth, you know, Clem!" for which bit of display she was rewarded by a Parthian scowl from Clem, and total silence on the part of Mr. Lowther. She folded her unaccustomed hands on an idle lap, and couldn't think of any thing to say. Mr. Lowther wasn't a man given to conversation, and for some time a spell of stiffness seemed to rest over the room.

It was broken by the appearance of Cinda, who, ever since church, had been adorning herself up stairs. She came in attired in her best dress, a blue bow tucked cunningly into her pretty hair, a knot of scarlet leaves in her collar, and looking, as the astonished Brit thought to herself, "grown up." The dominie had always regarded her as a child. "That little chit of a Cindy will turn out a pretty girl some day," Mr. Lowther had been wont to say; and here the little chit was, tall, womanly, giving him a soft hand to shake, and looking into his with a pair of eyes which, through all his theological abstractions, he perceived to be exceedingly blue and sweet. The worthy man absolutely blushed as he rose from his chair, and a sudden tingle took possession of his veins. He was glad that just then Clem put her head into the door and announced,

"Dinner's ready!"

"Draw up and set to," said the hospitable farmer.

> "'Twere vain to tell what stands gave o'er"

as the dinner proceeded, from its first cut of plump turkey to the last languid morsel of pastry.

"Clem's a real first-rate hand at pies, an't she?" said her father, helping on the plate of his eldest; but before Mr. Lowther could utter his assent, there was that aggravating Brit, exclaiming,

"Now, pa, you mustn't give Clem all the praise, for I made the tarts. Do try one, Mr. Lowther, just to please me." And the dominie, nothing loath, transferred one of the tempting circles to his plate, and pronounced it capital.

"And what part of the dinner is your doing, Miss Cindy?" he asked.

"Oh, no part," responded Cinderella, sweetly, quite mindful of a sudden toss of Clem's head. "I don't know much about cooking, Mr. Lowther. I'm the youngest, you know, and just good for nothing but to cuddle down close by pa in the evenings, and fetch his slippers, and thread ma's needles for her while she sits and sews. I'm afraid I ain't much use; but then, you see, I'm the only baby they've got;" and she drooped her long eyelashes sadly.

"Now he sees just what a useless little piece she is," thought Brit. But not so at all. Mr. Lowther somehow found the eyelashes and the petted, pleading voice quite charming, and was saying within himself, "What a lovely little thing! and yet so womanly."

And so it went on. Coquettes, like poets, are things born, not made; and no flirt of a dozen seasons could have proceeded more artistically to the bewitchment of a victim than this inexperienced little Cinda. She seemed to know by instinct the use of each branch of female artillery, and used, in turn, all and each against her quarry. Smile, pout, attitude, voice—nothing was spared, nothing misapplied. By the evening's end the dazzled dominie was fairly in the toils, and went home to his lonely parsonage as foolishly in love as a boy of sixteen.

A radiance of gossip rested over the parish for the ensuing six weeks. The dominie—so rumor ran—was "sitting up with one of the Smith girls," which one, even the best informed old lady in the village dared not venture to say. Party feeling ran high.

"Clem's an active, stirring sort of body," said some; "the parson 'll be lucky if he gets her."

"But," clamored another faction, in antistrophe, "there ain't such a clever sewer in the State as Britomarte. Miss Lowther that was couldn't hold a candle to her. The dominie 'll never lack a button if she takes him in hand."

Nobody thought of mentioning Cinda!

At last one eventful Sunday arrived, upon which popular report, and the absence of Mr. Lowther from his usual place, betokened something unusual about to happen. The eyes of the audience fairly snapped with excitement when, in place of giving out the second hymn, the minister *pro tem.* arose slowly—a paper in his hand:

"Ahem! In accordance with the laws of the State, the following publishment is made: 'I publish the bans of marriage between the Rev. Jebiel Lowther and' " (a pin could have been heard to drop) " 'and—Lucinda Amarantha Smith. If any man know just cause or impediment why these two should not be joined together, let him speak now, or forever after hold his peace.' "

Hold his peace, indeed! The whole meeting-house was in a rustle. Even that sedate New England congregation could not repress all signs of excitement. Girls whispered, elderly bonnets leaned toward each other. All eyes were bent on the Smith pew, where Clem and Brit sat, grim and rigid, between their parents. The pause of wonderment was broken by the reading of the hymn,

> "Lo, on a narrow neck of land,
> 'Twixt two unbounded seas, I stand."

"That's so," remarked Jack Styles, the joker of the village, to his next neighbor; and a faint giggle was audible in the choir.

"What on earth does it mean?" asked Mehetabel Throop, in a whisper, as Clem passed out of church at the close of the service.

"Mean? Nothing, except that men are natural born fools," replied that indignant spinster.

We fear the Rev. Jebiel's after-fate to some degree verified this sweeping assertion. Certain it is that Cinderellas are better suited to princes than poor men; and the poor dominie would fare badly sometimes were it not for his active sisters-in-law, who, lacking spheres of their own, condescend occasionally to supervise Cinda's. And the poor child is only too glad to slip out of her little drudgeries whenever they give her a chance. Whether she sometimes repents the rash triumph of that Thanksgiving night, or the dominie at furtive moments his bargain, we must leave to the imagination of our married readers. We tell the tale. The moral is out of our line.

THE BUTCHER'S WEDDING.

In the humorous page illustration on page 1148 our artist shows a very old English custom which has come down to our own day. When a butcher is married, the men who work with him, joined by others of the same craft, form a procession and march through the street on which he lives, making a rude sort of chime by knocking bones against their cleavers and axes. They are, of course, followed by all the idlers of the neighborhood, and the noise and hubbub sometimes become intolerable. The frolic generally ends in a grand spree, the victim of the uncouth serenade paying for all the beer that is drunk in honor of his wedding.

SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

On the evening of November 18 Professor HARKNESS, of the Washington Observatory, in connection with Professor HALL, succeeded in observing the spectrum of ENCKE's comet. This was found to consist of two bright bands in the green, each of which was most intense in the middle of its breadth, and faded off toward each edge. Very satisfactory measures were obtained of the broadest and brightest of these bands, and they give for the wave lengths of the light at its two edges respectively about 001 and 499 millionths of a millimeter. They were not able to measure the position of the fainter band, but estimate its wave length as 511 millionths of a millimeter. With the optical power of their command they could not discover any trace of a continuous spectrum, and, as a careful examination of the comet with the equatorial failed to show any signs of a nucleus, it was perhaps safely inferred by them that the comet consists of a cloud of glowing gas. The case is somewhat different with TUTTLE's comet, likewise under examination by them, in which a nucleus is distinctly appreciable.

The Anthropological Society of London invites assistance from ethnologists in securing photographic pictures of all the different tribes of men now inhabiting the globe. The plan proposed for these pictures is to have them on a black background of a definite size, and divided by distinctly visible lines into spaces of six inches square, in such a manner that all the pictures shall exhibit the dimensions of the individuals photographed, and be directly comparable. Portraits are to be taken of the subjects standing, and immediately before the black background. If the negatives are sent to the society in England, they will cause these to be printed by the carbon process, or upon collodion films, to be fixed between glass plates with Canada balsam.

A Norwegian company offers for sale a fish guano from the Loffoden Islands, prepared from the heads and backbones of the cod-fish, collected during the great winter fisheries off the Norwegian coast, principally by children and old and infirm persons who have no other means of subsistence. Formerly this matter was thrown into the sea as refuse, and materially affected the permanence and efficiency of the fisheries, but it is now carefully collected and hung in bundles on the rocks to dry. In June and July it is brought to the mills, where it is cut into pieces, dried artificially, and then ground between millstones. This article, prepared quite differently from the fish guano of the United States, is put up in bags, and finds a constant demand at about $18 a ton. It contains a great variety of ingredients fitting it for an excellent manure. The same company furnish what they call fish flour, which is made from the best dried cod fish, by grinding them up, bones, skin, and all, to the fineness of sawdust or flour, in which form it is largely used in Scandinavia for various kinds of cookery. It is sometimes mixed with potatoes or other substances, and sometimes formed into cakes or biscuit. The fish is more readily packed and transported in this form than any other, and it is said to keep a long time without deterioration. We would commend this last-mentioned preparation to the attention of our people, as furnishing a hint toward a new article of trade in this country, and one that could be conveniently employed in cookery in a great variety of ways.

The Gulf of Naples has long been a favorite field of exploration for marine zoologists, on account of the great variety of animal life to be found in its waters, but much inconvenience has usually been experienced by foreign naturalists for want of the facilities necessary for prosecuting their researches. To obviate this, Dr. ANTON DOHRN, of Stettin, an eminent conchologist, has lately obtained permission from the authorities of the city of Naples to erect in the Villa Reale, close to the sea, at his own expense, a large building to contain a great aquarium for the public, and extensive and convenient apartments for the use of naturalists of every country, the whole to remain his absolute property for thirty years, and as long after that as he may live. Dr. DOHRN proposes to establish himself in the building, with several other German naturalists, and to conduct the administration of the entire establishment. He will here, at all times, be happy to welcome his scientific confreres, and to see that every facility for research is offered them. Some income will doubtless be derived from fees for admission of the general public to the aquaria, and all deficiencies will be made up by Dr. DOHRN, who is understood to be that rare avis, a naturalist of means.

An annual report of receipts and expenditures, as well as of the discoveries made in the establishment, is to be made to an international committee, of whom are already named HELMHOLTZ, DUBOIS-REYMOND, HUXLEY, DARWIN, HAECKEL, LEUCKART, VON BENEDEN, etc. He has also invited Professor AGASSIZ to accept the representation in the committee for the United States, and thereby add the weight of his powerful name. Work on the building will begin forthwith under Dr DOHRN's direction, his address at Naples being to the care of FRIEDRICH STOLTE, Consul-General of Germany, Piazza Medina.

In the Northern United States the richest marine fauna is to be found in the vicinity of Eastport, Maine, the adjacent region of the Bay of Fundy having become classic ground through the labors of STIMPSON, VERRILL, PACKARD, MORSE, WEBSTER, HYATT, etc. It is whispered that Mr J. E. GAVIT, of New York, president of the American Bank-note Company, and at the same time an eminent microscopist, has it in contemplation with some friends to erect a building at Eastport, to be suitably endowed and maintained for the use of any naturalists who may wish to avail themselves of the facilities it may afford. We can only hope that so excellent an idea may be realized at an early day.

Arrangements are now making for an international exhibition at Vienna in 1873, one great feature of which will be the classification of the products of all countries in groups corresponding to their geographical positions. It is also expected that selections from the various museums of London, Paris, Berlin, Moscow, Lyons, Munich, etc., will be exhibited and compared, while it is also intended to represent a history of prices, a history of industry, and a history of natural productions, so that the world's progress in art, science, industry, and natural products will thus be brought in contrast. During the exhibition international congresses will be held for the discussion of important questions, to which either the exhibition itself may give rise, or for which it may furnish materials for illustration.

A committee of the Iron and Steel Institute of England, consisting of Mr G. J. SNELUS, Mr JONES, and Mr J. LESTER, has been appointed to proceed to the United States to examine into and report upon DANKS's rotary puddling furnace, which, it is claimed, is a very efficient arrangement for lessening the severe labor of the iron puddler, and producing good iron.

With a commendable promptness the first volume of the annual report of the Commissioner of Patents for 1870 has made its appearance, and inaugurates the new order in regard to this document. Instead of publishing the specifications of the patents, with wood-cut illustrations, the present volume embodies, first, an alphabetical list of patentees during the year; second, an alphabetical list of the patents extended during the year; next, an alphabetical list of inventions and of reissues. It will be remembered that, at the present time, the patents are printed in detail, accompanied by photo-lithographic drawings of working size, 150 copies being published, some of them to be distributed, and one placed for free public inspection in the various State and Territorial capitals, and in the clerks' offices of the District Court of the various judicial districts throughout the United States. The issue of additional copies is also authorized in proportion to the demand, to be sold at a price not exceeding the contract price for such drawings.

The acting commissioner is not entirely satisfied with the wisdom of the change, and thinks that the old plan might have been improved on so as to be of great utility, and the publication of the patents and their illustrations on a large scale still kept up. Various recommendations are made bearing upon this subject, with which our readers will not generally feel specially interested. The total number of patents issued during the year 1870 amounted to 13,321, of which considerably the largest number were made out to citizens of New York, Pennsylvania, Massachusetts, Ohio, Illinois, Connecticut, Indiana, and Michigan, in the order mentioned.

It has been remarked by travelers in Holland that the river and sea fish in that country are of remarkable excellence of taste, and, apparently, possess much firmer flesh than those of other regions. This, however, results simply from the fact that the fish are always killed at the moment they are taken from the water, while in most other countries they are allowed to die slowly, and with the great tenacity of life possessed by these animals, many hours, and even several days in some cases, elapse before actual death ensues. This calls to mind the anomaly which prevails between our treatment of fish and other animals. The attempt to offer for sale birds or beasts that have died by what might be called a natural death, or that have been killed by drowning, would very soon be met by the action of the police authorities. But what corresponds to precisely the same treatment in fishes is allowed to pass as a matter of course. A slight consideration of the circumstances will soon convince us of the impropriety of this practice, and that the quicker we are in causing the death of fish, as well as other animals, the better for us. There is also some choice in the method of killing, this, in most cases, being by a violent blow on the head, or against the side of a boat, or by means of a stick. The practice in Holland, however, is to sever the spinal marrow and the arteries of the neck, just back of the head, by which means death ensues immediately, and the blood is allowed to escape from the body.

The difference in the taste of fish killed and of those allowed to die is most marked in species of vigorous habits and containing much blood, such as, for instance, our own blue-fish (*Temnodon saltator*). Many persons have been struck by the excellence of this fish, as served up at Nantucket or Edgarton, finding them so much superior to those which they have eaten in other localities. The practice of the fishermen in these waters is to cut the throat of the fish between the gills immediately after capturing them, thus allowing the blood to escape freely and in large quantity. Experience has shown that fish killed in this way, and bled, will retain their firmness and freshness very much longer than those allowed to die in the ordinary manner.

Number thee of the finely illustrated series of catalogues of the Museum of Comparative Zoology at Cambridge, under direction of Professor AGASSIZ, has just appeared, and embraces a memoir on the deep-sea corals of the middle Atlantic Ocean by Count POURTALÈS, assistant of the United States Coast Survey. This gentleman has been engaged for a number of years in the prosecution of the investigation of the deep-sea fauna of the eastern coast of the United States, in behalf of the Coast Survey, and has made some very important discoveries in regard both to the fauna and to the physical geography of the Florida and West Indian seas. Of the richness of the deep sea fauna in corals, and of the extent of Count POURTALÈS's discoveries, some idea may be gathered from the fact that forty-nine species were obtained, of which all but eleven were first described by the author from his collections.

It is a little singular that there should be precisely the same number of living shallow water corals found in the West Indies as fon the coast of Florida. Most of these, however, have been known to naturalists for a number of years.

Among recent deaths in scientific circles may be mentioned that of Professor SCHWEIGGER-SEIDEL, of Leipsic, well known for his researches upon questions of histology, especially those connected with nerve-endings in the salivary glands, the lymphatic system, and the cornea. Also that of Dr SCHLOENBACH, Professor of Geology of the Polytechnic Institute of Prague. The latter gentleman fell a victim to his zeal for science while making some geological explorations in the province of Servia, in the interest of the Geological Institute of Vienna.

We have already referred to the annual meetings of the British and American Associations for the Advancement of Science, and now have to chronicle that of the German Naturalists and Physicists at its forty-fourth annual reunion in Rostock. Although we have received no detailed report of the sessions, we learn that the meeting was not so numerously attended as usual, in consequence of the detention of members at home from various causes.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

The emancipation decree, which gave conditional freedom to the serfs of Russia, was issued more than ten years ago—in February, 1861. There were at that time 103,138 land-owners in European Russia, who employed 9,787,168 serfs on their estates, in addition to 900,071 household servants, who also formed a part of their property. The total number of serfs was upward of 22,000,000, many of the more intelligent of these being otherwise employed for the benefit of their masters, as artisans, merchants, etc. The land in the possession of these land-owners amounted to about 88,000,000 acres, nearly one-third of which was occupied by the cottages of the serfs. Under the emancipation decree, the land then occupied by the serfs was to become their property after the payment, by installments, of a certain amount of compensation; and now, ten years after the issue of the decree, 6,474,612 peasants have become proprietors of more than one-fifth of the whole 88,000,000 acres. It is estimated that another period of ten years will elapse before the process of emancipation is completed. The general prosperity of the country has not suffered, but, on the contrary, has greatly increased, by the emancipation of the peasants. The popular idea that it has ruined the nobles, is quite unfounded. They still possess the greater portion of the land. Liberty is working out its natural results among the Russian peasants, who show themselves in many cases intelligent and exceedingly capable, and they regard their emperor, who has made them citizens and freemen, with child-like love and reverence. And with the freedom of her people Russia has acquired an internal strength unknown to her before.

Mr. Paul B. du Chaillu, who has recently returned from another foreign tour, says that the peasants of Sweden are well acquainted with the fact that some twenty millions of dollars have been stolen from the citizens of New York—and they are of opinion that no one will be sent to prison for it. Remarks of this kind were frequently heard by Mr Du Chaillu while abroad. Such is the reputation America has gained.

Soon after the arrival of the Grand Duke Alexis in New York he dispatched the following message to his father by the cable:

Empereur de la Russie, St. Pétersbourg:

Entrée et réception cordiale, magnifique. Parade de la milice. Tout la ville en fête. ALEXIS.

TRANSLATION.

Emperor of Russia, St. Petersburg:

Entry, cordial and magnificent reception. Parade of the militia. General holiday in the city. ALEXIS.

The same dispatch was sent to the Empress of Russia, who is on a visit to the Crimea.

The future Chicago will be a city of bricks. Brick seems to be the only building material that comes out uninjured from a fiery furnace.

Fifteen additional dismissals have been recommended by the committee investigating the hazing practices at the Annapolis Naval Academy. A sample of the "harmless pleasantries" practiced was compelling one of the cadets to drink a mug of mixture composed of castor-oil, ink, mucilage, tooth-powder, and petroleum. Another cadet was held out of a window in the fifth story until he was nearly dead. It is surely time for law to do away with such deeds.

"Hannah," a serial which has long held the interest of the readers of the *Bazar*, is now finished, and has been published in book form. The works of the well-known authoress, Mrs. Mulock-Craik, need no commendation—all are entertaining and finely written. "Hannah" does not fall below her previous writings in all those qualities which make up a thoroughly good novel. Evidently Mrs. Craik expected, in commencing her story, that the obnoxious law peculiar to England, making marriage with a deceased wife's sister illegal, would be repealed before she drew the final scenes in her tale. This not having been the case, however, the disposal of her hero and heroine in a very natural manner, and quite in harmony with the feelings of the reader.

The celebrated laughing-gas has a rival in the Arabian laughing-plant. This is a shrub varying from six inches in height to three or four feet. It bears yellow flowers, and within the fruit are imbedded two or three black seeds. These seeds, when powdered and administered judiciously, produce effects similar to the laughing-gas. After an hour of intense excitement the patient falls asleep, and upon awakening is totally unconscious of any thing that occurred while he was under the influence of the drug. An overdose is very dangerous.

A very disagreeable prophecy is that mentioned in an Indian paper as having been uttered by a famous astronomer of Rampore. He predicts that in the coming year a blaze of light, resembling a shooting-star, the like of which no mortal has yet seen, will be visible in the sky. It will dazzle the eyes of the people of particular places, and after remaining for twenty-four minutes, will vanish. The direction in which it will make its appearance will be the north pole, and accordingly the people of northern countries will see it distinctly. The effect of this meteor will be that the extent of the globe over which its light will fall will be visited by famine during the year, and a large number of the people will be destroyed, while vegetation will also be scanty. Unfortunately for the inhabitants of northern countries, the deductions of this astronomer are said to have been generally correct.

The leaves, which frost, rain, and wind have scattered bountifully over the woodland, may be made of an excellent service on the farm. They have good fertilizing qualities, and decay easily. Elm and oak leaves contain a large proportion of potash.

It is worth while for every body, especially for those who may not have a full supply of blankets for the coming winter, to know the value of newspapers for coverings. On a cold night, if two or three newspapers be spread upon the bed beneath the outside covering, the occupant of the bed will perceive a marked increase of warmth without any perceptible increase in the weight of bedding. So, also, if a spread newspaper be placed over the chest before the overcoat be buttoned up, it will be found a great protection against penetrating wind and cold.

The author of "The Daughter of Heth" is about to write a new serial story, which will embrace a series of adventures supposed to have taken place in a ride from London to Edinburgh. This journey was actually undertaken by Mr. Black in the autumn. He drove a small phaeton all the way from the British to the Scottish metropolis, putting up at way-side inns, and seeing as much as possible of the towns through which he passed and of the surrounding country.

The Amherst Agricultural College has been presented with sixty-seven new plants, mostly tropical, from the government botanical garden at Washington.

"Tamerour" is the name of a favorite Arabian pony belonging to the Prince Imperial. He is the smallest pony ever seen of that race. The animal is of a delicate cream-color, with long tail and flowing mane, the gift of an Arab sheik who revolted against French authority in Algeria, and was pardoned in the year 1868. He was bought at the late sale of the Imperial stud by the Princess Mathilde, and immediately dispatched to Chiselhurst. The voyage did not agree with the pony, and when he landed at Dover he was not in good condition, though this was, doubtless, in part the result of previous neglect. The Prince Imperial is passionately attached to Tamerour, and, though too tall to ride him now, has declared, that of all things left behind in France, the pony was the most regretted.

Freedom and education go together. Brazil has no sooner abolished slavery than she calls for more school-books.

The president of one of the largest of the English insurance companies went to Chicago only a few days before the great fire, intending to establish an agency there. But he was much impressed by the precarious condition of the city. "You have some fine buildings," he said; "but they are surrounded by very bad ones. The first time circumstances combine against you, your whole city will burn up." He declined to establish an agency there, and he had scarcely left the country before his prediction was terribly verified.

An Irish girl having applied for the position of kitchen-girl in a Connecticut family, was asked if she understood how to use kerosene. "Is it, is it?" she exclaimed, in a tone of reproachful explanation: "give me a can of kerysane, and I'll never ask for the lift of a shavin'." Her qualifications were above the position.

It may not be generally known that salt-water, absorbed through the skin, appeases thirst almost as well as fresh-water taken inwardly. In proof of this, the *Court Journal* gives the following quotation from a "Narrative of Captain Kennedy's Losing his Vessel," which was published in 1801:

"I can not conclude without making mention of the great advantage I received from soaking my clothes twice a day in salt-water, and putting them on without wringing. It was a considerable time before I could make the people comply with this measure, although, from seeing the good effect produced, they afterward practiced it twice a day of their own accord. To this discovery I may with justice attribute the preservation of my own life and six other persons, who must have perished if it had not been put in use. The saline particles which remained in our clothes became incrusted by the heat of the sun and that of our bodies, lacerating our skins, and being otherwise inconvenient, but we found by washing and frequently wetting our clothes without wringing, twice in the course of a day, the skin became well in a short time. We uniformly found that thirst was relieved in a few minutes after bathing and washing our clothes, and at the same time we found ourselves as much refreshed as if we had received some actual nourishment."

Some curious investigator has been trying to find out how many great men smoked, and how many rejected the weed. Ben Jonson was a connoisseur in the art. Hobbes smoked after his early dinner pipes innumerable. Milton never went to bed without a pipe and a glass of water. Sir Isaac Newton was smoking in his garden at Woolsthorpe when the apple fell. Addison had a pipe in his mouth at all hours. Fielding both smoked and chewed. Shelley never smoked, nor Wordsworth, nor Keats. Coleridge, when cured of opium, took to snuff. Campbell loved a pipe. Sir Walter Scott smoked in his carriage, and regularly after dinner. Byron wrote about "sublime tobacco," but was not an excessive smoker. Goethe did not smoke, nor did Shakespeare. Carlyle, now past seventy, has been a sturdy smoker for years. Alfred Tennyson is a persistent smoker of some forty years. Dickens, Jerrold, and Thackeray all puffed. Lord Lytton loves a long pipe at night and cigars by day. Lord Houghton smoked moderately. The late J. M. Kemble, author of "The Saxons in England," was a tremendous smoker. Moore cared not for it. Indeed, Irish gentlemen smoke much less than English. Wellington [illegible] it, as did Peel. Disraeli loved the long pipe in his youth, but in his middle age pronounced it "the tomb of love."

Apropos of smoking is an anecdote which we have read somewhere. A gentleman addicted to the habit was once warmly defending the cigar against the attacks of a lady friend. "You can not say it is injurious," said he, "for I have smoked my cigar for years, and here I am, alive, and seventy years old." "Well," retorted the lady, "if you had not smoked you might have been eighty!"

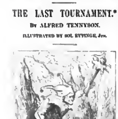
TENNYSON'S NEW POEM.

First Published in America in Harper's Weekly.

THE LAST TOURNAMENT.*

By ALFRED TENNYSON.

ILLUSTRATED BY SOL. EYTINGE, Jun.



"DANCED LIKE A WITHER'D LEAF BEFORE THE HALL."

Dagonet, the fool, whom Gawain in his mood
Had made mock-knight of Arthur's Table Round,
At Camelot, high above the yellowing woods,
Danced like a wither'd leaf before the Hall.
And toward him from the hall, with harp in hand,
And from the crown thereof a carcanet
Of ruby swaying to and fro, the prize
Of Tristram in the jousts of yesterday,
Came Tristram, saying, "Why skip ye so, Sir Fool?"

For Arthur and Sir Lancelot riding once
Far down beneath a winding wall of rock
Heard a child wail. A stump of oak half-dead,
From roots like some black coil of carven snakes
Clutch'd at the crag, and started thro' mid air
Bearing an eagle's nest: and thro' the tree
Rush'd ever a rainy wind, and thro' the wind
Pierced ever a child's cry: and crag and tree
Scaling, Sir Lancelot from the perilous nest,
This ruby necklace thrice around her neck,
And all unscarr'd from beak or talon, brought
A maiden babe; which Arthur pitying took,
Then gave it to his Queen to rear: the Queen
But coldly acquiescing, in her white arms
Received, and after loved it tenderly,
And named it Nestling; so forgot herself
A moment, and her cares; till that young life
Being smitten in mid-heaven with mortal cold
Past from her; and in time the carcanet
Vext her with plaintive memories of the child:
So she, delivering it to Arthur, said,
"Take thou the jewels of this dead innocence,
And make them, an thou wilt, a tourney-prize."

To whom the King, "Peace be thine eagle-borne
Dead nestling, and this honor after death,
Following thy will! but, O my Queen, I muse
Why ye not wear on arm, or neck, or zone
Those diamonds that I rescued from the tarn,
And Lancelot won, methought, for thee to wear."

"Would rather ye had let them fall," she cried,
"Plunge and be lost—ill-fated as they were,
A bitterness to me!—ye look amazed,
Not knowing they were lost as soon as given—
Slid from my hands, when I was leaning out
Above the river—that unhappy child
Past in her barge: but rosier luck will go
With these rich jewels, seeing that they came
Not from the skeleton of a brother-slayer,
But the sweet body of a maiden babe.
Perchance—who knows?—the purest of thy knights
May win them for the purest of my maids."

She ended, and the cry of a great jousts
With trumpet-blowings ran on all the ways
From Camelot in among the faded fields
To furthest towers; and everywhere the knights
Arm'd for a day of glory before the King.

But on the hither side of that loud morn
Into the hall stagger'd, his visage ribb'd
From ear to ear with dogwhip-weals, his nose
Bridge-broken, one eye out, and one hand off,
And one with shatter'd fingers dangling lame,
A churl, to whom indignantly the King,
"My churl, for whom Christ died, what evil beast
Hath drawn his claws athwart thy face? or fiend?
Man was it who marr'd Heaven's image in thee thus?"

Then, sputtering thro' the hedge of splinter'd teeth,
Yet strangers to the tongue, and with blunt stump
Pitch-blacken'd sawing the air, said the maim'd churl,
"He took them and he drave them to his tower—
Some hold he was a table-knight of thine—
A hundred goodly ones—the Red Knight, he—
Lord, I was tending swine, and the Red Knight
Brake in upon me and drave them to his tower;
And when I call'd upon thy name as one
That doest right by gentle and by churl,
Maim'd me and maul'd, and would outright have slain,
Save that he sware me to a message, saying—
'Tell thou the King and all his liars, that I
Have founded my Round Table in the North,
And whatsoever his own knights have sworn
My knights have sworn the counter to it—and say
My tower is full of harlots, like his court,
But mine are worthier, seeing they profess
To be none other than themselves—and say
My knights are all adulterers like his own,
But mine are truer, seeing they profess
To be none other; and say his hour is come,
The heathen are upon him, his long lance
Broken, and his Excalibur a straw.'"

Then Arthur turn'd to Kay the seneschal,
"Take thou my churl, and tend him curiously
Like a king's heir, till all his hurts be whole.
The heathen—but that ever-climbing wave,
Hurl'd back again so often in empty foam,
Hath lain for years at rest—and renegades,
Thieves, bandits, leavings of confusion, whom
The wholesome realm is purged of otherwhere,—
Friends, thro' your manhood and your fealty,—now
Make their last head like Satan in the North.
My younger knights, new-made, in whom your flower
Waits to be solid fruit of golden deeds,
Move with me toward their quelling, which achieved,
The loneliest ways are safe from shore to shore.
But thou, Sir Lancelot, sitting in my place
Enchair'd to-morrow, arbitrate the field;
For wherefore shouldst thou care to mingle with it,
Only to yield my Queen her own again?
Speak, Lancelot, thou art silent: is it well?"

Thereto Sir Lancelot answer'd, "It is well:
Yet better if the King abide, and leave
The leading of his younger knights to me.
Else, for the King has will'd it, it is well."

Then Arthur rose, and Lancelot follow'd him,
And while they stood without the doors, the King
Turn'd to him saying, "Is it then so well?
Or mine the blame that oft I seem as he
Of whom was written, 'a sound is in his ears'—
The foot that loiters, bidden go,—the glance
That only seems half-loyal to command,—
A manner somewhat fall'n from reverence—
Or have I dream'd the bearing of our knights
Less manful and less gentle than when of old
We swept the heathen from the Roman wall?
Or whence the fear lest this my realm, uprear'd,
By noble deeds at one with noble vows,
From flat confusion and brute violences,
Reel back into the beast, and be no more?"

He spoke, and taking all his younger knights,
Down the slope city rode, and sharply turn'd
North by the gate. In her high bower the Queen,
Working a tapestry, lifted up her head,
Watch'd her lord pass, and knew not that she sigh'd.
Then ran across her memory the strange rhyme
Of by-gone Merlin, "Where is he who knows?
From the great deep to the great deep he goes."

But when the morning of a tournament,
By these in earnest those in mockery call'd
The Tournament of the Dead Innocence,
Brake with a wet wind blowing, Lancelot,
Round whose sick head all night, like birds of prey,
The words of Arthur flying shriek'd, arose,
And down a streetway hung with folds of pure
White samite, and by fountains running wine,
Where children sat in white with cups of gold,
Moved to the lists, and there, with slow sad steps
Ascending, fill'd his double-dragon'd chair.

He glanced and saw the stately galleries,
Dame, damsel, each thro' worship of their Queen
White-robed in honor of the stainless child,
And some with scatter'd jewels, like a bank
Of maiden snow mingled with sparks of fire.
He look'd but once, and vail'd his eyes again.

The sudden trumpet sounded as in a dream
To ears but half-awaked, then one low roll
Of Autumn thunder, and the jousts began:
And ever the wind blew, and yellowing leaf
And gloom and gleam, and shower and shorn plume
Went down it. Sighing weariedly, as one
Who sits and gazes on a faded fire,
When all the goodlier guests are past away,
Sat their great umpire, looking o'er the lists.
He saw the laws that ruled the tournament
Broken, but spake not; once, a knight cast down
Before his throne of arbitration cursed
The dead babe and the follies of the King;
And once the laces of a helmet crack'd,
And show'd him, like a vermin in its hole,
Modred, a narrow face: anon he heard
The voice that billow'd round the barriers roar
An ocean-sounding welcome to one knight,
But newly-enter'd, taller than the rest,
And armor'd all in forest green, whereon
There tript a hundred tiny silver deer,
And wearing but a holly-spray for crest,
With ever-scattering berries, and on the shield
A spear, a harp, a bugle—Tristram—late
From overseas in Brittany return'd,
And marriage with a princess of that realm,
Isolt the White—Sir Tristram of the Woods—
Whom Lancelot knew, had held sometime with pain
His own against him, and now yearn'd to shake
The burthen off his heart in one full shock
With Tristram ev'n to death: his strong hands gript
And dinted the gilt dragons right and left,
Until he groan'd for wrath—so many knights
That ware their ladies' colors on the casque,
Drew from before Sir Tristram to the bounds,
And there with gibes and flickering mockeries
Stood, while he mutter'd, "Craven crests! O shame!
What faith have these in whom they sware to love?
The glory of our Round Table is no more."

So Tristram won, and Lancelot gave, the gems,
Not speaking other word than "Hast thou won?
Art thou the purest, brother? See, the hand
Wherewith thou takest this, is red!" to whom
Tristram—half plagued by Lancelot's languorous mood—
Made answer, "Ay, but wherefore toss me this
Like a dry bone cast to some hungry hound?
Let be thy fair Queen's fantasy. Strength of heart
And might of limb, but mainly use and skill,
Are winners in this pastime of our King.
My hand—belike the lance hath dript upon it—
No blood of mine, I trow; but O, chief knight,
Right arm of Arthur in the battle-field,
Great brother, thou nor I have made the world;
Be happy in thy fair Queen as I in mine."

And Tristram round the gallery made his horse
Caracole; then bow'd his homage, bluntly saying,
"Fair damsels, each to him who worships each
Sole Queen of Beauty and of love, behold
This day my Queen of Beauty is not here."
Then most of these were mute, some anger'd, one
Murmuring "All courtesy is dead," and one,
"The glory of our Round Table is no more."

Then fell thick rain, plume droopt and mantle clung,
And pettish cries awoke, and the wan day
Went glooming down in wet and weariness:
But under her black brows a swarthy dame
Laught shrilly, crying "Praise the patient saints,
Our one white day of Innocence hath past,
Tho' somewhat draggled at the skirt. So be it.
The snowdrop only, flowering thro' the year,
Would make the world as blank as Winter-tide.
Come—let us comfort their sad eyes, our Queen's
And Lancelot's, at this night's solemnity
With all the kindlier colors of the field."

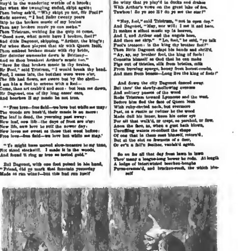
So dame and damsel glitter'd at the feast
Variously gay: for he that tells the tale
Liken'd them, saying "as when an hour of cold
Falls on the mountain in midsummer snows,
And all the purple slopes of mountain flowers
Pass under white, till the warm hour returns
With veer of wind, and all are flowers again;
So dame and damsel cast the simple white,
And glowing in all colors, the live grass,
Rose-campion, bluebell, kingcup, poppy, glanced
About the revels, and with mirth so loud
Beyond all use, that, half-amazed, the Queen,
And wroth at Tristram and the lawless jousts,
Brake up their sports, then slowly to her bower
Parted, and in her bosom pain was lord.

And little Dagonet on the morrow morn,
High over all the yellowing Autumn-tide,
Danced like a wither'd leaf before the Hall.
Then Tristram saying, "Why skip ye so, Sir Fool?"
Wheel'd round on either heel, Dagonet replied,
"Belike for lack of wiser company;
Or being fool, and seeing too much wit
Makes the world rotten, why, belike I skip
To know myself the wisest knight of all."
"Ay, fool," said Tristram, "but 'tis eating dry
To dance without a catch, a roundelay
To dance to." Then he twangled on his harp,
And while he twangled little Dagonet stood,
Quiet as any water-sodden log
Stay'd in the wandering warble of a brook;
But when the twangling ended, skipt again;
Then being ask'd, "Why skipt ye not, Sir Fool?"
Made answer, "I had liefer twenty years
Skip to the broken music of my brains
Than any broken music ye can make."
Then Tristram, waiting for the quip to come,
"Good now, what music have I broken, fool?"
And little Dagonet, skipping, "Arthur, the King's;
For when thou playest that air with Queen Isolt,
Thou makest broken music with thy bride,
Her daintier namesake down in Brittany—
And so thou breakest Arthur's music too."
"Save for that broken music in thy brains,
Sir Fool," said Tristram, "I would break thy head.
Fool, I came late, the heathen wars were o'er,
The life had flown, we sware but by the shell—
I am but a fool to reason with a fool—
Come, thou art crabb'd and sour: but lean me down,
Sir Dagonet, one of thy long asses' ears,
And hearken if my music be not true.

"'Free love—free field—we love but while we may:
The woods are hush'd, their music is no more:
The leaf is dead, the yearning past away:
New leaf, new life—the days of frost are o'er:
New life, new love to suit the newer day:
New loves are sweet as those that went before:
Free love—free field—we love but while we may.'

"Ye might have moved slow-measure to my tune,
Not stood stockstill. I made it in the woods,
And found it ring as true as tested gold."

But Dagonet, with one foot poised in his hand,
"Friend, did ye mark that fountain yesterday
Made to run wine?—but this had run itself



"BUT DAGONET, WITH ONE FOOT POISED IN HIS HAND."

All out like a long life to a sour end—
And them that round it sat with golden cups
To hand the wine to whomsoever came—
The twelve small damosels white as Innocence,
In honor of poor Innocence the babe,
Who left the gems which Innocence the Queen
Lent to the King, and Innocence the King
Gave for a prize—and one of those white slips
Handed her cup and piped, the pretty one,
'Drink, drink, Sir Fool,' and thereupon I drank,
Spat—pish—the cup was gold, the draught was mud."

And Tristram, "Was it muddier than thy gibes?
Is all the laughter gone dead out of thee?—
Not marking how the knighthood mock thee, fool—
'Fear God: honor the King—his one true knight—
Sole follower of the vows'—for here be they
Who knew thee swine enow before I came,
Smuttier than blasted grain: but when the King
Had made thee fool, thy vanity so shot up
It frighted all free fool from out thy heart;
Which left thee less than fool, and less than swine,
A naked aught—yet swine I hold thee still,
For I have flung thee pearls and find thee swine."

And little Dagonet, mincing with his feet,
"Knight, an ye fling those rubies round my neck
In lieu of hers, I'll hold thou hast some touch
Of music, since I care not for thy pearls.
Swine? I have wallow'd, I have wash'd—the world
Is flesh and shadow—I have had my day.
The dirty nurse, Experience, in her kind
Hath foul'd me—an I wallow'd, then I wash'd—
I have had my day and my philosophies—
And thank the Lord I am King Arthur's fool.
Swine, say ye? swine, goats, asses, rams, and geese
Troop'd round a Paynim harper once, who thrumm'd
On such a wire as musically as thou
Some such fine song—but never a king's fool."

And Tristram, "Then were swine, goats, asses, geese
The wiser fools, seeing thy Paynim bard
Had such a mastery of his mystery
That he could harp his wife up out of Hell."

Then Dagonet, turning on the ball of his foot,
"And whither harp'st thou thine? down! and thyself
Down! and two more: a helpful harper thou,
That harpest downward! Dost thou know the star
We call the harp of Arthur up in heaven?"

And Tristram, "Ay, Sir Fool, for when our King
Was victor wellnigh day by day, the knights,
Glorying in each new glory, set his name
High on all hills, and in the signs of heaven."

And Dagonet answer'd, "Ay, and when the land
Was freed, and the Queen false, ye set yourself
To babble about him, all to show your wit—
And whether he were king by courtesy,
Or king by right—and so went harping down
The black king's highway, got so far, and grew
So witty that ye play'd at ducks and drakes
With Arthur's vows on the great lake of fire.
Tuwhoo! do ye see it? do ye see the star?"

"Nay, fool," said Tristram, "not in open day."
And Dagonet, "Nay, nor will: I see it and hear.
It makes a silent music up in heaven,
And I, and Arthur and the angels hear,
And then we skip." "Lo, fool," he said, "ye talk
Fool's treason: is the king thy brother fool?"
Then little Dagonet clapt his hands and shrill'd,
"Ay, ay, my brother fool, the king of fools!
Conceits himself as God that he can make
Figs out of thistles, silk from bristles, milk
From burning spurge, honey from hornet-combs,
And men from beasts—Long live the king of fools!"

And down the city Dagonet danced away.
But thro' the slowly-mellowing avenues
And solitary passes of the wood
Rode Tristram toward Lyonnesse and the west.
Before him fled the face of Queen Isolt
With ruby-circled neck, but evermore
Past, as a rustle or twitter in the wood
Made dull his inner, keen his outer eye
For all that walk'd, or crept, or perch'd, or flew.
Anon the face, as, when a gust hath blown,
Unruffling waters re-collect the shape
Of one that in them sees himself, return'd;
But at the slot or fewmets of a deer,
Or ev'n a fall'n feather, vanish'd again.

So on for all that day from lawn to lawn
Thro' many a league-long bower he rode. At length
A lodge of intertwisted beechen-boughs
Furze-cramm'd, and bracken-roof'd, the which himself
Built for a summer day with Queen Isolt
Against a shower, dark in the golden grove
Appearing, sent his fancy back to where
She lived a moon in that low lodge with him:
Till Mark her lord had past, the Cornish king,
With six or seven, when Tristram was away,
And snatch'd her thence; yet dreading worse than shame
Her warrior Tristram, spake not any word,
But bode his hour, devising wretchedness.

* This poem is first published in America in Harper's Weekly, by arrangement with Messrs. J. R. Osgood & Co., from the author's advance sheets. It will be issued in book form by Messrs. Osgood & Co. on Saturday. Our readers will observe that this poem belongs to "The Idyls of the King." Its place is between "Pelleas and Ettarre" and "Guinevere."

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And now that desert lodge to Tristram lookt
So sweet, that halting, in he past, and sank
Down on a drift of foliage random-blown;
But could not rest for musing how to smooth
And sleek his marriage over to the Queen.
Perchance in lone Tintagil far from all
The tonguesters of the court she had not heard.
But then what folly had sent him overseas
After she left him lonely here? a name?
Was it the name of one in Brittany,

"AY, AY, O AY!"

Isolt, the daughter of the King? "Isolt
Of the white hands" they call'd her: the sweet name
Allured him first, and then the maid herself,
Who served him well with those white hands of hers,
And loved him well, until himself had thought
He loved her also, wedded easily,
But left her all as easily, and return'd.
The black-blue Irish hair and Irish eyes
Had drawn him home—what marvel? then he laid
His brows upon the drifted leaf and dream'd.

He seem'd to pace the strand of Brittany
Between Isolt of Britain and his bride,
And show'd them both the ruby-chain, and both
Began to struggle for it, till his Queen
Graspt it so hard, that all her hand was red.
Then cried the Breton, "Look, her hand is red!
These be no rubies, this is frozen blood,
And melts within her hand—her hand is hot
With ill desires, but this I gave thee, look,
Is all as cool and white as any flower."
Follow'd a rush of eagle's wings, and then
A whimpering of the spirit of the child,
Because the twain had spoil'd her carcanet.

He dream'd; but Arthur with a hundred spears
Rode far, till o'er the illimitable reed,
And many a glancing plash and sallowy isle,
The wide-wing'd sunset of the misty marsh
Glared on a huge machicolated tower
That stood with open doors, whereout was roll'd
A roar of riot, as from men secure
Amid their marshes, ruffians at their ease
Among their harlot-brides, an evil song.
"Lo there," said one of Arthur's youth, for there,
High on a grim dead tree before the tower,
A goodly brother of The Table Round
Swung by the neck: and on the boughs a shield
Showing a shower of blood in a field noir,
And therebeside a horn, inflamed the knights
At that dishonor done the gilded spur,
Till each would clash the shield, and blow the horn.
But Arthur waved them back: alone he rode.
Then at the dry harsh roar of the great horn,
That sent the face of all the marsh aloft
An ever upward-rushing storm and cloud
Of shriek and plume, the Red Knight heard, and all,
Even to tipmost lance and topmost helm,
In blood-red armor sallying, howl'd to the King,
"The teeth of Hell flay bare and gnash thee flat!—
Lo! art thou not that eunuch-hearted King
Who fain had clipt free manhood from the world—
The woman-worshiper? Yea, God's curse, and I!
Slain was the brother of my paramour
By a knight of thine, and I that heard her whine
And snivel, being eunuch-hearted too,
Sware by the scorpion-worm that twists in hell,
And stings itself to everlasting death,
To hang whatever knight of thine I fought
And tumbled. Art thou King?—Look to thy life!"

He ended: Arthur knew the voice; the face
Wellnigh was helmet-hidden, and the name
Went wandering somewhere darkling in his mind.
And Arthur deign'd not use of word or sword,
But let the drunkard, as he stretch'd from horse
To strike him, overbalancing his bulk,
Down from the causeway heavily to the swamp
Fall, as the crest of some slow-arching wave
Heard in dead night along that table-shore
Drops flat, and after the great waters break
Whitening for half a league, and thin themselves
Far over sands marbled with moon and cloud,
From less and less to nothing; thus he fell
Head-heavy, while the knights, who watch'd him, roar'd
And shouted and leapt down upon the fall'n;
There trampled out his face from being known,
And sank his head in mire, and slimed themselves:
Nor heard the King for their own cries, but sprang
Thro' open doors, and swording right and left
Men, women, on their sodden faces, hurl'd
The tables over and the wines, and slew
Till all the rafters rang with woman-yells,
And all the pavement stream'd with massacre:
Then, yell with yell echoing, they fired the tower,
Which half that autumn night, like the live North,
Red-pulsing up thro' Alioth and Alcor,
Made all above it, and a hundred meres
About it, as the water Moab saw
Come round by the East, and out beyond them flush'd
The long low dune, and lazy-plunging sea.

So all the ways were safe from shore to shore,
But in the heart of Arthur pain was lord.

Then out of Tristram waking the red dream
Fled with a shout, and that low lodge return'd,
Mid-forest, and the wind among the boughs.
He whistled his good war-horse left to graze
Among the forest greens, vaulted upon him,
And rode beneath an ever-showering leaf,
Till one lone woman, weeping near a cross,
Stay'd him, "Why weep ye?" "Lord," she said,
"my man
Hath left me or is dead;" whereon he thought—
"What, an she hate me now? I would not this.
What, an she love me still? I would not that.
I know not what I would"—but said to her,
"Yet weep not thou, lest, if thy mate return,
He find thy favor changed and love thee not"—
Then pressing day by day thro' Lyonnesse
Last in a roky hollow, belling, heard
The hounds of Mark, and felt the goodly hounds
Yelp at his heart, but turning, past and gain'd
Tintagil, half in sea, and high on land,
A crown of towers.

Down in a casement sat,
A low sea-sunset glorying round her hair
And glossy-throated grace, Isolt the Queen.
And when she heard the feet of Tristram grind
The spiring stone that scaled about her tower,
Flush'd, started, met him at the doors, and there
Belted his body with her white embrace,
Crying aloud, "Not Mark—not Mark, my soul!
The footstep flutter'd me at first: not he:
Catlike thro' his own castle steals my Mark,
But warrior-wise thou stridest thro' his halls
Who hates thee, as I him—ev'n to the death.
My soul, I felt my hatred for my Mark
Quicken within me, and knew that thou wert nigh."
To whom Sir Tristram smiling, "I am here.
Let be thy Mark, seeing he is not thine."

And drawing somewhat backward she replied,
"Can he be wrong'd who is not ev'n his own,
But save for dread of thee had beaten me,
Scratch'd, bitten, blinded, marr'd me somehow—Mark?
What rights are his that dare not strike for them?
Not lift a hand—not, tho' he found me thus!
But hearken, have ye met him? hence he went
To-day for three days' hunting—as he said—
And so returns belike within an hour.
Mark's way, my soul!—but eat not thou with him,
Because he hates thee even more than fears;
Nor drink: and when thou passest any wood
Close vizor, lest an arrow from the bush
Should leave me all alone with Mark and hell.
My God, the measure of my hate for Mark
Is as the measure of my love for thee."

So, pluck'd one way by hate and one by love,
Drain'd of her force, again she sat, and spake
To Tristram, as he knelt before her, saying,
"O hunter, and O blower of the horn,
Harper, and thou hast been a rover too,
For, ere I mated with my shambling king,
Ye twain had fallen out about the bride
Of one—his name is out of me—the prize,
If prize she were—(what marvel—she could see)—
Thine, friend; and ever since my craven seeks
To wreck thee villainously: but, O Sir Knight,
What dame or damsel have ye kneel'd to last?"

And Tristram, "Last to my Queen Paramount,
Here now to my Queen Paramount of love,
And loveliness, ay, lovelier than when first
Her light feet fell on our rough Lyonnesse,
Sailing from Ireland."

Softly laugh'd Isolt,
"Flatter me not, for hath not our great Queen
My dole of beauty trebled?" and he said,
"Her beauty is her beauty, and thine thine,
And thine is more to me—soft, gracious, kind—
Save when thy Mark is kindled on thy lips
Most gracious; but she, haughty, ev'n to him,
Lancelot; for I have seen him wan enow
To make one doubt if ever the great Queen
Have yielded him her love."

To whom Isolt,
"Ah then, false hunter and false harper, thou
Who brakest thro' the scruple of my bond,
Calling me thy white hind, and saying to me
That Guinevere had sinn'd against the highest,
And I—misyoked with such a want of man—
That I could hardly sin against the lowest."

He answer'd, "O my soul, be comforted!
If this be sweet, to sin in leading-strings,
If here be comfort, and if ours be sin,
Crown'd warrant had we for the crowning sin
That made us happy: but how ye greet me—fear
And fault and doubt—no word of that fond tale—
Thy deep heart-yearnings, thy sweet memories
Of Tristram in that year he was away."

And, saddening on the sudden, spake Isolt,
"I had forgotten all in my strong joy
To see thee—yearnings?—ay! for, hour by hour,
Here in the never-ended afternoon,
O sweeter than all memories of thee,
Deeper than any yearnings after thee
Seem'd those far-rolling, westward-smiling seas,
Watch'd from this tower. Isolt of Britain dash'd
Before Isolt of Brittany on the strand,
Would that have chill'd her bride-kiss? Wedded her?
Fought in her father's battles? wounded there?
The King was all fulfill'd with gratefulness,
And she, my namesake of the hands, that heal'd
Thy hurt and heart with unguent and caress—
Well—can I wish her any huger wrong
Than having known thee? her too hast thou left
To pine and waste in those sweet memories?
O were I not my Mark's, by whom all men
Are noble, I should hate thee more than love."

And Tristram, fondling her light hands, replied,
"Grace, Queen, for being loved: she loved me well.
Did I love her? the name at least I loved.
Isolt?—I fought his battles, for Isolt!
The night was dark; the true star set!—Isolt!
The name was ruler of the dark—Isolt?
Care not for her! patient, and prayerful, meek,
Pale-blooded, she will yield herself to God."

And Isolt answer'd, "Yea, and why not I?
Mine is the larger need, who am not meek,
Pale-blooded, prayerful. Let me tell thee now.
Here one black, mute midsummer night I sat,
Lonely, but musing on thee, wondering where,
Murmuring a light song I had heard thee sing,
And once or twice I spake thy name aloud.
Then flash'd a levin-brand; and near me stood,
In fuming sulphur blue and green, a fiend—
Mark's way to steal behind one in the dark—
For there was Mark: 'He has wedded her,' he said,
Not said, but hiss'd it: then this crown of towers
So shook to such a roar of all the sky,
That here in utter dark I swoon'd away,
And woke again in utter dark, and cried,
'I will flee hence and give myself to God'—
And thou wert lying in thy new leman's arms."

Then Tristram, ever dallying with her hand,
"May God be with thee, sweet, when old and gray,
And past desire!" a saying that anger'd her.
"'May God be with thee, sweet, when thou art old,
And sweet no more to me!' I need Him now.
For when had Lancelot utter'd aught so gross
Ev'n to the swineherd's malkin in the mast?
The greater man, the greater courtesy.
But thou, thro' ever harrying thy wild beasts—
Save that to touch a harp, tilt with a lance
Becomes thee well—art grown wild beast thyself.
How darest thou, if lover, push me even
In fancy from thy side, and set me far
In the gray distance, half a life away,
Her to be loved no more? Unsay it, unswear!
Flatter me rather, seeing me so weak,
Broken with Mark and hate and solitude,
Thy marriage and mine own, that I should suck
Lies like sweet wines: lie to me: I believe.
Will ye not lie? not swear, as there ye kneel,
And solemnly as when ye sware to him,
The man of men, our King—My God, the power
Was once in vows when men believed the King!
They lied not then, who sware, and thro' their vows
The King prevailing made his realm:—I say,
Swear to me thou wilt love me ev'n when old,
Gray-hair'd, and past desire, and in despair."

Then Tristram, pacing moodily up and down,
"Vows! did you keep the vow you made to Mark
More than I mine? Lied, say ye? Nay, but learnt,
The vow that binds too strictly snaps itself—
My knighthood taught me this—ay, being snapt—
We run more counter to the soul thereof
Than had we never sworn. I swear no more.
I swore to the great King, and am forsworn.
For once—ev'n to the height—I honor'd him.
'Man, is he man at all?' methought, when first
I rode from our rough Lyonnesse, and beheld
That victor of the Pagan throned in hall—
His hair, a sun that ray'd from off a brow
Like hillsnow high in heaven, the steel-blue eyes,
The golden beard that clothed his lips with light—
Moreover, that weird legend of his birth,
With Merlin's mystic babble about his end
Amazed me; then, his foot was on a stool
Shaped as a dragon; he seem'd to me no man,
But Michael trampling Satan; so I sware,
Being amazed: but this went by—the vows!
O ay—the wholesome madness of an hour—
They served their use, their time; for every knight
Believed himself a greater than himself,
And every follower eyed him as a God;
Till he, being lifted up beyond himself,
Did mightier deeds than elsewise he had done,
And so the realm was made; but then their vows—
First mainly thro' that sullying of our Queen—
Began to gall the knighthood, asking whence
Had Arthur right to bind them to himself?
Dropt down from heaven? wash'd up from out the deep?
They fail'd to trace him thro' the flesh and blood
Of our old Kings: whence then? a doubtful lord
To bind them by inviolable vows,
Which flesh and blood perforce would violate:
For feel this arm of mine—the tide within
Red with free chase and heather-scented air,
Pulsing full man; can Arthur make me pure
As any maiden child? lock up my tongue
From uttering freely what I freely hear?
Bind me to one? The great world laughs at it.
And worldling of the world am I, and know
The ptarmigan that whitens ere his hour
Woos his own end; we are not angels here
Nor shall be: vows—I am woodman of the woods,
And hear the garnet-headed yaffingale
Mock them: my soul, we love but while we may;
And therefore is my love so large for thee,
Seeing it is not bounded save by love."

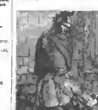
Here ending, he moved toward her, and she said,
"Good: an I turn'd away my love for thee
To some one thrice as courteous as thyself—
For courtesy wins woman all as well
As valor may—but he that closes both
Is perfect, he is Lancelot—taller indeed,
Rosier, and comelier, thou—but say I loved
This knightliest of all knights, and cast thee back
Thine own small saw, 'We love but while we may,'
Well then, what answer?"

He that while she spake,
Mindful of what he brought to adorn her with,
The jewels, had let one finger lightly touch
The warm white apple of her throat, replied,
"Press this a little closer, sweet, until—
Come, I am hunger'd and half anger'd—meat,
Wine, wine—and I will love thee to the death,
And out beyond into the dream to come."

So then, when both were brought to full accord,
She rose, and set before him all he will'd;
And after these had comforted the blood
With meats and wines, and satiated their hearts—
Now talking of their woodland paradise,
The deer, the dews, the fern, the founts, the lawns;
Now mocking at the much ungainliness,
And craven shifts, and long crane legs of Mark—
Then Tristram laughing caught the harp, and sang:
"Ay, ay, O ay—the winds that bend the brier!
A star in heaven, a star within the mere!
Ay, ay, O ay—a star was my desire,
And one was far apart, and one was near:
Ay, ay, O ay—the winds that bow the grass!
And one was water and one star was fire,
And one will ever shine and one will pass.
Ay, ay, O ay—the winds that move the mere."

Then in the light's last glimmer Tristram show'd
And swung the ruby carcanet. She cried,
"The collar of some order, which our King
Hath newly founded, all for thee, my soul,
For thee, to yield thee grace beyond thy peers."
"Not so, my Queen," he said, "but the red fruit
Grown on a magic oak-tree in mid-heaven,
And won by Tristram as a tourney-prize,
And hither brought by Tristram for his last
Love-offering and peace-offering unto thee."

He rose, he turn'd, and flinging round her neck,
Claspt it; but while he bow'd himself to lay
Warm kisses in the hollow of her throat,
Out of the dark, just as the lips had touch'd,
Behind him rose a shadow and a shriek—
"Mark's way," said Mark, and clove him thro' the
brain.



"I AM THY FOOL, AND I SHALL NEVER MAKE THEE SMILE AGAIN."

That night came Arthur home, and while he climb'd,
All in a death-dumb autumn-dripping gloom,
The stairway to the hall, and look'd and saw
The great Queen's bower was dark,—about his feet
A voice clung sobbing till he question'd it,
"What art thou?" and the voice about his feet
Sent up an answer, sobbing, "I am thy fool,
And I shall never make thee smile again."

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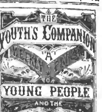

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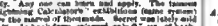

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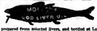

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THE REISSUE OF

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

Vol. XV.—No. 781.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 16, 1871. [WITH A SUPPLEMENT PRICE TEN CENTS.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1871, by Harper & Brothers, in the Office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington.

PRINCE ALEXIS AND THE N. Y. FIRE DEPARTMENT.

The review of the Metropolitan Fire Department by the Grand Duke Alexis took place on the 28th ult., in Tompkins Square. Notwithstanding the severity of the weather, the square was crowded long before the hour named for the commencement of the review. The south side of the square was reserved for carriages, and a space inclosed by ropes was kept clear for the fine apparatus which comprised Engine Companies Nos. 3, 7, 8, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 26, 30, and 31, with Hook and Ladder Companies Nos. 5, 9, and 10. These were ranged on the north, east and west sides of the square, and in the centre of the south side was the platform erected for the accommodation of the Grand Duke and suit, and the Fire Commissioners. Near by was a music stand occupied by Grafulla's band.

About half past one P.M. the Prince and suit, accompanied by Generals M'Dowell and Shaler, and other gentlemen, arrived on the ground in carriages. Their appearance was hailed with hearty cheers, the band playing the Russian national anthem. The Prince, who wore a brown overcoat, blue pantaloons, and a white hat, ascended the platform, and as soon as the band had ceased playing, in company with the Fire Commissioners, passed around the square, and inspected each engine with its company drawn up beside it. The Grand Duke then returned to the platform, and the brigade passed in review before him, the officers saluting by raising their trumpets. After the apparatus had passed once round at a walk they halted, and

THE REVIEW OF THE METROPOLITAN FIRE BRIGADE BY THE GRAND DUKE ALEXIS.—[From a Sketch by C. S. Reinhart.]

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then passed a second time at a trot, and again at a gallop. The review ended, all the officers of the several companies were introduced to the Prince, who shook hands with each, and expressed his pleasure and interest in the exhibition.

On the return of the party to the Clarendon Hotel it was proposed to give the Prince a practical illustration of the efficiency of the department. In company with the Fire Commissioners, he walked to the corner of Seventeenth Street, and the alarm-box being opened, he telegraphed "Fire in Union Square." The Prince then returned, but before he could reach the hotel balcony the noise of swiftly rolling wheels and galloping horses could be distinctly heard, and in a few seconds afterward several engines and ladder companies, followed by the Insurance Patrol, dashed into the square. In about three minutes after the alarm had been sounded two streams were thrown on the Everett House, and within five minutes ladders were raised to the hotel windows, and men were on the roofs of the adjoining stables. The parade was a very interesting affair; there was not a hitch in the arrangements from the beginning to the close, and the Prince expressed himself as greatly impressed by the exhibition of the discipline and efficiency of the department.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 16, 1871.

In the present Number of Harper's Weekly will be found the opening chapters of George Eliot's new serial story. It is entitled

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The Eight-page SUPPLEMENT *supplied gratuitously with this Number of* Harper's Weekly *contains a very interesting illustrated account of* Paul du Chaillu's *journey to*

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the continuation of Wilkie Collins's *brilliant and fascinating Novel, "*Poor Miss Finch;*" and many other literary and artistic attractions.*

LOOKING ABOUT US.

IT is a little surprising to see with what readiness the passive policy of the *St. Louis Republican* is accepted by the leaders of the Democratic party. In speeches and letters and articles they declare that the paramount necessity is the defeat of General GRANT, and they profess themselves willing to support a Republican, to support any body who promises to unite the opposition. We have already stated that as the controlling element of that opposition must necessarily be Democratic, the result, if it could be successful, would be in substance a Democratic triumph. But from another point of view it does not seem to occur to the Democratic chiefs that a party which passes an election is a past party. A party which declines to contest the Presidency upon party grounds does so only because it is persuaded that it does not command public confidence. Its conduct shows its consciousness that its leaders, its principles, and its professions are so distrusted that contest is useless.

Yet the leaders probably trust in their party name and organization so fondly as to believe that they can brave apparent dissolution. To nominate a regular Democratic ticket, and fail for the fourth time, would be necessarily fatal. But if, without formally disbanding, they could successfully support an opponent of General GRANT, they could then appropriate the victory as Democratic. This was the policy of Mr. B. F. BUTLER and the other Democratic leaders of the Buffalo Convention of 1848—a policy in which Mr. CHASE joined. Mr VAN BUREN was nominated upon an anti-slavery platform; and the effort was instantly made to give the movement the name of Free Democracy, although the Convention was composed equally of Liberty party men, of Conscience Whigs, and of Democrats. Had the candidates been elected, the result would have been claimed as a real Democratic victory, and the Barnburners would have insisted that they had proved themselves to be the true Democracy, and that the rest of the party must acquiesce. So, in the present case, as the overwhelming mass of supporters of the anti-Republican candidate—even supposing him to be General GRANT—would be Democratic, and as the conditions of the movement would naturally indicate a Republican candidate of Democratic antecedents, the result would be claimed as a victory of the reformed Democracy. The party name would reappear, and the party ascendency, with new elements, would be restored.

It is true that such a combination could not be called precisely the Democratic party that we know. But it would contain all the worst elements of that party. Many Democrats would, undoubtedly, take the opportunity of the practical disbanding of the party to vote for the continued ascendency of an Administration which has so satisfied the country that organized party opposition is dissolving. And that fact alone might offer a test for the reflection of Republicans who contemplate entering into the coalition. Do they seriously think that the President disarms opposition by despotism or terror? Do they believe that if the people of the United States supposed the President to be venal, or unmindful of the Constitution and of law, they would show such confidence in his administration, knowing that a general Administration victory in the third year, when the President is named as the probable candidate, will be accepted as an approval of that nomination?

Where, indeed, is the evidence that there is general Republican dissatisfaction with the Administration? Are the extremity and imminent dissolution of the Democratic party such evidence? There has never been an Administration without an opposition in its own party. During the Presidency of Mr. LINCOLN there were sharper Republican criticism and hostility than there are now, and there was much that deserved sharp criticism. But the faith of the country was firm. It was not, indeed, always possible to make a satisfactory reply to every objection that was urged. But those objections did not touch, and should not have disturbed, the general trust in the President. Mr. LINCOLN, it was said, was a boor, a trifler, a hesitating anti-slavery man, a drifter. He told unhandsome stories; he had queer crotchets. And at last those who considered themselves to be especially Republican nominated General FREMONT at Cleveland. We knew those who thought that a vigorous and unsparing man like General BUTLER should be the choice of the party. What Republican does not recall those days! What Republican is not reminded of them now?

If the Democratic leaders feel so deeply the imminent peril of their party that they are even willing to accept a Republican candidate, it is plain that they expect the defeat and disbanding of the party if they can not have Republican aid. But what has any sincere Republican to gain by reviving the Democrats, even if he compasses the defeat of General GRANT? If the Democratic party should virtually disappear, the responsibility of the Republicans would be so great that only by the most signal and satisfactory measures of administration could they hope to save their own party from dissolution. Indeed, the objects which the dissatisfied Republicans hold most dear are, and for the reason just mentioned, very much nearer attainment under an absolute and unquestioned Republican supremacy than under any Administration which a coalition could bring into power. The policy of an Administration is determined by the general sentiment of the party; and what would be the general sentiment of a party of Democrats and dissatisfied Republicans it is not easy to imagine. "What wonderful patience you have with the Administration!" said one Republican to another. "Yes," was the reply, "but the credit of the country is secure; my taxes are diminishing; the constitutional rights of every citizen of the United States are every where protected by the United States, even if the States themselves fail to protect them; the name and power of my country were never so much respected abroad; we are honorably at peace with all the world, and where we are disturbed at home it is not the fault of the Administration. Why should I not have patience?"

THE "TRIBUNE" AND THE PRESIDENCY.

IN a recent article, under the head of "Presidential," the New York *Tribune* remarks: "We respectfully protest against the acrimony, the malevolence, the proscriptive venom manifested by certain journals which have been set on to clear the field of all intruders. If the majority have already decided the Presidential question, there can be neither harm nor danger in allowing the minority to indicate their dissent. Let the semblance, at least, of freedom of choice be maintained, and not drown all diversity in a hoarse clamor that no difference exists." This seems to us to be a misapprehension of the situation. For many months there has been a discussion of the Presidential nomination. In the spring the *Tribune* said that it thought such a discussion to be premature, and that it should not begin until after the autumn elections. That opinion, however, was not shared by many other papers, and the discussion has continued.

The larger number of the Republican papers in the country which have taken part in the debate have declared their preference for the renomination of General GRANT. Meanwhile the *Tribune*, while not directly alluding to the subject, has certainly done every thing that it could do, without openly opposing the Administration, to produce distrust of the President, with the intention of inducing the party to prefer some other candidate. Of course there is no question of its right to do this. It has not concealed its opposition to the renomination of the President. But it does not seem to have perceived that its tone in criticising him and his administration has been as much a discussion of the nomination as if it had directly addressed itself to that subject, and that it was certainly not the least sagacious course. The *Tribune* will certainly not complain that those who differ from it have sought in the usual manner to prevent what they believed would be the unfortunate results of the success of its counsels and course. As it deals heavy blows at its opponents, so its opponents have undoubtedly retorted as strongly as they could. And as the *Tribune* and those who agreed with it have not concealed their conviction that the renomination of the President would be disastrous to the party and to the country, so those who favor that nomination have plainly declared that they believed it would be advantageous to the country, and that it was in their judgment the wish of a great majority of the party.

What, then, does the *Tribune* mean by its protest against "the acrimony, malevolence, and proscriptive venom" of those Republicans who favor the renomination? If they have supported their views vehemently, has the *Tribune* been mealy-mouthed in presenting its own? And if the journals that support the renomination are to be considered as selfishly "set on" to clear the field of intruders, why is not the *Tribune* equally open to the suspicion of being selfishly "set on" to clear the field of rivals? We say here plainly that we ascribe no such motives to the *Tribune*; but is it not unjust to itself, and to the Republican papers that differ, when it denounces them as malevolent, proscriptive, and "set on" by some unworthy motive? It seems, unquestionably, as if the majority of the party had already decided the question of the renomination. The *Tribune* properly asks that a fair consideration be given to all our able and patriotic statesmen. It made the same plea in 1867–68, when it described General GRANT as a sashed and sworded sphinx. But before the Convention met, the sentiment of the party had decided the question. It knew the other candidates, but it preferred GRANT. It knows the others now, but it seems to prefer GRANT. The Republican chiefs who oppose him are either passive or look toward a fresh alliance and a new party. They are not understood to be hopeful of defeating his nomination in our own Convention, and the reason is that they feel it to be already decided by the party. It is idle, therefore, for the *Tribune* to speak of proscription and venom, and of "allowing the minority to indicate their dissent." The *Tribune* has been in the minority before, but it never failed to indicate its dissent in a way that commanded attention. It has the same opportunity now, and it is using it to the utmost, and has no need whatever to cry quarter.

MR. JOHN QUINCY ADAMS'S LATEST LETTER.

MR. JOHN QUINCY ADAMS, as his frequent letters upon political subjects assure us, is a gentleman of infinite jest and most excellent fancy. His correspondence with Buncombe is large, and there is probably nobody in the country who enjoys it more than he. But even humor has its limits, and even the constituency of Buncombe has some common-sense. In his last letter Mr. ADAMS remarks that "a mere majority, even if it could be mustered, would not be permitted to elect a Democrat for next President. Nothing, then, remains but civil war or submission to the usurper; and it is difficult to decide which alternative will inflict more irreparable injury upon the habit of free government." Isn't this rather an extravagance of Mr. ADAMS's humor? Of course we expect to hear from an opposition party in a hopeless minority that the Constitution is violated and the country ruined until it gets into power. But when a Massachusetts politician, just defeated in his own town as a candidate for the Legislature, airily talks of civil war as a remedy for the unfavorable result of an election, he should be reminded that he is merely echoing the secessionists of 1860, and his professions of regard for liberty and constitutional rights becomes as contemptible as theirs.

Mr ADAMS says that the Democratic party is "powerless alone to relieve us." And why? Simply because the spirit of his letter is believed to animate that party. The people of the United States, who understand both what liberty and constitutional methods and duties are, will have no more of this bloody threat of civil war from disappointed and defeated party leaders. Civil war has been tried, and it has failed to baffle the lawfully expressed will of the people. The rebellion was no insurrection against the lawful majority. Messrs. TOOMBS, and DAVIS, and MASON, and SLIDELL, and WIGFALL, and BENJAMIN said, as Mr. ADAMS says now, "Nothing, then, remains but civil war or submission to the usurper;" and they chose the war, which Mr. ADAMS now says is not worse than submission.

The rebel leaders called President LINCOLN a gorilla and a baboon; Mr. JOHN QUINCY ADAMS calls President GRANT "an ignoble incubus." The rebels called President LINCOLN a bloody tyrant; Mr JOHN QUINCY ADAMS calls President GRANT "a usurper." How is he a usurper? He was elected by an actual and lawful majority of the votes cast, and that notwithstanding the frauds of Mr. ADAMS's party friends the Tammany Ring, and the coercion of the colored vote in some of the Southern States by Mr. ADAMS's political allies the Ku-Klux. Mr. JOHN QUINCY ADAMS, at the end of the war, and in the protecting presence of Mr. MONTGOMERY BLAIR, in Faneuil Hall, went over to the party of Copperheads and ex-rebels, and now remarks that a Republican administration blunts "the keen sensibilities of popular liberty," and joining the author of the Plaquemine frauds and the Tammany repeaters and ballot-box stuffers, declares that "if the votes of any of the States lately in rebellion were necessary to elect a Democratic candidate, they would be thrown out in the counting."

Mr ADAMS mistakes himself. He is a humorist, not a statesman nor a political leader. He is unable to see that no party can hope for success in this country whose policy in defeat is the Mexican policy of armed revolt, or whose fidelity to liberty and equal rights is so uncertain as that of the party which he has joined. He is a gentleman of education and intelligence, and from his tongue such aspersions upon the President as intending an armed maintenance of his position against the popular will, which might be excusable from Ku-Klux orators in remote Southern districts, are disgraceful. The people of the country will observe that Mr. ADAMS, as an ex-Republican and the newest of the Democratic letter-writers, is deemed to be one of the most reasonable and advanced men of his party. Yet he does not hesitate to speak of the probable result of the election in the Southern tone of 1860. His letter justifies more fully than any thing which has been lately published that profound distrust of the Democratic party which is felt by the most intelligent and patriotic men.

THE HUNTER'S POINT QUESTION.

WHEN the village of Hunter's Point was incorporated, with other villages, as Long Island City, a Department of Education was formed, consisting of five members, of whom two were Roman Catholics, and the by-laws of the New York Department of Education were adopted. The twelfth of the series provides that there shall be reading from the Bible and singing of secular airs at the opening of the schools. The reading of the Bible was gradually omitted until it ceased. But upon the opening of the school on the 4th of September of this year, Mr SIEBERG, the principal, began to read as prescribed by the rules. A few days later Mr. FRISBE, one of the trustees of the school, was present at the beginning of the day's duties, and formally protested against the reading, and succeeded, in the Board of Education, in having the reading suspended for one month. Mr. SIEBERG obeyed his instructions, and when the Board ordered the reading of the Commandments or of the Lord's Prayer at the opening of school, Mr FRISBE again protested, and Mr. SIEBERG again obeyed.

The consequences of the protest will have been foreseen. Several of the scholars interrupted the reading with shouts and defiance. Some of the larger boys threatened the principal, who had them arrested, and they were quickly bailed. He was insulted and assaulted with missiles in the street. He received anonymous threats of the extremest violence if he persisted. Pupils were suspended and sent away, and some were brought back by their parents. Forty were expelled for disorder in one day. The principal continues to read what the Board of Education has ordered; the building is protected by the police; and while it is reported that some of the Roman Catholic parents, and even the priest of the parish, disapprove the tumult, it is evident that they are unable to restrain the riotous demonstrations. The case in itself is very plain. Every honorable parent, of whatever faith, should defend Mr SIEBERG, who obeys the rules, which are not peculiar to his school, but are rightfully in force in every school subject to the Long Island City Board of Education or that of New York. If Mr. FRISBE is opposed to the rule, he may reason

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with the Board of which he is a member. If he can not persuade it, and is yet convinced that it is a violation of the rights of the citizen, he may appeal to the public. But it is not to be allowed—and Mr. Pierce and all his friends should distinctly understand it—that when a man or a body of men do not like a law or a regulation, they should resort to riot to change it.

The Hunter's Point question is not whether the Bible should be read in the public schools, but whether a mob or the Board of Education should regulate the school exercises. We are not surprised to see that many of the Roman Catholic parents support the principal, for there are many of them undoubtedly who wholly disapprove the method of the attack upon the public-school system. They also see, perhaps, that the real point of the attack itself is not the Bible in the school, but the school. For if the Bible should be excluded, the attack would be continued under the cry that the schools were godless and irreligious. That, however, is another question. If the rule is to be changed, it is to be changed upon reflection and peacefully, not riotously and under a passionate appeal.

CUBA.

The situation in Cuba suggests grave thoughts. That Spain has virtually lost the island can hardly be doubted. The Volunteers, who are not generally native Cubans, but a temporary trading population, have absolute control. Their rule is cruel and revolting. No recent event is more shameful than the murder of the eight students tried at the drum-head and shot for a boyish freak. The tragedy has all the elements of the gloomy, sullen, remorseless tyranny which a Spanish tyranny seems always to be. Among such assassins our own countrymen are, of course, not safe, and the Government has properly ordered ships for their relief in case of extremity. But when American citizens have acquired rights of any kind, of property or business, in another country, the Government can not permanently guard them by its own arms. The local authorities must protect them, or we must consider further.

So long as Spain maintained its authority in Cuba, the annoyances of civil war to which American citizens were subjected were the necessary inconveniences of a legitimate situation. We could not rightfully oppose Spain in the attempt to maintain her authority in her colony until it was evident, as in the case of the South American colonies, that it was merely a pretense, and not an actual attempt. Yet, while the effort lasted, we could, of course, insist that our own citizens should not be personally molested, reserving all our rights of action if they were. It would now seem as if the time has come when the attempt of Spain to retain Cuba is a mere pretense. The Captain-General is plainly mastered by the Volunteers. His representative abandoned the young men to their murderers, and the Captain-General himself seems not to have even thought of resisting their will.

The situation is, however, not simple. Not only is Spain unlikely to concede the independence of Cuba, but the Volunteers are not likely to demand it. They wish the name and prestige of Spain, while they hold the real power in the island. The hatred between the Volunteers and the Cubans is deep and deadly. But the Cubans effect nothing beyond holding a certain district in disturbance. What is called the Cuban government, even if it now exists, is nothing that can be recognized by other powers. The Volunteers, therefore, govern in the usurped name of Spain; and if Spain submits to the situation, she disappears as an element to be considered, and we must deal directly with the actual power.

If no tangible government presents itself for the protection of our interests and citizens upon the island, and yet such a government seems to be possible with our assistance, it would become, as diplomatists say, a very grave question what our duty might be. Very plainly, however, it can not be our duty either to request our citizens to withdraw from the island, and sacrifice all their interests, or to keep a fleet upon the coast of Cuba for their permanent protection. Meanwhile, if Congress would call for an exact statement of the situation, it would be a public benefit.

GENERAL SCHENCK AND THE EMMA MINE.

We hope that before this paper is issued some satisfactory explanation will have been received from General Schenck, in London, of his connection with the Emma Mine. Certainly it is not like Americans, who are lovers of fair play, to insist that the worst aspect of the case must necessarily be the true one, although it is not easy to see how the General can dissipate the unpleasant impression that his conduct has been incompatible with his position. If he were interested in the mine as stockholder or director when he went to England as minister, there was no reason in the fact of his accepting the mission that he should relinquish his property. But if the company wished to profit by his official presence in England by appealing to the English public, General Schenck should at once have withdrawn his name from the list of directors. For there is nothing more positively settled, and for the most obvious and conclusive reasons, than that a diplomatic officer should not engage in trade or in the fulfillment of trusts that may involve litigation.

The presumption arising from the circular of the Emma Mining Company issued in London is, however, unfavorable to General Schenck, because it implies that he has consented to become a director since he has been minister. The words of the circular are "Major-General Schenck has, on account of the exceptional character of the undertaking, consented to act as one of the directors." This is hardly the manner in which he would be mentioned if he had been already a director; and as it is said in the same circular that three gentlemen, of whom General Schenck is one—the other two being Englishmen—"have consented to act as trustees for the share-holders until the property is duly transferred," it seems to be scarcely possible that the General has not made the very serious mistake of undertaking business transactions when, by reason of his official position, he is personally exempt from responsibility.

It is not, of course, required by any rule of the service, nor by any general consideration of propriety, that a diplomatic agent should, upon accepting his trust, sell his private property, or decline to retain a voice in the management of property in which he is associated with others. But the condition is imperative that he must not allow that associated management to be benefited by his official position upon any pretense whatever. There is no question in this case of the probity of General Schenck. Nobody alleges that he would intentionally lend his name to sustain "wild-cat" schemes. If the facts really be as they appear, there is, at most, an error of judgment. But even although it be an error with good intention, it is too grave an error to be overlooked. We have only to imagine Sir Edward Thornton, the British minister in this country, authorizing the use of his name to advance stock speculations, to perceive the fatal impropriety of the act. We state the case as it appears, that General Schenck's explanation may be the more readily understood; and we ask for him the fair play which every American representative in other countries has a right to expect of his countrymen.

PERSONAL.

General Chester A. Arthur, whose gory epaulets were seen as a member of Governor Morgan's staff, comes again to the front as Collector of the Port of New York. He is the son of a clergyman, the Rev. William Arthur, of Newtonville. Clergymen's sons are proverbial for being good men, caring more for piety than politics or pelf, and opposed to all proscription for opinion's sake. His predecessor, Mr. Murphy, was conspicuous for this latter virtue, and it is confidently asserted that General Arthur will not emulate him therein, but elevate the standard of custom-house virtue to the fine pinnacle it obtained under the administration of G. Washington.

—The venerable Gerrit Smith, of Peterborough, is now in his seventy-fifth year, yet so perfect is his memory that he can repeat most of the Psalms of David, and many other parts of the Sacred Volume.

—The name of "George, the Count Joannes," is one of infrequent occurrence in the columns of this journal. But he made a neat hit the other day in the Superior Court, before Judge Brady, when alluding to the mandamus compelling the aldermen to count the vote of the aldermen elect. Said he: "Your honor, what the people of New York are looking for, in connection with these returns, is an honest count—*Ecce Homo!*"

—Mr. Fellows, Assistant District Attorney of this city, last week stated that he had examined the records of the Court of General Sessions for the past fifteen years, during which time precisely 10,884 indictments had been found by the Grand Jury, and over 15,000 disposed of in open court, and that in all cases where the indictments were filed it was because complainants did not appear to prosecute.

—General Gorloff, the temporary successor of M. Catacazy at Washington, has some reputation as a soldier and scholar. He has written several works on military tactics. During his residence at Hartford, looking after the execution of the Russian contract for arms from the Colt Manufacturing Company, he has made himself quite popular, as Russians generally do. M. Catacazy is about the only one who has developed a singular talent in the opposite direction.

—As counts seem just now to be in order, it may be well enough to mention that Count Gustav von Blücher, grand-nephew of him of Waterloo, has made application for reinstatement in the regular army of the United States, which position he resigned for the purpose of taking part in the Franco-Prussian war.

—General Rousseau, of the Army of the Cumberland, was at one of those army reunions in Detroit, a few days since, and observed that when General Sherman and General Barnum were stationed at Raleigh, there was some rivalry between them. One day Barnum visited an insane asylum, and received quite an ovation. Whereupon Sherman, in hope of being similarly treated, and determined not to be outdone, took his band and serenaded a *deaf and dumb institution*.

—Shiraz, it is said, has a greater desire to see and talk with General Sherman than with any American at present extant. General S. will go and see and talk with him, and they will be pretty sure to like each other.

—Mr. Sumner has been much among business men during the summer and autumn, inquiring into the financial condition of the country. He is in favor of an immediate return to specie payments, and believes that New England folk, without regard to party, will sustain him in his efforts to bring it about.

—Sir Charles Wentworth Dilke, who has recently come into such notoriety in England for his bold advocacy of a republican form of government for that country, is only twenty-nine. He was educated at Cambridge and is already an LL.D. He owns the *Athenæum*, a valuable newspaper property, which belonged to his father and grandfather before him. He is an M.P., and a rather smart young man.

—The Grand Duke took his Thanksgiving meal with Mr. William H. Aspinwall, and there made his initial acquaintance with the American turkey, the traditional pumpkin pie, and the cosmopolitan plum pudding, "both." Some dyspeptic person has written this about the G. D.:

> There was a reception committee
> Which was rather more wealthy than witty.
> When the Prince came ashore
> He remarked, "What a bore
> To be dogged by this self-made committee!"
>
> But after the Academy crusher,
> When asked, "Do you think that in Russia
> They'd give such a ball?"
> He replied, "Not at all!"
> This courteous young person from Russia.

—Maugre all the pomp and circumstance displayed by Victor Emanuel in occupying the Quirinal as the official residence of the King of Italy, the Pope flaunts the banner of the cross from the Vatican, and, with face to the foe, announces that there he will remain. Pius IX. was elected to his office on the 16th of June, 1846, and has now occupied the throne longer than any pope since the organization of that Church, and four months longer than it was occupied by St. Peter himself. He is still in fair health for so very old a man.

—Senator Chandler, of Michigan, is the largest farmer in that State. His place near Lansing contains about 3000 acres, of which 1800 are fenced in. Besides raising all sorts of crops, he goes extensively into stock raising, and is eminent for cattle, sheep, horses, and things of that nature.

—Mrs. Shoot, now in her ninety-third year, is still living at her home in Guernsey County, Ohio. She is the daughter

> "Of the Green Mountaineer—the Stark of Bennington,
> When on that field his band the Hessians fought,
> Briefly he spoke before the fight began:
> 'Soldiers! those German gentlemen are bought
> For four pounds eight and sevenpence per man,
> By England's king; a bargain, as is thought.
> Are we worth more? Let's prove it now we can;
> For we must beat them, boys, ere set of sun,
> Or Mary Stark's a widow.' It was done."

—Mr. Thomas Boese is spoken of as likely to be appointed Clerk of the Superior Court, in place of Mr. John H. Sweeny, whose failing health demands a Southern climate. Mr. Boese was for many years Clerk of the Board of Education, but having become disagreeable to the Ring, was relegated to private life to give place to Mr. Hitchman, the present President of the Board of Fire Commissioners. Mr. Boese will make an efficient and popular officer.

—The Emperor of Japan has, after four years of gradual approach, finally emancipated himself from the fearful formalities that have hitherto hedged the supreme ruler of that country. He now acts like other monarchs, presides at councils, receives foreign ministers, and drives daily about the capital in an American carriage and four. Moreover, he tells anecdotes, uses knife and fork, drinks Champagne, and wears our kind of pantaloons.

—Hon. George P. Marsh, United States minister to Italy, has arrived in Rome, and formally established the legation in that city. Heretofore the official residence has been in Florence. Mr. M. is of the opinion that King Victor Emanuel will be able to maintain possession of Rome as the capital of his kingdom. Meanwhile the pope maintains his position as Supreme Pontiff, and regards the king as a carpet-bagger.

—It is by many supposed that the late Thomas Ewing, of Ohio, was a fine specimen of the large-minded but not highly cultivated man of the West. On the contrary, he was not only uncommonly familiar with English belles-lettres, but a fine scholar, and well grounded in modern languages. With English poetry, from Chaucer to Tennyson, he was as much at home as a professor. Not far from his family residence was a little brick office or study. It was there he mastered the Spanish language in a marvelously short space of time. He had a real estate case in St. Louis that involved several hundred thousand dollars. Nearly if not all of the old original records, or title-deeds, were written in the Spanish language. He at once saw the great importance of a thorough knowledge of the language as well as facts. He shut himself up for six weeks in his little brick study, as he himself said, and at the end of that time he was able to go into court and translate those Spanish documents, or records, with the best of them, and gained his case.

—Mayors differ. We have never had one in New York, or in any American city, who has gone out of his way to spend a ten odd thousand for the entertainment of titled people. With us that style of expenditure generally falls upon opulent merchant, banker, lawyer, and promiscuous person who liketh to see his name in newspaper, which we feel moved to say in view of the fact that a large English estate is about to be distributed in consequence of the death of Sir Francis Moon, an ex-Lord Mayor of London. The deceased baronet, a print-seller, was the architect of two fortunes—the first by sagacity and thrift as a tradesman. After the burning of the Royal Exchange, and when it became desirable to lay out a more spacious site for the present building, the deceased gentleman obtained the lease of a piece of land immediately east of it. Upon this he erected a block of buildings for offices, which, owing to their [illegible] situation, at once commanded high rents. The rents have since been periodically advanced, and the block now realizes a net rent of [illegible] per annum. The title and the estates go to the son of the deceased baronet, a clergyman of the Church of England. Sir Francis Moon had sufficient self-denial to retire from business when the sale of first-class line engravings became no longer possible. But even then his lucky star permitted him to sell the site of his shop in Threadneedle Street to a banking company for two times the money it had cost him. The deceased was made a baronet for the magnificent reception which he gave the Emperor and Empress of the French at the Mansion House, when they visited London in state.

—Mr. Justin McCarthy, speaking of the brilliant men now engaged on the Paris press, says that Rochefort [illegible] original, an extravagant man, [illegible] and a tolerable painter, a man who [illegible] well upon his linguistical studies, and [illegible] as a theologist, [illegible] and odd [illegible] Alphonse Karr [illegible] is the most delicately humored of modern journalists, but [illegible] is very wealthy. He has abandoned [illegible] London life, publishes his own books, which spread like wildfire, and is chiefly known in Paris as being [illegible] of the finest [illegible] whitest white beard known, and also by the splendor and originality of his receptions, receptions and various entertainments. [illegible] was born a feuilleton writer, [illegible] works not historical might [illegible] for that purpose, and most of his novels, including the "Three Musketeers" and "Monte Cristo," were printed in the feuilletons of the [illegible] before publication in book form. [illegible] sprightly, analytical, satirical [illegible] put in bounded form years ago. [illegible] proved that his real vocation was that of a journalist. Balzac, Eugène Sue, George Sand, and many other great writers, [illegible] could concentrate their genius into the narrow limits of a feuilleton; but the leading literati of the day invariably began their reputation by contributing to this little corner of the newspapers on [illegible] to a [illegible].

—Thomas H. Benton, of Missouri, was in his day and generation rather hard on politicians; but they proved too much for him, as they have for many another great man. What he says in a speech on the Texas treaty is especially applicable to the mere politicians of our day, and particularly to the horde of political corruptionists who have just been extinguished with the downfall of Tammany. Said Colonel Benton: "And here, Mr. President, history appears in her grand and instructive character as philosophy teaching by example, and let us not be senseless to her warning voice. Superficial readers believe it was the soldiers who destroyed the Roman republic. No such thing. It was the politicians who did it! Factious, corrupt, intriguing politicians! destroying public virtue in their mad pursuit of office! [illegible] their rivals by crime! deceiving and debauching the people for votes! and bringing the elections into contempt by the frauds and violence with which they were conducted."

—Isaac Pitman, the inventor of phonography, is still alive in England, and besides attending to his phonographic business, owns and conducts a large printing establishment, and edits the *Phonetic Journal*. He is a vegetarian, a teetotaler, an anti-tobacco-ist, and a Swedenborgian, and in each of these he is continuously "at it."

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

Secretary Boutwell's report of the public debt for the month of November shows a reduction of [illegible]. Coin balance, $[illegible]; currency balance, $[illegible]; coin certificates, $[illegible].

The Forty-second Congress reassembled at noon on the 4th instant. For the first time [illegible] years all the States were represented in the House of Representatives.

Ex-Comptroller Connolly was unable to procure bail in the required amount, and he was accordingly lodged in Ludlow Street Jail.

Mr. Tweed has been restrained by an order issued by Judge Brady from disposing of his property. The order also calls upon Mr. Tweed to show cause at a special term of the Supreme Court in Albany why he should not be absolutely enjoined.

The property of the American Club has been seized by the sheriff of Fairfield County, Connecticut, for a debt of $[illegible]. It is reported that a bill of sale to the amount of $[illegible] for furniture supposed to [illegible].

The Los Angeles (California) Grand Jury found ninety-five indictments against persons engaged in the recent massacre of Chinese [illegible], and severely censured the municipal authorities for their inefficiency in the matter.

FOREIGN NEWS.

The grave of Gonzalo Castañon, at Havana, was [illegible] desecrated by some young medical students. The outrage occasioned great excitement in that city, and the Volunteers demanded the lives of the culprits. They were tried by court-martial, and eight of them sentenced to be shot, and [illegible]. The [illegible] to look after American interests [illegible].

The [illegible] of Havana have been the subject of grave discussion in the Spanish cabinet. It is reported that more stringent measures will be taken in supporting the [illegible].

The [illegible] of Wales continues, and excites the gravest apprehensions.

The Italian Parliament met in Rome November 27. Victor Emanuel, in his speech from the throne, said that the [illegible] would continue to be the seat of the [illegible].

General Rossel and two other leaders of the Commune, Ferré and Bourgeois, were shot [illegible] on the 28th ult., in the presence of [illegible]. [illegible] fell dead at the first discharge, but the others writhed on the ground until they were [illegible]. [illegible] met their fate like men [illegible]. These [illegible] have produced a profound sensation in Paris.

The people of Brussels have renewed the [illegible] of the [illegible]. [illegible] on the [illegible] ult., and on [illegible] disturbances took place in the [illegible]. The police were unable to quell the riot, and a company of sixty civic guards, when called out to charge upon the people, [illegible] their muskets and [illegible]. At last [illegible] were held [illegible] on the streets, and the excitement [illegible].

Prince Bismarck is again seriously indisposed. He was unable to be present at the [illegible] opening of the Prussian Diet.

LET THE GOOD WORK (HOUSE-CLEANING) GO ON.

Miss Columbia. "Uncle Sam, you keep on Cleaning the Ballot Box, while I give this a Scrubbing—Goodness knows, it needs it!"

G. H. BOKER.

The appointment of literary men to important political positions forms in this country the exception to the general rule, which is to give such appointments to professed politicians. The rare departures from this practice, as in the case of IRVING, EVERETT, HAWTHORNE, BANCROFT, MOTLEY, HOWELLS, and two or three others, have been more than justified. They completely exploded the foolish notion that because a gentleman has written a book he can do nothing else, and have shown that gentlemen who can write books can do many things besides. They have proved that men of letters can be men of affairs—a fact which nobody has ever doubted except the professed politicians, who want all the good places.

The recent appointment of Mr. GEORGE H. BOKER, of Philadelphia, as our minister to Turkey, is a graceful recognition of this truth. We say graceful advisedly, for Mr. BOKER belongs to a class of writers whom the world is least disposed to consider men of business—the poets. There are poets whose temperaments unfit them to occupy places of national trust, but Mr BOKER is not of the number. Poetry has probably been to him, as it was to COLERIDGE, "its own exceeding great reward;" but it has not been the business of his life, as it was WORDSWORTH'S and is TENNYSON'S. We sometimes regret this, for we think highly of Mr. BOKER'S poetry. His earliest laurels were gained in a field of letters which has not been cultivated here with much success—the field of the poetic drama. We have enough dramatists of one sort and another, but no dramatic poet except Mr BOKER. His first play, the tragedy of "Calaynos," published in 1848, his twenty-fifth year, was a fortunate venture for the young writer, for it laid the foundation of his reputation as a poet among his own countrymen, and introduced him to English audiences as an American dramatist. "Calaynos" was produced in London, at the Sadler's Wells Theatre, if our memory serves, that excellent actor PHELPS sustaining the part of the wronged and much-loved Moor, and afterward at the provincial theatres, where it had a great success. It was produced in America, of course. Two years later came "Anne Boleyn," which was followed by "The Betrothal," "Leonor de Guzman," and "Francesca da Rimini," all of which were successfully played. Mr. BOKER'S last tragedy, "Königsmarke," has not yet been tested on the stage.

The early poetical productions of Mr BOKER, although they bear the unmistakable stamp of his genius, are interpenetrated by the spirit of the old English dramatists. Not so his later poems, which are thoroughly American in character. They relate, for the most part, to the great civil war through which we have passed, and which weighed so heavily upon us while it lasted. Mr. BOKER'S heart was in the struggle from the beginning. He rejoiced over our victories, he smarted under our defeats; and, like the poet that he is, celebrated both with equal fervor. He was not content to put himself on record by one or two poems, but poured out his patriotism in burning odes and lyrics. It is not impossible that other American poets might have written as much as Mr BOKER (better they could not), but the fact remains that none did. We question whether any other American poet, with the exception, perhaps, of Mr BRYANT, could have done for the Union what Mr. BOKER did in his civil capacity. A Democrat by conviction up to the breaking out of the rebellion, and a conservative by birth and education, he forgot himself and his antecedents, and enrolled himself among the lovers of his country, "one and indivisible." He attached himself to the Union League of Philadelphia, the mother league, as it is justly called, and, as its secretary, was largely responsible for its action in the politics of the nation. In this, as in other matters, Mr. BOKER showed that a man of letters and a poet can be, if he chooses, a practical man of business.

GEORGE H. BOKER, UNITED STATES MINISTER TO TURKEY.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY F. GUTEKUNST, PHILADELPHIA.]

IN THE RICHMOND MARKETS.

EVERY one who has traveled in the Southern States will perceive the truth of the characteristic sketches by SHEPPARD, which we print on this page. All the figures are studies from life in a region where the picturesque still lingers in the lower walks; and our artist has caught their peculiarities with a descriptive skill and suggestiveness that render explanation impertinent. We feel as if we must have encountered these queer specimens of humanity ourselves in some odd corner of the world, and should know them again if they chanced to come across our path.

MARKET SCENES IN RICHMOND, VIRGINIA.—[DRAWN BY W. L. SHEPPARD.]

MIDDLEMARCH:

A STUDY OF PROVINCIAL LIFE.

By GEORGE ELIOT,
Author of "Adam Bede," "Romola," etc.

Book I.
MISS BROOKE.

CHAPTER I.

"Since I can do no good because a woman,
Reach constantly at something that is near it."
—*The Maid's Tragedy*: Beaumont and Fletcher.

Miss Brooke had that kind of beauty which seems to be thrown into relief by poor dress. Her hand and wrist were so finely formed that she could wear sleeves not less bare of style than those in which the Blessed Virgin appeared to Italian painters; and her profile as well as her stature and bearing seemed to gain the more dignity from her plain garments, which by the side of provincial fashion gave her the impressiveness of a fine quotation from the Bible—or from one of our elder poets—in a paragraph of to-day's newspaper. She was usually spoken of as being remarkably clever, but with the addition that her sister Celia had more common-sense. Nevertheless Celia wore scarcely more trimmings; and it was only to close observers that her dress differed from her sister's, and had a shade of coquetry in its arrangements; for Miss Brooke's plain dressing was due to mixed conditions, in most of which her sister shared. The pride of being ladies had something to do with it: the Brooke connections, though not exactly aristocratic, were unquestionably "good:" if you inquired backward for a generation or two, you would not find any yard-measuring or parcel-tying forefathers—any thing lower than an admiral or a clergyman; and there was even an ancestor discernible as a Puritan gentleman who served under Cromwell, but afterward conformed, and managed to come out of all political troubles as the proprietor of a respectable family estate. Young women of such birth, living in a quiet country house, and attending a village church hardly larger than a parlor, naturally regarded frippery as the ambition of a huckster's daughter. Then there was well-bred economy, which in those days made show in dress the first item to be deducted from when any margin was required for expenses more distinctive of rank. Such reasons would have been enough to account for plain dress, quite apart from religious feeling; but in Miss Brooke's case religion alone would have determined it; and Celia mildly acquiesced in all her sister's sentiments, only infusing them with that common-sense which is able to accept momentous doctrines without any eccentric agitation. Dorothea knew many passages of Pascal's "Pensées" and of Jeremy Taylor by heart; and to her the destinies of mankind, seen by the light of Christianity, made the solicitudes of feminine fashion appear an occupation for Bedlam. She could not reconcile the anxieties of a spiritual life, involving eternal consequences, with a keen interest in gimp and artificial protrusions of drapery. Her mind was theoretic, and yearned by its nature after some lofty conception of the world which might frankly include the parish of Tipton and her own rule of conduct there; she was enamored of intensity and greatness, and rash in embracing whatever seemed to her to have those aspects; likely to seek martyrdom, to make retractations, and then to incur martyrdom after all in a quarter where she had not sought it. Certainly such elements in the character of a marriageable girl tended to interfere with her lot, and hinder it from being decided according to custom, by good looks, vanity, and merely canine affection. With all this, she, the elder of the sisters, was not yet twenty, and they had both been educated, since they were about twelve years old and had lost their parents, on plans at once narrow and promiscuous, first in an English family, and afterward in a Swiss family at Lausanne, their bachelor uncle and guardian trying in this way to remedy the disadvantages of their orphaned condition.

It was hardly a year since they had come to live at Tipton Grange with their uncle, a man nearly sixty, of acquiescent temper, miscellaneous opinions, and uncertain vote. He had traveled in his younger years, and was held in this part of the county to have contracted a too rambling habit of mind. Mr. Brooke's conclusions were as difficult to predict as the weather: it was only safe to say that he would act with benevolent intentions, and that he would spend as little money as possible in carrying them out. For the most glutinously indefinite minds enclose some hard grains of habit; and a man has been seen lax about all his own interests except the retention of his snuff-box, concerning which he was watchful, suspicious, and greedy of clutch.

In Mr. Brooke the hereditary strain of Puritan energy was clearly in abeyance; but in his niece Dorothea it glowed alike through faults and virtues, turning sometimes into impatience of her uncle's talk or his way of "letting things be" on his estate, and making her long all the more for the time when she would be of age, and have some command of money for generous schemes. She was regarded as an heiress; for not only had the sisters seven hundred a year each from their parents, but if Dorothea married and had a son, that son would inherit Mr. Brooke's estate, presumably worth about three thousand a year—a rental which seemed wealth to provincial families, still discussing Mr. Peel's late conduct on the Catholic Question, innocent of future gold fields, and of that gorgeous plutocracy which has so nobly exalted the necessities of genteel life.

And how should Dorothea not marry?—a girl so handsome and with such prospects? Nothing could hinder it but her love of extremes, and her insistence on regulating life according to notions which might cause a wary man to hesitate before he made her an offer, or even might lead her at last to refuse all offers. A young lady of some birth and fortune, who knelt suddenly down on a brick floor by the side of a sick laborer and prayed fervidly, as if she thought herself living in the time of the apostles—who had strange whims of fasting like a Papist, and of sitting up at night to read old theological books! Such a wife might awaken you some fine morning with a new scheme for the application of her income which would interfere with political economy and the keeping of saddle-horses: a man would naturally think twice before he risked himself in such fellowship. Women were expected to have weak opinions; but the great safeguard of society and of domestic life was, that opinions were not acted on. Sane people did what their neighbors did, so that if any lunatics were at large, one might know and avoid them.

The rural opinion about the new young ladies, even among the cottagers, was generally in favor of Celia, as being so amiable and innocent-looking, while Miss Brooke's large eyes seemed, like her religion, too unusual and striking. Poor Dorothea! compared with her, the innocent-looking Celia was knowing and worldly-wise; so much subtler is a human mind than the outside tissues which make a sort of blazonry or clock-face for it.

Yet those who approached Dorothea, though prejudiced against her by this alarming hearsay, found that she had a charm unaccountably reconcilable with it. Most men thought her bewitching when she was on horseback. She loved the fresh air and the various aspects of the country, and when her eyes and cheeks glowed with mingled pleasure she looked very little like a devotee. Riding was an indulgence which she allowed herself in spite of conscientious qualms; she felt that she enjoyed it in a pagan, sensuous way, and always looked forward to renouncing it.

She was open, ardent, and not in the least self-admiring; indeed, it was pretty to see how her imagination adorned her sister Celia with attractions altogether superior to her own, and if any gentleman appeared to come to the Grange from some other motive than that of seeing Mr. Brooke, she concluded that he must be in love with Celia: Sir James Chettam, for example, whom she constantly considered from Celia's point of view, inwardly debating whether it would be good for Celia to accept him. That he should be regarded as a suitor to herself would have seemed to her a ridiculous irrelevance. Dorothea, with all her eagerness to know the truths of life, retained very child-like ideas about marriage. She felt sure that she would have accepted the judicious Hooker, if she had been born in time to save him from that wretched mistake he made in matrimony; or John Milton, when his blindness had come on; or any of the other great men whose odd habits it would have been glorious piety to endure; but an amiable, handsome baronet, who said "Exactly" to her remarks even when she expressed uncertainty—how could he affect her as a lover? The really delightful marriage must be that where your husband was a sort of father, and could teach you even Hebrew, if you wished it.

These peculiarities of Dorothea's character caused Mr. Brooke to be all the more blamed in neighboring families for not securing some middle-aged lady as guide and companion to his nieces. But he himself dreaded so much the sort of superior woman likely to be available for such a position that he allowed himself to be dissuaded by Dorothea's objections, and was in this case brave enough to defy the world—that is to say, Mrs. Cadwallader, the rector's wife, and the small group of gentry with whom he visited in the northeast corner of Loamshire. So Miss Brooke presided in her uncle's household, and did not at all dislike her new authority, with the homage that belonged to it.

Sir James Chettam was going to dine at the Grange to-day, with another gentleman whom the girls had never seen, and about whom Dorothea felt some venerating expectation. This was the Reverend Edward Casaubon, noted in the county as a man of profound learning, understood for many years to be engaged on a great work concerning religious history; also as a man of wealth enough to give lustre to his piety, and having views of his own which were to be more clearly ascertained on the publication of his book. His very name carried an impressiveness hardly to be measured without a precise chronology of scholarship.

Early in the day Dorothea had returned from the infant school which she had set going in the village, and was taking her usual place in the pretty sitting-room which divided the bedrooms of the sisters, bent on finishing a plan for some buildings (a kind of work which she delighted in), when Celia, who had been watching her with a hesitating desire to propose something, said:

"Dorothea, dear, if you don't mind—if you are not very busy—suppose we looked at mamma's jewels to-day, and divided them? It is exactly six months to-day since uncle gave them to you, and you have not looked at them yet."

Celia's face had the shadow of a pouting expression in it, the full presence of the pout being kept back by an habitual awe of Dorothea and principle—two associated facts which might show a mysterious electricity if you touched them incautiously. To her relief, Dorothea's eyes were full of laughter as she looked up.

"What a wonderful little almanac you are, Celia! Is it six calendar or six lunar months?"

"It is the last day of September now, and it was the first of April when uncle gave them to you. You know, he said that he had forgotten them till then. I believe you have never thought of them since you locked them up in the cabinet here."

"Well, dear, we should never wear them, you know." Dorothea spoke in a full cordial tone, half caressing, half explanatory. She had her pencil in her hand, and was making tiny side plans on a margin.

Celia colored and looked very grave. "I think, dear, we are wanting in respect to mamma's memory to put them by and take no notice of them. And," she added, after hesitating a little, with a rising sob of mortification, "necklaces are quite usual now; and Madame Poinçon, who was stricter in some things even than you are, used to wear ornaments. And Christians generally—surely there are women in heaven now who wore jewels." Celia was conscious of some mental strength when she really applied herself to argument.

"You would like to wear them?" exclaimed Dorothea, an air of astonished discovery animating her whole person with a dramatic action which she had caught from that very Madame Poinçon who wore the ornaments. "Of course, then, let us have them out. Why did you not tell me before? But the keys, the keys!" She pressed her hands against the sides of her head, and seemed to despair of her memory.

"They are here," said Celia, with whom this explanation had been long meditated and prearranged.

"Pray open the large drawer of the cabinet, and get out the jewel-box."

The casket was soon open before them, and the various jewels spread out, making a bright parterre on the table. It was no great collection, but a few of the ornaments were really of remarkable beauty, the finest that was obvious at first being a necklace of purple amethysts set in exquisite gold-work, and a pearl cross with five brilliants in it. Dorothea immediately took up the necklace and fastened it round her sister's neck, where it fitted almost as closely as a bracelet; but the circle suited the Henrietta-Maria style of Celia's head and neck, and she could see that it did, in the pier-glass opposite.

"There, Celia! you can wear that with your Indian muslin. But this cross you must wear with your dark dresses."

Celia was trying not to smile with pleasure. "Oh, Dodo, you must keep the cross yourself."

"No, no, dear, no," said Dorothea, putting up her hand with careless deprecation.

"Yes, indeed you must; it would suit you—in your black dress, now," said Celia, insistingly. "You *might* wear that."

"Not for the world, not for the world. A cross is the last thing I would wear as a trinket." Dorothea shuddered slightly.

"Then you will think it wicked in me to wear it," said Celia, uneasily.

"No, dear, no," said Dorothea, stroking her sister's cheek. "Souls have complexions too: what will suit one will not suit another."

"But you might like to keep it for mamma's sake."

"No; I have other things of mamma's—her sandal-wood box, which I am so fond of—plenty of things. In fact, they are all yours, dear. We need discuss them no longer. There—take away your property."

Celia felt a little hurt. There was a strong assumption of superiority in this Puritanic toleration, hardly less trying to the blonde flesh of an unenthusiastic sister than a Puritanic persecution.

"But how can I wear ornaments, if you, who are the elder sister, will never wear them?"

"Nay, Celia, that is too much to ask, that I should wear trinkets to keep you in countenance. If I were to put on such a necklace as that, I should feel as if I had been pirouetting. The world would go round with me, and I should not know how to walk."

Celia had unclasped the necklace, and drawn it off. "It would be a little tight for your neck; something to lie down and hang would suit you better," she said, with some satisfaction. The complete unfitness of the necklace from all points of view for Dorothea made Celia happier in taking it. She was opening some ring-boxes, which disclosed a fine emerald with diamonds, and just then the sun, passing beyond a cloud, sent a bright gleam over the table.

"How very beautiful these gems are!" said Dorothea, under a new current of feeling, as sudden as the gleam. "It is strange how deeply colors seem to penetrate one, like scent. I suppose that is the reason why gems are used as spiritual emblems in the Revelation of St. John. They look like fragments of heaven. I think that emerald is more beautiful than any of them."

"And there is a bracelet to match it," said Celia. "We did not notice this at first."

"They are lovely," said Dorothea, slipping the ring and bracelet on her finely turned finger and wrist, and holding them toward the window on a level with her eyes. All the while her thought was trying to justify her delight in the colors by merging them in her mystic religious joy.

"You *would* like those, Dorothea," said Celia, rather falteringly, beginning to think with wonder that her sister showed some weakness, and also that emeralds would suit her own complexion better than purple amethysts. "You must keep that ring and bracelet—if nothing else. But see, these agates are very pretty—and quiet."

"Yes! I will keep these—this ring and bracelet," said Dorothea. Then, letting her hand fall on the table, she said, in another tone, "Yet what miserable men find such things, and work at them, and sell them!" She paused again, and Celia thought that her sister was going to renounce the ornaments, as in consistency she ought to do.

"Yes, dear, I will keep these," said Dorothea, decidedly. "But take all the rest away, and the casket."

She took up her pencil, without removing the jewels, and still looking at them. She thought of often having them by her, to feed her eye at these little fountains of pure color.

"Shall you wear them in company?" said Celia, who was watching her with real curiosity as to what she would do.

Dorothea glanced quickly at her sister. Across all her imaginative adornment of those whom she loved there darted now and then a keen discernment, which was not without a scorching quality. If Miss Brooke ever attained perfect meekness, it would not be for lack of inward fire.

"Perhaps," she said, rather haughtily. "I can not tell to what level I may sink."

Celia blushed, and was unhappy: she saw that she had offended her sister, and dared not say even any thing pretty about the gift of the ornaments, which she put back into the box and carried away. Dorothea, too, was unhappy, as she went on with her plan drawing, questioning the purity of her own feeling and speech in the scene which had ended with that little explosion.

Celia's consciousness told her that she had not been at all in the wrong: it was quite natural and justifiable that she should have asked that question, and she repeated to herself that Dorothea was inconsistent: either she should have taken her full share of the jewels, or, after what she had said, she should have renounced them altogether.

"I am sure—at least I trust," thought Celia, "that the wearing of a necklace will not interfere with my prayers. And I do not see that I should be bound by Dorothea's opinions, now we are going into society, though, of course, she herself ought to be bound by them. But Dorothea is not always consistent."

Thus Celia, mutely bending over her tapestry, until she heard her sister calling her.

"Here, Kitty, come and look at my plan; I shall think I am a great architect, if I have not got incompatible stairs and fire-places."

As Celia bent over the paper, Dorothea put her cheek against her sister's arm caressingly. Celia understood the action. Dorothea saw that she had been in the wrong, and Celia pardoned her. Since they could remember, there had been a mixture of criticism and awe in the attitude of Celia's mind toward her elder sister. The younger had always worn a yoke; but is there any yoked creature without its private opinions?

CHAPTER II.

"'Dime; no ves aquel caballero que hácia nosotros viene sobre un caballo rucio rodado que trae puesto en la cabeza un yelmo de oro?' 'Lo que veo y columbro,' respondió Sancho, 'no es sino un hombre sobre un asno pardo como el mio, que trae sobre la cabeza una cosa que relumbra.' 'Pues ese es el yelmo de Mambrino,' dijo Don Quijote."—Cervantes.

"'Seest thou not yon cavalier who cometh toward us on a dapple-gray steed, and weareth a golden helmet?' 'What I see,' answered Sancho, 'is nothing but a man on a gray ass like my own, who carries something shiny on his head.' 'Just so,' answered Don Quixote, 'and that resplendent object is the helmet of Mambrino.'"

"Sir Humphrey Davy?" said Mr. Brooke, over the soup, in his easy, smiling way, taking up Sir James Chettam's remark that he was studying Davy's "Agricultural Chemistry." "Well, now, Sir Humphrey Davy: I dined with him years ago at Cartwright's, and Wordsworth was there too—the poet Wordsworth, you know. Now there was something singular. I was at Cambridge when Wordsworth was there, and I never met him—and I dined with him twenty years afterward at Cartwright's. There's an oddity in things, now. But Davy was there: he was a poet too. Or, as I may say, Wordsworth was poet one, and Davy was poet two. That was true in every sense, you know."

Dorothea felt a little more uneasy than usual. In the beginning of dinner, the party being small and the room still, these motes from the mass of a magistrate's mind fell too noticeably. She wondered how a man like Mr. Casaubon would support such triviality. His manners, she thought, were very dignified; the set of his iron-gray hair and his deep eye-sockets made him resemble the portrait of Locke. He had the spare form and the pale complexion which became a student; as different as possible from the blooming Englishman of the red-whiskered type represented by Sir James Chettam.

"I am reading the 'Agricultural Chemistry,'" said this excellent baronet, "because I am going to take one of the farms into my own hands, and see if something can not be done in setting a good pattern of farming among my tenants. Do you approve of that, Miss Brooke?"

"A great mistake, Chettam," interposed Mr. Brooke, "going into electrifying your land and that kind of thing, and making a parlor of your cow-house. It won't do. I went into science a great deal myself at one time, but I saw it would not do. It leads to every thing; you can let nothing alone. No, no—see that your tenants don't sell their straw, and that kind of thing, and give them draining-tiles, you know. But your fancy-farming will not do—the most expensive sort of whistle you can buy; you may as well keep a pack of hounds."

"Surely," said Dorothea, "it is better to spend money in finding out how men can make the most of the land which supports them all than in keeping dogs and horses only to gallop over it. It is not a sin to make yourself poor in performing experiments for the good of all."

She spoke with more energy than is expected of so young a lady, but Sir James had appealed to her. He was accustomed to do so, and she had often thought that she could urge him to many good actions when he was her brother-in-law.

Mr. Casaubon turned his eyes very markedly on Dorothea while she was speaking, and seemed to observe her newly.

"Young ladies don't understand political economy, you know," said Mr. Brooke, smiling toward Mr. Casaubon. "I remember when we were all reading Adam Smith. *There* is a book, now. I took in all the new ideas at one time—human perfectibility, now. But some say history moves in circles, and that may be very well argued; I have argued it myself. The fact is, human reason may carry you a little too far—over the hedge, in fact. It carried me a good way at one time; but I saw it would not do. I pulled up; I pulled up in time. But not too hard. I have always been in favor of a little theory: we must have Thought; else we shall be landed back in the dark ages. But talking of books, there is Southey's 'Peninsular War.' I am reading that of a morning. You know Southey?"

"No," said Mr. Casaubon, not keeping pace with Mr. Brooke's impetuous reason, and thinking of the book only. "I have little leisure for such literature just now. I have been using up my eye-sight on old characters lately; the fact is, I want a reader for my evenings; but I am fastidious in voices, and I can not endure listening to an imperfect reader. It is a misfortune, in some senses: I feed too much on the inward sources; I live too much with the dead. My mind is something like the ghost of an ancient, wandering about the world, and trying mentally to construct it as it used to be, in spite of ruin and confusing changes. But I find it necessary to use the utmost caution about my eye-sight."

This was the first time that Mr. Casaubon had spoken at any length. He delivered himself with precision, as if he had been called upon to make a public statement; and the balanced, sing-song neatness of his speech, occasionally corresponded to by a movement of his head, was the more conspicuous from its contrast with good Mr. Brooke's scrappy slovenliness. Dorothea said to herself that Mr. Casaubon was the most interesting man she had ever seen, not excepting even Monsieur Liret, the Vaudois clergyman who had given conferences on the history of the Waldenses. To reconstruct a past world, doubtless with a view to the highest purposes of truth—what a work to be in any way present at, to assist in, though only as a lamp-holder! This elevating thought lifted her above her annoyance at being twitted with her ignorance of political economy, that never-explained science which was thrust as an extinguisher over all her lights.

"But you are fond of riding, Miss Brooke," Sir James presently took an opportunity of saying. "I should have thought you would enter a little into the pleasures of hunting. I wish you would let me send over a chestnut horse for you to try. It has been trained for a lady. I saw you on Saturday cantering over the hill on a nag not worthy of you. My groom shall bring Corydon for you every day, if you will only mention the time."

"Thank you, you are very good. I mean to give up riding. I shall not ride any more," said Dorothea, urged to this brusque resolution by a little annoyance that Sir James would be soliciting her attention when she wanted to give it all to Mr. Casaubon.

"No; that is too hard," said Sir James, in a tone of reproach that showed strong interest. "Your sister is given to self-mortification, is she not?" he continued, turning to Celia, who sat at her right hand.

"I think she is," said Celia, feeling afraid lest she should say something that would not please her sister, and blushing as prettily as possible above her necklace. "She likes giving up."

"If that were true, Celia, my giving up would be self-indulgence, not self-mortification. But there may be good reasons for choosing not to do what is very agreeable," said Dorothea.

Mr. Brooke was speaking at the same time, but it was evident that Mr. Casaubon was observing Dorothea, and she was aware of it.

"Exactly," said Sir James. "You give up from some high, generous motive."

"No, indeed, not exactly. I did not say that of myself," answered Dorothea, reddening. Unlike Celia, she rarely blushed, and only from high delight or anger. At that moment she felt angry with the perverse Sir James. Why did he not pay attention to Celia, and leave her to listen to Mr. Casaubon?—if that learned man would only talk, instead of allowing himself to be talked to by Mr. Brooke, who was just then informing him that the Reformation either meant something or it did not, that he himself was a Protestant to the core, but that Catholicism was a fact; and as to refusing an acre of your ground for a Romanist chapel, all men needed the bridle of religion, which, properly speaking, was the dread of a hereafter.

"I made a great study of theology at one time," said Mr. Brooke, as if to explain the insight just manifested. "I know something of all schools. I knew Wilberforce in his best days. Do you know Wilberforce?"

Mr. Casaubon said "No."

"Well, Wilberforce was perhaps not enough of a thinker; but if I went into Parliament, as I have been asked to do, I should sit on the independent bench, as Wilberforce did, and work at philanthropy."

Mr. Casaubon bowed, and observed that it was a wide field.

"Yes," said Mr. Brooke, with an easy smile, "but I have documents. I began a long while ago to collect documents. They want arranging, but when a question has struck me, I have written to somebody and got an answer. I have documents at my back. But now, how do you arrange your documents?"

"In pigeon-holes partly," said Mr. Casaubon, with rather a startled air of effort.

"Ah, pigeon-holes will not do. I have tried pigeon-holes, but every thing gets mixed in pigeon-holes: I never know whether a paper is in A or Z."

"I wish you would let me sort your papers for you, uncle," said Dorothea. "I would letter them all, and then make a list of subjects under each letter."

Mr. Casaubon gravely smiled approval, and said to Mr. Brooke, "You have an excellent secretary at hand, you perceive."

"No, no," said Mr. Brooke, shaking his head; "I can not let young ladies meddle with my documents. Young ladies are too flighty."

Dorothea felt hurt. Mr. Casaubon would think that her uncle had some special reason for delivering this opinion, whereas the remark lay in his mind as lightly as the broken wing of an insect among all the other fragments there, and a chance current had sent it alighting on *her*.

When the two girls were in the drawing-room alone, Celia said,

"How very ugly Mr. Casaubon is!"

"Celia! He is one of the most distinguished-looking men I ever saw. He is remarkably like the portrait of Locke. He has the same deep eye-sockets."

"Had Locke those two white moles with hairs on them?"

"Oh, I dare say! when people of a certain sort looked at him," said Dorothea, walking away a little.

"Mr. Casaubon is so sallow."

"All the better. I suppose you admire a man with the complexion of a *cochon de lait*."

"Dodo!" exclaimed Celia, looking after her in surprise. "I never heard you make such a comparison before."

"Why should I make it before the occasion came? It is a good comparison: the match is perfect."

Miss Brooke was clearly forgetting herself, and Celia thought so.

"I wonder you show temper, Dorothea."

"It is so painful to you, Celia, that you will look at human beings as if they were merely animals with a toilet, and never see the great soul in a man's face."

"Has Mr. Casaubon a great soul?" Celia was not without a touch of naive malice.

"Yes, I believe he has," said Dorothea, with the full voice of decision. "Every thing I see in him corresponds to his pamphlet on Biblical Cosmology."

"He talks very little," said Celia.

"There is no one for him to talk to."

Celia thought privately, "Dorothea quite despises Sir James Chettam; I believe she would not accept him." Celia felt that this was a pity. She had never been deceived as to the object of the baronet's interest. Sometimes, indeed, she had reflected that Dodo would perhaps not make a husband happy who had not her way of looking at things; and stifled in the depths of her heart was the feeling that her sister was too religious for family comfort. Notions and scruples were like spilled needles, making one afraid of treading, or sitting down, or even eating.

When Miss Brooke was at the tea-table, Sir James came to sit down by her, not having felt her mode of answering him at all offensive. Why should he? He thought it probable that Miss Brooke liked him, and manners must be very marked indeed before they cease to be interpreted by preconceptions either confident or distrustful. She was thoroughly charming to him, but of course he theorized a little about his attachment. He was made of excellent human dough, and had the rare merit of knowing that his talents, even if let loose, would not set the smallest stream in the county on fire: hence he liked the prospect of a wife to whom he could say, "What shall we do?" about this or that; who could help her husband out with reasons, and would also have the property qualification for doing so. As to the excessive religiousness alleged against Miss Brooke, he had a very indefinite notion of what it consisted in, and thought that it would die out with marriage. In short, he felt himself to be in love in the right place, and was ready to endure a great deal of predominance, which, after all, a man could always put down when he liked. Sir James had no idea that he should ever like to put down the predominance of this handsome girl, in whose cleverness he delighted. Why not? A man's mind—what there is of it—has always the advantage of being masculine—as the smallest birch-tree is of a higher kind than the most soaring palm—and even his ignorance is of a sounder quality. Sir James might not have originated this estimate; but a kind Providence furnishes the limpest personality with a little gum or starch in the form of tradition.

"Let me hope that you will rescind that resolution about the horse, Miss Brooke," said the persevering admirer. "I assure you, riding is the most healthy of exercises."

"I am aware of it," said Dorothea, coldly. "I think it would do Celia good—if she would take to it."

"But you are such a perfect horsewoman."

"Excuse me, I have had very little practice, and I should be easily thrown."

"Then that is a reason for more practice. Every lady ought to be a perfect horsewoman, that she may accompany her husband."

"You see how widely we differ, Sir James. I have made up my mind that I ought not to be a perfect horsewoman, and so I should never correspond to your pattern of a lady." Dorothea looked straight before her, and spoke with cold brusquerie, very much with the air of a handsome boy, in amusing contrast with the solicitous amiability of her admirer.

"I should like to know your reasons for this cruel resolution. It is not possible that you should think horsemanship wrong."

"It is quite possible that I should think it wrong for me."

"Oh, why?" said Sir James, in a tender tone of remonstrance.

Mr. Casaubon had come up to the table, tea-cup in hand, and was listening.

"We must not inquire too curiously into motives," he interposed, in his measured way. "Miss Brooke knows that they are apt to become feeble in the utterance: the aroma is mixed with the grosser air. We must keep the germinating grain away from the light."

Dorothea colored with pleasure, and looked up gratefully to the speaker. Here was a man who could understand the higher inward life, and with whom there could be some spiritual communion; nay, who could illuminate principle with the widest knowledge: a man whose learning almost amounted to a proof of whatever he believed!

Dorothea's inferences may seem large; but really life could never have gone on at any period but for this liberal allowance of conclusions, which has facilitated marriage under the difficulties of civilization. Has any one ever pinched into its pilulous smallness the cobweb of prematrimonial acquaintanceship?

"Certainly," said good Sir James. "Miss Brooke shall not be urged to tell reasons she would rather be silent upon. I am sure her reasons would do her honor."

He was not in the least jealous of the interest with which Dorothea had looked up at Mr. Casaubon: it never occurred to him that a girl to whom he was meditating an offer of marriage could care for a dried bookworm toward fifty, except, indeed, in a religious sort of way, as for a clergyman of some distinction.

However, since Miss Brooke had become engaged in a conversation with Mr. Casaubon about the Vaudois clergy, Sir James betook himself to Celia, and talked to her about her sister; spoke of a house in town, and asked whether Miss Brooke disliked London. Away from her sister, Celia talked quite easily, and Sir James said to himself that the second Miss Brooke was certainly very agreeable as well as pretty, though not, as some people pretended, more clever and sensible than the elder sister. He felt that he had chosen the one who was in all respects the superior; and a man naturally likes to look forward to having the best. He would be the very Mawworm of bachelors who pretended not to expect it.

SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

We have already made brief mention of the important announcement received from Messrs. Payer and Weyprecht, dated at Tromsoe, of the discovery of open water between Spitzbergen and Nova Zembla, in a region before this believed to be occupied entirely by ice; and have now the pleasure of furnishing some additional details received from these gentlemen by letter. Their report is addressed to the Association for Geography and Statistics, at Frankfort, and is dated at Tromsoe on the 10th of October. Postponing a more full account of their general adventures to a later period, they proceed at once to the announcement that in the space between Spitzbergen and Nova Zembla, which had previously been supposed inaccessible (and which, indeed, the Russian, German, and Swedish expedition in 1868 had attempted to penetrate without success), they entered a region almost entirely free from any obstacles, and in which they reached a latitude of 79 degrees without any apparent impediment to their proceeding almost, if not quite, to the pole. As, however, the *Ice Bear* was merely a sailing vessel, and their provisions were running low, they dared not venture any further, and accordingly returned.

They anticipate complete success, therefore, should the great expedition which is to be prosecuted next year follow in their course, and they remark that the key to the apparent failure of explorations in this region is to be found in the fact of their starting too early in the summer, and not remaining long enough in the autumn. They think that the Gulf Stream, the current of which is clearly indicated, toward the close of the summer breaks down the barrier of ice, and clears a way into the open polar sea beyond.

The fact of their having been in the path of the Gulf Stream they consider well established by the temperature of the water (exceeding by from three to five degrees C. that of the air), the frequency of clouds, and the abundance of fog and rainbows, the decided current to the northeast, the ultramarine blue of the water, so characteristic of the Gulf Stream, the extraordinary richness in lower animals, etc.

In the beginning of autumn they infer that the Gulf Stream leaves the coast of Nova Zembla and passes farther to the west, or that it then expands so as to cover a greater area. Another important result of their explorations was the discovery of an enormous abundance of whales in the open sea—a fact which will, doubtless, induce our American whalers seriously to consider the propriety of endeavoring to secure the reward which is likely to crown the efforts of those who may enter this new Polynia at the proper season.

During the expedition of the *Ice Bear* a continued series of observations was taken upon the temperature, the density of the water at the surface and at various depths, the occurrence of drift-wood, the currents, deep sea soundings, etc. Many objects of interest were taken from the bottom, and many valuable geological observations made.

Professor VERRILL has lately given, in the *Journal of Science*, an account of the researches in marine zoology prosecuted by him during the past summer at Wood's Hole, Massachusetts, in connection with investigations of Professor BAIRD respecting the food fishes of the coast of the United States, and in this he calls the attention of zoologists to some of the more important features of these examinations, promising a fuller account hereafter. One of these results consisted in ascertaining that, while the shores and shallow waters of the bays and sounds, as far as Cape Cod, are occupied chiefly by southern forms belonging to the Virginian fauna, the deeper channels and central parts of Long Island Sound, as far as Stonington, Connecticut, are inhabited almost exclusively by northern forms, as an extension of the Acadian fauna. Both the temperature observations at the surface and the deep-sea dredgings prove that there must be an off-shoot of the arctic current setting into the middle of Vineyard Sound. Quite a number of interesting ascidians, both simple and compound, were met with by Professor VERRILL, several of them entirely new to science. Several new sponges were collected, and also a large number of crustaceans and mollusks previously unrecorded in that region. We would refer our readers to Professor VERRILL's article in the November number of the *American Journal of Science* for these interesting facts.

PETER D. KNIESKERN, M.D., born in New York in 1798, died at Shark River, New Jersey, on the 12th of September last. This gentleman was well known to most of our naturalists from his zeal as a local collector of plants, and his readiness to assist his colleagues in supplying them with any objects belonging to his vicinity. From an obituary notice by Professor GRAY we learn that he left a valuable collection of the plants of Ocean and Monmouth counties, New Jersey, of great scientific value, and which it is hoped will be preserved complete in some of our public museums.

At various times throughout the past summer we have kept our readers advised of the preparation of the great exploring expedition upon which Professor AGASSIZ has been expecting to engage during the voyage of the Coast Survey steamer *Hassler* from Boston to San Francisco, by way of the Straits of Magellan. The expedition was originally to start as early as July or August, and in that event the explorations in question would have commenced off the coast of the United States. Owing, however, to unexpected delays, the vessel has but recently fitted out and reported at Boston, where she has been detained, undergoing alterations of her machinery. We have already noticed the general plan and objects of the expedition. The scientific corps, as will be remembered, consists of Professor and Mrs. AGASSIZ, Count POURTALÈS, ex-President HILL, of Cambridge, Dr. WHITE, Mr. JAMES BLAKE, and Dr. STEINDACHNER, each gentleman having special charge of a particular department of the work, and interested in its successful accomplishment. The vessel itself is under the command of Captain P. C. JOHNSON, with Messrs. KENNEDY and DAY as lieutenants. Owing to the lateness of the season, the original plan of making extended explorations in the West Indies and off the eastern coast of South America has necessarily been modified, and the vessel will probably proceed almost directly to the Falkland Islands and the Straits of Magellan, there to commence the comprehensive investigations proposed, as otherwise a sufficient share of the summer season of the straits could not be secured. The Atlantic Ocean work thus given up will, in all probability, partly at least, be performed by the *A. D. Bache*, a consort of the *Hassler*, next year.

The opportunity offered by the recent visit to Hamburg for repairs of the corvette *El Medschidi*, belonging to the Sultan of Zanzibar, was embraced by the naturalists of that city to secure photographs of the types of humanity represented in the persons of the officers and crew, these embracing a remarkable series of illustrations of the various races from Africa to Southern Arabia. VIRCHOW, HARTMANN, and others all commend very highly the accuracy of the photographs, and indorse their ethnological value. There are fifty-four of the pictures prepared and published, with accompanying text, mentioning on account of the each age, size, color of the hair, eyes, lips, nails, and other physical peculiarities. Among the Arabian forms there are several which can not be distinguished from the fairest Indo-Germanic, with the exception, of course, of the clothing and customs.

The English government expedition for observing the solar eclipse left Southampton on the 20th of October for Ceylon, with Mr. LOCKYER in charge, expecting to reach Point de Galle on the 27th of November. The party is to meet the Indian observers, and to arrange a definite plan of observations, before the critical time arrives. A new series of instructions for the expedition was prepared by a committee of the British Association, and published in *Nature* on the 26th of October. Every assistance has been given to the party by the government, as well as by the steam-ship companies, and a valuable photographic apparatus of Lord LINDSAY has been supplied, with a photographer by this gentleman. Mr. BROTHERS was to join the expedition at Suez.

The third and last volume of the "Hand-List of the Genera and Species of Birds," by Mr. GEORGE ROBERT GRAY, of the British Museum, has lately been published, completing the work, and constituting a monument of patient and accurate research such as has seldom been presented to the scientific world. It is as nearly a complete list of the known species of birds as could be expected even from one possessing all the resources of libraries and collections. It includes also the numerous synonyms. The possession of this list will greatly facilitate the labors of all inquirers into the department of ornithology, and tend to relieve them from an enormous amount of personal labor and research.

The total number of species enumerated by Mr. GRAY amounts to 11,162, and, with additions in the appendix, will reach 11,303. The total number of names discussed, however, including those adopted, and those that are considered as synonyms, is over 46,000. The value of the book is rendered complete by an exhaustive index, both of generic and specific names, the indexes together occupying 64 columns. At the present time no department of zoology possesses so complete an index to its names and authorities as this book, an approximation to it being furnished by Dr. GÜNTHER's catalogue of fishes, likewise published by the British Museum. This, although containing a synopsis of the genera and species, is greatly lessened in value by the absence of such an index as that furnished by Mr. GRAY, though the promise is held out that, in a supplementary volume to the eight already published, this deficiency will be supplied.

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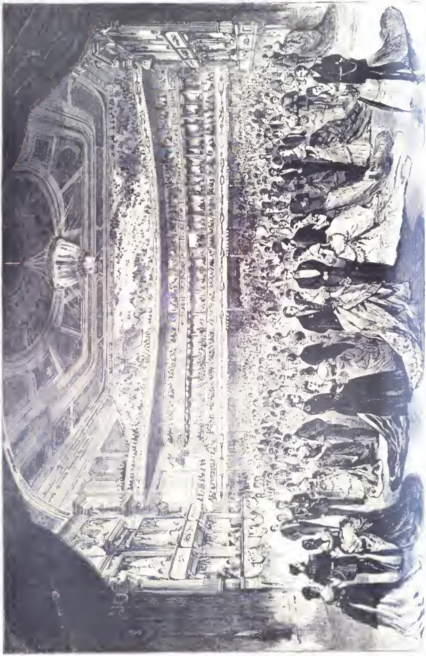
THE NAVAL BALL IN HONOR OF THE GRAND DUKE ALEXIS, AT THE BROOKLYN NAVY-YARD.—[See Page 1178.]



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THE NAVAL BALL.

The ball given in honor of the Grand Duke Alexis at the Brooklyn Navy-yard was a very brilliant and successful affair. The sail-loft in the upper story of the large equipment building opposite the admiral's office, about two hundred and fifty feet in length by sixty in width, had been handsomely fitted up as a ball-room, while adjacent rooms were used for promenading, and as cloak and anterooms. In the ball-room the decorations were simple but tasteful, the national flags of Russia and America being alternately draped on one side of the room, and those of various nationalities on the other. The ceiling was decorated with rosettes of the American colors, the blue and stars forming the centre piece, with the stripes radiating outward. Appropriate ornaments, in the way of stars of cutlasses and bayonets, brass guns, and models of vessels, adorned the walls.

The Prince, accompanied by M. and Madame Catacazy, arrived at the yard about half past ten o'clock, and was immediately conducted to the dais in the centre of the main hall, where he received a large number of guests, who were brought up and introduced by the chief officers of the yard. He then made the tour of the room with Mrs. Smith, wife of the admiral; and this ceremonious part of the fête being over, the dancing began. The scene was brilliant in the extreme, the charming toilets of so many of the handsome New York and Brooklyn belles contrasting picturesquely with the evening costumes of the gentlemen and the rich uniforms of the American and Russian officers.

At midnight dancing was suspended, and the guests proceeded to an adjoining room, where an abundant and elegant supper was spread. This ended the festivities of the evening, and the disagreeable task of hunting for hats and coats began. The ladies' toilet-room was admirably managed, but terrible confusion reigned in that assigned to the gentlemen. Five hundred ticketed boxes had been prepared; but as there were more than thirteen hundred gentlemen present, over eight hundred overcoats and hats were piled promiscuously on the floor, ticketed, it is true, but in such a loose manner that when the guests called out their numbers it was found that many of the tickets had been brushed off. The confusion was indescribable, and the delay in many instances too great for endurance. Some of the guests, after waiting three hours, went away hatless and overcoatless. But notwithstanding every mishap, it was agreed that the ball was a great success, and every guest was delighted to have been present.

THE ACADEMY BALL.

The most brilliant and elaborate ball that ever took place at the New York Academy of Music was that given on the 29th ult. in honor of the Grand Duke Alexis. The preparations were on a scale of magnificence worthy of the occasion. The parquet had been floored over, and the stage for some distance back from the proscenium was hung with light colored silk tapestry. At the farther end was a finely executed moonlight garden scene, with a rising terrace, a grove, and a labyrinth of foliage. The hangings on each side were of gray silk, striped with blue and gold, and terminated by a heavy golden fringe. Garlands of flowers hung from the railing, the intermediate roses being kept in place by gilt buttons, and shields bearing the Russian and American coats of arms alternately. On the left of the garden scene was an opening through the silk hangings leading to the banqueting room. The arrangement of these hangings was such as to represent an open tent, access to which was obtained by ascending three terraces in the Louis Quatorze style, one rising above the other. On the last terrace, or platform, was an ornamental balcony, the centre piece of which was formed of a wide pediment surmounted by a vase of exotics. The curtains at the extreme ends were painted to represent the terraces as fading in the distance. Light was thrown on the landscape by four superb pendant chandeliers.

From the top of the proscenium a curtain was extended, on which was depicted a globe, and two figures, representing Russia and America, joining hands. To the right of Russia were three smaller figures, one representing the Northern or barbaric tribes, another a Cossack Tartar, and the third a modern Russian. Three figures at the right of Russia represented Commerce, Agriculture, and the Mechanical Arts—one rolling a bale of cotton, another striking an anvil, and the third holding a plow. On two large banners pendent from the ceiling were painted, somewhat oddly, it must be confessed, a full length portrait of Lincoln holding the Emancipation Proclamation, and at his feet a family of liberated slaves. On the other banner was a picture of the Czar Alexander presenting the ukase abolishing serfdom in his dominions to a group of figures kneeling at his feet. The fronts of the proscenium boxes were decorated with garlands.

The Grand Duke arrived about half past ten, and was ushered in by the private entrance on Fourteenth Street—so quietly that few of the guests were aware of his presence until he had been some time seated in his box. For a few minutes he was the object of eager scrutiny, which he appeared to bear with extreme good nature as well as modesty—to learn to be stared at being part of the education of a prince. He then left the box, and appeared upon the floor with Mrs. Hoffman, the wife of the Governor, on his arm. The crowd was so dense that the floor managers were scarcely able to clear a space for the dancers. The Prince appeared to be rather indifferent to the matter, and evidently preferred promenading to dancing, and after the first quadrille, sauntered leisurely about the floor with a lady on his arm, and seemed to watch with great interest the playing of the fountains at the extreme end of the stage. Beautiful effects were produced by the play of colored lights on the jets of water.

The round dancing was greatly impeded by the crowd of promenaders, whom no efforts of the floor committee could keep back, and who followed the Prince around with a childishly persistent curiosity. He was simply dressed in a naval frock-coat with open lapels, with two stars on the breast. A gorgeously uniformed officer of the Hussars of the Imperial Guard attracted almost as much attention as the Prince himself. He wore a scarlet dolman richly embroidered with gold, and a jacket of sheep-skin trimmed with sable fur was hung from his shoulders. He was strikingly handsome, and more than one young lady expressed her opinion that he was a darling.

The banquet took place in Nilsson Hall, which had been brilliantly decorated and lighted for the occasion. At the head of the room a dais was erected for the table devoted to the Grand Duke and the principal guests. In the centre of this table was a magnificent silver épergne loaded with the choicest flowers, camellias, rare-tinted fuchsias, and roses of every variety. Curious plants occupied prominent positions, and the intervals were filled with ornamental confectionery, representing temples of the Czars Alexander and Nicholas, and two Russian vessels composed of nougat and spun sugar. There were also monuments in chocolate of Washington, with flags of Russia and America, and two immense vases, ornamented with the Russian arms, composed of Charlotte Russe. The menu was printed in gold letters on white satin. During the banquet a superb band played a choice collection of operatic airs from a stand erected in the centre of the hall.

After supper dancing was resumed in the Academy, and, as many of the guests had left, the floor was less crowded than in the early part of the evening. The Prince danced several quadrilles, with various young ladies. He conversed in French, probably out of respect to the supposed accomplishments of his fair partners, although he speaks English with fluency and correctness.

The dancing continued till a very late hour, when every body went home in the best possible humor, and impressed with the conviction that the Academy ball was a social event to be remembered for a lifetime.

THE LULWORTH SMUGGLERS.

"Yo be to keep a sharp look-out at Weymouth, Jack, and soo be as yo get suspicions, I allow yo'd better leave the fish to the gutter, and run hoam like mad, for the schooner's proper sure to be here to-night."

"All right, father; the revenue chaps 'll hev their match in me." Saying which the lad left the cottage.

"Now then, Bessie, gee I a bit o' vittles, and I allow I'll turn in a bit. Jim Bolton be on watch, he be."

"Then yo'd best be on watch too," said Bessie, putting a white plate before her father. "Jim's gotten eyes for none but wimmen. If yo'd met Garge, now, yo might have gone to bed quick enough. Garge be tarrible set against the girls. But if yo goo and sleep, I'll go up to Dungy and keep a look-out."

Harry Walters thought of this proposal, as he thought of all Bessie did, "a proper thing," and went peaceably up to bed.

At darking the girl ran into the cottage, rousing her father with the news that the schooner was tacking off Arish Mell, and Jim Bolton had gone to prepare the men to be ready at Mewps.

Nothing could have been timed better. The only coast-guard stations then were at Poole and Weymouth. One of those fogs which generally come in the early spring was creeping along the horizon: in an hour the sea would be like a vapor bath; the wind and tide were favorable; the fishermen had been on the look-out for a week, so, as a natural result, the value of the expected cargo had lost nothing. Another source of excitement arose from the fact of the schooner and her crew being strangers, and used to run their cargoes upon the Kent or Sussex coast—counties which completely eclipsed Dorset, both in the magnitude of the trade and the daring and recklessness shown by the famous band of smugglers, who, setting law at defiance, kept up a regular warfare with the revenue officers.

A recent hand-to-hand fight had spurred the government to send down an extra force, and rendered it impossible for the schooner to get her cargo run; so the captain was fain to try a new harbor, where a responsible agent was waiting to receive the goods.

"We'll show them how smart we Dorset chaps can be," had been the common saying. So, half an hour after the schooner came in sight, the rocks beside Mewps were dotted with figures; and as soon as the fog and darkness made it safe, half a dozen men pushed off to pilot the vessel over the line of sunken rocks which crosses the mouth of the bay. Quietly she slipped on, and following close on her heel came the fog, drawing like a white curtain round her.

She was a smart little schooner, drawing wonderfully little water. So, the sea being like glass, only throbbing with a ground-swell, she was towed up within a few hundred yards of the shore, and then the work began in real earnest.

"We're only but two hours safe to do it in," said the leading man; "when the tide turns the breeze 'll get up and carry off the fog; so push on, lads, and show what Dorset chaps can do." In a couple of hours nearly half the cargo was safe, each man working like two—the tea and tobacco stowed away in a snug cave, long used as a hiding-place; the kegs of spirits sent off to neighboring cellars, some of which were in the vaults of the churches. By this time the fog had covered the downs, and lay there as if resting. Suddenly through the mist and silence came the shriek of a sea-gull, then another, and another.

Every man stopped working; every face turned in the direction of the signal, for such it was. Then down through the white cloud came a figure scrambling, jumping from rock to rock—and Bessie Walters, her face flushed, her hair loose, breathless and panting, stood by the men.

"Harry's gotten back fro' Weymouth," she said. "The revenue chaps be' gotten word; the cutter's comin', and the soldiers too; and some on our own folk have blown the cave."

Her father pushed through the group.

"How far be they off?"

"Somewhere about two mile, I allow. Harry he run hisself most stupid."

"Then it's all up," said the captain. "So much for your d—d Dorsetshire. I ain't going to lose my ship, though. Which of you fellows will come on board and take us out?" No one answered. He looked round the men's faces, out of which the excitement had suddenly died, leaving a stolid, unmeaning look.

"I'll give five pounds to the man who'll take us out. I'll give ten pounds. Twenty I'll give. Thirty—forty—fifty—fifty pounds to the fellow who'll run us out of this cursed place. By G—! I believe you're all in the game, and brought us to sell us. I'll cheat you yet. If I can't do better, I'll burn the craft, rather than let a stick of her fall into such d—d wreckers' hands. Here, Charley, pull off." As he spoke, a rocket whizzed up in the offing, and the cutter was within a couple of miles, coming with the predicted breeze. A breathless pause, a scattered oath or two, as from the crest of cliff immediately above them rose the answering signal: the men knew they were trapped, their only remaining chance being to get round by Arish Mell, and so, striking inland, elude the soldiers; or, if the worst came to the worst, cut their way through, and trust to night and luck. Scarcely had the second rocket died out than a moaning sob came across the sea—the first token of the freshening breeze: in half an hour the curtain of mist would be rolled away, and—the schooner at the mercy of the revenue-cutter.

"It be bad, like, to let the craft be taken," said a man who had been watching the captain's boat. "I've a mind to go off with her—fifty pound's a terrible lot of money." He looked hard at Bessie, and Bessie's cheeks grew redder, as she said, "See be as yo'll goo, Garge, I'll row you off."

There was no further words spoken; the man walked down to the boat, followed by Bessie. "Suppose I get the money, Bessie?" asked George, as he looked round.

Bessie bade him hold his tongue till he got it; and nodded him good-night as he scrambled up the schooner's side.

But as she rowed back alone her face grew white and sad. "Poor Garge!" she thought; "I allow I'd be main happy if I took him—"

Her father was the only man left. A few words sufficed to send him off, Bessie remaining to watch proceedings.

George Harvel's presence and knowledge of the coast gave new spirit to the crew of the schooner. A boat was lowered to tow her out, her sails spread, and with a sort of leap she got under way. Too late. Like a hawk swooping on her prey came the cutter right across her bows. There was very little parley. Sullenly and desperately the smuggler held on her way. Suddenly the trumpet rang out,

"Haul to, or we shall fire."

"Fire away!" shouted the captain of the schooner. A spurt of fire sprang from the cutter's side, and a round shot crashed through the smuggler's jib, cutting half a dozen ropes in two. Still she held on. Swish came another shot, this time hitting the mainmast, and sending out a shower of splinters. They were within two hundred yards of each other now—the cutter coming on, evidently with the intention of boarding. Bessie held her breath—she was thinking of George Harvel. The crafts were close together. Bessie started up, and flung her arms overhead, with a cry of dismay, for the revenue men were boarding the smuggler. The air was filled with firing, curses, and shouts. A sudden thought flashed into the girl's bewildered brain. She ran down to the shore, pushed off her boat, and jumping in, rowed to the scene of action, never doubting she would see George somehow, and bring him off the ship. The sailors were too busy to notice the boat glide up; as Bessie lay to under the lee of the schooner, watching, with clinched teeth, two men, struggling for life or death, come to the bulwarks just over the boat, she could hear their panting breath, then the pistol shot, and a body was hurled over the side; clutching desperately at the slippery wood, grasping at the last moment a loose rope, he swung down, almost touching the girl.

George Harvel—every thing—was forgotten. Here was a wounded, perhaps dying, man flung into her bosom. By the first passionate impulse her arms closed round him, and a wild thrill and throb rushed through heart and brain, depriving her of all power; and as the nerveless hand let go the rope, man and girl sank into the bottom of the boat. Bessie's loss of power was only momentary; with a rush, sense and thought came surging back. Struggling from under what she now supposed to be a dead body, she got on to her knees, and turning his face up, saw he was alive. Meantime the boat had been drifting; they were several yards to the westward of the ships, a distance which grew greater while, with both her hands forming a cup, she poured water over the man's head and face, and tearing off her apron, made a plug to stop the bleeding of the gun-shot wound.

At first she was too busy to notice his face; but when the bandage was tied she looked at it, and saw his lips moving, though his voice was too faint to sound over the noise of fight and roar of breaking waves. Her ear almost touched his lips before she caught the words.

"Hide me, hide me, and let me die in peace!"

For a minute Bessie sat staring at the black rocks and thinking, then a light crossed her eyes: she said to herself, "We may's well risk it; maybe there's no boats about, and he's a handsome young chap to be hanged. Garge soon look after himself, I allow."

Straightening herself, she got hold of the oars, and, pulling lustily, was soon past the big black rock that stands sentry over Mewps Bay. Beyond this she was comparatively safe, the next danger being that the revenue men might have left a boat watching the entrance to Lulworth Cove. Keeping out to sea, Bessie pulled on. There was no sign of a boat, though lights on shore warned her that the men were there. Now all was fair and clear; the tide was with her. Excitement lent extra strength to her arms. Shooting through the Durdle Archway, she ran the boat on to the beach just in the quiet little nook behind the "Door," where the projecting rocks make a perfect haven, dragging the boat up as far as she could.

The man was moaning now, and as she couldn't lift him out, the only alternative was to make him shift for himself.

"Yo'll hev to land, young man. I allow it's difficult; but yo maun do it. There's a cave here yo can lie in till the cutter's men and soldiers see out o' the way."

He looked perplexed; then proposed she should row him back to Lulworth.

"Do you want to be hanged, young man? It 'll be easier nor hiding of you up here—a-fetching vittles, a-nussen of yo, and puttin' up of yo' perverseness." The thud of a big gun came booming over the sea. Bessie drew a long breath, and gazed rather angrily at the man she had saved.

"Well," she said, "happen yo'll land now." For answer he got up, and scrambled, with many groans, out of the boat, dropping upon the shingle.

"You're a good lass, and if you're as pretty as your voice is sweet, I'll have the best of hiding away here."

"We'll see about that, my man. Ye're all tarred with the same stick. The moor a woman does for a man, the moor she'll hev to do. The verst saucy word yo says to I, my father he comes to mus yo. So yo best keep a civil tongue."

After which piece of counsel Bessie took the upper hand, treating him just like a refractory child; and he, being really badly hurt, was too ill to assert his own opinion. Indeed, for the week that passed while the wound was healing he was more frequently delirious than sane, and passed his waking hours raving about fighting and dying and angels, which last Bessie, woman-like, appropriated to herself.

The natural result of this nursing was that Bessie lost her heart—pity is, we know, near akin to love; and so it was. When the affair of the fight and the capture of the schooner and cargo had partially died away, one night Bessie brought her patient to her father's cottage. The neighbors, of course, knew pretty well who the lodger was; and it is difficult to keep a score of tongues quiet, however anxious the owners are to hide a secret. So it was that by some means or other the revenue officer left to keep a look-out at Lulworth began to get some inkling of the truth; and one day, meeting Bessie, questioned her rather closely as to her friend. Bessie was too sharp to tell any thing; and the name he went by ("Kit Roberts") could give no clew to his antecedents. That night, however, the officer came across Kit himself, and began chaffing him about Bessie. Boasting a little wildly of his knowledge on domestic matters, there was a row. The officer threatened—Kit retaliated. Then some of the older men stepped in, and separated them before blows had actually been struck. Harry Walters, however, came in in time to hear his daughter's name bandied about; and, it being Christmas-eve, the old man was not perfectly sober. So he gave the officer a bit of his mind, and, warming with the subject, ended by threatening to pitch him over the cliff if he ever said a word against Bessie again. Then Kit, who had been standing by, got the old man away, and for a few hours the matter was at rest.

Next morning Bessie started for East Lulworth, to attend high mass. The first portion of the service was over; the girl was kneeling, when a sudden faintness and confusion, followed by an indescribable thrill of horror and fear, came over her. For a few minutes she knelt on, trying to master it; then, fearing some dreadful illness was upon her, she rose and left the chapel, sitting down under one of the great trees in the beautiful park in which the chapel stands; but here the same impulse to move seemed to oblige her to go on, and leaving her almost without power of resistance.

"I can not go home this way," she thought: "I maun goo round by the Arish Mell; mey be Kit will be there, and I'll be better when I see him." Then, as the remembrance of the officer's questions came into her memory, her fears grew more intense, until, losing all control, she ran swiftly on, angry with herself for having taken the longest way home, and picturing all manner of harm and danger to Kit.

On she went down the long, steep path leading to the ruined chapel of Bindon. Suddenly she stopped.

Surely that was Kit, walking along the cliffs—yes, going slowly, as if watching or waiting! Then he stood still, crouching down.

Bessie ran on now, if possible, faster, thinking

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she would surprise him by getting under the cliff, and so come on him unawares. Sure-footed as a goat, and knowing every rock and turn, the girl rounded the corner over the smuggler's cave, and crept along in the direction of the Fossil Forest. Presently she stopped and shrank back, standing close to a crevice in a fallen mass of rock; close and still, as if turned to stone herself, for there, within a hundred yards, wrapped in a night cloak and hood to keep off the keen east wind, stood the revenue officer, watching with his glass a passing vessel. Behind him, creeping like a panther down the steep cliff, was Kit Roberts!

A thousand sparks seemed flashing before Bessie's eyes; her lips opened; she tried to scream, but her voice was gone; she tried to start forward, but her knees gave way, and falling, she lay still, impelled by a horrible attraction to watch the murder; to see her lover, the man who in a few weeks was to be her husband, deliberately steal upon the officer, and with a sudden spring and blow, with his outstretched hands strike him over the cliff. She heard the murdered man's death yell, but no more; a cold hand seemed laid upon her heart, and sense left her.

When she recovered, Kit was sitting by her, his face white, and a terrible expression of fear and anger glaring out of his blood-shot eyes.

"How did you come here?" he asked, making no attempt to raise Bessie up or excuse himself.

Bessie told him; his face grew wilder. Springing up, he dragged her up too, almost crushing her wrists as he did so.

"There's only two ways to silence you, and by Heaven you shall take the alternative: follow me, or go with me to the priest at Dorchester, and be married. You come out of chapel to meet me; they'll hear we're off to Dorchester, and I'll be safe both from them and you."

* * * * * *

Three days after, Bessie was a bride. The girl hardly knew how those days had passed. She had been kept prisoner in a small room at the top of a house in some back street in Dorchester. Kit had brought her something to eat twice or thrice a day. Sometimes he spoke a few kind words, sometimes only scowled, and staggered, half drunk, out of the room. The third day he brought her a gay bonnet and shawl, and took her to the chapel.

All this time Bessie had been in a sort of dream; but the sight of the priest, the altar, and the holy words she heard broke the spell. All her love for Kit came rushing back, intensified to almost an agony of passion by the knowledge of his crime and his danger. The old flush came back to her eyes, the old color to her cheek. Kit felt her hand clasp round his as they left the altar, and before they quitted the chapel she drew down his head to whisper,

"I will save you though I die for it."

Meantime the body of the coast-guard had been found. Harry Walters's threat was corroborated by a dozen voices, and the old man hurried off to jail. The village was in a ferment of wonder and excitement, for simultaneous with the murder was Bessie Walters's elopement with Kit Roberts.

The first news that met Bessie and her husband was that of her father's arrest.

Who can describe the girl's horror and misery, the perplexity which beset and crushed her—on the one hand, to see her father hung for a crime of which her husband was guilty; on the other, to denounce the true murderer, and save her father by the sacrifice of her husband?

There was one thread of hope: the evidence against Harry Walters was merely circumstantial. Those who had heard him swear vengeance against the officer were now ready to swear he was drunk, and that a more forgiving, peaceable man never lived. Then, again, there was really no evidence to prove that the man met his death by unfair means at all. It was quite possible he might have slipped, and fallen over the cliff.

Once Bessie saw her father; but she dare not go to him again: his very love, and sorrow for the trouble and shame this accusation against him was bringing upon her and her husband, made her misery almost unendurable.

As the time for the assizes drew near, rumor again became open-mouthed, and when the first day came on, and the list of cases for trial was published, it became evident that the very men who had sworn to stick by the poor old man, and prove him innocent in spite of fifty judges, would all, by the blatant evidence of their imagination, and their love for publicity, go against and try their best to hang their old friend and neighbor.

Harry's trial was second on the list. Bessie, nearly crazy with conflicting feeling, was told she should see him then, in case of things going badly, when, of course, an interview would be more difficult. Afraid to refuse, lest she should rouse suspicion, Bessie went. She was alone with her father—hiding her face on his breast or his arm, not daring to trust herself to look into his face, aged and bent more by those few weeks than by all the hard days' work and trials of fifty years of life.

"Don't ye fret, my darling. To know I be innocent as an unborn babby."

A great and exceeding bitter cry burst from Bessie's lips.

"Don't say that. Oh! fayther, you've kill'd me! I must tell ye—I must tell ye, or my heart will break. Kit did it, fayther—"

The old man sprang to his feet; he had been kneeling beside the seat she was on.

"He did it, fayther, I seed him!" And, twining the arm that, with hand clinched, hung by her, she told him the story of her husband's crime and her misery.

When she had done he still stood, his hands clinched, his head drooping.

Suddenly he turned, and lifting her up to his arms, held her to his heart as he had done when, as a motherless child, she had come to him for comfort in her childish trials.

"Bessie, my darling, ye ve done right in telling me. I can die happy when I know why I die. No, my dear, ye're not to fret; it's ye I'm thinkin' for, not Kit. God 'll have to think for him. It's ye, darling—ye'll find it hard to hold your tongue, but you must, dear. I'm your fayther, and God has given me a right to command my child. My command is t' ye go back to Kit, and help the Lord to make him a better man. I hadn't many years to live, Bessie. It's not much whether I go this year or five years later; and I allow I won't be hardly judged in the other world for wot I'm doing now."

What was the girl to do? Kit was her husband; there was still a chance for her father. She went out of the prison, thinking she could be patient; but when daylight dawned upon her aching, sleepless eyes, she knew her fate was come.

Kit was sitting at the table writing when she got out of bed. She went over to him, and put her arms round him; he looked up in her face.

God knows what he saw there; perhaps the shadow of her doom or his. Whatever it was, it made him lay his head upon the table, and sob in the very bitterness of a man's despairing passion.

Bessie did not try to comfort him. She had her work to do. Kit sobbed on; then, turning, he came over to his wife, and laid his hand on her shoulder.

"You are right, Bessie; only you are not to do it. I'll do it myself." And he left her.

Bessie ran after him: he was gone. Rushing back to her room, she began dressing; life and death depended upon it—ay, indeed, life and death; for, even as she hurried down stairs, a crowd came to the door—a crowd with white, frightened faces—bearing in their midst a body!

Kit had shot himself. The paper he had been writing when Bessie gave him her last kiss was a full confession of his crime.

Harry Walters was released, but never showed his face in Lulworth. When Bessie was able to move, they emigrated, and no tidings of them, weal or woe, have ever reached their old home.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

Immediately after the Chicago fire skillful men commenced making experiments in restoring defaced writing and printing on charred bonds, currency, and valuable papers. One of the greatest difficulties experienced has been to separate papers which were rolled or folded together. Cinders are brittle, and close rolls of them are likely to crumble into pieces before they can be separated. In view of this fact, some valuable directions are given by a Chicago newspaper in regard to the arrangement of papers in safes, and the treatment of them after a fire has occurred. These directions, in brief, are as follows:

First, before the fire.—Have a separate compartment in your safe large enough to spread out the papers at full size. Pack them in tight. Keep bills in packages similar to those in banks, never rolling or folding them up.

Second, after the fire.—Let your safe alone till it cools off thoroughly, and then never break it open. Pry it open with levers, jimmies, or screws. Never open it on a windy day, as many a book reduced to cinders has been blown away. When opened, take out the contents with the utmost possible care, preserving their positions and condition as nearly as possible. Pack them in cotton, put them in a trunk, and transport them as carefully as possible to the place where they will be deciphered.

The new Congressional Library building, completed only about a year ago, is already too small for the constantly increasing volumes which claim a place in it. The library now contains [illegible] volumes, and not far from 5000 are annually added to the number. It has been suggested that the government purchase the squares north and south of the eastern portion of the Capitol grounds, and erect a building which shall accommodate not only the present and prospective wants of the Library of Congress, but also the Supreme Court of the United States, the Court of Claims, the Department of Justice, and government commissions.

A congregation of Israelites in Chicago have given up the Jewish Sabbath, and observe the Christian, on the first day of the week.

Times change. During the year 1861 there appeared in the New Orleans *Picayune* the following advertisement, prefixed by the usual cut representing a runaway slave:

$5 Reward.—Ran away from the subscribers, on the [illegible] of November last, the negro boy Oscar Dunn, an apprentice to the plastering trade. He is of griffe color, between twenty and twenty-one years of age, and about five feet ten or eleven inches high. All persons are cautioned not to harbor said boy under penalty of the law. Wilson & [illegible], corner of St. John and Commons streets.

This same Oscar Dunn has been Lieutenant-Governor of Louisiana. His death was recently announced.

Georgia young ladies under eighteen have an incentive placed before them to excel in the culinary department. The directors of the Fair Association of Columbia have offered a prize of seventy-five dollars to the under-eighteen-year-old young lady who will cook the best dinner on the fair grounds with the following bill of fare:

Roast beef, chicken pie, corn-bread, plain biscuit, mashed potatoes, boiled rice, and one kind of pastry, to be selected by the cook. Provisions furnished by the directors, the young lady furnishing only an apron for work.

Just now it may be of some interest to our readers to refresh their memories in regard to the reigning sovereign of Russia and his family. Alexander II., Emperor of Russia, born April 17, 1818, son of Emperor Nicholas I. and of Princess Charlotte of Prussia; succeeded his father February 18, 1855; married April 16, 1841, to Marie, born August 8, 1824, daughter of Grand Duke Ludwig II. of Hesse-Darmstadt. Children: 1. Grand Duke Alexander, heir-apparent, born February 26, 1845, married November 9, 1866, to Maria Dagmar, daughter of King Christian IX. of Denmark; son, Nicholas, born May 18, 1868. 2. Grand Duke Vladimir, born April 10, 1847. 3. Grand Duke Alexis, born January 2, 1850. 4. Grand Duchess Maria, born October 5, 1853. 5. Grand Duke Sergius, born April, 1857. 6. Grand Duke Paul, born September 21, 1860. Sister of the emperor, Grand Duchess Olga, born August 30, 1822, married to Prince Charles (now King) of Würtemberg.

Alexis is the favorite son of the emperor, and almost invariably accompanies his father in his visits to the different provinces of the empire. He was present at the memorable interview which occurred at Ems last summer between his grand-uncle the Emperor William of Germany and the Emperor of Russia, and only left his father after the interview with the Emperor of Austria in order to join his squadron, then about to sail from Cronstadt for the United States.

The first church in the burned district of Chicago has been erected by the enterprise and energy of Rev. W. M. Parkhurst, pastor in Grace Methodist Episcopal Church. It is located on the corner of Chicago Avenue and North La Salle Street, and affords a very comfortable place of worship, though designed only for temporary use.

The color of the "period" is "Russian green." The most stylish trimming for infants is "Alexis garniture."

The newsboys of the Rivington-street Lodging-House contributed $16 in aid of the Chicago sufferers. The receipt of the money was acknowledged by the Rev. Robert Collyer in the following characteristic letter:

Chicago, November 17, 1871.

To the Boys of the Rivington-street Lodging-House:

My dear Fellows,—Your great friend and mine, Mr. Williams, has sent me a letter from Mr. Calder with one from himself and the $16 you gave to help Chicago through this hard pinch. I write this to thank you for what you have done, right out of my heart—to tell you that I think your subscription is one of the grandest that was ever made for any thing, because you must have so very little to spare; and whenever you get into a tight place this winter, I want you to feel you have helped some poor fellow out of a tighter.

Now I will tell you what I mean to do with this money. I mean to keep it all to itself, and whenever, as long as it lasts, I see any boy or girl I think needs a dollar, I will take one of yours to give them. I hope I shall make no mistake, and give it to the right sort—just to those who really need it, and not to those who are shamming. I should hate to be taken in; but if I am, I want you all to try and remember if you have ever taken a fellow in, and if you have, you must consider my mistake as your punishment, and never do it again. And so, boys, God bless you for your kind hearts and the way you dig your hands deep down in your pockets. I am always yours,

Robert Collyer,

"the very same chap that was preaching beside a burned church in *Harper's Weekly*, I am."

This letter produced immense gratification among the newsboys, who asked for a second reading of it, that they might wholly comprehend it. It was pronounced "a holly epistle." Most of them said they had seen the "chap" in *Harper's Weekly*.

A severe winter is predicted. Whether it will be so in this section of the country remains to be seen. It is true that the bitter cold has already invaded London. Many deaths have been reported as the direct result of the severe weather. And from Western plains come reports of men and cattle frozen to death. But experience proves that the state of the weather in one part of the world is not a reliable index for another part of the world. Yet when wintry blasts begin to blow there will be need here, as every where, for the charitable to extend help to the naked, unsheltered poor, who have little ability to prepare for emergencies.

For a long time a law has existed in Russia forbidding the lending of money at a higher rate of interest than five per cent. This law had precisely the opposite effect to that which was intended, for as very few people could be found to lend money at a legal rate, a class of usurers sprung up who charged enormous sums to cover themselves against a risk of breaking the law. A ukase has now been issued under which the lending of money is permitted without restriction as to the rate of interest, and it is hoped that the competition which this will produce will considerably lower the rates hitherto charged.

We see it stated that smoking in the streets of Chicago is forbidden. This is merely a precautionary measure, but non-smokers, who have often been forced to walk behind inveterate smokers, will rejoice.

It is stated that Edwin Booth has acted Hamlet over twelve hundred times.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

THE BOSS'S DREAM OF THANKSGIVING

[WHICH DID NOT COME TRUE.]

Come, send the sparkling Champagne round—
 Glasses and bottles for four,
And bottles and glasses ten thousandfold
 We can make on that Court-house floor.
Away with the rule of kings and queens,
 And such [illegible] ill-won wealth;
But we'll always fill with a right good-will,
 And drink to our Keyser's health.

Fill up again, old comrades, fill!
 The "Charter" will stand it all:
"The more the merrier," don't ye hear,
 From our classical friend O'Hall?
Hip, hip, hurrah! let us drink away,
 And empty one flowing bowl
To our good comrade in the furniture trade,
 Our Chair-man, Ingersoll!

Of merry lives ours is the choicest one;
 For there's no good monarch alive
Ruling his subjects at "two per cent."
 And not taking twenty-five.
Fill up, fill up, and drain one big cup
 Ere we go from the banquet, *Hall*,
To every one of the Garvey clan
 Who plastered the Court-house wall.

Again fill up your beakers, boys,
 For a glorious toast to give:
"The Press"—I'm loath, but long may both
 The [illegible] and [illegible] live!
Ah! Connolly winks, and Sweeny thinks
 Of [illegible] a Park [illegible].
There, I'll make amends with a year, my friends—
 We all may go [illegible] next year!

Now that we've cared for our friends so well,
 Let us drink a toast or two
To our wily foes, who turn their noses
 At Connolly, you, and you.
Hic, hic, I'm sick—your napkin, Dick;
 Going round is the banquet, Hall,
I see some Seventy Shadows point
 To "the writing on the wall!"

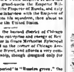
Autumn Hem—Cutting wind for winter.

No matter how prosperous their business may be, whalers and lard-makers always have trying times.

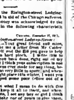
Shakespeare would never have asked "what's in a name?" if he had been hit on the head with a brick.

Enraged parent: "Did you throw the half-brick [illegible]?" Weeping boy: "No, I threw it at John Williams." "And did you strike him on purpose?" "No, I struck him on the nose."

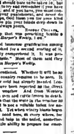
THE GRAND DUKE.



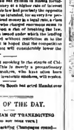
Isn't he a Duck?



Isn't he a Dear?



The Lion of the Day.



The Great Russian Bear.

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YE GRAND DUCAL BALL AT THE ACADEMY OF MUSIC.—[BY OUR COMIC ARTIST.]

THE WRECK.

The effective illustration on this page is very appropriate at this season of the year, when our long line of sea-coast, stretching from Nova Scotia to Mexico, is strewn with wrecks. The sacrifice of life and property by fires and other disasters on land is comparatively insignificant when compared with that on our lakes and sea-coasts. This is partly owing to official negligence. Long stretches of dangerous coast remain unguarded by light-houses, and the provisions for the rescue of shipwrecked seamen and passengers are inadequate to the service required.

In this respect we are far behind England. We read in a recent number of the *Life-Boat* that during the past year 1865 vessels were wrecked on the coast of the United Kingdom, involving the loss of 774 lives. Nearly half of this loss resulted from ten wrecks, 180 being drowned in the *Cambria*, and 200 in nine other vessels. The number of lives saved during the year amounted to 4654, and of these a large proportion were rescued by the life-boats of the National Life-boat Institution. Of the total number of wrecks "705 happened when the wind was such that a ship could carry her top-gallant sails, 141 when a ship ought to be well able to hold her course, and 492 with the wind at and above a strong gale."

The *Life-Boat* speaks of the facility with which incompetent persons obtain command of vessels as one of the most frequent causes of shipwreck. With reference to the losses on the English coasts it says: "We observe that 427 vessels were lost last year while under the command of masters who held certificates of competency; and that in 180 other cases the masters held certificates of service. But no less than 813 of the wrecked vessels were under the command of persons not possessing, and not required to possess, certificates of competency, in addition to 165 cases where it is not known whether or not the masters held certificates, and 274 where foreign masters not holding British certificates were employed. It is mat[ters] like these that call loudly for legislative inter[fer]ence."

The average number of American vessels lo[st] in all parts of the world, is about forty-[two a] month, or more than one a day. In money, [the] average loss is $1,500,000 a month, or $50,0[00] a day. Enormous as these figures may se[em] they form but a small portion of the total [losses] of the world. Thus, in 1866, out [of a] loss of 11,711 vessels, 571 were Ame[rican]; in 1867 our loss was 536 out of a to[tal of] 12,513. A large proportion of these [occ]ur on our own coast, owing to the insuff[icient] means of warning. The line of coast le[ft]

THE WRECK.—[Drawn by Granville Perkins, Engraved by W. J. Linton.]

the light-houses is not systematically patrolled, as it should be, and no regular look-out at sea is kept for endangered vessels. The light-house keepers, not being subject to a strict government surveillance, are frequently negligent of their duties, and so remiss or so incompetent are the inspectors that, only a year or two ago, the officers of vessels sailing along the coast were requested to keep a watch upon the light-house keepers and to report every instance of neglect. Many fearful disasters are traceable directly to the failure of the light-house keepers to perform their duty.

The readers of *Harper's Weekly* will find the most complete assortment of Ladies' and Gentlemen's Underwear, Gloves, etc., etc.; also Robes de Chambre and House Coats, for Holiday Presents, at Union Adams & Co.'s, 637 Broadway, near Bleecker St., N. Y.—[Com.]

EXAMPLE FOR THE LADIES.

Mrs. E. J. Stott, Elkader, Iowa, besides doing all the housework for a family of four persons, made last year, with a Wheeler & Wilson Machine, one hundred and fifty fashionable dresses, hemmed over 2000 yards of blazed ruffling, and made quite a number of under-garments. This is about her average work a year, in all kinds of general sewing, for seven years, with no repairs to her machine.—[Com.]

THERE IS NO EXCUSE

For a lady appearing in society with her face covered with freckles, tan, and other disfigurements which the skin is liable to, while they can obtain a harmless toilet preparation for effectually removing all such blemishes. Ask your druggist for a bottle of Geo. W. Laird's "Bloom of Youth." You will be surprised and delighted with the effect it will produce. After using a short time it will leave the skin soft, smooth, clear, and radiant in beauty.

Depot, 5 Gold St., N. Y.—[Com.]

The Stem-Winding E. Howard & Co. Watches can not be excelled by any made in the world. Not only do they require no key for winding, but the hands are also set by the stem. Examine them before buying. Office, 15 Maiden Lane, N. Y.—[Com.]

Pyle's O.K. Soap, Saleratus, and Cream-Tartar, first-class household articles that will speak for themselves on trial, sold by all first-class grocers. James Pyle, Manufacturer, 350 Washington St., N. Y.—[Com.]

DU CHAILLU'S LECTURES.

M. Du Chaillu's services as a lecturer may be obtained by addressing the American Literary Bureau of New York, Boston, and Chicago.—[Com.]

Hall's Vegetable Sicilian Hair Renewer is a preparation of great merit, and is rapidly displacing all others for the hair.—[Com.]

The Youth's Companion.—A sort of Chambers's Journal for the young—a paper to elevate as well as please.—[Com.]

Mothers and Nurses.—Burnett's Kalliston is admirable for the sensitive skin of infants.—[Com.]

ADVERTISEMENTS.

FOR PIMPLY ERUPTIONS,

Black Heads, and Blotched Disfigurations on the Face, use Perry's Comedone and Pimple Remedy. Prepared only by Dr. B. C. PERRY, Dermatologist, 49 Bond St., New York. Sold by all Druggists.

SAVE YOUR LIFE

BY PROMPTLY USING

WINCHESTER'S HYPOPHOSPHITES,

A Chemically pure preparation of

PHOSPHORUS,

Which is a most important constituent of the human body, existing largely in the Brain, Nervous System, Blood, and Bones. It is the UNDUE WASTE or DEFICIENCY of this important element, and [illegible] the IMMEDIATE CAUSE of

CONSUMPTION, NERVOUS DEBILITY, PARALYSIS, DYSPEPSIA, SCROFULA, &c.

The proper Remedy for the effectual treatment and cure of the above Diseases consists in restoring to the Brain, Nervous System, Lungs, and Blood their due proportion of PHOSPHORUS.

WINCHESTER'S HYPOPHOSPHITES

is the only preparation which accomplishes this result; and it is an absolute cure for the Diseases above named.

Circulars, Information, and Advice Free.

Prepared only by J. WINCHESTER & CO., Chemists, 36 John Street, New York, and sold by all Druggists.

Price $1 and $2 per Bottle.

TO TRAPPERS.—DEER WANTED.

Fifty (50) common red or black-tailed deer for breeding purposes, delivered on railroad in good condition. Address, before delivery, BLOOMING GROVE PARK, No. 141 Fulton Street, New York.

$10 from 50cts.

12 Samples sent (postage paid) for Fifty Cents, that retail easily for Ten Dollars. R. L. Wolcott, N. Y.

AGENTS Wanted.—Agents make more money at [illegible] Particulars free. G. Stinson & Co., Fine Art Publishers, Portland, Maine.

FACES ON THE WALL.

By HARRIET BEECHER STOWE,

Author of "Uncle Tom's Cabin," "Minister's Wooing," &c.

ONCE there was a very good little girl, who, by reason of her goodness, knew where to find strawberries in the winter. In the same way, less perfect people, blessed by the generous fairies of memory and imagination, may sit, as I do now, in the midst of falling leaves and whistling winds, and call back the green grasses and the summer sun. I see yonder in the glen the darling of our house, the gold gleam in her brown hair, a chain of daisies in her hand, and in her eyes the roguish meditation of a kitten, weary for an instant only of its play, and thinking slyly on another spring. Thrown back upon the velvet grass, she is not resting, only pausing; from her bright glances to the tips of her tiny fingers she is wide awake.

But now the merry play is over, and our pet nestles yonder on the sofa cushion, tired at last in earnest. Slowly the lids fall, and the lingering smile dies out; but the flush in cheek and lip remains, like the glow after sunset. The gathered buttercups and daisies are loosely held by the fair little hand; no shadows, even of dream-land, disturb the sweet brow's perfect peace. She is fast asleep.

In other words, two chromos hang upon the wall, bewitching child heads, in which every mother sees something of her own dear ones, never grown old, and never lost to her, however time or death may have dealt with them.

Nothing pleases more at first sight or gives pleasure longer than poetical pictures of children. "The little child" whom Jesus sets in the midst of every family is a joy that grows not old and fades not.

"Age can not wither—custom can not stale
Its infinite variety."

For this reason a happy picture of a child brings an enjoyment more lasting than any other, because it is a subject of which no one ever tires.

But these pictures, besides their constant charm for grown folks, are such as children can understand and love. Our little "Wide Awake" and "Fast Asleep" would give many a pleasant hour of companionable amusement and interest to the little people akin to them in age. The pictures that children's eyes rest on, as they are dropping off to sleep or as they awake in the morning, seem to them like living friends. All sorts of childish dreams and fancies make of the pictured face a real companion. Not only in the parlor or the sitting-room would they be an attractive and fitting embellishment, but they are a charming pair for the adornment of a nursery.

Undoubtedly these two pictures are portraits. There is a realistic faithfulness and truth about them that forbids the idea of their being fancy heads. They will remind many parents of little ones, either here or in heaven. Dickens says somewhere of his portraiture of little Nell that he has had letters from the farthest regions of the earth speaking of children who resembled her—so dear, and so early taken! He who paints one child well, paints thousands, and speaks to the tenderest feelings of innumerable hearts.

Of course there is a pleasure in possessing an original painting; but when the question lies between an original at five hundred dollars, and a chromo which can scarcely be distinguished from it at ten dollars—particularly when one has not the five hundred to spare—the choice is not very difficult. As to these two exquisite chromos, only a critical examination can distinguish between the copies and the originals which sold for many hundreds—which is certainly more than can be said of the best copies of most pictures painted by hand.

Blessings upon chromo-lithography, by which the successful painting of a master can be reproduced indefinitely, and can enter thousands of homes with its educating, quickening, reforming influences!

It is not alone into the dwellings of the great and wealthy that we follow this pretty pair with ascriptions of delight. We see them in the cottages of the poor, in the log cabin of the backwoodsman, brightening the toil of the hard-working wife and mother, and receiving the almost adoring wonder of children who have never seen pictures before.

God bless the darlings—send the little comforters fast and far!

The charming *pair* of oil chromos, "Wide Awake" and "Fast Asleep," of whose real beauty and attractiveness Mrs. Stowe's graceful sketch can give but an imperfect idea—so pleasing are they to all who love art or children—have always sold in the picture stores for $10, and the original publisher has never been able to supply the great demand for them even at that price. And yet, although thousands of them have been sold in America at that high price, they are now within the reach of all, for they are

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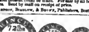

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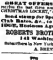

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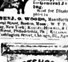

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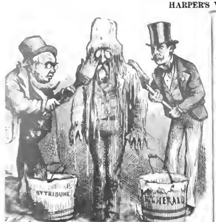

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THE REISSUE OF

HARPER'S WEEKLY

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

Vol. XV.—No. 782.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 23, 1871. [WITH A SUPPLEMENT PRICE TEN CENTS

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1871, by Harper & Brothers, in the Office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington.

THE FOUNDLING.—Drawn by Sol Eytinge, Jun.—[See Page 1203.]

HARPER'S WEEKLY.
Saturday, December 23, 1871.

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THE PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE.

EVEN more agreeable than the facts which the President's Message contains is its thoroughly American tone. It speaks of the peaceful arbitration at Geneva as every honest citizen feels; and it is a soldier, taunted by party hostility as addicted to the methods of camps and armies, and who might have appealed to the traditional national jealousy of England, who quietly hopes that the result of the arbitration may be the metamorphosis of military hosts into industrial armies. The Senate-chamber, which for so long heard only specious Presidential apologies of slavery, and, more recently, sophistical Presidential pleas against equal rights, heard in this Message the recommendation that citizens of the United States be forbidden, so far as possible, from holding property in man elsewhere, and the declaration that all citizens of the United States should be protected by their government in the enjoyment of rights which the government has guaranteed.

It is in such declarations as these, and in the general humane spirit of the Message, that the profound political change in this country is seen. The old Democratic Presidential messages, which toward the end were mere special pleas for injustice and crime, seem as far removed from a message like this of General GRANT as the old Washington of the slave pen is removed from the free Washington of to-day. And when it is remembered that such a message undoubtedly expresses the popular sentiment, while the party that so long perverted that sentiment is dissolving, it is impossible not to take fresh courage, and to feel that no good word and no brave deed is lost. The very plainness of the Message, like the homely phrase of Mr. LINCOLN, inspires confidence. There is no mistaking the meaning, and the meaning commends itself to sympathy and approval. In a brief paragraph, for instance, the President states our position upon the Cuban question. There is no Buncombe in it. We abstain, he says, habitually from interference in the affairs of other powers, but our naval commanders are to protect the rights of American citizens, and the dignity of the flag; and all questions between Spain and the United States arising from the Cuban difficulty are to be treated in a spirit of conciliation. We shall be glad, also, to hear that there has been a warm expression of the regret with which this Government has heard of the inhuman excesses of the Volunteers.

The President's remarks upon amnesty probably surprised many persons. But the simple and direct way in which he states the case is very conclusive. When all are admitted to vote, it is foolish to exclude some from eligibility to office because they may have violated an oath, which they took because, being more esteemed than others, they held office. The others would doubtless have violated the oath had they had the opportunity. The President expresses his opinion very distinctly, and leaves the whole subject to Congress. He is equally direct in what he says of civil service reform. His aim, he says, has been to appoint honest and capable men to office. If he has sometimes failed, it is because of the evil system which has the weight of long usage upon its side. The appointing power must generally depend upon the certificates of others, and these certificates are given in the most irresponsible manner. The President truly says that if those who recommend candidates could be held to some kind of actual responsibility, it would produce much greater caution than is now observed. He accepts unreservedly the authority conferred upon him to inaugurate civil service reform, and promises a fair trial to the recommendations that may be made to him under the law. Of course what he says he means. He has not hitherto betrayed any trust confided to him, and those who have supposed that in the matter of the reform he is a wily politician trying to throw a tub to the whale, and to seem to do without doing, will be undeceived.

Upon the financial question, the reduction of taxation and the revision of the tariff, there will always be differences of opinion within the party; but the President's suggestions will undoubtedly be generally approved. The union of the telegraph and postal system is another open question which is not determined by party lines, as was shown by the debate in the House upon the reference of the subject. It involves a great many considerations besides the cost of the existing lines. The Mormon question also is one upon which honest differences must continue. That the laws against bigamy should be openly and flagrantly violated without restraint is not to be allowed. But when the question is complicated with religious feelings, the most expedient remedy becomes a subject of careful deliberation.

Upon all these points the President declares himself distinctly. There is something comical in the epithet "mysterious" when applied to a man who says so frankly what he honestly thinks. A plainer, more satisfactory, and more popular Message, in a good sense, has been seldom sent to Congress. It will be read and meditated every where in the country by all kinds of people, and we do not believe that it will diminish their respect for the President, nor their confidence in his purpose and sagacity.

CONGRESS.

THE present Congress is what is called a President-making Congress—a phrase which is a sharp criticism. But this year there seems to be little need of especial thought upon that subject, since, although there is perfect liberty to differ, so far as the Republican party is concerned the President is already made. If there are Republicans who wish for amnesty, the President is of their opinion. If there are others who wish for civil service reform, he has assumed the responsibility, and will abide the result of the trial. The San Domingo question he left last year with Congress, and has not returned to it. Mere personal discontent is not bond enough for a powerful party. The present Congress, therefore, will have little to do in President-making, and may devote itself to the legislation which the country requires.

The Secretary of the Treasury, who has not been in favor of sudden or serious reductions of taxation, repeats at the opening of his report the principle of his financial administration. He states that taxation has not been oppressive to individuals, and has not diminished the business of the country. Relief from taxation is desirable, yet it is still more desirable to sustain the high position of the public credit, to enable the government to raise large loans upon favorable terms hereafter, should it be necessary. This position can be maintained only by a rapid reduction of the debt, and there must be taxation enough to provide for that reduction. This has always been the financial policy of the Secretary, and he does not propose to relinquish it now. But he says that the last few years have been so unprecedentedly prosperous that it is practicable to dispense with all revenue from internal sources except that from stamps, spirits, tobacco, and malt liquors; and that upon the basis of the estimate for the next year, and with a reservation of fifty millions of dollars for payments on account of the public debt, including the amount due on the sinking fund, there would remain the possibility of a reduction, under the foreign and domestic revenue laws, of thirty-six millions of dollars.

He recommends, therefore, an abolition of all duties upon a large class of articles which are not produced in the United States—a suggestion which the President adopts. The composition of the Committee of Ways and Means leaves it a little doubtful, however, whether the protectionist principle of this recommendation will be fully adopted. The chairman of the committee, Mr. DAWES, is in favor of a mild tariff, but the tendency of the committee seems to be toward the principle of revenue reform. Some of the advocates of that policy in the House, however, must be more happily instructed than they were last year, or their own cause will be seriously harmed. They must learn that the true principle of a revenue reform tariff is not the reduction of duties upon those foreign products which are universally used by us, but which are not produced here, such as tea, coffee, etc., because such duties are the most equable of all customs taxation. The abolition of such a tax seems, indeed, to be the lightening of popular burdens; but the ground of the revenue reformer is that a tax falling upon all equally is more tolerable than a tax which directly benefits a class. If wages are higher here than elsewhere, duties which increase prices virtually reduce wages. On the other hand, it is a fact of experience that where wages are high the condition of the laborer is prosperous.

But the friends of a positive revenue reform policy must not expect it of this Congress. There is no question that public opinion at present favors the general principle announced by the President, that reduction of duties should be made upon those articles which can best bear it without disturbing home production or reducing the wages of American labor. While the necessary revenue is so large—and there is no question of the important part that customs taxes must bear in raising it—those taxes are likely to be adjusted upon that principle. We may expect, therefore, to see the income tax abolished and the internal revenue system simplified, the duties on salt and coal diminished, and a large number of singly unimportant articles put upon the free list. But more than this can hardly be done without a reversal of the Secretary's policy.

An amnesty bill will probably be passed. The President says that Congress may think best to make certain conspicuous exceptions. But there is no ground whatever upon which they can properly be made. The argument which he strongly urges against continued ineligibility is conclusive against exceptions. JEFFERSON DAVIS is no more guilty than less noted men, and to except him would be to invest him with factitious importance. It would not brand him as a criminal, it would canonize him as a martyr. Indeed, as no line which is not absolutely arbitrary can be drawn, it should not be attempted.

The Ku-Klux bill will undoubtedly be the subject of interesting debates. The report of the committee upon the subject and the minority report will soon be submitted. This law and the measures of the Administration under it are the chief points of the attack of the opposition, and the discussion should be ample enough to satisfy the country at least of the constitutionality and wisdom of the law, and of the expediency of the action taken by the Executive.

That all has been done which the situation requires, or that it has been well done, we are far from saying. We are speaking now only of the constitutional question. That the amendments have changed the Constitution in some important points there is little doubt in the minds of those who are most familiar with their intention, and who have most carefully studied them. It was intended that the rights guaranteed by the United States to all its citizens should not be left to the pleasure of the States in which those citizens reside, to be protected or disregarded as the States might elect. It was intended that there should no longer be any excuse for the charge that the United States, in enforcing its laws, could by any possibility invade a State, because the national government is always in every State, and constantly dealing directly with every citizen. The amendments were intended to dispose forever of the sophistical theory of a league of States. These are facts which should be clearly developed in the debate, for the instruction of the country, that in the campaign of 1872 the argument for the enforcement of the Fourteenth Amendment may not be an apology, but an assertion.

Every Congress is a President-making Congress in this sense, that its conduct confirms or weakens the hold upon the country of the party that elected the Chief Magistrate.

THE SOUTHERN STATES.

THE President says that "the condition of the Southern States is, unhappily, not such as all true patriotic citizens would like to see." It is, in fact, what such citizens sincerely dislike to see. But the problem is not so simple as some intelligent critics assume. Of course the talk of the old guard of slavery about the frightful overthrow of liberty in those States by the "ignoble incubus" and "usurper," whom they used to call with the same propriety "butcher," troubles the country very little. It sustains him by increasing majorities, wisely deeming liberty somewhat safer with those who abolished slavery than with those who strove to perpetuate it. There is a very plain logic upon this subject in the American mind; and the Democratic critics, although too dull to see it, would yet help their cause by changing their point and method of assault.

We say that the problem is not simple. When the war ended we were of those who thought the better policy was to maintain for some time the complete national supremacy in the Southern States. But another policy prevailed, and we have to deal with its results. There were three classes of persons in those States—the old slave-holding proprietors, the poor whites, and the freedmen. The first two classes had been rebels, and the last had been honestly loyal. The first class comprised the persons of property and education, the traditional political leaders; the other two classes were ignorant and poor. The state of feeling was, of course, deplorable. The old proprietors and the poor whites were morbid with hate of the Yankee, and bitterly humiliated by their defeat. The easy contempt of the first for the late slaves had changed into a feeling of aversion, and a resolution, which was not surprising, to do what was possible still to hold them as inferiors. The jealousy which the poor whites felt for a class from which they were separated only by caste became hatred when caste disappeared.

The first attempt of the proprietary class was to recover political control of their States, and to remand the freedmen to virtual slavery. This could not be allowed; and by laws of prohibition, of disfranchisement, and ineligibility on the one hand, and of equal civil and political rights upon the other, it was defeated. The operation of these laws was necessarily deplorable in many ways, but the alternative was still more deplorable. Political power was taken from the old proprietors and given to the new men; but had it remained with the old proprietors, the condition of the new men would unquestionably have been such that the United States could not have tolerated it, and would have peremptorily changed the situation. Indeed, that was really very much the course of events, the original settlement being milder than that which followed. The Ku-Klux was, as the *Nation* says, naturally developed from this situation. Hate of the victorious Union, and of the freedmen who represented it, with the indignation at laws which were believed to submit the whites to the blacks, took expression in secret conspiracies which aimed at the control of the blacks and their friends by terror; and in certain parts of the Southern States the Ku-Klux has unquestionably produced anarchy.

Meanwhile the disabilities have been gradually removed, and the President now suggests that they be made to disappear entirely. But in the degree that this has taken place the situation has become worse in the Southern States. It is alleged that the exclusion of part of the old proprietary class from political power and from office has thrown the conduct of affairs into the hands of ignorant knaves, white adventurers, and ductile blacks. But the number of those actually disfranchised has long been very small, and the explanation does not suffice. Then it is said that where knaves legislate we must expect the Ku-Klux, and that it is useless to hunt the Ku-Klux if honest men do not control the government. But is it gravely meant that the United States must patiently see its citizens harried, whipped, murdered, and terrorized in certain States until honest men are elected to office there? If the difficulty is that there are dishonest and ignorant men in the Legislature, and if disabilities are removed and there is equal suffrage, so that the ordinary chances of a free government are provided for all, must honest citizens submit to be scourged and shot upon the plea that where Legislatures are corrupt public disorders must be expected? What can any honest citizen, white or black, do except vote for honest representatives? And if he and his friends can not carry the election, are they to be murdered because they have not been successful, while the United States tranquilly remark that the principles of free government require the sacrifice?

Nothing more preposterous can be imagined. If the old proprietors and the poor whites, all disabilities being removed, can elect honest officers, we shall all rejoice; but if they can not, they really must not expect to be allowed to shoot their political opponents. We have long favored the completion of amnesty. But amnesty has been for some time practically a fact, and it will be found that the completion will not remove the trouble: it will remove only one of the excuses of the trouble. A wise government will avoid every reasonable pretense for disorder; it will do what it can to secure equal rights; and it will then take care that disorder is not tolerated.

"PASSIVE" CANDIDATES.

LAST September Senator TRUMBULL made a speech at the Illinois State Convention, in which he ably vindicated the Republican party, and said that the alternative of the election was very simple—it was the support of all the elements of hostility to the government known as the Democratic party, or of the party which has made liberty more sure, and has secured the rights of the citizen every where in the country. It was, in fact, an eloquent and hearty plea for the Republican party against the vague assertions of its opponents. Yet the Senator's name has since been freely used in connection with the plans of a coalition against Republican success if the party should renominate General GRANT. He has been supposed to be willing to serve as paw to pull the Democratic chestnuts from the fire. A statement has, however, been recently made which shows that Senator TRUMBULL has not changed his opinion since his Illinois speech in September. He does not, according to this statement, think it desirable that the Republicans should be defeated, and he is of opinion that the time for a dissolution

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of parties has not arrived. He is further reported to have said that his personal relations with the President are very friendly, and that his defeat would produce a serious reaction throughout the Southern States.

If the Senator's views are correctly reported, and, as we have said, they are in unison with those of his speech, they dispose of a great deal of the gossip in regard to the discord of the Republican party. Personal preferences of candidates there must always be, but the attempt to magnify these into no intention or even willingness of every body who can not secure the nomination of his favorite to leave the party is futile. A great journal, like the *Tribune*, in its eagerness to prevent the renomination of a President, may, indeed, involve the party in the discredit which it throws upon the head of the party; but even the *Tribune* has frankly declared that it will support the candidate. Should General Grant be that candidate, its course before the meeting of the Convention may deprive its support of all its force by the general conviction of its insincerity, but the paper will still hold a party position. If, then, so constant and open a hostility to General Grant as that of the *Tribune* will not sever the relation of that paper to the party in the event of his renomination, it is easy to calculate the real value of the difference within the party.

Certainly no Republican has differed more decidedly from the Administration, or has criticised the President more severely, than Senator Sumner. Indeed, it has been very amusing to observe how sedulously the Democratic papers, which have always foully slandered him, have for months been praising him. He, too, has been mentioned as a candidate of the Democratic coalition or passivity against the Republicans, should they renominate General Grant. But in no word or act has Mr. Sumner swerved from those high principles which have always inspired his public action, and which have earned for him the hate and the insults of the Democratic press. He has never faltered in co-operation with his party or in devotion to his country, whose truest interests he believes are promoted by that party. It is undoubtedly his conviction that there are men who should be nominated rather than the President, but he has never said, nor, so we believe, has he ever meant, that the renomination of the President should drive him from the party of whose history and fame his own name is so proud a part.

Indeed, of all the prominent Republicans who have been mentioned as possible leaders of a combination against the Republican party should it renominate General Grant, Senator Schurz is, we believe, the only one who has plainly declared that he will not support him. He said in his speech at Chicago, "I can not, I shall not, indorse a violation of the Constitution in its most vital part by supporting, under any circumstances, the candidacy for re-election of the President who perpetrated it." Of course, in his position, and probably in his intention, not to support is to oppose. Should he or his friends, therefore, take part in the Convention, and withdraw if they find that they can not control it, and array themselves against the candidate, they will also have withdrawn from the party. Party relations are not dissolved without regret in many minds and bitterness in many others, but Mr. Schurz is so naturally a Republican that, in the case we contemplate, his old associates could hardly feel that they had really lost, or his new allies that they had truly gained, him.

The other gentlemen named for the leadership of the new movement, such as Mr. Charles Francis Adams and General Cox and Governor Gratz Brown, are not likely, with the exception of the latter, to accept so forlorn a hope. There would be many considerations. Not only would the controlling element be the old Democratic party, but very many Democrats, if the alternative were voting for a Republican, would vote for General Grant. Moreover, the condition of the alliance would be that minor officers in the election, such as Governors and legislators, must be conceded to the Democrats. But a Missouri victory in the country at large could hardly be desired by any who are not already Democrats. A Republican victory which ends in sending the author of the Brodhead letter to the Senate of the United States is not easily comprehended.

There are—as, unfortunately, there always must be in such cases—grave doubts whether Mr. Trumbull has ever said precisely what is attributed to him in the report of the interview. But the general observations are certainly true, and none truer than the following: "The party is not really divided. Its internal discussions merely exhibit the exercise of individual free-will, and do good, and not harm. It will act as a body, and I think will poll a larger vote than it did in 1868, no matter what frame-work or what candidates are opposed to it."

THE PRESIDENT AND THE CIVIL SERVICE.

The New York *Tribune* says:

"What mockery to talk of civil service reform as something to be effected by device and legal amendment—by boards and regulations! One man has already the whole work completely in his power, and that man is U. S. Grant."

If Congress should pass Mr. Jenckes's bill or any other for the reform of the civil service, we see no mockery in the suggestion that the service might be reformed. And if the President alone should adopt certain rules for the purpose of reform, we can still see no harm in Congressional action to give such rules the authority of law in addition to that which they derive from the President's pleasure. Moreover, if one man, as we admit, has the whole work completely in his power, and that man is the President, he can reform the service only by regulations, since he can not make laws. Why, then, is it mockery to say that he can do the work by regulations?

If the *Tribune* means that the way to reform the civil service is to reform it, as it says that the way to resume specie payments is to resume, and that the work is done if the President will appoint none but fit persons to office, we remind it that the President can not know personally those whom he appoints, and he must, therefore, depend either upon recommendations or upon examinations. The former is the present method, and the *Tribune* knows the value of the recommendations which are presented to the President and the Secretaries. We know, for instance, that the President was once vehemently urged to appoint a man to a responsible financial position. He was personally unknown to the President, but he had cords of certificates, and he was chiefly pressed by a conspicuous gentleman in the party. But counter certificates appeared, and fatal evidence of incapacity, bad habits, and probable dishonesty. The evidence was shown to the conspicuous gentleman, and he was asked what should be done. "Appoint him! appoint him!" was his reply.

But if the President can not trust recommendations of fitness—and no President can—then there remains no other course than to ascertain it by examinations. To do this there must be some method. Now a method can be established only by regulations, and regulations must necessarily be the result of careful consideration. The President in his Message plainly says that Congress has given him power to inaugurate a civil service reform. He acknowledges, with his critics, that he is the man to do it. But no one who understands the condition of the service supposes that regulations for reform can be improvised in a morning. And it is certainly unreasonable to accuse the President of merely promising and really intending to do nothing because he takes care that what he does shall be so matured as to have a fair prospect of securing the reform which the country desires.

PERSONAL.

One of the most popular preachers of the day is the Rev. T. Dewitt Talmage, pastor of the Brooklyn Tabernacle. His sermons, which possess the rare merit to bear reading as well as hearing, are published every week in the *Methodist*, a paper distinguished alike by the scholarly ability with which it is conducted and by the uniform fairness and courtesy that mark its treatment of every question under discussion in its columns. These sermons, which form so attractive and valuable a feature in the *Methodist*, are to be published in book form by Messrs. Harper & Brothers.

—Governor Hawley, of Connecticut, who has fairly won distinction as soldier, Governor, and editor, delivered a lecture in Brooklyn a few evenings since, in which he made the astounding charge that he knew, of his own knowledge, that a gentleman who is at present a member of the United States Senate paid $75,000 for his position. He also said that seventy per cent. of the Pennsylvania Legislature was venal; that the demoralization was mainly attributable to the log-rolling of large railroad bills, and that one railroad bill passed at the last session of the Pennsylvania Legislature cost $700,000. The point of Governor Hawley's statement is, Who is the $75,000 man? Coming from an ex-Governor of Connecticut, the United States Senate can scarcely avoid taking some action about it.

—An aristocratic prima-donna, the young Princess Schalitscheff, is about to make her *début* at the Italian Opera, at Moscow. Two other Russian princesses are already performing in public, one at Copenhagen and one in London. Then we have the Prince Galitzin here, and that is something.

—A lady—Mrs. Mary A. Lowmann—has just become the purchaser of the famous Bull Run battle-field. The farm is known as the Hazel Plain, in Prince William County, Virginia. It contains 560 acres, and was sold at $5 per acre. On it were fought the first and second battles of Manassas. When the war commenced it was under a high state of improvement, and the dwelling-house upon it was one of the finest in the State, but the scourge devastated it, and the open fields and young pines and shattered mansion all now bear evidence of the bloody conflicts of which it was the scene.

—Dean Howson, of England, has been telling the Episcopalians of New York something about the movement in England for the revision of the Bible. There was an exclusive feeling in Great Britain in relation to who should act in the matter of revision, all sects and denominations being invited to participate in the work; and there was a great desire felt that the religious bodies in the United States should cordially join in the movement.

—To impute any thing like "irregularity" to a high official of Austria would be as absurd as to impute any thing of the sort to an official of New York. Yet Count Von Beust has been unable to escape censure in that direction. It is reported that he was in some way connected with a banking concern that failed, and in the settlement and winding up of which he pocketed some 100,000 florins. His correspondence relating to it was privately shown to the emperor, who thought the count used his position to speculate in stocks, and for that reason the emperor asked him to resign. As an easy way of letting him down, he has been appointed embassador to England. A Vienna paper gives this sketch of the count: "His manners were polished and elegant as his notes and prepared speeches. He never forgot his dignity; but with all his polish and elegance, there was a magic charm about his manner which, it is said, even impressed his enemies. The incisive logic of his notes is replaced in private life by an almost unbounded amiability, the warmest devotion for his friends, and the most conciliatory spirit toward his opponents. Although overwhelmed with work, he had a word of advice, of comfort, or of assistance for every one. He took a personal interest in all the employés of his office, and often prepared for them surprises in the way of promotion or other distinctions. But he made them work as hard as himself, and it has been justly said that he united the industry of a bee with the patience of a beaver. He scarcely ever dictated an important dispatch but at night. He was very difficult to please, but he had the art of conciliating those whom he offended by his objections."

—Lord Napier, favorably known as British minister at Washington during a part of Mr. Buchanan's administration, subsequently as the representative of his government in the Netherlands, Russia, and Prussia, and later as Governor of Madras, is mentioned as likely to succeed Earl Mayo as Viceroy of India in 1872. The office has a salary of $125,000 a year, with palatial residences in Calcutta and princely country seats. Other emoluments swell the income to $125,000 a year more, and the office is tenable for five or six years. He is only fifty-three years old, and is concededly one of the ablest men in the diplomatic corps of his country.

—Hon. Clarkson N. Potter, member of Congress from the Westchester district of New York, has introduced into the House of Representatives a joint resolution proposing to amend the Constitution so as to fix the term of office of the President and Vice-President of the United States at six years, and make them ineligible for re-election. Few new members of the House have come so promptly to the front, as floor members and efficient business members, as Mr. Potter. His readiness, tact, and ability as a debater, his reputation at the bar, and his high social position have assured for him the influence and success which such qualities should secure in the great representative council of the nation.

—The name of the Hon. John Sherman, of Ohio, has now more than usual prominence, from the fact that the Legislature of Ohio, to assemble in January next, will fill the vacancy that will occur on the 4th of March, 1873, when Mr. Sherman's term will expire. It seems to be conceded that Mr. Sherman will be re-elected, all efforts for combination against him having failed. Although only forty-eight years of age, Senator Sherman has been continuously in public life for the last seventeen years. In 1854 he was elected to Congress, re-elected in 1856, again re-elected in 1858, when he was a candidate for Speaker, and, after a prolonged contest, was defeated by only one or two votes. During that Congress he was chairman of the Committee on Ways and Means. In 1860 he was again returned to Congress; but in 1861, on the resignation of Senator Chase, was chosen United States Senator for the term expiring in 1867. In January, 1866, he was re-elected to the Senate for the full term of six years, commencing in 1867. He has served as chairman of the committees on Finance and Agriculture, and on the committees on Patents and the Pacific Railroad. As a debater, parliamentarian, and practical man in committees he is one of the most indefatigable and able men in the Senate. He is a brother of the distinguished General-in-chief of the army.

—When oil was first "struck," on the 28th of August, 1859, few people imagined the vast wealth it was to bring to the country, and the millionaires it was to make. One of the notablest of these, James Tarr, died a few days ago at Meadville, Pennsylvania. The history of the "Tarr Farm," as oil producing, dates from June, 1861. It embraces 198 acres. In August, 1861, Mr. Tarr sold half of it for $30,000 to Clark & Sumner, of New York. They sold one-third of their interest to some Rochester people for $33,000; but the rapid decline in the price of oil made them regret their purchase, and they resold to C. & S. for the price they gave. New wells were continually developed, and Mr. Tarr accumulated a great fortune. In the fall of 1865, when gold was worth $1 50, he was offered $800,000 gold for the fee simple of the farm—equivalent to $2,000,000. He refused it. Oil is still a success as a steady business in the oil region. We know one gentleman whose income from that source is about $1000 per day.

—Mr. Speaker Blaine has organized his committees, and, on the whole, satisfactorily. New York has a fair share and some important chairmanships. But Mr. Speaker Blaine, do what he will, can never get his House at work betimes, as was done in the British House of Commons two centuries and a half ago. Among other standing orders, printed May 17, 1614, was this: "Ordered, That this House shall sit every day at seven o'clock in the morning, and enter into the great business at eight, and no new motion to be made after twelve. Ordered, That so soon as the clock strikes twelve Mr. Speaker do go out of the chair, and the House shall rise; and that, in going forth, no member shall stir until Mr. Speaker do go before, and then all the rest shall follow. Whosoever shall go out of the House before Mr. Speaker shall forfeit 10s.; but the reporters may go first." In 1693 it was "Ordered, That no member of the House do presume to smoke tobacco in the gallery, or at the table of the House, sitting at committees."

—George Odger, one of the [illegible] in England for republican institu[tions] [...] a speech recently delivered at Bri[...] wishing a republic, there was no [...] royal family whom he disliked. [...] those who thought with him [...] should take place was, that whe[n the throne] next became vacant they should [...] to who should rule. One thing is [...] are nearly one hundred republic[an clubs] already formed in England, and the o[...] daily extending and becoming mor[e ...]

—It is understood that the diplo[matic repres]entatives of foreign powers at thi[s capital ...] snub and such—being among the "[...] so that expressive Americanism [...] count of the snubbing they have re[ceived] at the hands of the Reception [Committee] during the royal progress of the [Grand] Duke in this city, propose to go int[o ...] express their views and griefs to [...] They "want to know, you know," [what is] meant by such conducts as these. [...] airy old Committee our New York [...] composed, with three exceptions, [of ...] merchant, banker, and public func[tionary] editor or two were thrown in; but [...] Von Winkle says, "they didn't count [...] did nothing. Boston did much be[tter ...] notable men in literature, science, a[rt,] commerce, manufactures all took [a] handsome part in the what-you-call[-it ...] did the thing up with a good taste [...] that entitles them to the palm. Th[e ...] the Boston Committee took snuff with [the] Duke the rest of the entire population [...] And that was polite.

—The Paris correspondent of the *Trib[une writes]* as follows of the fate of a man whom A[mericans] are especially bound to honor and resp[ect:]

"Sad, very sad for some of us, whose [...] so far back as to the time when we (even [...]) were glad for a word of comfort, so[...] from the foreigner—sad, I say, to such of [...] as to your correspondent, is the cruel [...] to deportation of our country's friend, [...] In the early days of April, when nine-tenths [of the] population of Paris was, it was favorable to [...] form, well-promising Commune, unive[rsal ...] questionably authorized Versailles government [...] Rochefort went out with thousands of other [...] to fight for the Commune as representative [...] men's want, against the Versailles governm[ent ...] sending, to him and his kind, mention of Fre[...] and progress. There is no question here of [...] of his reasoning, or of the wisdom of his act[...] fact is, that he went as a simple soldier, wa[s ...] the 5th of April, and finds now that the [...] called court-martial tribunal can do for him [...] demn him to transportation for life. M. [...] sure was one of the eminently ablest defend[ers of the] Union cause in the French press in those [days] from 1861 to 1865, when we, even we, were gl[ad of] friendly voices, though speaking in foreign [...]

Elisée Reclus is not only a brave sold[ier, but] one of the most distinguished *savants* of [...] His important and interesting work [The] Earth, just published by Harper & Bro[thers,] is one of the most valuable recent contri[butions] to physical science.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENC[E]

Congress met December 4. The Presiden[t's Mess]age was read in both Houses. It is a plain, b[usiness]-like document, and gives a succinct accou[nt of our] foreign relations and domestic affairs. Its [...] points are discussed in other columns of thi[s ...] The business of the week ending December 9 [was gen]erally unimportant and preliminary to the wor[k of the] session. A resolution was introduced in the S[enate by] Mr. Blair (Democrat, Missouri) calling upon [the Pres]ident for information as to what law or n[...] was for the declaration of martial law in Sou[th Caro]lina. A similar resolution was presented in th[e House] of Representatives by Mr. Beck (Democrat, Ke[ntucky].

In the House of Representatives the questio[n of] Congressional apportionment, which has bee[n under] consideration for two years past, was again [taken] up, the subject of discussion being a bill introd[uced in] the House last session fixing the representatio[n ...] members. The matter is one upon which [...] great difference of opinion among the repre[sentatives] from different sections of the country, and [...] to lead to prolonged debate.

The President's Message was well receive[d in Eng]land. The London *Times*, however, regr[ets the] threatened abolition of the income tax wit[hout the] adoption of a substitute. It thinks that [...] ation, and free trade will be the questions upo[n which] the great parties of the Union will next divide.

The report of the Secretary of the Treasu[ry shows] that the customs revenue was greatly in exce[ss of the] estimates, while there was a diminished cost [...] tion over last year. The total expenditures [of the] year were $292,177,188 [...], while the receipts [...] amount for the same period were $383,323,[...] Secretary adheres to his opinion that the natio[nal debt] should be paid off at the yearly rate of [...] He recommends the reduction of the duties o[n certain] articles, especially salt, raw hides, and coal. [He also] recommends the abolishment of the shares in [...] received by certain officers, such, for instance, [as the] Collector of the Port of New York.

The Postmaster-General's report is full of [...] mental statistics and recommendations of [...] reforms. Among his propositions are that [...] ditional mail to Brazil, the payment of sub[sidies to] steamship lines, and the adoption of the gover[nment] postal telegraph and savings-bank systems.

The report of the Secretary of the Interior [treats at] some length with our Indian relations, [...] finally recommending that all the tribes in t[he coun]try be collected into one complete [...] dian Territory. The report also discusses [at] length our railroads and the grants which t[hey have] received from Congress.

FOREIGN NEWS.

All the occupied portions of French territ[ory have] been declared in a state of siege by the Prus[sians ow]ing to the continued assaults upon the Germ[an troops.]

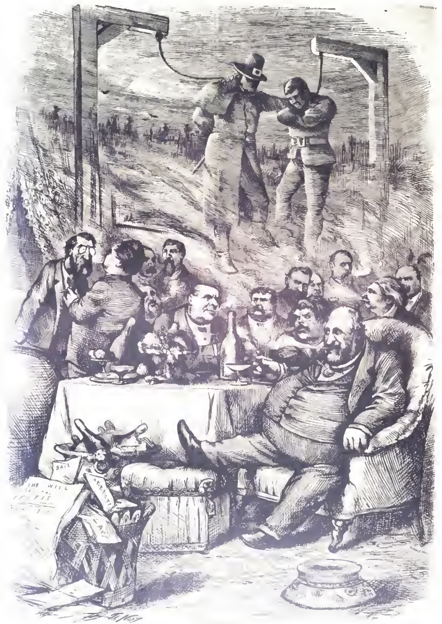
Great Britain has completed the annexatio[n of the] South African diamond fields. There have b[een] splendid "finds" at the fields lately. Great [...] and property has resulted from storms in the [...]

The French fleet has been ordered to be [...] for cruising about the coasts of France, to [...] prevent, as the *Figaro* supposes, "another [...] Elba."

General Cluseret, the Communist leader, [...] killed at Paris, as reported. He escaped, a[nd a few] days ago passed through this city on his way [...] co, where he intends to join the Juarez [...]

As in the case of the brave and unfortunat[e] Rossel, the appeals of the Communists who [were] condemned to death, on scanty and insuff[icient evi]dence, for the murder of Generals Thoma[s and Le]compte, have been rejected, and President [Thiers is] not likely to interfere on their behalf.

The Orleans princes have consented to d[efer their] claims to seats in the National Assembly. [...] There is said to be unable to withstand th[e ...] opposed to him, and is believed to have [...] agreed to relinquish his office in favor of [...] d'Aumale.



THE DEAD BEAT.

The Ghost of Dick Turpin to Jack Sheppard. "There's no use talking. To them belongs the Palm. They have completely outdone us."

ONCE.

Once, in your sight,
As May buds swell in the sun's warm light,
So grew her soul,
Yielding itself to your sweet control.

Once, if you spoke,
Echoing strains in her heart awoke,
Sending a thrill
All through its chambers sweet and still.

Once, if you said,
"Sweet, with love's garland I crown your head,"
Ah, how the rose
Flooded her forehead's pale repose!

Once, if your lip
Dared the pure sweetness of hers to sip,
Softly and meek
Dark lashes drooped on a white-rose cheek.

Once, if your name
Some one but whispered, a sudden flame
Burned on her cheek,
Telling a story she would not speak.

Once—ah, I sin,
Raising the ghost of what once has been!
Yes list, I pray,
To one plain truth that I speak to-day.

You do but wait
At a sepulchre's sealed gate;
Her love is dead,
Bound hand and foot in its narrow bed.

Why did it die?
Ask of your soul the reason why;
Question it well,
And surely the secret it will tell.

But if your heart
Ever again plays the lover's part,
Let this truth be
Blent with the solemn mystery.

Pure flame aspires;
Downward flow not the altar fires;
And sky-larks soar
Up where the earth taints vex no more.

Now loose your hold
From her white garment's spotless fold,
And let her pass,
While both hearts murmur, "Alas! alas!"

HUNTER'S POINT.—COMPULSORY EDUCATION.

By EUGENE LAWRENCE.

A TEACHER, directed by the law to read a portion of the Scriptures in his school, endeavors to perform his duty. The children of Romish parents, instructed by their elders, interrupt the exercise; the teacher still persists, and punishes one of the offenders. He is assailed by half-grown boys; denounced, it is stated, by the Romish priest; the keys of his school-house are taken from him by one of the trustees; the school-house is temporarily closed; the life of the brave teacher is threatened and in danger: and the peaceful citizens of a quiet town are overawed by the violence of the Romish faction.

Such is the recent affray at Hunter's Point. It would scarcely seem of any general importance did it not form part of a long series of acts of violence occurring in various portions of our own country and Europe, and proceeding always from that lawless and brutal population that seems to grow up necessarily under the shelter of the Romish Church; that threatens every where the peace of society, and forms a ready instrument of evil in the hands of the revengeful and the unscrupulous. No other religious sect among us offers such remarkable examples of fanatical cruelty; no other political faction, except, perhaps, in the Carolinas, commits such fearful deeds. Does an ardent missionary, as at Scranton or Ogdensburg, venture to declaim against the worship of Mary or the supremacy of the pope, he is beaten, maimed, and silenced. If an escaped nun attempts to relate her story, she is only saved from serious injuries or death by the zeal of her friends. Two innocent Bible distributors were recently the victims of infuriated Catholics. An eminent clergyman essayed to paint the moral and political dangers of Romanism; he was at once assailed with anonymous letters threatening assassination. If an author labors to revive historical scenes that do little credit to the humanity of the Papal Church, he must incur the risk of personal danger; the zealous publisher who dares to issue works that offend the Catholic state becomes the mark for furious threats of terrible retribution; and there is plainly one subject among us upon which neither the press nor speech is free. The final outrage at Hunter's Point seems to show that even the public schools are no longer safe from not dissimilar dangers.

At Los Angeles the frightful massacre of helpless Chinese was the result of the fanatical cruelty of Irish and Mexican Catholics. The Germans and the Americans, we are expressly told, took no part in the bloody affray. An accomplished and intelligent colored man was recently butchered in Philadelphia, and his unoffending brethren have been the constant victims of brutal malignity.

The catalogue of startling but instructive facts might easily be enlarged. A portion of our Roman Catholic citizens have been accustomed for many years to defy the law in the name of religion. They have become the terror of the peaceable and the well-disposed. Crimes against the government and good order, which in every European community would have been suppressed with unsparing vigor, have been tolerated among us by officials elected by Romish votes. It is scarcely eight years ago that, in the midst of the great public danger, this corrupt and vicious population, not content with embarrassing the progress of the national armies by a political sympathy with the rebellion, openly rose in revolt, and for three days held possession of the city of New York. Every succeeding year has been marked by some new trace of strange malignity. In the Orange riot of 1870 women and children were assailed with volleys of stones and deadly missiles, and a harmless entertainment turned into a scene of bloodshed and death. In the Orange riot of 1871, conscious, perhaps, of their power over the guilty officials, of the fatal secrets that held them in the grasp of the priesthood, the Romish faction prepared again to take possession of New York, and rose in arms to dispute the authority of the law. Men were robbed by bands of thieves on Broadway, and wherever the Hibernians appeared shops were closed, and the prudent kept within-doors.

The rioters were repressed with signal severity. Yet, if our city is ever to be set free from these constantly recurring disorders—if a population as dangerous and as lawless as that of Paris is to be checked in its growth among us—the remedy will plainly never come from the Romish priests or the Catholic press. The former from their pulpits denounce the progress of free education; the latter incite their readers to new acts of rebellion, and defend the crimes against the public peace. And the question is with its ignorant members, of inflicting sharp wounds upon the nation in the midst of its fierce struggle for life, as of robbing New York of its good name among cities, its honor as well as its money; and upon this path of penitence no member of the Romish priesthood seems yet disposed to enter. In fact, the late outrage seems to indicate designs against liberty more fatal than any they have yet suffered to appear. Happily the Catholic people of Europe, possibly of America, are no longer guided in their civil conduct by their priests.

For many of our political evils an effective remedy lies in compulsory education. To oblige every parent to send his children to school has been found, in various European states, the surest mode of dissipating the dangerous classes. Crime, riots, disorders, disappear before this simple appliance. And no system of education is any where successful without the compulsory provision. Northern Germany, Scandinavia, Denmark, and Holland, where it is difficult to find a person that can neither read nor write, and where even the poorest classes are singularly averse to crime, lead the nations in the perfection of their systems of instruction, and compel every child to go to school. The public schools of France have failed to reach the people, because this clause is not, as was not, a part of its system. England has recently borrowed it from Germany. France follows its example; and we may trust that our own country will not linger behind the European nations in its ardor for knowledge. Let every State, from the Atlantic to the Pacific, introduce the compulsory method of education, and we shall soon discover a rapid acceleration even in our already wonderful prosperity. But, above all, the compulsory system is necessary to preserve our crowded cities from decay. The ignorance and turbulence of its poorer classes, composed chiefly of the unlucky Irish, who are excluded from the public schools by the arts of the priest, have brought pecuniary loss to the city of New York estimated by thoughtful men at amounts that seem incredible. Commerce has been driven from our harbor, population has been checked, posterity burdened with a great debt, public morals fatally injured, because the children of the poor, and sometimes of the wealthy, have been left in ignorance, or educated to obey only the commands of a foreign church.

Had those ignorant parents who excited their children to riot and disorder at Hunter's Point been early taught a proper knowledge of their duties as men and citizens, they would scarcely have encouraged acts of violence which they would then have known would only end in an exemplary punishment, as well as the public shame of the religious body to which they belong. It is because they are ignorant that they are barbarous. Nor would the savage mob that assailed a zealous anti-papist at Scranton, or the rioters of Ogdensburg, or the miscreants of Los Angeles have planned their guilty deeds had they early learned at the common schools humanity and common-sense. But for the bold and self-sacrificing conduct of Mr. Sieberg, the teacher, and for which he deserves the promotion and the credit due to a faithful public servant, one important lesson would never have been taught at Hunter's Point. That is obedience to the laws. We trust that this foundation of all republican education will now be laid to a general punishment of all his assailants, and that it be made plain for the future that the cruel, or the vicious are no long[er] ...ated to a free community.

"DON'T BELIEVE IN THAT."

WHAT THE IRISH ROMAN CATHOLIC CHILDREN WILL BE TOLD TO DO NEXT.
"Kick it out *Peaceably!*"

now widely discussed in Europe and America whether cruelty is not taught as necessarily infused in the doctrines of the Romish Church; whether the triumph of the Jesuits has not condemned the great body of its adherents to become the blind instruments of a persecuting creed. It is certain that the canon of the recent council covers with anathemas all those who refuse to confess that the pope has the right to punish the heretic; nor can it be doubted that such inhuman teaching must fill with savage aspirations the ignorant and fanatical—must arouse the worst instincts of man.

To remove this dangerous class from our midst has now become the province of the legislator. It is no longer a question of sect or creed, even of party or of politics; the welfare of the community requires that some means be provided for preventing the constant return of Orange riots and Catholic mobs, of murderous assaults upon teachers in the discharge of their duty, and of ceaseless danger to the property and lives of honest men. We believe that many intelligent Catholics, no less than the Protestants, have felt a sincere indignation beneath the indiscreet rule of their priests, were shocked to discover that they had been blindly led into the support of men such as those who have recently plundered the city, and have never approved of the threats of violence with which every project of reform has been met and every reformer assailed. Yet it will demand many years of penitence and of patriotic self-denial before the Romish Church can even relieve itself of the shame of having become the patron and the ally of the dangerous classes of our city and country, of having shut out from them the humanizing influence of the public school, of filling our jails and alms-houses

MIDDLEMARC[H]

A STUDY OF PROVINCIA[L ...]

BY GEORGE ELIOT,

AUTHOR OF "ADAM BEDE," "ROMO[LA" ...]

Book I.

MISS BROOKE

CHAPTER III.

"Say, goddess, what ensued, when R[aphael,]
The affable archangel . . .
Eve
The story heard attentive, and was
With admiration and deep muse, to
Of things so high and strange."
—*Paradise Lo[st]*

If it had really occurred to Mr. Ca[saubon to]
think of Miss Brooke as a suitable wif[e ...]
the reasons that might induce her to ac[cept ...]
were already planted in her mind, an[d by the]
evening of the next day the reasons ha[d budded]
and bloomed. For they had had a l[ong con-]
versation in the morning, while Celia, [who did]
not like the company of Mr. Casaubo[n's moles]
and sallowness, had escaped to the vic[arage to]
play with the curate's ill-shod but merry c[hildren.]
Dorothea by this time had looked d[eep into]
the ungauged reservoir of Mr. Casaubo[n's mind,]
seeing reflected there in vague laby[rinthine]
extension every quality she herself b[rought;]
had opened much of her own exper[ience to]
him, and had understood from him th[e scope]
of his great work, also of attractive[ly laby-]
rinthine extent. For he had been as i[nstruct-]
ive as Milton's "affable archangel;" a[nd with]
something of the archangelic manner [he told]
her how he had undertaken to show [(what,]
indeed, had been attempted before, [but not]
with that thoroughness, justice of comp[arison,]
and effectiveness of arrangement at whi[ch Mr.]
Casaubon aimed) that all the mythic[al sys-]
tems or erratic mythical fragments [in the]
world were corruptions of a tradition [origin-]
ally revealed. Having once mastered t[he true]
position, and taken a firm footing the[re, the]
vast field of mythical constructions [became]
intelligible, nay, luminous with the re[flected]
light of correspondences. But to ga[ther in]
this great harvest of truth was no l[ight or]
speedy work. His notes already made [a for-]
midable range of volumes, but the cr[owning]
task would be to condense these volum[inous]
still-accumulating results, and bring th[em, like]
the earlier vintage of Hippocratic books[, to fit]
a little shelf. In explaining this to [Doro-]
thea, Mr. Casaubon expressed himself [nearly]
as he would have done to a fellow-stude[nt, for]
he had not two styles of talking at comm[and;]
it is true that when he used a Greek or [Latin]
phrase he always gave the English with [scru-]
pulous care, but he would probably hav[e done]
this in any case. A learned provincia[l cler-]
gyman is accustomed to think of his acq[uaint-]
ances as of "lords, knyghtes, and oth[er no-]
ble and worthi men, that conne Lat[yn but]
lytille."
Dorothea was altogether captivated [by the]
wide embrace of this conception. He[re was]
something beyond the shallows of l[adies']
school literature: here was a living B[ossuet,]
whose work would reconcile complete k[nowl-]
edge with devoted piety; here was a m[odern]
Augustine, who united the glories of [doctor]
and saint.
The sanctity seemed no less clearly m[arked]
than the learning, for when Dorothea w[as im-]
pelled to open her mind on certain t[hemes]
which she could speak of to no one whom [she]
had before seen at Tipton, especially [on the]
secondary importance of ecclesiastical [forms]
and articles of belief compared with that [spir-]
itual religion, that submergence of self in [com-]
munion with Divine perfection which see[med]
her to be expressed in the best Christian [books]
of widely distant ages, she found in Mr. Ca[saubon]
a listener who understood her at once, who [could]
assure her of his own agreement with tha[t view]
when duly tempered with wise conformity[, and]
could mention historical examples befor[e un-]
known to her.
"He thinks with me," said Dorothea t[o her-]
self; "or, rather, he thinks a whole wo[rld of]
which my thought is but a poor twopenny m[irror.]
And his feelings too, his whole experie[nce—]
what a lake compared to my little pool!"
Miss Brooke argued from words and d[ispo-]
sitions not less unhesitatingly than other [young]
ladies of her age. Signs are small, meas[urable]
things, but interpretations are illimitable, a[nd in]
girls of sweet, ardent nature, every sign [is apt]
to conjure up wonder, hope, belief, vast as [a sky,]
and colored by a diffused thimbleful of m[atter]
in the shape of knowledge. They are n[ot al-]
ways too grossly deceived; for Sinbad hi[mself]
may have fallen by good luck on a true de[scrip-]
tion, and wrong reasoning sometimes land[s poor]
mortals in right conclusions: starting a lon[g way]
off the true point, and proceeding by loop[s and]
zigzags, we now and then arrive just whe[re we]
ought to be. Because Miss Brooke was [hasty]
in her trust, it is not therefore clear tha[t Mr.]
Casaubon was unworthy of it.
He staid a little longer than he had inte[nded,]
on a slight pressure of invitation from Mr. B[rooke,]
who offered no bait except his own documen[ts on]
machine-breaking and rick-burning. M[r. Ca-]
saubon was called into the library to lo[ok at]
these in a heap, while his host picked u[p first]
one and then the other to read aloud fro[m in a]
skipping and uncertain way, passing fro[m]

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unfinished passage to another with a "Yes, now, but here!" and finally pushing them all aside to open the journal of his youthful Continental travels.

"Look here—here is all about Greece. Rhamnus, the ruins of Rhamnus—you are a great Grecian, now. I don't know whether you have given much study to the topography. I spent no end of time in making out these things—Helicon, now. Here, now!—'We started the next morning for Parnassus, the double-peaked Parnassus.' All this volume is about Greece, you know," Mr. Brooke wound up, rubbing his thumb transversely along the edges of the leaves as he held the book forward.

Mr. Casaubon made a dignified though somewhat sad audience; bowed in the right place, and avoided looking at any thing documentary as far as possible without showing disregard or impatience; mindful that this desultoriness was associated with the institutions of the country, and that the man who took him on this severe mental scamper was not only an amiable host, but a land-holder and *custos rotulorum*. Was his endurance aided also by the reflection that Mr. Brooke was the uncle of Dorothea?

Certainly he seemed more and more bent on making her talk to him, on drawing her out, as Celia remarked to herself; and in looking at her his face was often lit up by a smile like pale, wintry sunshine. Before he left the next morning, while taking a pleasant walk with Miss Brooke along the graveled terrace, he had mentioned to her that he felt the disadvantage of loneliness, the need of that cheerful companionship with which the presence of youth can lighten or vary the serious toils of maturity. And he delivered this statement with as much careful precision as if he had been a diplomatic envoy whose words would be attended with results. Indeed, Mr. Casaubon was not used to expect that he should have to repeat or revise his communications of a practical or personal kind. The inclinations which he had deliberately stated on the 2d of October, he would think it enough to refer to by the mention of that date, judging by the standard of his own memory, which was a volume where a *vide supra* could serve instead of repetitions, and not the ordinary long-used blotting-book which only tells of forgotten writing. But in this case Mr. Casaubon's confidence was not likely to be falsified, for Dorothea heard and retained what he said with the eager interest of a fresh young nature to which every variety in experience is an epoch.

It was three o'clock in the beautiful breezy autumn day when Mr. Casaubon drove off to his Rectory at Lowick, only five miles from Tipton; and Dorothea, who had on her bonnet and shawl, hurried along the shrubbery and across the park, that she might wander through the bordering wood with no other visible companionship than that of Monk, the Great St. Bernard dog, who always took care of the young ladies in their walks. There had risen before her the girl's vision of a possible future for herself to which she looked forward with trembling hope, and she wanted to wander on in that visionary future without interruption. She walked briskly in the brisk air, the color rose in her cheeks, and her straw bonnet (which our contemporaries might look at with conjectural curiosity as at an obsolete form of basket) fell a little backward. She would, perhaps, be hardly characterized enough if it were omitted that she wore her brown hair flatly braided, and coiled behind so as to expose the outline of her head in a daring manner at a time when public feeling required the meagreness of nature to be dissimulated by tall barricades of frizzed curls and bows, never surpassed by any great race except the Feejeean. This was a trait of Miss Brooke's asceticism. But there was nothing of an ascetic's expression in her bright, full eyes as she looked before her, not consciously seeing, but absorbing into the intensity of her mood the solemn glory of the afternoon, with its long swathes of light between the far-off rows of limes, whose shadows touched each other.

All people, young or old (that is, all people in those ante-reform times), would have thought her an interesting object if they had referred the glow in her eyes and cheeks to the newly awakened ordinary images of young love: the illusions of Chloe about Strephon have been sufficiently consecrated in poetry, as the pathetic loveliness of all spontaneous trust ought to be. Miss Pippin adoring young Pumpkin, and dreaming along endless vistas of unwearying companionship, was a little drama which never tired our fathers and mothers, and had been put into all costumes. Let but Pumpkin have a figure which would sustain the disadvantages of the short-waisted swallow-tail, and every body felt it not only natural, but necessary to the perfection of womanhood, that a sweet girl should be at once convinced of his virtue, his exceptional ability, and, above all, his perfect sincerity. But perhaps no persons then living—certainly none in the neighborhood of Tipton—would have had a sympathetic understanding for the dreams of a girl whose notions about marriage took their color entirely from an exalted enthusiasm about the ends of life, an enthusiasm which was lit chiefly by its own fire, and included neither the niceties of the *trousseau*, the pattern of plate, nor even the honors and sweet joys of the blooming matron.

It had now entered Dorothea's mind that Mr. Casaubon might wish to make her his wife, and the idea that he would do so touched her with a sort of reverential gratitude. How good of him—nay, it would be almost as if a winged messenger had suddenly stood beside her path, and held out his hand toward her! For a long while she had been oppressed by the indefiniteness which hung in her mind, like a thick summer haze, over all her desire to make her life greatly effective. What could she do, what ought she to do?—she, hardly more than a budding woman, but yet with an active conscience and a great mental need, not to be satisfied by a girlish instruction comparable to the nibblings and judgments of a discursive mouse. With some endowment of stupidity and conceit, she might have thought that a Christian young lady of fortune should find her ideal of life in village charities, patronage of the humbler clergy, the perusal of "Female Scripture Characters," unfolding the private experience of Sara under the Old Dispensation, and Dorcas under the New, and the care of her soul over her embroidery in her own boudoir—with a background of prospective marriage to a man who, if less strict than herself, as being involved in affairs religiously inexplicable, might be prayed for and seasonably exhorted. From such contentment poor Dorothea was shut out. The intensity of her religious disposition, the coercion it exercised over her life, was but one aspect of a nature altogether ardent, theoretic, and intellectually consequent, and with such a nature, struggling in the bands of a narrow teaching, hemmed in by a social life which seemed nothing but a labyrinth of petty courses, a walled-in maze of small paths that led no whither, the outcome was sure to strike others as at once exaggeration and inconsistency. The thing which seemed to her best she wanted to justify by the completest knowledge, and not to live in a pretended admission of rules which were never acted on. Into this soul-hunger as yet all her youthful passion was poured; the union which attracted her was one that would deliver her from her girlish subjection to her own ignorance, and give her the freedom of voluntary submission to a guide who would take her along the grandest path.

"I should learn every thing then," she said to herself, still walking quickly along the bridle-road through the wood. "It would be my duty to study that I might help him the better in his great works. There would be nothing trivial about our lives. Every-day things with us would mean the greatest things. It would be like marrying Pascal. I should learn to see the truth by the same light as great men have seen it by. And then I should know what to do when I got older. I should see how it was possible to lead a grand life here—now—in England. I don't feel sure about doing good in any way now: every thing seems like going on a mission to a people whose language I don't know: unless it were building good cottages—there can be no doubt about that. Oh, I hope I should be able to get the people well housed in Lowick! I will draw plenty of plans while I have time."

Dorothea checked herself suddenly with self-rebuke for the presumptuous way in which she was reckoning on uncertain events, but she was spared any inward effort to change the direction of her thoughts by the appearance of a cantering horseman round a turning of the road. The well-groomed chestnut horse and two beautiful setters could leave no doubt that the rider was Sir James Chettam. He discerned Dorothea, jumped off his horse at once, and, having delivered it to his groom, advanced toward her with something white on his arm, at which the two setters were barking in an excited manner.

"How delightful to meet you, Miss Brooke," he said, raising his hat and showing his sleekly waving blonde hair. "It has hastened the pleasure I was looking forward to."

Miss Brooke was annoyed at the interruption. This amiable baronet, really a suitable husband for Celia, exaggerated the necessity of making himself agreeable to the elder sister. Even a prospective brother-in-law may be an oppression if he will always be presupposing too good an understanding with you, and agreeing with you even when you contradict him. The thought that he had made the mistake of paying his addresses to herself could not take shape: all her mental activity was used up in persuasions of another kind. But he was positively obtrusive at this moment, and his dimpled hands were quite disagreeable. Her roused temper made her color deeply, as she returned his greeting with some haughtiness.

Sir James interpreted the heightened color in the way most gratifying to himself, and thought he never saw Miss Brooke looking so handsome.

"I have brought a little petitioner," he said, "or, rather, I have brought him to see if he will be approved before his petition is offered." He showed the white object under his arm, which was a tiny Maltese puppy, one of nature's most naive toys.

"It is painful to me to see these creatures that are bred merely as pets," said Dorothea, whose opinion was forming itself that very moment (as opinions will) under the heat of irritation.

"Oh, why?" said Sir James, as they walked forward.

"I believe all the petting that is given them does not make them happy. They are too helpless, their lives are too frail. A weasel or a mouse that gets its own living is more interesting. I like to think that the animals about us have souls something like our own, and either carry on their own little affairs, or can be companions to us, like Monk here. Those creatures are parasitic."

"I am so glad I know that you do not like them," said good Sir James. "I should never keep them for myself, but ladies usually are fond of these Maltese dogs. Here, John, take this dog, will you?"

The objectionable puppy, whose nose and eyes were equally black and expressive, was thus got rid of, since Miss Brooke decided that it had better not have been born. But she felt it necessary to explain.

"You must not judge of Celia's feeling from mine. I think she likes these small pets. She had a tiny terrier once, which she was very fond of. It made me unhappy, because I was afraid of treading on it. I am rather short-sighted."

"You have your own opinion about every thing, Miss Brooke, and it is always a good opinion."

What answer was possible to such stupid complimenting?

"Do you know, I envy you that," Sir James said, as they continued walking at the rather brisk pace set by Dorothea.

"I don't quite understand what you mean."

"Your power of forming an opinion. I can form an opinion of persons. I know when I like people. But about other matters, do you know, I have often a difficulty in deciding. One hears very sensible things said on opposite sides."

"Or that seem sensible. Perhaps we don't always discriminate between sense and nonsense."

Dorothea felt that she was rather rude.

"Exactly," said Sir James. "But you seem to have the power of discrimination."

"On the contrary, I am often unable to decide. But that is from ignorance. The right conclusion is there, all the same, though I am unable to see it."

"I think there are few who would see it more readily. Do you know, Lovegood was telling me yesterday that you had the best notion in the world of a plan for cottages—quite wonderful for a young lady, he thought. You had a real genius, to use his expression. He said you wanted Mr. Brooke to build a new set of cottages, but he seemed to think it hardly probable that your uncle would consent. Do you know, that is one of the things I wish to do—I mean, on my own estate. I should be so glad to carry out that plan of yours, if you would let me see it. Of course it is sinking money; that is why people object to it. Laborers can never pay rent to make it answer. But, after all, it is worth doing."

"Worth doing! yes, indeed!" said Dorothea, energetically, forgetting her previous small vexations. "I think we deserve to be beaten out of our beautiful houses with a scourge of small cords—all of us who let tenants live in such sties as we see round us. Life in cottages might be happier than ours, if they were real houses fit for human beings from whom we expect duties and affections."

"Will you show me your plan?"

"Yes, certainly. I dare say it is very faulty. But I have been examining all the plans for cottages in Loudon's book, and picked out what seem the best things. Oh, what a happiness it would be to set the pattern about here! I think, instead of Lazarus at the gate, we should put the pig-sty cottages outside the park gate."

Dorothea was in the best temper now. Sir James, as brother-in-law, building model cottages on his estate, and then, perhaps, others being built at Lowick, and more and more elsewhere in imitation—it would be as if the spirit of Oberlin had passed over the parishes to make the life of poverty beautiful!

Sir James saw all the plans, and took one away to consult upon with Lovegood. He also took away a complacent sense that he was making great progress in Miss Brooke's good opinion. The Maltese puppy was not offered to Celia—an omission which Dorothea afterward thought of with surprise; but she blamed herself for it. She had been engrossing Sir James. After all, it was a relief that there was no puppy to tread upon.

Celia was present while the plans were being examined, and observed Sir James's illusion. "He thinks that Dodo cares about him, and she only cares about her plans. Yet I am not certain that she would refuse him if she thought he would let her manage every thing and carry out all her notions. And how very uncomfortable Sir James would be! I can not bear notions."

It was Celia's private luxury to indulge in this dislike. She dared not confess it to her sister in any direct statement, for that would be laying herself open to a demonstration that she was somehow or other at war with all goodness. But on safe opportunities she had an indirect mode of making her negative wisdom tell upon Dorothea, and calling her down from her rhapsodic mood by reminding her that people were staring, not listening. Celia was not impulsive: what she had to say could wait, and came from her always with the same quiet, staccato evenness. When people talked with energy and emphasis, she watched their faces and features merely. She never could understand how well-bred persons consented to sing and open their mouths in the ridiculous manner requisite for that vocal exercise.

It was not many days before Mr. Casaubon paid a morning visit, on which he was invited again for the following week to dine and stay the night. Thus Dorothea had three more conversations with him, and was convinced that her first impressions had been just. He was all she had at first imagined him to be: almost every thing he had said seemed like a specimen from a mine, or the inscription on the door of a museum which might open on the treasures of past ages; and this trust in his mental wealth was all the deeper and more effective on her inclination because it was now obvious that his visits were made for her sake. This accomplished man condescended to think of a young girl, and take the pains to talk to her, not with absurd compliment, but with an appeal to her understanding, and sometimes with instructive correction. What delightful companionship! Mr. Casaubon seemed even unconscious that trivialities existed, and never handed round that small talk of heavy men which is as acceptable as stale bride-cake brought forth with an odor of cupboard. He talked of what he was interested in, or else he was silent, and bowed with sad civility. To Dorothea this was adorable genuineness, and religious abstinence from that artificiality which uses up the soul in the efforts of pretense. For she looked as reverently at Mr. Casaubon's religious elevation above herself as she did at his intellect and learning. He assented to her expressions of devout feeling, and usually with an appropriate quotation; he allowed himself to say that he had gone through some spiritual conflicts in his youth; in short, Dorothea saw that here she might reckon on understanding, sympathy, and guidance. On one—only one—of her favorite themes she was disappointed. Mr. Casaubon apparently did not care about building cottages, and diverted the talk to the extremely narrow accommodation which was to be had in the dwellings of the ancient Egyptians, as if to check a too high standard. After he was gone, Dorothea dwelt with some agitation on this indifference of his; and her mind was much exercised with arguments drawn from the varying conditions of climate which modify human needs, and from the admitted wickedness of pagan despots. Should she not urge these arguments on Mr. Casaubon when he came again? But further reflection told her that she was presumptuous in demanding his attention to such a subject; he would not disapprove of her occupying herself with it in leisure moments, as other women expected to occupy themselves with their dress and embroidery—would not forbid it when—Dorothea felt rather ashamed as she detected herself in these speculations. But her uncle had been invited to go to Lowick to stay a couple of days: was it reasonable to suppose that Mr. Casaubon delighted in Mr. Brooke's society for its own sake, either with or without documents?

Meanwhile that little disappointment made her delight the more in Sir James Chettam's readiness to set on foot the desired improvements. He came much oftener than Mr. Casaubon, and Dorothea ceased to find him disagreeable since he showed himself so entirely in earnest; for he had already entered with much practical ability into Lovegood's estimates, and was charmingly docile. She proposed to build a couple of cottages, and transfer two families from their old cabins, which could then be pulled down, so that new ones could be built on the old sites. Sir James said, "Exactly," and she bore the word remarkably well.

Certainly these men who had so few spontaneous ideas might be very useful members of society under good feminine direction, if they were fortunate in choosing their sisters-in-law! It is difficult to say whether there was or was not a little willfulness in her continuing blind to the possibility that another sort of choice was in question in relation to her. But her life was just now full of hope and action: she was not only thinking of her plans, but getting down learned books from the library and reading many things hastily (that she might be a little less ignorant in talking to Mr. Casaubon), all the while being visited with conscientious questionings whether she were not exalting these poor doings above measure, and contemplating them with that self-satisfaction which was the last doom of ignorance and folly.

CHAPTER IV.

"*1st Gent.* Our deeds are fetters that we forge ourselves.
2d Gent. Ay, truly: but I think it is the world
That brings the iron."

"Sir James seems determined to do every thing you wish," said Celia, as they were driving home from an inspection of the new building site.

"He is a good creature, and more sensible than any one would imagine," said Dorothea, inconsiderately.

"You mean that he appears silly."

"No, no," said Dorothea, recollecting herself, and laying her hand on her sister's a moment, "but he does not talk equally well on all subjects."

"I should think none but disagreeable people do," said Celia, in her usual purring way. "They must be very dreadful to live with. Only think! at breakfast, and always."

Dorothea laughed. "Oh, Kitty, you are a wonderful creature!" She pinched Celia's chin, being in the mood now to think her very winning and lovely—fit hereafter to be an eternal cherub, and if it were not doctrinally wrong to say so, hardly more in need of salvation than a squirrel. "Of course people need not be always talking well. Only one tells the quality of their minds when they try to talk well."

"You mean that Sir James tries and fails."

"I was speaking generally. Why do you catechise me about Sir James? It is not the object of his life to please me."

"Now, Dodo, can you really believe that?"

"Certainly. He thinks of me as a future sister—that is all." Dorothea had never hinted this before, waiting, from a certain shyness on such subjects which was mutual between the sisters, until it should be introduced by some decisive event. Celia blushed, but said at once:

"Pray do not make that mistake any longer, Dodo. When Tantripp was brushing my hair the other day she said that Sir James's man knew from Mrs. Cadwallader's maid that Sir James was to marry the eldest Miss Brooke."

"How can you let Tantripp talk such gossip to you, Celia?" said Dorothea, indignantly, not the less angry because details asleep in her memory were now awakened to confirm the unwelcome revelation. "You must have asked her questions. It is degrading."

"I see no harm at all in Tantripp's talking to me. It is better to hear what people say. You see what mistakes you make by taking up notions. I am quite sure that Sir James means to make you an offer; and he believes that you will accept him, especially since you have been so pleased with him about the plans. And uncle too—I know he expects it. Every one can see that Sir James is very much in love with you."

The revulsion was so strong and painful in Dorothea's mind that the tears welled up and

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flowed abundantly. All her dear plans were embittered, and she thought with disgust of Sir James's conceiving that she recognized him as her lover. There was vexation too on account of Celia.

"How could he expect it?" she burst forth, in her most impetuous manner. "I have never agreed with him about any thing but the cottages. I was barely polite to him before."

"But you have been so pleased with him since then, he has begun to feel quite sure that you are fond of him."

"Fond of him, Celia! How can you choose such odious expressions?" said Dorothea, passionately.

"Dear me, Dorothea, I suppose it would be right for you to be fond of a man whom you accepted for a husband."

"It is offensive to me to say that Sir James could think I was fond of him. Besides, it is not the right word for the feeling I must have toward the man I would accept as a husband."

"Well, I am sorry for Sir James. I thought it right to tell you, because you went on, as you always do, never looking just where you are, and treading in the wrong place. You always see what nobody else sees; it is impossible to satisfy you; yet you never see what is quite plain. That's your way, Dodo." Something certainly gave Celia unusual courage; and she was not sparing the sister of whom she was occasionally in awe. Who can tell what just criticisms Murr the Cat may be passing on us beings of wider speculation?

"It is very painful," said Dorothea, feeling scourged. "I can have no more to do with the cottages. I must be uncivil to him. I must tell him I will have nothing to do with them. It is very painful." Her eyes filled again with tears.

"Wait a little. Think about it. You know he is going away for a day or two to see his sister. There will be nobody besides Lovegood." Celia could not help relenting. "Poor Dodo," she went on, in an amiable staccato. "It is very hard: it is your favorite *fad* to draw plans."

"*Fad* to draw plans! Do you think I only care about my fellow-creatures' houses in that childish way? I may well make mistakes. How can one ever do any thing nobly Christian, living among people with such petty thoughts?"

No more was said: Dorothea was too much jarred to recover her temper, and behave so as to show that she admitted any error in herself. She was disposed rather to accuse the intolerable narrowness and the purblind conscience of the society around her; and Celia was no longer the eternal cherub, but a thorn in her spirit, a pink-and-white nullifidian, worse than any discouraging presence in the "Pilgrim's Progress." The *fad* of drawing plans! What was life worth—what great faith was possible when the whole effect of one's actions could be withered up into such parched rubbish as that? When she got out of the carriage her cheeks were pale and her eyelids red. She was an image of sorrow, and her uncle, who met her in the hall, would have been alarmed, if Celia had not been close to her, looking so pretty and composed that he at once concluded Dorothea's tears to have their origin in her excessive religiousness. He had returned, during their absence, from a journey to the county town about a petition for the pardon of some criminal.

"Well, my dears," he said, kindly, as they went up to kiss him, "I hope nothing disagreeable has happened while I have been away?"

"No, uncle," said Celia; "we have been to Freshitt to look at the cottages. We thought you would have been at home to lunch."

"I came by Lowick to lunch—you didn't know I came by Lowick. And I have brought a couple of pamphlets for you, Dorothea—in the library, you know; they lie on the table in the library."

It seemed as if an electric stream went through Dorothea, thrilling her from despair into expectation. They were pamphlets about the early Church. The oppression of Celia, Tantripp, and Sir James was shaken off, and she walked straight to the library. Celia went up stairs. Mr. Brooke was detained by a message, but when he re-entered the library, he found Dorothea seated, and already deep in one of the pamphlets, which had some marginal manuscript of Mr. Casaubon's—taking it in as eagerly as she might have taken in the scent of a fresh bouquet after a dry, hot, dreary walk.

She was getting away from Tipton and Freshitt, and her own sad liability to tread in the wrong places on her way to the New Jerusalem.

Mr. Brooke sat down in his arm-chair, stretched his legs toward the wood fire, which had fallen into a wondrous mass of glowing dice between the dogs, and rubbed his hands gently, looking very mildly toward Dorothea, but with a neutral, leisurely air, as if he had nothing particular to say. Dorothea closed her pamphlet as soon as she was aware of her uncle's presence, and rose as if to go. Usually she would have been interested about her uncle's merciful errand on behalf of the criminal, but her late agitation had made her absent-minded.

"I came back by Lowick, you know," said Mr. Brooke, not as if with any intention to arrest her departure, but apparently from his usual tendency to say what he had said before. This fundamental principle of human speech was markedly exhibited in Mr. Brooke. "I lunched there, and saw Casaubon's library, and that kind of thing. There's a sharp air driving. Won't you sit down, my dear? You look cold."

Dorothea felt quite inclined to accept the invitation. Sometimes, when her uncle's easy way of taking things did not happen to be exasperating, it was rather soothing. She threw off her mantle and bonnet, and sat down opposite to him, enjoying the glow, but lifting up her beautiful hands for a screen. They were not thin hands or small hands, but powerful, feminine, maternal hands. She seemed to be holding them up in propitiation for her passionate desire to know and to think, which in the unfriendly mediums of Tipton and Freshitt had issued in crying and red eyelids.

She bethought herself now of the condemned criminal. "What news have you brought about the sheep-stealer, uncle?"

"What, poor Bunch?—well, it seems we can't get him off—he is to be hanged."

Dorothea's brow took an expression of reprobation and pity.

"Hanged, you know," said Mr. Brooke, with a quiet nod. "Poor Romilly! he would have helped us. I knew Romilly. Casaubon didn't know Romilly. He is a little buried in books, you know, Casaubon is."

"When a man has great studies, and is writing a great work, he must of course give up seeing much of the world. How can he go about making acquaintances?"

"That's true. But a man mopes, you know. I have always been a bachelor too, but I have that sort of disposition that I never moped; it was my way to go about every where and take in every thing. I never moped: but I can see that Casaubon does, you know. He wants a companion—a companion, you know."

"It would be a great honor to any one to be his companion," said Dorothea, energetically.

"You like him, eh?" said Mr. Brooke, without showing any surprise, or other emotion. "Well, now, I've known Casaubon ten years, ever since he came to Lowick. But I never got any thing out of him—any ideas, you know. However, he is a tiptop man, and may be a bishop—that kind of thing, you know, if Peel stays in. And he has a very high opinion of you, my dear."

Dorothea could not speak.

"The fact is, he has a very high opinion indeed of you. And he speaks uncommonly well, does Casaubon. He has deferred to me, you not being of age. In short, I have promised to speak to you, though I told him I thought there was not much chance. I was bound to tell him that. I said, my niece is very young, and that kind of thing. But I didn't think it necessary to go into every thing. However, the long and the short of it is, that he has asked my permission to make you an offer of marriage—of marriage, you know," said Mr. Brooke, with his explanatory nod. "I thought it better to tell you, my dear."

No one could have detected any anxiety in Mr. Brooke's manner, but he did really wish to know something of his niece's mind, that, if there were any need for advice, he might give it in time. What feeling he, as a magistrate who had taken in so many ideas, could make room for, was unmixedly kind. Since Dorothea did not speak immediately, he repeated, "I thought it better to tell you, my dear."

"Thank you, uncle," said Dorothea, in a clear, unwavering tone. "I am very grateful to Mr. Casaubon. If he makes me an offer, I shall accept him. I admire and honor him more than any man I ever saw."

Mr. Brooke paused a little, and then said, in a lingering, low tone, "Ah?...... Well! He is a good match, in some respects. But now, Chettam is a good match. And our land lies together. I shall never interfere against your wishes, my dear. People should have their own way in marriage, and that sort of thing—up to a certain point, you know. I have always said that, up to a certain point. I wish you to marry well; and I have good reason to believe that Chettam wishes to marry you. I mention it, you know."

"It is impossible that I should ever marry Sir James Chettam," said Dorothea. "If he thinks of marrying me, he has made a great mistake."

"That is it, you see. One never knows. I should have thought Chettam was just the sort of man a woman would like, now."

"Pray do not mention him in that light again, uncle," said Dorothea, feeling some of her late irritation revive.

Mr. Brooke wondered, and felt that women were an inexhaustible subject of study, since even he, at his age, was not in a perfect state of scientific prediction about them. Here was a fellow like Chettam with no chance at all.

"Well, but Casaubon, now. There is no hurry—I mean for you. It's true, every year will tell upon him. He is over five-and-forty, you know. I should say a good seven-and-twenty years older than you. To be sure, if you like learning and standing, and that sort of thing—we can't have every thing. And his income is good—he has a handsome property independent of the Church—his income is good. Still, he is not young, and I must not conceal from you, my dear, that I think his health is not over-strong. I know nothing else against him."

"I should not wish to have a husband very near my own age," said Dorothea, with grave decision. "I should wish to have a husband who was above me in judgment and in all knowledge."

Mr. Brooke repeated his subdued "Ah?—I thought you had more of your own opinion than most girls. I thought you liked your own opinion—liked it, you know."

"I can not imagine myself living without some opinions, but I should wish to have good reasons for them, and a wise man could help me to see which opinions had the best foundation, and would help me to live according to them."

"Very true. You couldn't put the thing better—couldn't put it better, beforehand, you know. But there are oddities in things," continued Mr. Brooke, whose conscience was really roused to do the best he could for his niece on this occasion. "Life isn't cast in a mould—not cut out by rule and line, and that sort of thing. I never married myself, and it will be the better for you and yours. The fact is, I never loved any one well enough to put myself into a noose for them. It is a noose, you know. Temper, now. There is temper. And a husband likes to be master."

"I know that I must expect trials, uncle. Marriage is a state of higher duties. I never thought of it as mere personal ease," said poor Dorothea.

"Well, you are not fond of show, a great establishment, balls, dinners, that kind of thing. I can see that Casaubon's ways might suit you better than Chettam's. And you shall do as you like, my dear. I would not hinder Casaubon; I said so at once; for there is no knowing how any thing may turn out. You have not the same tastes as every young lady, and a clergyman and scholar—who may be a bishop—that kind of thing—may suit you better than Chettam. Chettam is a good fellow, a good, sound-hearted fellow, you know, but he doesn't go much into ideas. I did, when I was his age. But Casaubon's eyes, now. I think he has hurt them a little with too much reading."

"I should be all the happier, uncle, the more room there was for me to help him," said Dorothea, ardently.

"You have quite made up your mind, I see. Well, my dear, the fact is, I have a letter for you in my pocket." Mr. Brooke handed the letter to Dorothea, but as she rose to go away, he added, "There is not too much hurry, my dear. Think about it, you know."

When Dorothea had left him, he reflected that he had certainly spoken strongly: he had put the risks of marriage before her in a striking manner. It was his duty to do so. But as to pretending to be wise for young people—no uncle, however much he had traveled in his youth, absorbed the new ideas, and dined with celebrities now deceased, could pretend to judge what sort of marriage would turn out well for a young girl who preferred Casaubon to Chettam. In short, woman was a problem which, since Mr. Brooke's mind felt blank before it, could be hardly less complicated than the revolutions of an irregular solid.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

It might be more comfortable to speak of ice and ice-houses when midsummer heats are oppressive than when December's frosts are nipping our ears. It may be unfortunate that Nature does not make ice for us when we feel most to need it. But the prospect now is that she will give us a bountiful supply this season, that there will be no lack when the sultry days of August, 1872, call for frequent cooling potations and heady ices and creams. An inexpensive ice-house may be easily made; any farmer can construct his own without difficulty. Several families in a village might unite in storing their ice in one house. And if country people should more form the habit of providing this so-called luxury for their summer use, they would realize its value. The *Country Gentleman* gives, for instance, the following directions for making a very simple structure, which will serve a temporary purpose:

Lay some old rails or poles on a place of ground sufficiently inclined to carry off water, fill the crevices with sawdust, and cover with old boards or slabs. Get from the saw-mill a few loads of slabs, take four about twelve feet long, notch the corners as for a log-house, set them on the platform, and you have a crib about ten and a half feet square by the width of the slab deep; fill this crib with sawdust and pack it down hard. Cut your ice so that it will pack close, lay it on the sawdust, put on another crib of slabs, and fill up and pack hard with sawdust all around, and so go on until you get up six or eight feet; then put a foot and a half of sawdust on top. Over this put a shed roof of slabs—one end of the slabs nearly to the ice, raising the other three feet. Ice will keep in such a house as well as in a more elaborate structure.

It is a common fallacy to regard in diet that brain-workers need less nutriment than muscle-workers. The changes of tissue in the brain that take place during study and thought are very important and very rapid, and must be replaced by abundant food.

An exchange predicts fearful times in the future for old bachelors: 1872 is leap-year; and with the general advance in woman's rights, no unmarried man over twenty-five will be safe.

Prussia is far behind the times—at least behind American times. An enthusiastic lady who made a speech at Halle in favor of woman's rights was sentenced the next morning by a police judge to ten days' imprisonment on bread and water for advocating free-love doctrines.

In Denmark an arrangement is made by which children may attend school one part of the day and work the other part. A school-house—in Copenhagen, for example—is furnished for a thousand children; one session is held in the morning, a thousand attending; in the afternoon a second thousand children attend—both schools being under the same general management.

"Have you a copy of *Prometheus Unbound?*" inquired a customer of a clerk in a bookstore the other day.

"No," was the reply; "but we will order you a copy of *Prometheus*, and have it bound as cheaply as possible."

The Prince and Princess de la Moskowa, who were the companions in captivity of the Emperor Napoleon at Wilhelmshohe, and who also accompanied him to England, have returned to Paris.

It is said of Catharine M. Sedgwick—whose "Life and Letters" have just been published by the Messrs. Harper—that her love for children was peculiarly tender. She and every child who came near her seemed to be bound together by the strongest mutual attraction. It was a practice of hers, when her little nieces went to bed, to lie down beside them and tell them a story. Her stories, invented at the moment, were often continued from night to night; and in that case she was frequently reproved for mistakes in the names of the characters or the incidents of the story. A niece of hers says: "At seventy-five I have seen her sit on the floor and play 'Hunt the Slipper' with as much zest as any of the children." She encouraged the most affectionate familiarity of manner. A lovely little girl, one of her nieces, once exclaimed, on hearing some one say how much she respected Miss Sedgwick, "Rethpect Aunt Kitty! why, I couldn't rethpect Aunt Kitty!" Nothing could have delighted "Aunt Kitty" more than such evidence of that love which "casteth out fear."

Russian women, according to report, aspire to have a university of their own.

Remarkable stories about the sagacity of rats abound, and rats "of the period" seem to be improving on the wisdom of their ancestors. A lady of Brunswick, Maine, vouches for the truth of a tale as strange as any we have heard lately. The lady was greatly annoyed by rats in her cellar, where she kept, among other things, several dozens of bottles of preserves on shelves. She often found the corks out of some of the bottles, and an evident decrease of the preserves, a circumstance which puzzled her much. One day, as she was in the yard near the cellar window, she happened to spy an old gray rat run across the cellar and climb on the shelf. Standing on his hind-legs, with his fore-legs around the neck of the bottle, he moved out the stopper, and drawing a quart box that was on the shelf to the side of the bottle, got up on it. He then turned about and dipped his tail full length into the preserves. Carefully drawing his tail out, he doubled himself up, and drew his tail through his mouth until he had removed all of the preserves. He went through this same process, and the lady watched this feeding, for nearly half an hour, until the rogue had settled the preserves some two inches.

The *Feejee Times* is a good-sized, eight-page paper containing excellent reading matter—largely taken from foreign journals—shipping news, and plenty of advertisements. It is well supported by the native people. Yet not many years ago only a degraded race of cannibals dwelt in the Feejee Islands. The printing-press follows the missionary.

Corporal punishment may now be inflicted by any Russian criminal judge upon a prisoner to the extent of one hundred lashes. But the czar has appointed a committee to examine into this matter of corporal punishment, and it is probable that after their report is made this penalty will be abolished.

The following dubious recommendation was all that an English servant could produce as a testimonial of "character:" "The bearer has been in my house a year—minus eleven months. During this time she has shown herself diligent—at the house door; frugal—in work; mindful—of herself; prompt—in excuses; friendly—toward men; faithful—to her lovers; and honest—when every thing was vanished."

The little kingdom of Sweden is making preparations to send out a new polar expedition next spring. Trips to the arctic regions are becoming all the style.

It is rumored that M. Henri Rochefort will be confined in the island of Saint Marguerite, on the coast of Provence, and that he is to occupy the cell in which the famous Man in the Iron Mask was imprisoned for several years.

One of the most noteworthy donations on Chicago's record is that from five hundred disabled soldiers in the "National Asylum" of Augusta, Maine. With sympathetic hearts they sent a contribution of [illegible] "for the relief of the sufferers by the late disastrous fire."

On the western coast of Africa in the state of [illegible] Kambell is the king thereof. He is evidently a wise and prudent monarch, and has not postponed preparations for death. An envoy extraordinary from the country has recently brought to one of the principal cabinet-makers of Paris instructions for making a coffin for the king. It is to be three meters in length and a meter and a half in height, blue in color, polished and varnished, and the nails are to be of gold. It is to rest on four feet of massive silver. The interior will be lined with red velvet, and a magnificent cushion will be placed for the head to repose on. Six windows will be made in the lid, and windows are also to be placed in the sides. The maker has also received orders to place inside the coffin six bottles of old cognac, two pipes, and a chess-board and chess-men. These objects are destined to accompany his majesty on his voyage to the other world.

One hundred and twenty-one and three-fourths miles of sidewalk were destroyed by the Chicago fire.

The Lafayette College, Pennsylvania, has received from Baron Ferdinand de Lesseps a set of twenty-three volumes of reports and documents relating to the conception and execution of the Suez Canal. The volumes are illustrated by beautifully executed maps and plans.

The following comparison of the losses by great fires will be of interest to many: Chicago, 1871, $[illegible]; London, 1666, $53,000,000; New York, 1835, $[illegible]; Portland, 1866, $10,000,000; Pittsburg, 1845, $[illegible]; New York, 1845, $6,000,000; San Francisco, 18[illegible], $[illegible]; Charleston, 1838, $[illegible]; St. Louis, 18[illegible], $[illegible]; Albany, 1848, $[illegible].

The Colorado *Tribune* discourses upon the superiority of climate of that section of our country. The dry, clear, bracing atmosphere of Colorado is highly recommended for consumptives. The purity of the air is remarkable, and imparts to one inhaling it several [illegible]. It is said that no one having tendencies to consumption, or in the early stages of the disease, crosses the plains to Colorado who is not immediately relieved. Nearly all pronounce themselves cured. Asthma and diseases of the liver are mitigated or cured in the climate of Colorado.

It so happened that the Emperor Napoleon was made very comfortable during his stay at the Imperial Hotel at Torquay. Before he went away he expressed a wish to see the cook—a Frenchman. When the cook appeared, Napoleon said that he wanted to tell him in person how much he had been pleased with the cooking. "I have not enjoyed my dinners so much anywhere since I left the Tuileries," said the emperor.

"Sire, I am honored," was the reply; "but will your majesty permit me to mention that I have had the honor of cooking hundreds of dinners for you and the empress, I was cook at the Tuileries until two years ago."

Russia is absorbing many of the skilled artists of France, for many of the working-men of Paris have no choice but packing up their effects and seeking new homes. They have a right to carry their talents to the best market. But Parisians can scarcely fined live enjoyably in the unhealthy atmosphere of Rus[illegible]

PILGRIMS OF THE PLAINS.

BEFORE the completion of the Pacific Railroad the journey across the plains was a very different undertaking from what it is now. It was full of peril, wild adventure, and exciting romance. Those who first ventured to explore the pathless wilderness must have left the last precincts of border civilization with the same feeling that COLUMBUS and his men for the first time saw the shores of their native country sink out of sight, while before them stretched the unknown, illimitable waste of waters. Their only guide was the compass. A net-work of devious Indian and buffalo trails perplexed rather than aided them in selecting their road, and at the same time kept them constantly alive to the perils which surrounded them. There was danger at every step. Every moment might bring their dusky enemies into sight, and compel them to fight for their lives with a foe whose cruelty was only exceeded by his wiliness and craft.

In time these matters somewhat mended. The trails most commonly pursued by the emigrant trains became magnificent roads, often from fifty to sixty yards in width, and were so frequently traversed by large and well-guarded trains as to be safe in comparison with what they had been. Occasionally, it is true, a strong band of Indians would sweep down upon a small or negligently guarded train, and stampede the cattle and teams, if they did not massacre the people; but these calamities bore a small proportion to the immense number of caravans that passed every year across the plains. The danger was, however, constant, and was only averted by unceasing vigilance on the part of the "pilgrims," as the emigrants were styled on the plains—not, however, for their saintly characteristics.

Our illustration on this page represents a halt of one of these trains for the night. The day's journey has been accomplished, and the corral, or camp, must be made up before darkness comes on. This is done by arranging the wagons in a circle, leaving but one opening, to guard against an Indian charge as well as to provide a place where the animals belonging to the train can be securely guarded and kept from straying. The camp cooking fires are lighted, and during the preparations for the meal, which includes both dinner and supper, the hearts of the weary wagoners are beguiled with cheering notes from the musician of the train. They are a hard, wild set, these wagoners. Living beyond the confines of civilization, and removed from all the softening influences of society, they form a class by themselves peculiar to the great plains. Constant exposure to peril makes them insensible to danger, and is also the cause of their utter recklessness of human life. Men who don't

PILGRIMS OF THE PLAINS.

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care for their own lives are not apt to be particular about others', and when they fight, it is, perhaps, less to save themselves than to kill somebody else. But in spite of this trifling moral defect they are a class worthy of great respect. As a general rule, they are men of their word, brave and generous, and if they undertook to carry you across the plains, you might feel sure they would die for you just as recklessly as they would kill you on the proper provocation.

BOILER EXPLOSIONS.

A course of very interesting and important experiments has been going on at Sandy Hook, instituted by the united railroad companies of New Jersey, under the superintendence of Mr. F. B. STEVENS, with the view of obtaining light on the causes of boiler explosions. The experiments took place in grounds at the Hook belonging to the United States, where a large plot had been inclosed for the purpose by a high fence, as shown in one of the illustrations on this page. The boilers to be experimented with were nine in number, and were provided with the requisite pressure and water gauges. The former were expressly manufactured for the occasion, and had been carefully tested. Five pressure-gauges were placed near each boiler tried, under the protection of two bomb-proofs, and two, tested to a pressure of 1500 pounds per square inch, were placed side by side at a safe distance from the boilers (about 250 feet on the first day, and 450 feet on the second day of the experiments), with which they communicated by a pipe of suitable length; while in this position their indications were compared with those of the tested pressure-gauges at the boilers, and found to agree. All of Mr. STEVENS's arrangements were judiciously made, and nothing was wanting to their accuracy and completeness.

The experiment we have selected for illustration was the trial of "Boiler No. 3," built by T. F. SECOR in 1845, and taken out of the steamer *Bordentown* in August last, after having been in use twenty-five years. When taken out the certificate allowed its use with thirty pounds of steam per square inch. It is a return tubular boiler, with one furnace extending the whole width. The boiler is twelve feet wide and fifteen feet five inches long. Its shell was rectangular, and its whole strength consisted in its interior braces. On the 2d of September it was tested under a hydrostatic pressure of sixty pounds per square inch, when twelve of the braces gave way. After being repaired it was again subjected to a hydrostatic test of thirty pounds per square inch, which it bore without fracture, and on the 16th of November it was further subjected to a steam pressure of forty-three pounds per square inch, which it again bore without injury.

In the final experiment the water b[...] boiler was fifteen inches above the tub[...] by Mr STEVENS and his workmen [...] before the explosion took place. T[...] indicated a gradual raising of the ste[...] ure until it reached fifty pounds to t[...] inch, when some of the braces gave w[...] loud report; and when a pressure of f[...] was attained, the boiler exploded wi[...] violence. The steam-drum, and a p[...] the top of the shell, forming a mass [...] tons in weight, were hurled high into t[...] fell about 500 feet from the inclosure.

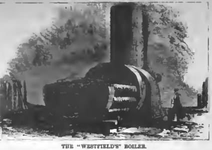
The boiler was literally torn into [...] only a mass of shattered tubes remain[...] spot where it had been. The ground [...] siderable space around the boiler was [...] with the water it had contained.

This experiment was witnessed by [...] F. ISHERWOOD and STUART A. ALE[...] engineers of the United States navy, [...] the Navy Department to witness and [...] these experiments, Captain W. W. [...] superintendent of the Jersey City ferry [...] gentlemen connected either with the [...] or the superintendence of steam boile[...] agreed that it entirely contradicted [...] theories in respect to explosions, for [...] that with neither an extraordinary p[...] low water an explosion of the most v[...] acter was possible in a boiler which h[...] ly stood the test of hydrostatic pressu[...] isfactory manner.

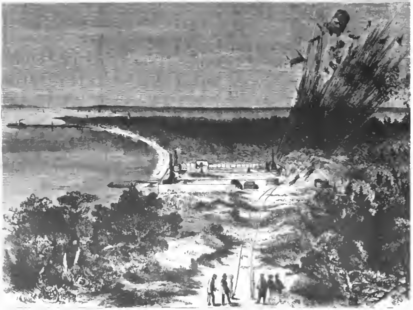
Mr. ISHERWOOD's report to the [...] the Navy embodies several importan[...] esting conclusions drawn from these [...] which will be of great practical val[...] mining the cause of steam boiler exp[...] was shown, for example, that a p[...] moderately in excess of that genera[...] sufficient to shatter a boiler to frag[...] that with only a wood fire (coal wa[...] only thirteen minutes were required [...] pressure from the inspector's workin[...] of thirty pounds per square inch to t[...] pressure of 53½ pounds per square in[...] that a few minutes' absence or negle[...] gineer, coupled with an overloaded o[...] safety-valve, are all that are needed [...] the most destructive steam boiler ex[...]

These experiments, having thus [...] disposed of several theories of stea[...] plosion, and replaced vague conjectur[...] hypothesis with exact experimental [...] narrowed the field for the search o[...] made its discovery more probable. [...] will watch with the greatest interest [...] tinuation of these trials, which invol[...] of the highest importance to the com[...]

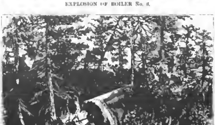
Our cut of the boiler of the *Wes*[...] the break made by the explosion b[...] The upper part of the boiler shell [...] blown away.



THE "WESTFIELD'S" BOILER.



EXPLOSION OF BOILER No. 3.



FOUR-TON FRAGMENTS OF BOILER No. 3.

THE EXPERIMENTAL BOILER CAMP AT SANDY HOOK.—[FROM SKETCHES BY T. R. DAVIS.]

M AND ISEULT.

AN UNFINISHED POEM.

CHARLES SWINBURNE.

d last of all things made,
ng has man's life its shade,
temporal veil has as
n woven in unison,
ith all lives inwrought
and starry deed and thought,
new act and passion new
the body and beauty through,
of fire and light
men as soon as night;
pon the spirit of man
e flesh whence breath began;
the choir of lives in chime;
within the veins of time;
whole world without stroke of

of sea, the length of land,
and motion of his breath
heart of the earth strikes life and

ds that make the sweet time live
ghs of things alternative,
through sound of storm and

f dying death and life;
ad of light in all men's east,
ve take fire from sparks of tears;
an's feet of chains or wings;
d fruit of terrene things;
world's waters shall not drown,
ery fiends not burn down;
e his own hands guard his head
eath and strength shall not strike

s own hands make his grave
ity and sorrow shall not save;
life shall not be sold,
d with iron nor with gold;
, could love bid heaven farewell,
ce and unflowering hell,
n hell could love be given,
did and sonorous heaven.
hin thee and light above,
f nothing but of love;
ately thoughts and much desire
he life of tears and fire;
ately days and much delight
to lifeless life of night.
s? albeit all this were thus,
and left it ruinous,
eyeless men lead well,
chance in deathward—ah, what

m led them farther yet,
o where memories rise and set,
some moon-like warm and pale,
seem through clouds that sail
rough spectral host of fame,
of its own special bloom
s own colored light,
l the host of night,
e radiant rest
ender? Hath the host
f all that burn and move,
heaven is? Hath not love
ely sweet particular air
n beams and names to bear,
r, and their wards to keep,
nd glory and all things sleep?
from death at lovers dead
memories, and kept red
embrance in men's eyes,
stories in his skies,
red blood in lips that speak
al in the listener's cheek
he kindling pity lit
e a sweet fever-fit,
d of pure thought
their honey out of naught,
ad lives without belief
, the grievous ghost of grief?
refashions the sere blood
l, or in sun-struck bud,
d tempering dew to cure
t, of day's distemperature
discoloring hours,
me their flameless flowers
d heat of lamping song,
ed things, long dead, live long.
their wan immortal fames,
g signs of women's names
he end and the weeks anew
low change of seasons through
of his dateless year,
tales is Queen Guenevere?
phered signs whereby
n darkness, and most high
f January there glows
Helen like a rose:
snow-flower rhetorious
soothed are blown bitterness,
sea-farers of love
trial eyes for glimpses of,
beauty a gray frost and damp
lives for a lamp;
e song into our skies
and morning in his eyes;
across the rough blue sea
of Alcyone
on bosom of the wind-foot year;
undersun-sullen tear
fall next sign in sight
April-colored light
ith song and rain and flame,
that in love's heaven hath name
moon and beam and shower,
makes the song tree flower;
burning pearl beyond
re of flower named Rosamond
of May-time, and for June
d and storm-reddening moon
hose Carthaginian pyre
's flying and with fire;
he wasp-bright jacinth-stone,
all first to music shone,
golden Juliet bears
the month whose forehead wears
upon it, and his trees
ith song with Verona's;
sovereign chrysolite
se for that blinds the sight
f Venus kissed by Mars,
small sphered flowers of stars,
ra life and burns
n whence ardent August yearns;
ng as the sister-shed
ethen discrowned and dead,
onth's amber-colored sphere,
other sees the saddening year
through sorrow, hath to name
e star that watches flame
harvest overgone
love in Babylon.
title of sweet signs

A blood-bright ruby; last save one light shines
An eastern wonder of sphery chrysoprase,
The star that made men mad, Angelica's;
And latest named and loveliest, with a sound
Of swords and harps in heaven that ring it round,
Last love-light and last love-song of the year's,
Gleams like a glorious emerald Guenevere's.
These are the signs wherethrough the year sees move,
Full of the sun, the sun-god which is love,
A fiery body blood-red from the heart
Outward, with fire-white wings made wide apart,
That close not and unclose not, but upright
Steered without wind by their own light and might
Sweep through the flameless fire of air that rings
From heaven to heaven with thunder of wheels and wings
And antiphones of motion-moulded rhyme
Through spaces out of space and timeless time.
So shine above dead chance and conquered change
The sphered signs, and leave without their range
Doubt and desire, and hope with fear for wife,
Pale pains, and pleasures long worn out of life.
Yea, even the shadows of them spiritless,
Through the dim door of sleep that seem to press,
Forms without form, a piteous people and blind,
Men and no men, whose lamentable kind
The shadow of death and shadow of life compel
Through semblances of heaven and false-faced hell,
Through dreams of light and dreams of darkness tost
On waves innavigable, are these so lost?
Shapes that wax pale and shift in swift strange wise,
Void faces with unspeculative eyes,
Dim things that gaze and glare, dead mouths that move,
Featureless heads discrowned of hate and love,
Mockeries and masks of motion and mute breath,
Leavings of life, the superflux of death—
If these things and no more than these things be
Left when man ends or changes, who can see?
Or who can say with what more subtle sense
Their subtler natures taste in air less dense
A life less thick and palpable than ours,
Warmed with faint fires and sweetened with dead flowers
And measured by low music? how time fares
In that wan time-forgotten world of theirs,
Their pale poor world too deep for sun or star
To live in, where the eyes of Helen are,
And hers who made as God's own eyes to shine
The eyes that met them of the Florentine,
Eyes heavenly ere they knew her, but when they knew
Heavenly past name of heaven their godhead grew,
Grew great and waxed and wonderfully lit
All time for all men with the shadow of it;
Ah, and these too felt on them as God's grace
The pity and glory of this man's breathing face—
For these too, these my lovers, these my twain,
Saw Dante, saw God visible by pain,
With lips that thundered and with feet that trod
Before men's eyes incognizable God—
Saw love and wrath and light and night and fire
Live with one life and at one mouth respire,
And in one golden sound their whole soul heard
Sounding, one sweet immitigable word.
They have the night, who had like us the day;
We, whom day binds, shall have the night as they.
We, from the fetters of the light unbound,
Healed of our wound of living, shall sleep sound.
All gifts but one the jealous God may keep
From our soul's longing, one he can not—sleep.
This, though he grudge all other grace to prayer,
This grace his closed hand can not choose but spare.
This, though his ear be sealed to all that live,
Be it lightly given or loathly, God must give.
We, as the men our memory sleeps upon,
We too shall surely pass out of the sun;
Out of the sound and eyeless light of things,
Wide as the stretch of life's time-wandering wings,
Wide as the naked world and shadowless,
And long-lived as the world's own weariness.
Us too, when all the fires of time are cold,
The heights shall hide us and the depths shall hold.
Us too, when all the tears of time are dry,
The night shall lighten from her tearless eye.
Blind is the day and eyeless all its light,
But the large unbewildered eye of night
Hath sense and speculation; and the sheer
Limitless length of lifeless life and clear,
The timeless space wherein the brief worlds move
Clothed with light life and fruitful with light love,
With hopes that threaten, and with fears that cease,
Past fear and hope, hath in it only peace.
Yet of these lives inlaid with hopes and fears,
Spun fine as fire and jeweled thick with tears,
These lives made out of loves that long since were,
Lives made as ours of earth and burning air,
Fugitive flame, and water of secret springs,
And clothed with joys and sorrows as with wings,
Some yet are good, if aught be good, to save
Some while from washing wreck and wrecking wave.
Was such not theirs, the twain I take, and give
Out of my life to make their dead life live
Some days of mine, and blow my living breath
Between the lips for their sake of their death?
So many and many ere me have given my twain
Love and live song and honey-hearted pain,
Whose root is sweetness and whose fruit is sweet,
So many and with such joy have tracked their feet,
What should I do to follow? yet I too,
I have the heart to follow, many or few
Be the feet gone before me; for the way,
Rose-red with remnant roses of the day
Westward, and eastward white with stars that break,
Between the green and foam is fair to take
For any sail the sea-wind steers for me
From morning into morning, sea to sea.

STORY OF AN INKSTAND,

WITH THE INKSTAND LEFT OUT.

"That inkstand? Yes, it has a history. I may as well tell it to you now as any other time, I suppose. You ought to be called the Great American History Extractor, or Romance Extractor; for if there is a particle of romance in any thing or any body in a place where you happen to be, you are sure to scent it out."

"Of all days, this is the most glorious one for a romance—the rain falling with that steady, monotonous drip, drip, drip; not a soul in the house but ourselves, and we so snug in this splendid old library."

Mag Hastings was indeed an indefatigable romance-hunter. She was always looking for situations where the romantic predominated. She would have succeeded as a dramatist, without a doubt. She was apparently as happy as mortal could be on the morning in question, nestled in the depths of my scarlet lounge, perfectly certain that she looked picturesque in her dark green street suit, relieved by the daintiest linen.

"Come here, pet!" said she; and a bunch of white wool, with a blue ribbon tied at one end of it, marking a spot where in a dog a neck would be, trotted mysteriously toward her. What propelling power there could be in the shaggy thing was a wonder I never could get over, but somehow it managed to spring into Mag's arms, and then the silence assured one that my story was expected.

The surroundings were favorable for story-telling, it is true. The room heavily wainscoted with dark wood, the cases of books of all times and of all varieties; the long windows richly draped with scarlet brocade, lined with exquisite lace, the thick soft carpet of mottled green; the Turkish lounges, the quaint chairs, luxuriously upholstered; the bronzes on the mantle and in niches and corners—bronzes that told old stories of mythology; the engravings on the wall; the little gems in oil selected for their wonderful coloring—an autumn scene, a burning ship, a group of German peasants; the glowing fire of sea-coal, and the polished hearth and fender—all appealed to the love of the beautiful and the picturesque, while the cold, unceasing rain, the bare, gaunt trees, the dripping shrubbery, and the blanched grass drove the thoughts within for solace and amusement.

The inkstand that Mag Hastings referred to was a pretty affair in Swiss carving. It represented two little peasants carrying water, the buckets suspended from a pole resting in a hand of each. Of course the water-pails were the ink receptacles, and the pole was the pen-rack. It was poetic and realistic at the same time, and as pretty a trifle for a library table as one would wish to see.

"The story is a sad one, Mag," said I. "It will give you the blues for the rest of the day."

"So much the better," she answered, with a true dramatic love of the horrible—"so much the better. I'd like to be stirred up a little. I fear I'm too comfortable. A little dash of imaginative sorrow is needed to relieve this perfect enjoyment. A little shade throws out the good points of any thing, you know. Isn't it so, pet?" and she pinched the little appendage dignified by the name of tail till a sharp yelp came out of the soft white mass in her arms. "There, I told you so, pet: now you'll know what true repose is."

"I should scold you, Mag," said I, "if it were the least use in the world. But you are incorrigible; so I will go on. Time will give you shadow enough, without doubt.

"When I was in Venice—" I commenced.

"In Venice!" exclaimed Mag, sitting bolt-upright, and giving the little dumpling of a poodle a push that brought out a most spiteful yelp. "When were you ever in Venice?"

"Why, you know, Mag, that I was abroad more than two years. In fact, I had just returned when you and I became acquainted," I replied, wondering a little at the unusual interest she appeared to take in the commencement of my story.

"Oh, I know that," she replied. "But I never heard you say any thing about Venice;" again reclining and closing her eyes, as much as to say, "Go on. I am at a loss to conceive what made me so foolish as to disturb myself for so slight a thing as the mention of a foreign and defunct city."

"Well, when I was in Venice—I believe it was the second month of my stay there—Charles came in one day" (Charles is my husband) "from a long tramp about the Palazzo Loredan, the Ca' d' Oro—you know which I mean—the one built in the sixteenth century, in the Oriental style, and restored by Mademoiselle Taglioni, the celebrated dancer—"

"Oh yes," said Mag, impatiently, "I know all about it. Haven't I been there? wasn't I born there? haven't I always lived there? didn't the Doge of Venice christen me? didn't I draw my first breath on the Bridge of Sighs? and wasn't I one of Mademoiselle Taglioni's pupils? Go ahead, and tell what Charles said when he came back from his tramp about the Ca' d' Oro. But never mind the architecture; I'm not building at present."

I had seen Margaret in many strange moods, but never felt her to be so utterly incorrigible as upon this occasion. However, I resumed without appearing to remark it.

"Charles came in, and said, hastily, 'Nell, tell Pedro to get up a nice lunch just as quick as he can. I have brought an invalid home with me, and if I can I shall persuade him to remain a while with us. I have taken a strange fancy to the fellow, and should like to have him where we could take a little care of him. He will certainly die if somebody don't take an interest in him.' So I hurried around, and after a little Pedro and I—"

"Oh, never mind about the lunch!" interrupted Mag again, without opening her eyes, and with a little tremolo in her voice, which I could not understand. "Proceed with the man! Animals always interest me more than food."

"You would not call Austin Benedict an animal if you could see him once," I replied, a little indignantly, and was about to add that I didn't wish Charles mixed up with that species either, when over went the lap-dog on to the lounge, and Mag said, irritably:

"I believe *that* animal thinks I have nothing to do but to make my lap into a bed for his convenience. Go on, Nell. Austin Benedict! Austin Benedict is a good name. It has got the right kind of a ring to it. I'll bet my new solitaire against three cents that his character was as stony as his cognomen. A man called Austin Benedict would do what he considered to be right, if by so doing it killed him and every body he was acquainted with! I wish you would ring for some wine, Nell. I am as cold as death. Don't get up, though—and please go on."

"Yes," I resumed, "you are quite right about Mr. Benedict's character. I believe there is something in names. But for all that the fellow was dying for love."

"A very interesting case," said Mag, turning deathly pale. "Do you know the circumstances?" and then, with the slightest perceptible sneer, added, "A man must be very strong to admit such a thing about himself."

"Oh," I answered, "it was a long time before we got at the facts in the case; but one day, when I sat by him, and we all thought he couldn't last many hours, he told me the whole story."

"When you sat by him, and thought he couldn't last many hours, he told you the whole story!" repeated Mag, in a strange sort of a way. "Did he *die*?"

"No; he rallied again," I answered, almost out of breath at Mag's strange behavior. "It seems that he loved with his whole heart and soul a very beautiful and much-sought-after young lady. She *pretended* to love him. His parents were opposed to the match; she proposed to defy his parents. The next news he receives comes in the form of a letter from her, telling him that she finds she does not care for him as she supposed, and asking to be freed from her engagement."

"He *did* receive such a letter, did he? Austin Benedict did receive such a letter?" and Mag arose from her recumbent position, and stood before me, pale as a corpse, but with the light of forty avenging angels in her eyes. "I never wrote that letter!" she exclaimed. "It is a forgery from beginning to end! Nell Harris, you took care of Austin Benedict in his last hours?" And now the proud head of Margaret Hastings was buried in my lap.

"I took care of him when he was ill," I replied.

"And he loved the woman he believed to be false to the last?"

"He loved the woman—"

"Oh, Nell! Nell! what shall I do? How can I ever live, now that I know he died with that cruel impression of me?" interrupted poor Mag, giving me no opportunity to explain myself. "You took care of him—you made him comfortable—you kissed him when he was dying; and I—loved and despised, I—"

It was about time for me to insist upon being listened to; so I said, "Stop a minute, Mag darling. I did do all I could for Austin Benedict's comfort, and have kissed him a good many times; but not when he was dying, Mag; for he hasn't passed away yet, unless he has accomplished that feat to-day, and—and—"

"What in the world is all this?" said Charles, who had entered softly with his latch-key.

"Where is Austin?" I asked, in a whisper; for Mag was so still I didn't know but that she was dead.

"Here!" said the dear fellow, bounding forward. He stopped suddenly at sight of the figure at my feet. "In the name of the angels! Nell, what is this? and whom have you got there?"

One little faint cry from Mag, and she was a dead weight in Austin Benedict's arms. That was answer enough.

Such a day as that was! Between swoons, explanations, and embraces my mind got to running upon lunatic asylums; but the sun set clear, and my reason remained unobscured. There was a wedding that same evening in the same library; and in all the happiness I ever witnessed—Charles's and mine thrown in—I know I never saw such perfect, unalloyed joy as exists between Mr. and Mrs. Austin Benedict. Mag didn't give me time to get to the inkstand, so you must imagine the history of that.

TELEGRAPHIC CABLES.

The construction of a telegraphic cable is a very interesting process. The first step is making what is termed the core, or conducting agent, of copper wire. The earlier cables were generally made with one conductor of thick wire, but it was found that, to use a popular saying, this plan was the mistake of putting all the eggs into one basket. If this thick wire were to break—an accident to which it was very liable in the act of laying it—there would have been breach of continuity, the tongue which talks under the ocean would have been struck with paralysis. In order to avoid this, a strong central wire of the best copper is used, and round this a number of fine wires are twisted. By this method the fracture of the central or base wire is no longer of importance, as the small wires, even if there was a strain upon the cable, would carry the current. Indeed, we have seen cables that have been broken and dragged asunder many inches still telegraphically perfect, for this reason. The twisting of the fine wires round the central one is very similar to the making of ordinary rope. In order to insulate the conductor, thin slips of India rubber ribbon are carefully plaited over it. When the whole length has been thus plaited, in order to secure the edges the cable is passed through a tank of liquid India rubber, which cements them together. The core has now to be armored, when protection is required for deep or rough seas. This is done by laying stout iron wires longitudinally and parallel with the core; but these, again, have to be protected against the action of the salt-water, which is done by a plaiting of hemp, a coating of tar completing the process. When excessively rough or rocky shores have to be guarded against, the shore ends of the cable are protected by several additional layers of wire armor and hempen guards. When accidents happen to cables after they have been laid, the cable has to be fished up, and the fault found and spliced.

The finding of a fault in the deep ocean may appear to the reader a very difficult, nay, an impossible operation. For instance, to have to pay

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in the Atlantic cable, and examine it inch by inch, in order to discover possibly a mere pin-hole, would seem to be a very labor of Hercules. But science is equal to the task: the electrician sitting in his room at his instrument, by means of delicate appliances, can estimate to within a mile or two the distance to which the fault is to be found. Nevertheless, every precaution is taken to prevent these ultimate appeals to science; for the lifting of a deep-sea cable is no child's play, and the cost is great; consequently every precaution is taken to secure the perfect insulation of the cable while it is being manufactured. Before one of these marvelous talking wires is accepted by the purchaser it is required to test up to a certain given point; and in order to secure this there is an artisan rejoicing under the name of the fault-finder. When this insulation is used, the liquid percha is moulded on to the conducting wire as it is passed through a die, hydraulic pressure forcing the material round it in a hard, dense pipe, which looks very like chocolate. The wire thus insulated, as it is wound off, passes through the hands of this fault-finder, whose fingers, educated by practice, feel any little air-hole that may have occurred in laying on the gutta-percha. Directly this is found, a hot iron is applied to it, and it is stopped.

THE FOUNDLING.

Nearly three thousand children born out of wedlock in a single year in the city of New York is the startling fact revealed by the statistics of the police; and this is, perhaps, an under-estimate of the number of these helpless waifs of humanity, since many, doubtless, are born into the world only to be made away with, who never fall under the notice of the authorities. What becomes of them?

Until very recently there were three ways of disposing of a child to be abandoned: 1. In a few instances, where the mother or both parents were able to follow the promptings of the heart, it was placed in charge of a nurse in a private family, and well cared for. 2. A very large number were taken to private institutions, kept by a class of immoral women, with the distinct understanding that they should not long survive. They soon died of starvation and cruel treatment, their bruised and attenuated little bodies bearing faithful and shocking testimony to the horrible barbarity of their murderers. 3. But by far the greater proportion were cast into the street to die or to be picked up, or were sent by strangers to the public charities. This class were formerly taken to an institution on Blackwell's Island, where they were hand-fed by careless and incompetent nurses. But few of these little creatures survived the first weeks of life, and scarcely one reached the first anniversary of its birth. It is stated that out of every hundred ninety-six died.

Within the last three or four years steps have been taken by the authorities and by private parties to provide better care for these abandoned children. The Commissioners of Public Charities have erected a new building for their reception, provided wet nurses, and otherwise improved their surroundings; and the mortality, though still excessive, has sensibly diminished. The Foundling Institution established by the Roman Catholic Sisters has given shelter to many little outcasts, and is crowded to overflowing.

The most deserving of these institutions in this city is the New York Infant Asylum, founded by a truly Christian lady, the late Mrs. Stuyvesant, and chartered by the Legislature in 1865. It is situated at No. 24 Clinton Place. Owing to the death of its founder, the affairs of the Asylum have not prospered in proportion to its deserts. The Protestant portion of the community should feel a special necessity in placing it upon a permanent basis. It is furnished with a liberal charter, and is fully endowed with all the requisite powers to render it one of the most efficient charities of this city. At present there is no similar Protestant institution in New York, and the mothers of these little children, representing every religious denomination, are compelled either to enter the Asylum of the Roman Catholic Sisters, or abandon their children, and thus let them become inmates of the Randall's Island Nursery, or, finally, place them in the care of some irresponsible woman, in whose hands their lives are soon terminated by starvation and neglect. The New York Infant Asylum is under no sectarian control, but is to be under the charge of a Board of Lady Managers representing all the Protestant denominations, and of a similarly constituted Board of gentlemen, acting as trustees. It is designed for the reception and nurture of foundlings and infants abandoned by impoverished or dissolute parents, and to aid in preventing the wide-spread crime of infanticide, as well as to afford guidance and protection to the unfortunate mothers, and save them from the worst consequences of their fall. It is proposed to establish this beneficent institution on the broadest basis of practical Christian charity. A country home, with all its salubrious surroundings, will be secured, and every precaution will be taken, and every measure employed, to carry out the beneficent intentions of the charter, and to render the New York Infant Asylum a praise even among the many noble charities of the metropolis.

It is strange indeed that effort should be required to secure support for such an institution, and stranger still that many benevolent and Christian people who contribute liberally to far-away objects of charity should hesitate to assist in saving abandoned children, and in restoring the mothers to virtue and self-respect. They labor under the conviction—conscientious, no doubt—that to attempt to save foundlings would be to sanction a crime. This is a false, hard, and unchristian view. The mothers of children born out of wedlock, in the majority of instances, are at heart virtuous, the victims of cruel deception and desertion; and no one who has been brought much in contact with them, in the effort to save them, can fail to be impressed with the purity and innocence of their hearts. Institutions like the Infant Asylum, where mother and child are alike cared for, save many a young woman, who, if cast upon the street, would become the prey of those hyenas of society who are ever on the watch for victims. These institutions are also the most effectual check upon the crime of infanticide.

As is justly and forcibly stated in a recent appeal on behalf of the New York Infant Asylum, signed by a number of the leading physicians of this city, "It is an altogether mistaken opinion that mothers of illegitimate children have little natural affection for their offspring; on the contrary, they part with their children with the most marked evidences of intense sorrow. Whenever placed under such circumstances that they can nurse their children, they refuse to part with them, and will follow them into almost any institution which affords shelter and protection. The attendants upon institutions which have a reception-basket, where the mother may deposit her child unknown, but not unseen, relate daily instances of the most intense grief manifested by the mother as she is about to turn away forever from her babe; in many instances she returns repeatedly and fondles it before finally leaving. In general these foundlings have upon their persons some token by which they may hereafter be recognized. Such facts prove that these mothers are at this period extremely susceptible, and may be rescued from an impending life of crime if placed with their children under the home-like discipline of a well-ordered charity. Thus not only would the life of the child be saved, but the mother would also be saved. They prove also that the crimes of abandonment and infanticide are perpetrated only under the most aggravated state of mental and moral disturbance."

Foundlings should be the foster-children of society, the objects of our tenderest and most liberal charity. Let every happy mother who folds her little child to her breast, or watches its peaceful sleep in the cradle, look at the piteous illustration on our first page this week, and give a thought to the little abandoned waif which the policeman, making his round through the cold stormy night, has picked up from the door-step. Let her, in imagination, place her own little one out in that pitiless storm, and then let her ask her own heart for its answer to the cold question whether it is well to save the outcast! Then let her think of the poor mother, who, perhaps, is watching just round the corner to see that her baby gets no harm, and in the trembling hope that kindly hands will take it up and carry it where it may receive the warmth and food she can not give—let her put herself in that mother's place, and in the agony which she will suffer in the mere thought of doing so, she will learn the full import of the words which describe our Saviour's mission. He "came to save that which was lost."

SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

Professor Harkness reports that ever since November 15, Encke's comet has been getting steadily brighter, and its spectrum more distinct. On the evening of December 1 the spectrum consisted of three bright bands, the most refrangible one being very faint, the middle one by far the brightest, and the least refrangible one having a degree of brilliancy intermediate between that of the other two. The shape of each of these bands somewhat resembled an isosceles triangle, with its base turned toward the red end of the spectrum. In the case of the two brighter bands the light increased quite rapidly from the less refrangible edge of the band, until it attained its maximum at a point distant from that edge by about one-quarter of the whole breadth of the band, and thence it gradually faded away toward the more refrangible edge of the band. In the case of the most refrangible band, the light seemed to be of nearly equal intensity throughout its whole breadth. The positions of the two brighter bands were measured, and the resulting wave-lengths of the light, expressed in millionths of a millimeter, are approximately as follows: first band, less refrangible edge, 560; brightest part, 550.0; more refrangible edge, 534; second band, less refrangible edge, 515; brightest part, 510.0; more refrangible edge, 469. The position of the faint band was estimated, and the resulting wave-lengths are, for the less refrangible edge, 408, and for the more refrangible edge, 448. At times he fancied he also saw a faint continuous spectrum, but could not satisfy himself that it really existed.

Both in appearance and wave-lengths this spectrum bears such a remarkable resemblance to that of the second comet of 1868 that Professor Harkness is strongly inclined to think their physical constitution must be identical. It will be remembered that the observations of Dr. Huggins showed that the spectrum of the latter comet was the same as that of olefiant gas.

Perhaps the strangest feature observed in connection with the spectrum of Encke's comet was the progressive shifting of the point of maximum brightness in the middle band. The observed wave-lengths of the light of this point, on different nights, are approximately as follows: November 15, 501.0; November 23, 505.7; November 26, 505.0; November 27, 510.0; November 29, 510.0; December 1, 510.0; December 3, 511.0. It should be stated that while these changes were going on the band increased in breadth.

The comet was examined carefully with a double-image prism, but without finding any traces of polarization in its light.

Attention has been called in the *Weekly* to the injuries to the Florida submarine cable, supposed to have been caused either by the bites of the sea-tortoise, or from some kinds of fish; and we now learn that in China a similar difficulty has been experienced in consequence of the attacks of a minute crustacean. This is so small as scarcely to be appreciable to the naked eye, but can be readily defined under the microscope. Various breaks have been satisfactorily referred to the agency of these animals, which had imbedded themselves in the gutta-percha. It has become necessary, therefore, to envelop the cables in certain localities with an external supplementary layer of metallic wire, in order to prevent injury in this manner.

After unexpected delays, the new Coast-Survey exploring vessel, the *Hassler*, left Boston on the 4th of December, bound for California via the Straits of Magellan. The *personnel*, which is under the scientific direction of Professor Agassiz, and the plans of this expedition, have already been given.

The expedition to Moab, organized by Dr. Ginsburg, under the auspices of the British Association, is to leave England in January. Its object is to explore the geography, antiquities, and natural history of the region, the latter department being specially in charge of Rev. H. B. Tristram, well known for his researches into the fauna of Palestine and the Sahara.

The Commissioner of Works and Public Buildings of London announces his intention of distributing to the working classes and poorer inhabitants of that city the surplus bedding-out plants in the London parks and in the Royal Gardens at Kew. To aid in this distribution the clergy, school committees, and others are requested to make application to the superintendents of the parks nearest their respective parishes, or to the director of the Kew Gardens, and they will receive early notice of the number of plants that can be allotted to each applicant, and of the time and manner of distribution.

The citizens of Newville, Pennsylvania, invite those of Carlisle to co-operate with them in certain measures looking toward the stocking of the Conedogwinit Creek with black bass. In their communication on the subject they state that the expense of obtaining them from the Potomac, at Harper's Ferry, and placing them in the creek, will amount to about $20 a hundred, and that the sum of $60 can be obtained for the purpose in Newville. They expect, with proper effort, to have the creek in question stocked in the course of three or four years, and thereby greatly to increase its attractions to the sportsmen of the neighborhood.

This body of water has been already well known to naturalists from the extensive bone-cave upon its banks, a few miles from Carlisle, from which many loads of fossil remains have been removed by scientific investigators. We are informed that, in the course of this examination, remains of all the vertebrate animals now known to inhabit Pennsylvania were found in great abundance, together with those of numerous species now entirely exterminated in the neighborhood, and of some others believed to be altogether extinct.

We greatly regret to find in a late number of the Panama *Star and Herald* a notice of the death of Dr. Berthold Seemann, well known in the history of science as a botanist and explorer. The doctor accompanied the *Herald* on its explorations to the north of Behring Straits, and published valuable papers on "Plants of the Esquimaux Land" and of Panama, collected by him. He was also for some time the editor of a leading botanical journal in London, and wrote numerous essays bearing upon his favorite branch of science.

For some years past Dr. Seemann has been especially interested in scientific explorations in Central America, to which region he made repeated visits, returning to England in the intervals. A very copious history of the Isthmus of Panama was published by him in the *Star and Herald*—an enterprising journal of Panama—and was to have been reproduced in book form, revised and corrected. Recently his interest has centred in the working of certain gold mines in Nicaragua, of which he was the director, and he also had the management of a large sugar estate near Panama. The full particulars in regard to Dr. Seemann's death were not known to the *Star and Herald* beyond the occurrence at the Javali mines, near Chontales, in Nicaragua, on the 10th of October last.

Advices from Portland, Oregon, under date of November 17, announce the arrival of Professor O. C. Marsh, with his party of Yale College students, from an extended geological and palæontological exploration to the Blue Mountains and the John Day Valley. As might have been anticipated from the previous discoveries of the Rev. Thomas Condon, of Portland, in the same region, under much less favorable auspices, very extensive collections of fossil animals were made, which when placed, as intended, in the museum of Yale College with those previously gathered by Professor Marsh, will make a series of the extinct vertebrates of North America unequaled in any other cabinet.

The last number of *Nature*, under the head of "Science in America," gives a notice of the publications of the Essex Institute, at Salem, Massachusetts, and takes occasion to pay a merited compliment to America and American institutions in expressing its opinion of the value of the works in question. In the same article a comparison is drawn between the aid and support given to science in America by the government authorities, contrasting this with the practice in England, greatly to the disparagement of the latter.

The American Museum of Natural History, established at Central Park, New York, has had a most liberal offer made to it, which we trust some of our wealthy and public-spirited citizens will aid this deserving establishment in accepting. The collection of shells of Dr. John C. Jay, formerly of New York, but now of Rye, is well known as one of the largest in the world; indeed, some years ago it was decidedly the finest in the United States; and although, with the lapse of years, the doctor has been less energetic in keeping it up to the present date, yet it forms a cabinet of magnificent extent, embracing, it is said, 14,000 species, 30,000 varieties, and 50,000 specimens, and costing many years of labor, and over $25,000 in money.

In addition to this, there is a library of 800 bound volumes, almost approaching ... vast in its extent upon the subject ... ogy. This has cost the doctor $10 ... of the works having been purchased ... too, when they were cheaper than ... The doctor now offers to sell this ... the Museum of Natural History for ... $10,000, and with it to present the ... lection of shells just referred to, ... whole may go together, and form ... section of the museum. We hope to chronicle in an early number of the ... acceptance of this magnificent offer ... of Dr. Jay.

The safe return of Mr. Gwyn Jeff[reys] ... his visit to North America is mentio[ned in] English papers, with some account o[f his ex]periences, which were extremely pleas[ant]. Every facility was given to him by th[e scientists] of this country for the examinati[on of the] collections, or those in their charge, [and] permission was given him to carry [home with] him for study any specimens desire[d for the] purpose. Quite fortunately this has [been the] means of preserving a number of th[e type spe]cimens, since, among the collections ... the Smithsonian Institution and the ... Comparative Zoology of Cambridge, ... to the Academy of Sciences at Chicago, ... the more valuable types of the mollu[sks] ... Mr. Jeffreys had scarcely been ... the city by him before the remainder ... lections, then in charge of Dr. Stim[pson, were] destroyed by the Chicago fire.

HUMORS OF THE DA[Y]

A witness under cross-examination, ... tortured by a lawyer for several hours, at l[ast asked for] a drink of water. "There," said the jud[ge], "you'd better let that witness go now, ... pumped him dry."

When old Carlo sits in Sally's ch...
Oh! don't I wish that I were th...
When her fairy fingers pat his h...
Oh! don't I wish I was the ...
When Sally's arms his neck enc[ircle]
Oh! don't I wish my neck was ...
When Sally kisses Carlo's nose,
Oh! don't I wish that I were the ...

A man having fallen into a slough, ... standing by called to another for assis[tance] ... latter, who was busily engaged in cutting ... newly inquired, "How deep is he in?" "... ankles." "Then there is plenty of time." ... is not," replied the first; "I forgot to tel[l you he's in] head-down."

"Hello, dar, you darkey, what you as[k for dat] blind mule, hey?" "Well, I dunno; g[uess I'll] take thirty-five dollars." "Thirty-five ... give you five." "Well, you may have ... stand on thirty dollars—in a mule trade."

An exchange says, "Nobody has fallen ... here for a week back." It wouldn't be ... a week back, anyhow, if they did.

Monkeys are scarce in Michigan. A m[an in De]troit kept one for a pet, who usually ... ter. A countryman came in one day, ... being in a back-room. The customer ... that suited him, he asked the price. ... nothing. Customer said, "I'll give tw[o dollars] for it," laying down the money, which ... into the drawer. The man then took th[e hat, the] monkey mounted him, tore his hair, ... and the frightened customer screamed ... Proprietor rushed in and wanted to kno[w] ... "Fun!" said the customer—"... a saddle of your son, sitting there, and ... take it he wouldn't let me have it." The ... apposed for the monkey, but assured him ... relation.

A wag lent a clergyman a horse, which threw him, and then claimed credit for "... ing the Gospel."

A Western man was too lazy to work, ... born, being tired of keeping, determin[ed to bury] him. Meeting the squire, the pity was ... him alone," he said; "I'll give a load of ... him alive." The victim raised his head fr[om the cart]: "Shelled, squire?" "No." The head dr[opped]: "Drive on, boys!"

A cockney tourist met with a Scotch ... herdboy toward Glasgow. "Laddie," said ... like to know if all the people in this part ... ed?" "Part on 'em do, and the rest on 'e[m mind their] own business," was the rather settling re[ply].

Chicago has had its Fill of Sheridan.

Few physicians like to prescribe anti-...

A suspension of pension frauds would ... to the country.

An old lady, hearing somebody say th[at the trains] were very irregular, said, "It was just so ... days—no trusting any of 'em."

A Wayward Country—Servility.

We can remember poetry first-rate, bu[t we] were beaten the right poet to the right. Montgomery who says,

"Leaves have their time to fa[ll]
An' likewise so've I;
The reason too, is the same,
It comes o' gettin' dry.
But here's th' diff'rence 'twixt th' lea[ves]
I falls more harder an' more frequent."

"I can marry any girl I please," said a ... boastingly. "Very true," replied his c[om]panion, "for you can't please any."

The only Way to Raise Strawberri[es] ... spoon.—H. G.

A clergyman at Council Bluffs charges ... marrying couples, the rate being four ... for the groom and two for the bride.

A colored gentleman, during the ... er, was asked if he didn't think it ... "Bress you, chile! Ever done froze up ... there's no use talkin' any mo' 'bout hi[m]."

An honest face is said to be the best ...

"Gerty, my dear," said a teacher to ... pils, "you have been a very good ... "Yes'm, I couldn't help being good ... neck," said Gerty, with perfect ...

As a lawyer and a doctor were walkin[g], a wag said to a friend, "Those two are ... are highwaymen." "Why?" was the re[ply]. "Because they are a lawyer and a doctor—y[our money or] your life."

WARWICK CASTLE.

THIS magnificent specimen of feudal architecture, the seat of the Earl of Warwick, in Warwickshire, England, was irreparably damaged by fire on the 4th instant. The great hall, the dining hall, and other state apartments, were completely burned; and the destruction of pictures, statuary, and other works of art is great and deplorable. The origin of the fire has not been stated.

Warwick Castle was not only interesting in itself as the oldest feudal structure in the world still used as a residence, has contained an invaluable collection of works of art, the loss of which can never be repaired. Our readers will take a melancholy interest in the pictures herewith presented of this magnificent structure, and in the following article, written only a few months ago by Mr. S. C. Hall. It is painful to reflect that such a wealth of art should have been swept away.

The Castle of Warwick occupies the summit of a steep hill, which must greatly have aided its original defenses in the "olden time." The approach to it is by a narrow passage through the solid rock, and extending from the main entrance to the porter's lodge, fronting the road to Leamington. Passing through this the visitor, after proceeding some distance along the rocky passage, enters the outer court-yard, "where the stupendous line of fortifications breaks suddenly upon the sight in all its magnificence." Of the two famous towers, Guy's is on the right, while that of Cæsar is on the left; they are connected by a strong embattled wall, in the centre of which is the ponderous arched gate-way, flanked by towers, and succeeded by a second arched gate-way, with towers and battlements, "formerly defended by two portcullises, one of which still remains; before the gate is a disused moat, with an arch thrown over it, at the gate-way, where was once a draw-bridge." Passing the double gate-way, the court-yard is entered. Thus seen, the castellated mansion of the proudest of the feudal barons has a tranquil and peaceful aspect; fronting it is a greensward, and the "frowning keep," which conceals all its sterner features behind a screen of ivy and evergreen shrubs. Unimpaired by time, and unaltered in appearance by modern improvements, except being surrounded and made picturesque by trees and shrubs, it still stands, as of old, on the artificial mound. The "Bear Tower," with a flight of steps descending to a subterranean passage leading no one knows whither, will be noticed, as also will "Guy's Tower."

From this inner court a flight of stone steps leads to the entrance to the Great Hall, which is entire; its walls are decorated with arms and armor of various periods and descriptions, with antlers and other appropriate objects. On one side of this hall are the state-rooms, and on the other the domestic apartments, forming a suite 333 feet in length. The hall, and indeed the whole of the interior, have been "subjected to the deleterious influence of the upholsterer," and been made gorgeous and beautiful in accordance with modern taste, while they have lost their original features and interesting characteristics. This work was, however, done some time ago, and it must remain as it is: comfort and convenience have been studied certainly; but all that was in keeping with the glory of ancient Warwick was rejected by the modern architect in his renovation of the apartments of the venerable castle. In the hall, however, there are many objects of rare interest; among others the helmet and cuirass with brass worn by the Protector Cromwell; the suit of armor worn by Montrose; the doublet, "blood-spotted," in which Lord Brooke was slain at Lichfield, in 1643; and the warden's horn. There is also here a breech-loading revolving musket, some hundreds of years old, probably, which, but for the evidence of Time, might seem a direct plagiarism on the revolver of Colonel Colt. The roof of the hall was designed by the architect Poynter.

The Red Drawing-Room contains many fine paintings and several articles of *vertu*.

The Cedar Drawing-Room is a remarkably elegant apartment, sumptuously furnished, and having a magnificent and, said to be, unique chimney-piece. In this room are many remarkably fine paintings, including "Charles I.," by Vandyck; "Circe," by Guido; the "Family of Charles I.," etc.; and some highly interesting bronzes, Etruscan vases. The main feature of—

The Gilt Drawing-Room is its superb geometric ceiling, which is richly painted and gilt—the walls being decorated in a corresponding manner. Among the paintings in this room may be noted the "Earl of Strafford," by Vandyck; "Algernon Percy," by Dodson; "Charles I.," "Henrietta Maria," and "Prince Rupert," by Vandyck; "Ignatius Loyola," by Rubens; "Robert Bertie, Earl of Lindsay," by Cornelius Jansens; "Robert Rich, Earl of Warwick," after Vandyck; a "Young Girl," by Murillo; "Robert Dudley, Earl of Leicester," and many others.

The State Bedroom. The bed and furniture in this room are said originally to have belonged to Queen Anne, and were presented to the Warwick family by King George III. The walls are hung with Brussels tapestry of the date of 1604. The bed and hangings are of crimson velvet. Over the chimney-piece is a fine full-length portrait of Queen Anne by Sir Godfrey Kneller; the room also contains other interesting paintings and ornaments.

The Boudoir is a lovely little room, forming the extreme west end of the suit of rooms. The ceiling is enriched with the family crest and coronets, and there are among the paintings a portrait of Henry VIII., by Holbein; of the Duchess of Cleveland, Barbara Villiers, by Lely; "A Dead Christ," by Carracci; "A Boar Hunt," by Rubens; "Martin Luther," by Holbein; "A Sketch of the Evangelists," by Rubens; and examples of Gerard Dow, Teniers, Salvator Rosa, Hayter, Vandyck, Holbein (Anne Boleyn and Mary Boleyn being especially interesting), Andrea del Sarto, etc., etc.

THE WARDEN'S HORN.

The Compass-Room contains many fine old paintings, and much among its articles of *virtu* that will interest the visitor. In—

The Chapel Passage, too, are highly interesting paintings; and in the Chapel are some stained glass and interesting local relics.

The Great Dining-Room, built by Francis, Earl of Warwick, is a noble room, decorated with some fine antique busts and paintings. Among the latter will be specially noticed portraits of "Sir Philip Sidney," considered the best in existence, and bearing in the corner the words, "The Original of Sir Philip Sidney;" "Robert Dudley, Earl of Leicester;" "Frederick, Prince of Wales;" "The Princess of Wales and George III. when an Infant;" and many family portraits. At the east end is the celebrated "Kenilworth Buffet," manufactured by Cookes, of Warwick, from an oak-tree on the Kenilworth estate, and representing in its panels various incidents connected with Queen Elizabeth's visit to that venerable pile, and presented to the present earl, on his marriage, by the town and county of Warwick.

The private apartments of the castle consist of a remarkably elegant suit of rooms, which are, of course, not shown to visitors. Of these, therefore, only a few words need be said. The Armory Passage and the Armory contain a rare assemblage of arms and armor of various ages and descriptions, and many antiquities and "virtuosities," as well as mineralogical, geological, and other collections of great interest. In the Billiard-Room, the Oak Sitting-Room, the Earl's Room, and all the remaining apartments, are many remarkably fine paintings.

GUY'S AND THE CLOCK TOWER, FROM THE KEEP.

Throughout the state apartments, as well as the private rooms, is distributed a marvelous collection of treasures of Art—"superb garderobes, encoigneurs, cabinets, and tables of buhl and marqueterie of the most costly finish; splendid ormolu, crystal, china, and lava cups, flasks, and vases; Etruscan vases; marble and *pietra dura* tables; bronzes and busts displaying the utmost efforts of Art; costly bijouteries and rare antiques;" more especially a large collection of Limousin enamels are among the treasures which meet the eye at every turn in the interior of Warwick Castle.

It will be readily understood that the prospect from any of the windows is singularly beautiful; so beautiful, indeed, that if the stately castle lacked all other interest, a look over these grand woods, a fair stream consecrated by the bard of Avon, richly cultivated gardens, and rare trees of prodigious size, would amply compensate the visitor.

In the grounds are many charming objects and delicious spots, concerning some of which the visitor, naturally, will desire information. Of these Cæsar's Tower is one of the most sadly interesting, from the fact that beneath it is a dark and damp dungeon, in which many a sad heart has died out in solitude. On the walls are some touching inscriptions and rude carvings done by the miserable beings who have been incarcerated there. Among these the following is specially curious:

> MASTER: JOHN: SMYTH: GUNNER: TO: HIS:
> MAJESTYS' HIGHNESS: WAS: A PRISONER IN THIS
> PLACE AND LAY HERE from 1642 till th
> WILLIAM SIDNEY not this same
> AND if my Pen had Bin better for
> his sake I would have mended
> every letter.

That was the last person known to have been confined in the dungeon. Besides this there are crosses, crucifixes, cross-bows, and other objects and inscriptions traceable on the walls.

Guy's Tower (to which we have before alluded, and which forms our initial letter) contains several rooms appropriated to various purposes. Its summit is reached by a flight of 133 steps—a most fatiguing ascent, but amply repaid by the magnificent panoramic view obtained from the battlements. Hence "are seen the spires of the Coventry churches, the Castle of Kenilworth, Guy's Cliff, and Blacklow Hill; Grove Park, the seat of Lord Dormer; Shuckburgh and the Shropshire Hills; the Saxon Tower on the Broadway Hills; the fashionable spa of Leamington, which appears almost lying underneath the feet, and the wide extended park; while village churches, lifting up their venerable heads from amidst embowering trees, fill up a picture pleasing, grand, and interesting." In the various rooms will be noticed carvings and inscriptions which possess interest. From the Bear Court a portcullised door-way in the north wall opens to the moat, across which is a bridge leading to the pleasure-grounds and Conservatory. In this is placed one of the wonders of the "stately home"—the celebrated *Warwick Vase*, rescued from the bottom of a lake at Adrian's Villa, near Tivoli, by Sir William Hamilton, from whom it was obtained by the late Earl of Warwick. It has been copied a hundred times, and its form and character are known to every reader.

From the Conservatory, after crossing the lawn, the banks of the river are gained, and after passing the Pavilion, the visitor reaches a spot from which the immense height of the castle on its rocky base is best seen. Returning to the Hill Tower, the magnificent cedars of Lebanon and chestnuts will strike the eye; but the visitor will pass on to the top of the mount on which, in Saxon times, the stronghold of Ethelfleda was erected, and he will then find much for his mind to dwell upon.

In the Porter's Lodge are preserved a number of relics, said to have belonged to the "renowned Guy;" but as they represent so many periods, they must have appertained to "many Guys." The articles shown are "Guy's Porridge-pot;" "Guy's Sword," for taking care of which William Hoggeson, Yeoman of the Buttery, had a salary of 2d. a day, temp. H. VIII.; parts of his armor, of which the "bascinet is of the time of Edward III.; and a breastplate partly of the fifteenth century, and partly of the time of James I.; the sword of the reign of Henry VIII.; the staff, an ancient tilting lance;" the horse armor of the fifteenth century; the "flesh fork," and other articles, among which are his fair "Felice's slippers," which are a pair of footed stirrup-irons of the fifteenth century. The "rib of the dun cow," and a joint of the spine of the same, as well as the tusk and blade of a wild-boar, are also shown, and are still looked upon with wonder, as belonging to veritable animals slain by Guy. There are also other "curiosities" shown in this lodge, and visitors eagerly inspect them, often as greater attractions than matters more worthy. Into the wild old legend connected

THE CASTLE, FROM THE OUTER COURT.

THE INNER COURT, FROM THE KEEP.

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THE CONFESSIONAL.

with Guy, Earl of Warwick, it is not necessary here to enter at length. It was a popular legend in the Middle Ages, and his encounter with the Danish champion, Colbrand, as well as his victory over the dun cow, was a favorite subject of the wandering minstrel. Dugdale has given the narrative of his battle with Colbrand, which he seems inclined to believe to be true in the main features, although "the monks may have sounded out his praises hyperbolically." According to him, "in year three of King Athelstan, A.D. 926, the Danes having invaded England, cruelly wasted the countrye where they marcht, so that there was scarce a town or castle that they had not burnt or destroyed almost as far as Winchester," where the king resided, and to whom they sent a message requiring him to resign his crown to their generals, holding his power of their hands, and paying them yearly tribute for the privilege of ruling; or that the whole dispute for the kingdom be determined in a single combat by two champions for both sides. The king having chosen the latter alternative, enjoins a fast for three days, and in great anguish of heart that Guy, the famous warrior, is absent on a pilgrimage to the Holy Land, prays Heaven for assistance. An angel appears to the king as he is on his bed, and directs him to arise early on the morrow, and take two bishops with him to the north gate of the city, and stay there "till the hour of prime," until the poor people and pilgrims arrive, among whom he must choose a champion, and the choice must fall on him who goes barefooted, with a wreath of white roses on his head. The king goes and meets the pilgrim, accosts him, and asks his championship, which he hesitates to give, excusing himself on the ground of his weakness with much travel, and exhorts him to seek fitter help. To this the king bitterly answers, "I had but one valiant knight, which was Earl of Warwick, called Guy, and he had a courageous servant, named Sir Heraud de Ardene; would to God I had him here, for then should this duel be soon undertaken, and the war finished;" and as he spoke these words the tears fell from his eyes. The pilgrim is moved, and ultimately consents, and after three weeks spent in prayer and preparation the battle begins. Colbrand "came so weightily harnessed that his horse could scarce carry him, and before him a cart loaded with Danish axes, great clubs with knobs of irons, squared bars of steel, lances, and iron hooks to pull his adversary to him." The giant uses a bar of steel in the combat, which lasts the whole day. Guy in the end proving victorious, and taking a farewell of the king, to whom he declares himself, goes toward Warwick, and thence to a hermit in its neighborhood, living with him till his death, and succeeding him in his cell until his own decease. The spot is still pointed out, and bears the name of Guy's Cliff.

It is a pretty legend—and one to which we direct the attention of artists—that while Guy was doing penance as a hermit, his lady was mourning his absence and praying for his return at the castle. It was her daily custom to bestow alms upon the suffering, sorrowful, and needy; and dole was, among others, frequently given to the husband by the unconscious wife. He was dying at length, and then made himself known to her by the transmission of a ring. So she watched and prayed and comforted beside his death-bed, surviving him but fourteen days; and they were both buried in the cave where the poor penitent had lived and died.

But this is not the only giant story connected with the family. Their well-known crest, or cognizance, is said to come from one Morvidus, an Earl of Warwick in the days of King Arthur, "who being a man of valour, slew a mighty gyant in a single duell, which gyant encountered him with a young tree pulled up by the root, the boughs being snag'd from it; in token whereof he and his successors, Earles of Warwick in the time of the Britons, bore a ragged staff of silver in a sable shield for their cognisance." Other stories are the combat with and overcoming of the famous dun cow, the slaying of a ferocious lion, and "the greatest boar that man e'er saw," the killing of "the mighty dragon in Northumberland, that destroyed men, women, and children," and the killing of the fifteen armed knights. Such were the old fables with which our ancient family histories were obscured, or rendered romantic and wonderful to the subordinate classes.

Intimately connected with Warwick Castle and its former lords is the Beauchamp Chapel attached to St. Mary's Church. The chapel is one of the most exquisitely beautiful buildings remaining in England, and ought to be seen by every visitor to Warwick. It is placed on the south side of the choir of the church, from which it is entered by a descent of several steps beneath a door way said to have been carved by a mason of Warwick in 1704, but probably being only a freshening and touching up, or restoration, of the original design. The size of the chapel is 58 feet in length, 25 in breadth, and 32 in height, and its design and finish are of the most chaste and beautiful and elaborate character. It was built in the reign of Henry VI., in accordance with the will of its founder, Richard Beauchamp, Earl of Warwick, who died in 1439. The foundation was laid in 1443, and in 1475 the chapel was consecrated, and the body of its founder with much solemnity laid therein. It is stated to have cost £2481 4s. 7d., an enormous sum in those days, when the value of a fat ox was only 13s. 4d., and the contracts for some of the work are still preserved. In the chapel is the monument of the founder, which is, with only one exception, the most splendid monument of its kind in the kingdom. It is an altar tomb of Purbeck marble, bearing the recumbent effigy of the great earl, in fine latten brass, gilt. His head, uncovered, rests upon a helmet, and at his feet are a bear and a griffin. The tomb is surmounted by one of the few "hearses" that yet remain in our churches. It consists of six hoops of brass, extended by five transverse brass rods, on which formerly was hung a pall, "to keep the figure reverently from the dust." Around the tomb, in niches, are fourteen figures in "divers vestures, called weepers," friends and relatives of the deceased, who mourn his loss. Between the weepers are smaller niches, raised upon pillars, containing whole-length figures of angels holding scrolls, inscribed "Sit deo laus in gloria, defunctis misericordia." The effigy of the earl is the finest of its class, and it is a perfect figure, the armor on the back, and all the details, being as highly and carefully finished as those on the front of the figure. For this effigy in brass, William Austen was paid (exclusive of cost of workmen, carriage, etc.) £40, and the goldsmith, Bartholomew Lambespring, was paid £13 for gilding it; the "weepers" cost in brass 13s. 4d. each, and the angels 5s. each; and the gilding of these, and preparing them for gilding, cost also a considerable sum—the contracts being of the highest interest, and very minute in every particular.

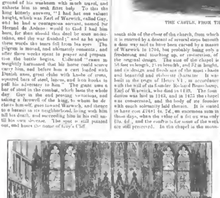
In the same chapel are monuments, etc., to Robert Dudley, Earl of Leicester, and his Countess Lettice, 1588; to Ambrose Dudley, Earl of Warwick, 1589; to Robert Dudley, Lord Denbigh, 1584; to Lady Katherine Leveson, and others.

The windows were filled with stained glass, for which the contract with John Prudde, of Westminster, is preserved; but it has undergone much change and mutilation: it still, however, especially that of the east window, is of great beauty. Adjoining the chapel is an exquisite little oratory, with a confessional near, of these we give engravings.

The Church of St. Mary is of considerable antiquity, and is mentioned in Domesday-Book. The Norman earl, Henry de Newburgh, formed the intention of uniting the endowments of St. Nicholas within the castle with St. Mary's, which was carried out by his son, whose grant of incorporation was executed in 1123. Probably the church was built about that time, as the crypt is of Norman character. In the reign of Edward III. Thomas Beauchamp ordained by his will, in 1369, that a choir should be erected, and many alterations have at one time or other been made. A great part of the church was burned down in 1694, and rebuilt at a cost of £5000, to which Queen Anne contributed £1000. In the crypt is preserved the ducking-stool.

One of the few remaining "antiques" that yet endure in the town we have selected for engraving—the Eastgate, but, as will be seen, the base only can be considered a monument. It has been transmogrified, yet is still striking and interesting. The Earl of Leicester's Hospital, founded by Robert Dudley in 1571, is a singularly beautiful and perfect specimen of the half-timber houses. It escaped the great fire that nearly destroyed the town in 1694. There

THE CASTLE, FROM THE BANKS OF THE AVON.



THE BEAUCHAMP CHAPEL—MONUMENT OF THE FOUNDER.

THE ORATORY.

are not many other ancient edifices in the ble town.

Thus it will be readily understood th at Warwick supplies a rare treat, not onl antiquary and the historian, but to the Nature. The best views of the Castl also (in ruins) are obtained from the side of the Avon, near a narrow stream by a bridge, which is part of the main w the old bridge there are some remains, highly picturesque by ivy and lichens th in profusion there, and near the old date of which is coeval with that of the Superb trees grow in the immediate huge chestnuts and gigantic cedars th sheltered the most early time out of mi walls are gray with age; but it is a sobe that well suits the stronghold of the bold and suggests the tranquillity of repose fever of battles, sieges, and deeds that fail to be summoned from history to c from the filled-up moat to the towers an ments that still smile or frown upon the ing town they controlled or protected.

It demands but little imagination to c visitor of to-day back through long p turies, from the moment we enter the pic yet gloomy passage cut through the rock, with ivy, lichens, and wild flowers in ric dance, and pass under the portcullis frowns above the porter's lodge; the who so little changed by time that one might the king-maker and his mighty host through the gateway, and watch the re the white rose on the helmets of knights; by no great stretch of fancy see the trembling Gaveston, the petted of a weak monarch, dragged forth to hundred events or incidents are associa these courts and towers, inseparably lin British history, and it is impossible to feeling of reverence approaching awe w ting peacefully among them.

The "frowning keep," nearly hidden green foliage of surrounding trees, may copied as an emblem of the Castle, wh quility and peace are in the stead of f and broil. Warwick, while it has lost its grandeur, has obtained much of gra Time. Time which

"Moulders into beauty many a tower,
That when it frowned with all its battl
Was only terrible."

THE EAST GATE.

[E]XAMPLE FOR THE LADIES.

[Mr]. George W. Nelson (machinist), Alle[gheny] City, Pa., says the Wheeler & Wilson [Mach]ine in his family has been used for thirteen [years] without repairs; and he will warrant it [ten] years more, and that any Wheeler & [Wilso]n Machine will serve a family for a life-[time]—an important fact, particularly to girls who [earn] their living by the needle.—[Com.]

WORTHLESS IMITATIONS

[of] W. Laird's "Bloom of Youth" are in circula[tion]. The unprecedented success and popularity o[f this article] gained for this harmless and valuable toilet [prepar]ation have induced persons to counterfeit it. [The gen]uine has the United States Internal Revenue [stamp] engraved on the front label, and the name of Laird stamped in the glass on the back of each [bottle]. No other is genuine. Sold by all druggists and [fancy goo]ds dealers. [Depo]t, 5 Gold St., N. Y.—[Com.]

[Co]unterfeit "E. Howard & Co." Watch[es ha]ve been placed in the market which are [manu]factured in Switzerland. Every genuine [watch] is accompanied by a certificate which [th]e should give to the buyer. Office, 15 [Maide]n Lane, N. Y.—[Com.]

[Pyle]'s O. K. Soap, Saleratus, and Cream-Tar[tar, fir]st-class household articles that will speak [for th]emselves on trial, sold by all first-class [grocer]s. James Pyle, Manufacturer, 350 [Wash]ington St., N. Y.—[Com.]

[No fe]ar need be entertained as to the result if you [use] *White Pine Compound* for your Cough, Weak [Lungs], or Kidney Troubles. It is certain cure in al[most ev]ery case.—[Com.]

[COLGA]TE & CO.'S "CASHMERE BOUQUET" [for th]e Holidays.—[Com.]

[Hal]l's Vegetable Sicilian Hair Renewer nev[er fails] to restore the color of the hair. Try it.—[Com.]

[The Y]outh's Companion.—A fresh, direct, vigorous [an]d practical as it is attractive.—[Com.]

[Burn]ett's Cocoaine for the hair takes precedence [in] the United States.—[Com.]

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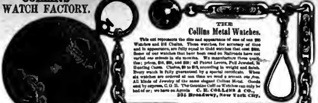

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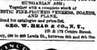

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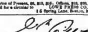

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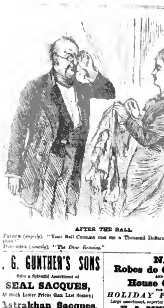

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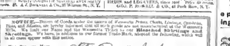

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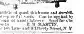

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THE REISSUE OF

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

Vol. XV.—No. 783.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 30, 1871. [WITH A SUPPLEMENT. PRICE TEN CENTS.

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THE PRESIDENT AND THE PARTY.

THE debate in the Senate upon the appointment of a committee upon retrenchment and reform is more significant than may appear to a casual reader. Senator Conkling proposed an investigation into the case of the defaulting paymaster Hodge. Senator Trumbull wished for a general inquiry into the administration of affairs; and for that purpose introduced a resolution for a committee upon retrenchment, with power to send for persons and papers, and with general instructions to investigate in every direction. After a little public debate the Senate went into executive session and adjourned, and the Republican members then met in caucus. Here it was decided to propose a resolution for a committee upon retrenchment, which should consider such matters as the Senate might refer to it. This left the whole inquiry with the Senate, which could decline to refer any subject which it did not wish to have investigated. A warm debate followed. Messrs. Schurz, Patterson, Trumbull, and Wilson favored Mr. Trumbull's proposition, which he offered as a substitute for the caucus motion. Messrs. Edmunds, Conkling, Morton, and Sherman opposed it. It was a curious spectacle. Apparently the chief Republican Senators were divided upon a question of investigation into their own administration of the government. What was the explanation?

It was very simple. Senators Schurz and Trumbull are opposed to the renomination of the President. The Senators who opposed the Trumbull motion favor the renomination. If the committee were appointed as Mr. Trumbull desired, it is evident from the speech of Mr. Schurz upon the general order system in New York that it would hope to identify the Administration with frauds and misconduct. Its report would intentionally strike a heavy blow at the renomination of the President, and the purpose being so evident, it might justly suggest a doubt whether the investigation would be impartially conducted. The ground of objection to the Trumbull resolution, as we understand it, was not hostility to full and fair inquiry, but an unwillingness to institute an inquiry which would not be in the interest of public economy so much as in that of the defeat of the renomination.

If, indeed, the President can be shown to be personally implicated in dishonest dealings, the sentiment of the Republican party, which now demands his renomination, would instantly change. But for more than two years the attempt to implicate him has been made with a steady ferocity only surpassed by its futility. In every way, by every kind of false assertion and malignant innuendo, the assault has been urged upon the private and public character of a man whose service to the country is incalculable. Called to a position of vast responsibility, for which his previous illustrious career had not especially prepared him, but which he could not decline; involved at once in the terrible net of the abuse of the civil service system, which the practice of every party for forty years had meshed about the President; with nothing but his honest purpose and his proved patriotism and sagacity to depend upon; assaulted in his first sincere efforts at political independence by the sneering amazement of many of his own party—President Grant, with all the mistakes and misfortunes which have marked his administration—as they must, of necessity, mark every administration—is stronger in the public confidence in the third year of that administration than any previous President, and is the undoubted choice of the vast majority of that party for the next four years.

He is a plain man; peculiarly a man of the people in the American sense—simple in his manners and habits and tastes. He is not a scholar like John Quincy Adams, nor a courtier like Martin Van Buren, nor a natural diplomatist like Abraham Lincoln. He speaks to the point, and makes his opinions and sympathies evident. His personal attachments are very strong, and his fidelity to his friends so constant that he is slow to suspect evil. But so steady and malignant has been the misrepresentation of him and his administration to a thousand petty personal details—smoking, driving, traveling, associates, property—that his real character and position are obscured to many good men in the country by a thick cloud of slander.

He is called a member of the Seneca Stone Ring, because he does not sell stock which he bought before he became President, and which he holds as every Senator or other high public officer holds his private property. It is a property largely held in Washington, and the quarry is near the city; consequently it is much used there; and as certain active proprietors push it as all such interests are pushed, the President, because he does not sell his stock, is accused of corrupt complicity. He is called mercenary and mean, although he spends all his salary and his small private income in maintaining the proper dignity of his office. He has unquestionably accepted certain gifts, offered in grateful recognition of his services in the field, as Cobden received them for his services in Parliament and on the platform, and as General M'Clellan received his house, without suspicion cast upon his motives. So, also, some of his relations are in office. We should be glad if this were not so; but, even accepting the most malicious and exaggerated statement of the case, the country will hardly feel that it is a fact which involves more than a question of taste, unless it appears that these persons are incompetent or corrupt.

But, as we said, all the attempts to involve the President in dishonest transactions, although unscrupulously renewed, have conspicuously and totally failed. Even in the debate upon Senator Trumbull's resolution, Senator Schurz, while insisting that there was some mysterious power above the Secretary of the Treasury which protected the general order system, honorably said, "There had not been sufficient evidence to connect any one at the White House with this business, although such allegations had been made." If it be the wish of Senators Trumbull and Schurz to investigate fairly the honesty and economy of the public service, all good citizens are with them. But if their object be to identify Republican administration with dishonesty in the service, the country will hardly forget that General Grant is the only President who has strenuously insisted upon a reform of the whole system of party patronage—to which the Senators are not strangers—the only President who has recommended it to Congress, and who only awaits the completion of necessary details to put it into execution. The evil practice of the civil service, necessarily breeding corruption, was first formally opposed by General Grant in his first annual message, in which he said, "There has been no hesitation in changing officials in order to secure an efficient execution of the laws; sometimes, too, when, in a mere party view, undesirable political results were likely to follow. Nor has there been any hesitation in retaining efficient officials against remonstrance wholly political." That he has been sometimes overborne by the tremendous power of an evil system we do not deny. But he has not relaxed his purpose to grapple with it; and Congress having expressly authorized him to undertake the work, he states, quietly, in his third annual message, that a plan of reform "shall have a fair trial." The President is not a rhetorician; but he says what he means, and the country understands him.

We see with great regret the session opening with a debate which ill conceals angry differences. It would be a grave misfortune if in their zeal to strike a President, Republican Senators should fatally wound their own party, and thereby the best interests of the country. In his speech last September, in the Republican Convention of Illinois, Senator Trumbull said: "There are also other reforms in government that are to be brought about. How is all this to be accomplished? That is the great question that is going to be submitted to the American people in the next election. The war is over—that contest is done. Now what political organization will be safest for the American people? Hereafter where shall we look? Shall we look to that party which brought the government to civil war to preserve the Union? Will you look to that party which ruined the credit of the nation so that it could not borrow at less than from 12 to 30 per cent. per annum—to that party which inaugurated the doctrine that to the victors belong the spoils—to that party which now desires further to depreciate the currency of the country by issuing millions and millions more of it? If it is believed by the American people, no matter to what party they belong, Republican or Democrat, that the government of the country will be safest in the hands of those men; if you believe that the men many of whom sought to destroy the government will be more likely to preserve it than those who fought for its existence; if you believe that the men who ruined its trade will be more likely to improve it than they who, when it was ruined, have already re-established it to a great extent; if you look for reforms to them, then it is the duty of the voter to go to the polls and vote with the Democratic party."

That party is to be defeated only by the Republican party, and defeated by the conviction, which is justly founded, that the Republican party is truly the party of reform, of liberty, and of progress. While, therefore, we all heartily agree that iniquity shall be exposed, let us hope that it will be done honorably, so that the Republican party shall not be made responsible for evils which it has neither fostered nor approved, but to the removal of which its Administration is pledged.

MR. SUMNER'S CIVIL RIGHTS BILL.

Mr. Sumner's supplementary Civil Rights bill receives the usual amount of smiles and wonder at its "fanaticism." But a man who has sat in the Senate of the United States for twenty years, and who, having seen Breckinridge in the chair, and having been smitten to the floor by the bullies of slavery, now sees Schuyler Colfax presiding, and in the chamber around him a vast majority of Republican Senators of a country in which war has abolished slavery, probably smiles compassionately at the contemptuous smiles of those who think principle fanaticism, and consistency impracticability. Mr. Sumner's bill contemplates the prohibition to all public institutions regulated by law in this country—such as hotels, railroad cars, etc.—of the recognition of distinctions which the law has abolished. Those who think that it is foolish to attempt to make people associate with those whom they dislike, and whose conclusive argument against emancipation and equal rights was, "How would you like your daughter to marry a nigger?" may, however, be comforted. They are not to be compelled to marry their daughters to any body, nor to invite distasteful guests to their tables. But those who hold certain grants under the law for the public benefit are not to be suffered to discriminate arbitrarily against a certain part of the public.

The keeper of a hotel, for instance, is bound to furnish entertainment to all orderly applicants, unless he has reason to suspect dishonest intention. He can not lawfully refuse a guest because of a whim against his blue eyes or his straight hair. He may, indeed, keep a temperance house, to which prohibitionists will naturally resort; or he may announce his preference of Baptists or Presbyterians as guests. But if a Methodist traveler applies in good faith for entertainment, the host can not turn him away because he is not a Baptist. Neither can he refuse a guest because he is an Irishman or a German, because he is of a fair complexion or of a dark, if there be nothing suspicious in his appearance or conduct. But the Baptist and Presbyterian, the naturalized Irishman or the German, the man of fair or dark complexion, have no more rights under the law, as citizens, than the colored man.

Those who think that they have an antipathy to colored persons may be correct, but it is evidently not the antipathy which extends to the waiter who brings them their dinner. And there are many persons to whom the Irish citizen is not agreeable. And to the warm sectarian of any kind the Jew or the atheist is very repugnant. But we do not therefore permit them to be excluded from places of common public resort. If we did so, we should nullify our own laws and insult their spirit. Suppose that we had in all public places, in churches or in halls, a coop in a corner for the Portuguese or the West Indian foreigner who might stray to our shores? It would be a barbarous folly. And if it were the native citizen descended from Portugal or the West Indies, the folly would be only the more conspicuous. If it became a practice, so flagrant an outrage upon the equality of the citizen guaranteed by the fundamental law should be prohibited under penalties in the common interest. For the equality that we assert by law, the law must protect.

That is what Mr. Sumner's bill proposes. It forbids distinctions founded upon a system of caste which the law has abolished. It prohibits, within its sphere, making an American citizen a pariah because of his color. It aims to lift from the colored race so much as possible of the consequences of the curse which civilization has imposed upon it. If we meant to keep the people of that race an outcast class, we had no right to make them equal citizens. But having made them so, we can not keep them outcasts without infinite harm to ourselves. However, we need have no fear of appalling results. The colored citizens are not obtrusive. They are not disposed to go where they are not wanted. But what man of honor does not burn with indignation to see a polite and quiet colored passenger refused a place in a car or a steamboat from which a drunken and disgusting white traveler is not expelled? The fundamental principle of this republic is that every citizen shall be equal before the law. And whoever smiles at Mr. Sumner's bill smiles at the American principle.

THE PRINCE OF WALES.

The bulletins of the condition of the Prince of Wales are, as we write, more favorable, and there seems to be an expectation of his recovery. It has certainly been a curious spectacle—the profound interest of one great nation, and the reflected interest of another, in the health of a young man who has never been known to say or to do any thing worthy of admiration. The whole world has been admitted, as it were, to his bedside, and the first intelligence that was daily sought on two continents was the report of the young man's condition. The secret of the interest was, of course, not personal. The Prince represents a great system, which has been sharply criticised and attacked, and of the duration of which there has been serious question. If he should die, would the British monarchy die with him? That was the real question in many minds which gave so painful an interest to his condition.

Nothing could show more plainly than this kind of interest the general conviction that the monarchy is not secure. But whatever the final results of the Prince's death might have been, it is probable that the immediate effect would have been more healing than harmful. There would have been probably a reaction of feeling toward the stricken woman who sits in the cruel isolation of a throne. The life of the Queen, if unsatisfactory to those who insist that the sovereign should be a continual pageant, has doubtless commended itself to the general trust and regard of Englishmen. Even the alienation from the Prince of Wales is supposed to have arisen from the Queen's impression that her husband, Prince Albert, took the cold which led to his death upon a visit of remonstrance to the young Prince of Wales, who was at the time especially wild. The sense of the fidelity and simple domesticity of the Queen, and the purity of her court, with the bright presence of her daughter-in-law, the Danish Princess, would have been revived in the British heart by the Prince's death, and would have glowed into a flame of loyalty.

His death also would have removed one who, at a time when the monarchy is assailed, seems so a most unsatisfactory representative of royalty, to bring it into still greater disfavor. The reaction of feeling would have extended to this point also; and the future, with unknown possibilities, would have seemed brighter than with the certainty of the Prince. The London *Times*, when he lay in extremity, hoped that if he recovered he would be a new man, that he would put away the follies, and, admonished by the King of Terrors, like Prince Hal by Gascoigne, that he would develop into a father of his people. It is a rosy but not a real hope. A man of thirty, born with the tastes and capacities of the Prince, does not rise from a sick-bed to be an Alfred or a Charlemagne. But, should he rise, he will have felt the shadow of the valley, and it would not be surprising if he were a chastened man.

STREET PROCESSIONS.

There has been more trouble about street processions in the city of New York; but it is clear that if any are allowed, all which are not disorderly must be permitted. To authorize any person or persons to prohibit them upon the ground of apprehended disturbance, is to give a veto to those persons upon the most lawful assemblies. The right of any number of citizens peacefully to assemble and to express their opinions, whether in a room or in an open place, and whether stationary or in motion, so long as they are not disorderly, and the people are willing to submit to the inconvenience, can not be questioned. And especially when, as in last July, such assemblies are forbidden under stress of a threat to attack them from those who differ, it is the highest duty of the authorities to defend them to the last, and in so doing to protect the American principle of free assembly and free speech.

Therefore, so long as there is danger of such assemblies or processions being forcibly disturbed, they ought not to be prevented. But when it becomes a mere question of the general pleasure and convenience, it is fair to consider whether the custom might not wisely be changed. No body of citizens ought wilfully [illegible] to occupy the city

for their own pleasure; and while there could be an objection to permitting it occasionally, there could be no proper discrimination among all who would wish to parade, and the city must, therefore, be surrendered to any society that wished to promenade. But to contend that processions might be forbidden because foreigners should not bring to America their old national feelings, is idle. There is no Italian, however long an American, but will thrill at the name of Rome; no Frenchman whose imagination will not kindle with the Marseillaise and the tricolor; no Irishman who will not gayly smile to see the shamrock and the harp of Erin on a green flag. That they should import and revive the quarrels of their native countries, however to be regretted, is yet to be expected. Time alone, and more generations, will cool that heat in the blood. All that we can ask is that they shall keep the public peace, whether marching or looking on, and upon that we must insist without equivocation.

It probably surprised many persons that there should have been any expectation of trouble from the parade of those who sympathized with ROSSEL—whose execution was certainly one of those blunders which are also crimes. But it will be remembered that the Communists murdered the Archbishop of Paris, and it was probably supposed that this remembrance might breed an ill feeling upon the part of the adherents of his Church, which might end in trouble. If this were indeed the reason of the original prohibition of the procession, it would appear that those who were supposed to threaten the disturbance now were the same who threatened it last summer, and that in both cases it was a threat based upon religious considerations. Last summer it was a threat of Irish Roman Catholics against Irish Protestants, and this winter a threat of Roman Catholics, or a fear of their purpose, against those whom they would probably suppose to sympathize with the murder of a prelate.

If this were the fact, it is certainly a very significant one. It would be practically the betrayal twice in one year of a fundamental right of American citizens or residents to the fear of a religious mob. But is it to be understood that there shall be no parades except such as are approved by the unruly class of our Roman Catholic fellow-citizens? And how long, if they are to control processions in the streets, will it be before they control meetings in halls? It is a subject which ought not to be glossed over or lost from view; and we trust that the Legislature will be so instructed by the events of July and of December that it will take due measures to secure the equal rights of all citizens by providing officers who will enforce the laws to protect them.

AN IMPORTANT BILL.

THE bill reported to the House of Representatives by Mr. GEORGE F. HOAR, from the Committee on Education and Labor, is one of the most important ever offered in Congress. It proposes a commission of three persons, to be appointed by the President, and to serve for two years, unless their duties are sooner accomplished. The commission is to investigate the whole subject of wages and hours of labor, the division of the joint profits of labor and capital, the general condition of the laboring classes in the United States, and the effect upon them of existing laws, of commerce, finance, and currency. It is one of the oldest and most vital of questions. It has convulsed countries and overthrown nations. It is one which the progress of civilization forces upon consideration, and upon the wise treatment of which the welfare of the future depends.

The test of American statesmanship should be its ability to deal with this subject. The characteristic of our government is that it professes to be founded upon the consent of the people, and now, for the first time in history, it is appearing who the people are. It is in a certain sense not the fault of other epochs that they could never understand what the people were. The theory that the world was made for a few, and that the many existed for their convenience, was only disturbed by the solitary protest of some thinker, whose voice was like the voice of one crying in the stillness of the night in the wilderness. The French revolution, therefore, was doubtless the most bewildering of surprises, as well as the most terrible of tragedies, to those upon whom it burst, and it served by its tremendous course only to deepen in the minds of the elect few the conviction that the many, the multitude, the people, were a kind of formidable and malign power only to be controlled by the most constant and stringent force.

The history of Europe is one of the immense advantages which is furnished to America. Every European nation is entangled in so fast a net of traditions and ignorance and superstitions, and is so closely circumscribed in territory, that the threatening pressure to reform makes it almost impossible to reform wisely. The governments, therefore, unwilling or unable to understand, answer arguments with shot, and protests with shell. Yet, as no one who reads carefully the story of France before the old revolution denies the inevitability of the struggle, or hesitates to throw the responsibility for it upon those who were content to be simply selfish, and to be ignorant of the people so as to despise them, so no one who studies the European situation now will suppose that it can be relieved by force, although force may upon both sides bitterly exasperate it. There are those who, like MACAULAY, seem to suppose that America is merely to repeat Europe: that we shall flourish in peace until population presses, and that then we too shall resort to force to keep order.

But the principle of our government is the popular will, and its declared purpose the establishment of justice and the promotion of the common welfare. The duty of American statesmanship is to justify the principle and accomplish the purpose. It is to reflect that the welfare of the great mass of the people is the chief interest of the country. It is further to reflect that the financial and industrial methods and systems of Europe have not secured that interest, but have disregarded it, and that merely to reproduce them in this country is to follow stupidly a blind leader into an open pit. The great fact—which no close observer of the European situation longer doubts—is, that the general intelligence of the race has so far advanced that they who possess the force which must finally determine a conflict know that they possess it. ROSSEL, who quietly and bravely dies by what are called republican bullets, is neither a brute, nor a malefactor, nor a wild enthusiast. He feels, even if he does not fully comprehend, his cause. He knows that it is what the old Continental Congress called our Revolution—"the cause of human nature."

Mr. HOAR's bill is a proposition that America shall avoid the fate of Europe by establishing justice. It proposes that the questions which interest the great body of the American people shall not be dismissed as ignorant agitation or Utopian extravagance. It proposes to be dissatisfied with phrases about supply and demand and the laws of political economy, knowing that there must be something wrong in laws which leave the mass of men poor, ignorant, and dissatisfied. The bill does not assert nor imply that they are so here, but it would inquire how to prevent their becoming so. When there are universal suffrage and universal content together, there will be no trouble. But when a great majority are discontented, and can make their discontent law, and can by superior might enforce the law, there will be a serious situation. The importance of the subject is not to be exaggerated. So great an opportunity was never offered to humane and sagacious statesmanship; and we hope sincerely that Congress will fully appreciate and improve it.

PERSONAL.

THE cockneys of New York must not suppose that the only things that could interest a grand duke were balls, dinners, excursions, etc., which to him have been from childhood alike a daily business and a daily bore. Among the things that were new to him was his visit to the Bridgeport, Connecticut, cartridge factory, in company with Governor JEWELL. Pointing to several of the workmen, he asked the Governor, "Are these men what you call the common people?" The Governor replied that they were a fair specimen of the working classes in this country. "And do you mean to say that these get into official position?" further asked the imperial scion. "Perhaps not any of these men," rejoined Governor JEWELL, "but men of their class do; they are educated men, most of them—that is, they can all probably read and write, and most of them take and read the newspapers." "Do you know of any cases where such men have actually been elected to office?" again queried the curious ALEXIS. "Oh, certainly," the Governor said: "I myself worked in the shop as a tanner till I was twenty years of age;" and the announcement seemed to puzzle the Duke a good deal. Here was the Governor of a State, as well dressed and as well appearing as himself, who had actually worked in a shop, and this man was welcoming him in behalf of a hundred thousand voters. It was more of an enigma than the boy had ciphered on previously; but as he goes through the country he will ascertain, upon inquiring, that very many of the public men here have come direct from the workshop. In Massachusetts, where he was lately visiting, Governor CLAFLIN was a shoemaker, Senator WILSON was a cobbler also, and General BANKS was a machinist.

—"The Living Female Writers of the South" is the title of a volume recently published in Philadelphia, in which are given sketches of 183 ladies who have contributed creditably to the literature of the country. The book is dedicated to JOHN R. THOMPSON, of Virginia (now on the editorial staff of the New York *Evening Post*); JAMES WOOD DAVIDSON, of South Carolina; W. G. M'ADOO, of Georgia; and CHARLES DIMITRY, of Louisiana—gentlemen who have done much, some of them at least, in encouraging the rising talent of the South, and in so placing their productions before the world as to insure them the just fame to which they are entitled.

—AARON A. SARGENT, who has just been elected to the United States Senate from California, was born in Newburyport, Massachusetts, in 1827, and served an apprenticeship as a printer. In 1849 he emigrated to California, studied law, and was admitted to the bar. In 1861 he was elected a member of Congress, and served as a member of the Select Committee on the Pacific Railroad, to which enterprise he was particularly devoted. He is a member of the present Congress, having beaten COFFROTH, Democrat, by 3140 votes. His term in the Senate will commence on the 4th of March, 1873.

—Ex-Senator WILLIAMS, of Oregon, who succeeds Mr. AKERMAN as Attorney-General, is in the very prime of life, being not yet fifty two. He is a native of Columbia County, in this State. He was a judge in Iowa from 1847 to 1852. In 1853 he was made Chief Justice of Oregon, and in 1865 elected to the United States Senate. A man of fine abilities and sound judgment.

—The oldest member of the United States Senate, SIMON CAMERON, is a printer. There are only four Senators under forty: AMES, of Mississippi; CLAYTON, of Arkansas; OSBORN, of Florida, and SPENCER, of Alabama. There are five colored members of the House of Representatives: DE LARGE, RAINEY, and ELLIOTT, of South Carolina; TURNER, of Alabama; and WALLS, of Florida.

—General NOYES, who enters on his term of office as Governor on the 1st proximo, is out as old man for Governor, being only forty five, with hair and beard as black as printer's ink. Although a lawyer of some distinction, he is probably indebted for his political success to the fact that he served gallantly in the late war, coming out of it with several laurels and one leg. His present slogan is, "GRANT and the Constitution! COLFAX (or somebody) and low taxes!"

—As age is adding rapidly to the infirmities of the present pope, speculation increases as to who is most likely to be his successor. The latest news is to the effect that the Cardinal Archbishop of Palermo is now the dignitary most likely to be agreed upon by the Sacred College.

—Colonel JOHN HAY, with his lecture on LINCOLN, seems to have become one of the most popular platform men of the season. He had an audience so large a few evenings since at Buffalo that the stage even had to be invaded to make room for his listeners. Our contemporary of the Buffalo *Courier* says it was an admirable performance, delivered in a clear and resonant voice, and with considerable oratorical effect, and that "the marks of the pleasure given the audience were not to be mistaken."

—Dr. OLIVER DEAN, of Franklin, Massachusetts, has enrolled himself with the PEABODYS, GIRARDS, VASSARS, SWETTSONS, and other public benefactors by bequeathing $100,000 to the Dean Academy, which he founded, and on which during his life he had bestowed about $200,000. He also left $100,000 to Tufts College, to which he had previously been a liberal contributor. He was president and superintendent of the Amoskeag Manufacturing Company in Manchester, New Hampshire, and a man held in high esteem.

—The Grand Duke, while in Montreal, had the good fortune to be quartered at St. Lawrence Hall. The proprietor of that establishment, Mr. HENRY HOGAN, is one of the few gentlemen at the head of such establishments who deem it their first duty to make their guests as thoroughly comfortable and at home as if in their own houses, and we doubt not that the Grand Duke during his stay there realized in his own person the truth of SHENSTONE's lines:

"Whoe'er has traveled life's dull round,
Where'er his stages may have been,
May sigh to think he still has found
The warmest welcome at an inn."

Old SAMUEL JOHNSON said, "There is nothing which has yet been contrived by man by which so much happiness is produced as by a good tavern or inn;" and Archbishop LEIGHTON used often to say that if he were to choose a place to die in, it would be an inn. "There were HOGANS in those days."

—There are people who profess to regard Senator SUMNER as a sort of Boston man in literature and politics, rather than as a practical statesman for the times. But his plan for a return to specie payments is certain to arrest the attention of the country, and will probably command the support of most men who are out of debt, who pay taxes, and who are anxiously looking forward to something solid and settled about the finances. In introducing his bill Mr. SUMNER says: "I am not insensible to the credit obtained by a swift payment of the national debt, but this is superficial only. It does not enable us to refund our debt without extraordinary and abnormal effort. Let there be specie payments, and the debt will refund itself. The payment of the national debt is a feather in our cap; specie payments will be a fountain; and between these two measures there is just the difference between a feather and a fountain. Instead, therefore, of taxing the people for the sake of this feather, I would reduce taxes, and apply the irresistible energies of the government to make paper equal to coin."

—DU CHAILLU's last book is always his best book, because the older he grows the richer and sounder and wittier he grows, and each past experience among the queer people whom he is always going to see in the out-of-the-way nooks and corners of the world gives him a finer savor. Probably there are a hundred thousand boys and girls in this well-spread-out country of ours who within the next twenty days will be able to tell you all about the dwarfs, of whom DU CHAILLU has just written so chattily and charmingly. Another curious thing about DU CHAILLU is that the books which he wrote years ago are almost as much in demand to-day as they were when first published. He can set up a cab on copy-money received in 1871 on books published ten years ago.

—Hon. NELSON K. HOPKINS, who next week enters upon the important duties of the Controllership of this State, has not hitherto taken prominent part in the general politics of New York. But for five-and-twenty years past he has been known and esteemed of all men in Erie County for intelligence, good sense, modesty, unimpeachable integrity, and an industry and fidelity in the various local offices he has filled that not only qualify, but amply entitle, him to the distinction upon which he now enters. It is among the agreeable incidents of politics that Mr. ASHER P. NICHOLS, the retiring Controller, and Mr. HOPKINS, his successor, are both from Buffalo, and though of opposing politics, have been life-long personal friends, and that each occupies a home position that never has been and never can be smirched by "the ways that are dark and the tricks that are vain" of mere professional politicians.

—Miss THACKERAY, one of the most popular and attractive of the younger novelists of England, has written a story entitled "Old Kensington," which is about to be published simultaneously in the *Cornhill Magazine* and in *Harper's Magazine*. She has been at work upon it several years, and competent literary authorities who have perused it pronounce it a marked improvement on her "Story of Elizabeth" and the "Village on the Cliff." Her taste, like her father's, is eminently pictorial, and her tableaux are evidently drawn from life.

—Ex-Senator ROSS, of Kansas, is about to start a weekly paper in Coffeyville, Kansas, to be called *Ross's Paper*. Mr. ROSS's practical buffeting with the world commenced as foreman in the office of the Milwaukee *Sentinel*. Afterward he went to Kansas, and into politics. During the rebellion he attained the rank of major, and in 1866 became a United States Senator, serving until March 4, 1871.

—The new French minister to the United States, JULES FEROT, is only thirty-nine years old, yet has attained distinction as an advocate and journalist. He was one of the editors of the *Gazette des Tribunaux*, and subsequently of *Le Temps*, and displayed marked ability in articles on financial subjects. He acquired fame for his warfare against the administration of the city of Paris, exposing municipal corruption. His attacks provoked many warnings from the government, but he kept on, and fearlessly exposed the doings of HAUSSMANN, the "Boss" of the Parisian "Ring."

—Major BUNDY, our bright contemporary of the *Evening Mail*, has just been hung in effigy—on the walls of the picture-gallery of the Union League Club—an admirable likeness of him having been painted by Mr. THOMAS LE CLEAR.

—Heirs apparent are in our day not noted for strong physique. Although Duke ALEXIS is robust enough, his eldest brother, the heir to the throne, has been an invalid almost from infancy. His son and heir is a feeble body. The only son of the Sultan is consumptive. The Count of Flanders, heir to the Belgian crown, is nearly dead from heart disease. The Crown Prince of Denmark is an invalid. The Austrian Prince RUDOLPH ditto. The Crown Prince of Germany is in vigorous health; but his friend and comrade, the Crown Prince ALBERT of Saxony, is sickly, and the heirs to the thrones of Mecklenburg, Baden, and Hesse are all feeble. Most of these princes are descendants of the most stalwart warriors of the olden time; but no heritage of strength, it seems, can be kept from decay under the enervating life of modern kings. The princes, like the institution of royalty itself, grow feebler with every generation.

—SPIELHAGEN, the German novelist, is coming to this country to lecture on SHAKESPEARE.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

THE most important business in Congress for the week ending December 16 was the passage of the Apportionment bill by the House of Representatives, which fixes the number of members at 283, distributed as follows:

Maine	5	Kentucky	10
New Hampshire	3	Tennessee	9
Vermont	3	Indiana	12
Massachusetts	11	Illinois	19
Rhode Island	2	Missouri	13
Connecticut	4	Arkansas	4
New York	32	Michigan	9
New Jersey	7	Florida	1
Pennsylvania	26	Texas	6
Delaware	1	Iowa	9
Maryland	6	Wisconsin	8
Virginia	9	California	4
North Carolina	8	Minnesota	3
South Carolina	5	Oregon	1
Georgia	9	Kansas	3
Alabama	7	West Virginia	3
Mississippi	6	Nevada	1
Louisiana	6	Nebraska	1
Ohio	20		

Mr. Akerman having resigned his position as Attorney-General, the President nominated ex-Senator Williams, of Oregon, to the vacant office. The Senate at once confirmed the nomination.

The Internationals of New York proposed a grand funeral parade on Sunday, December 10, in honor of the memory of General Rossel, lately executed in Paris. It was interdicted by the Police Commissioners. After considerable negotiation the interdict was removed, and the parade was allowed to take place on the following Sunday.

Mr. William M. Tweed was arrested on December 16 on the charge of felony and committed to the Tombs. The warrant for his arrest was granted by Recorder Hackett.

There will be no formal reception of the Grand Duke Alexis at Chicago, but General Sheridan will invite him to take part in a grand buffalo hunt on the Plains, which the prince will probably enjoy much better.

The Governor of Wyoming vetoed the recent bill depriving women of the right to vote in that Territory, and the veto has been sustained.

Admiral Possiet has forwarded to Mr. Aspinwall a check for $5000 as a present from the Grand Duke Alexis to the poor of New York. The Grand Duke being a sailor, Mr. Aspinwall has decided to appropriate $1000 to the relief of destitute children of seamen. The remaining $4000 has been handed to the Society for the Improvement of the Condition of the Poor.

FOREIGN NEWS.

THE Captain-General of Cuba has relieved the Volunteers from garrison duty in Havana. Henceforth the forts, which completely dominate the city, will be held by regular troops—a measure which will prevent the recurrence of such excesses as have lately awakened the indignation of the civilized world.

The British government is determined to find out the strength and organization of the Internationals throughout the world. The Foreign-office has sent instructions to its entire diplomatic corps abroad to investigate this subject thoroughly, and to report thereon to the government.

The brother of the Grand Duke Alexis, the Czarowitz Alexander, recently became involved in a "private and social" quarrel with the Prince De Reuss, minister of the German Empire to Russia. Both lost their tempers, and the Czarowitz fell upon the ambassador and smote him. Notwithstanding recent assurances of undying friendship between Russia and Germany, and the private character of the dispute, it is feared that the consequences may be grave.

Havana telegrams again assert that the Cuban insurrection is almost at an end. They give a terrible picture of the desolation of some of the fairest portions of the island.

CHRISTMAS IN VIRGINIA—A PRESENT FROM THE GREAT HOUSE.—[Drawn by W. L. Sheppard.]

CHRISTMAS IN VIRGINIA.

This pleasant picture would have been more generally applicable, we imagine, before the abolition of slavery than at present; though there are still large estates where the old servants maintain their dependent relation to their former masters, and would as soon think of cutting off their own heads as setting up for themselves. Such are the old couple to whose humble but comfortable cabin the little daughter from the "great house" has come in to wish them a "merry Christmas," and bring them something extra nice for their dinner. The old people were, perhaps, born on the estate. They may have passed all their simple lives within sight of the "great house," and were children with the grandparents of the little one who brings a gleam of Christmas sunshine through the door-way. They look upon themselves as belonging to the family, and the idea of going away or being sent away has never entered their simple brains.

Pretty and idyllic, is it not? Yet it represents a condition of society which is rapidly disappearing from a century which has but little sympathy with the idyllic poetry of life. In this practical age such an anomaly as a dependent peasantry could not be tolerated, nor can any sensible person wish that it should be. It must give way to something nobler and more enduring. The serf, the peasant, is every where rising above the level of his old condition, and asserting and winning his rights as a man; and though the world may lose a great deal of poetry and picturesqueness in the process, the substantial gain to humanity will be great and permanent.

"THE HEATHENS OF AMERICA."

Not the least among the merits of the striking compositions from the trenchant and fertile pencil of Mr. Nast is that they always tell their own story with a force and directness which explanation only serves to weaken, and we refer now to his picture on the opposite page only for the purpose of reminding such of our readers as may have forgotten it of the action of the Roman Catholic Church by which this admirable cartoon was suggested.

A short time since the Roman Catholic Archbishop Manning, of England, determined to send missionaries over to this country to labor among our newly emancipated negro population, in the expectation, no doubt, of finding them tractable and easily impressed by the imposing ceremonies of the Romish Church. The reason publicly given for this attempt to spread Romish doctrines among the negroes was, as England had been instrumental in bringing them to America and into slavery, she should now bear a part in bringing them to a knowledge of Christianity. The archbishop is rather late in the day. His missionaries will discover that others have taken the field before them, that the Christian religion is not altogether unknown among the negroes, and that the common schools have already taught them some lessons in history which they would never have received from their Roman Catholic friends; and we shall be much surprised if the sentiment of the intelligent colored population of the South is not exactly expressed by Mr. Nast's cartoon. The Common School has got the start of the Propaganda, and will keep it.

A ROMAN CATHOLIC MISSION FROM ENGLAND TO THE "HEATHENS" OF AMERICA.—[SEE PAGE 1230.]

DR. MANNING. "Of all the Nations on the Earth, England has been the most Guilty in regard to Slavery, and it was most fitting that the Reparation to the now Liberated Slaves should proceed from England."
THE HEATHEN AMERICAN. "No, thank you. We have just been Emancipated, and if England is responsible for Slavery in the United States, I don't care to jump from the English Frying-Pan into the English Fire."

MIDDLEMARCH:

A STUDY OF PROVINCIAL LIFE.

By GEORGE ELIOT,

AUTHOR OF "ADAM BEDE," "ROMOLA," ETC.

Book I. MISS BROOKE.

CHAPTER V.

"Hard students are commonly troubled with gowts, catarrhs, rheums, cachexia, bradypepsia, bad eyes, stone, and collick, crudities, oppilations, vertigo, winds, consumptions, and all such diseases as come by overmuch sitting: they are most part lean, dry, ill-colored . . . and all through immoderate pains and extraordinary studies. If you will not believe the truth of this, look upon great Tostatus and Thomas Aquinas' works; and tell me whether those men took pains."—BURTON'S *Anatomy of Melancholy*, P. I. s. 2.

THIS was Mr. Casaubon's letter.

"MY DEAR MISS BROOKE,—I have your guardian's permission to address you on a subject than which I have none more at heart. I am not, I trust, mistaken in the recognition of some deeper correspondence than that of date in the fact that a consciousness of need in my own life had arisen contemporaneously with the possibility of my becoming acquainted with you. For in the first hour of meeting you I had an impression of your eminent and perhaps exclusive fitness to supply that need (connected, I may say, with such activity of the affections as even the preoccupations of a work too special to be abdicated could not uninterruptedly dissimulate); and each succeeding opportunity for observation has given the impression an added depth by convincing me more emphatically of that fitness which I had preconceived, and thus evoking more decisively those affections to which I have but now referred. Our conversations have, I think, made sufficiently clear to you the tenor of my life and purposes—a tenor unsuited, I am aware, to the commoner order of minds. But I have discerned in you an elevation of thought and a capability of devotedness which I had hitherto not conceived to be compatible either with the early bloom of youth or with those graces of sex that may be said at once to win and to confer distinction when combined, as they notably are in you, with the mental qualities above indicated. It was, I confess, beyond my hope to meet with this rare combination of elements, both solid and attractive, adapted to supply aid to graver labors, and to cast a charm over vacant hours; and but for the event of my introduction to you (which, let me again say, I trust not to be superficially coincident with foreshadowing needs, but providentially related thereto as stages toward the completion of a life's plan), I should presumably have gone on to the last without any attempt to lighten my solitariness by a matrimonial union.

"Such, my dear Miss Brooke, is the accurate statement of my feelings; and I rely on your kind indulgence in venturing now to ask you how far your own are of a nature to confirm my happy presentiment. To be accepted by you as your husband and the earthly guardian of your welfare, I should regard as the highest of providential gifts. In return I can at least offer you an affection hitherto unwasted, and the faithful consecration of a life which, however short in the sequel, has no backward pages whereon, if you choose to turn them, you will find records such as might justly cause you either bitterness or shame. I await the expression of your sentiments with an anxiety which it would be the part of wisdom (were it possible) to divert by a more arduous labor than usual. But in this order of experience I am still young; and in looking forward to an unfavorable possibility I cannot but feel that resignation to solitude will be more difficult after the temporary illumination of hope.

"In any case, I shall remain,
"Yours with sincere devotion,
"EDWARD CASAUBON."

Dorothea trembled while she read this letter; then she fell on her knees, buried her face, and sobbed. She could not pray: under the rush of solemn emotion in which thoughts became vague and images floated uncertainly, she could but cast herself, with a child-like sense of reclining, in the lap of a divine consciousness which sustained her own. She remained in that attitude till it was time to dress for dinner.

How could it occur to her to examine the letter, to look at it critically as a profession of love? Her whole soul was possessed by the fact that a fuller life was opening before her: she was a neophyte about to enter on a higher grade of initiation. She was going to have room for the energies which stirred uneasily under the dimness and pressure of her own ignorance and the petty peremptoriness of the world's habits.

Now she would be able to devote herself to large yet definite duties; now she would be allowed to live continually in the light of a mind that she could reverence. This hope was not unmixed with the glow of proud delight—the joyous maiden surprise that she was chosen by the man whom her admiration had chosen. All Dorothea's passion was transfused through a mind struggling toward an ideal life; the radiance of her transfigured girlhood fell on the first object that came within its level. The impetus with which inclination became resolution was heightened by those little events of the day which had roused her discontent with the actual conditions of her life.

After dinner, when Celia was playing an "air, with variations," a small kind of tinkling which symbolized the aesthetic part of the young ladies' education, Dorothea went up to her room to answer Mr. Casaubon's letter. Why should she defer the answer? She wrote it over three times, not because she wished to change the wording, but because her hand was unusually uncertain, and she could not bear that Mr. Casaubon should think her handwriting bad and illegible. She piqued herself on writing a hand in which each letter was distinguishable without any large range of conjecture; and she meant to make much use of this accomplishment to save Mr. Casaubon's eyes. Three times she wrote.

"MY DEAR MR. CASAUBON,—I am very grateful to you for loving me, and thinking me worthy to be your wife. I can look forward to no better happiness than that which would be one with yours. If I said more, it would only be the same thing written out at greater length; for I cannot now dwell on any other thought than that I may be through life
"Yours devotedly,
"DOROTHEA BROOKE."

Later in the evening she followed her uncle into the library to give him the letter, that he might send it in the morning. He was surprised, but his surprise only issued in a few moments' silence, during which he pushed about various objects on his writing-table, and finally stood with his back to the fire, his glasses on his nose, looking at the address of Dorothea's letter.

"Have you thought enough about this, my dear?" he said at last.

"There was no need to think long, uncle. I know of nothing to make me vacillate. If I changed my mind, it must be because of something important and entirely new to me."

"Ah!—then you have accepted him? Then Chettam has no chance? Has Chettam offended you—offended you, you know? What is it you don't like in Chettam?"

"There is nothing that I like in him," said Dorothea, rather impetuously.

Mr. Brooke threw his head and shoulders backward as if some one had thrown a light missile at him. Dorothea immediately felt some self-rebuke, and said,

"I mean in the light of a husband. He is very kind, I think—really very good about the cottages. A well-meaning man."

"But you must have a scholar, and that sort of thing? Well, it lies a little in our family. I had it myself—that love of knowledge, and going into every thing—a little too much; it took me too far; though that sort of thing doesn't often run in the female line; or it runs under-ground like the rivers in Greece, you know—it comes out in the sons. Clever sons, clever mothers. I went a good deal into that at one time. However, my dear, I have always said that people should do as they like in these things, up to a certain point. I couldn't, as your guardian, have consented to a bad match. But Casaubon stands well; his position is good. I am afraid Chettam will be hurt, though, and Mrs. Cadwallader will blame me."

That evening, of course, Celia knew nothing of what had happened. She attributed Dorothea's abstracted manner, and the evidence of further crying since they had got home, to the temper she had been in about Sir James Chettam and the buildings, and was careful not to give further offense: having once said what she wanted to say, Celia had no disposition to recur to disagreeable subjects. It had been her nature when a child never to quarrel with any one—only to observe with wonder that they quarreled with her, and looked like turkey-cocks; whereupon she was ready to play at cat's-cradle with them whenever they recovered themselves. And as to Dorothea, it had always been her way to find something wrong in her sister's words, though Celia inwardly protested that she always said just how things were, and nothing else: she never did and never could put words together out of her own head. But the best of Dodo was that she did not keep angry for long together. Now, though they had hardly spoken to each other all the evening, yet when Celia put by her work, intending to go to bed, a proceeding in which she was always much the earlier, Dorothea, who was seated on a low stool, unable to occupy herself except in meditation, said, with the musical intonation which in moments of deep but quiet feeling made her speech like a fine bit of recitative,

"Celia dear, come and kiss me," holding her arms open as she spoke.

Celia knelt down to get the right level, and gave her little butterfly kiss, while Dorothea encircled her with gentle arms, and pressed her lips gravely on each cheek in turn.

"Don't sit up, Dodo, you are so pale to-night: go to bed soon," said Celia, in a comfortable way, without any touch of pathos.

"No, dear, I am very, very happy," said Dorothea, fervently.

"So much the better," thought Celia. "But how strangely Dodo goes from one extreme to the other!"

The next day, at luncheon, the butler, handing something to Mr. Brooke, said, "Jonas is come back, sir, and has brought this letter."

Mr. Brooke read the letter, and then, nodding toward Dorothea, said, "Casaubon, my dear: he will be here to dinner; he didn't wait to write more—didn't wait, you know."

It could not seem remarkable to Celia that a dinner guest should be announced to her sister beforehand, but, her eyes following the same direction as her uncle's, she was struck with the peculiar effect of the announcement on Dorothea. It seemed as if something like the reflection of a white sun-lit wing had passed across her features, ending in one of her rare blushes. For the first time it entered into Celia's mind that there might be something more between Mr. Casaubon and her sister than his delight in bookish talk and her delight in listening. Hitherto she had classed the admiration for this "ugly" and learned acquaintance with the admiration for Monsieur Liret at Lausanne, also ugly and learned. Dorothea had never been tired of listening to old Monsieur Liret, when Celia's feet were as cold as possible, and when it had really become dreadful to see the skin of his bald head moving about. Why, then, should her enthusiasm not extend to Mr. Casaubon simply in the same way as to Monsieur Liret? And it seemed probable that all learned men had a sort of schoolmaster's view of young people.

But now Celia was really startled at the suspicion which had darted into her mind. She was seldom taken by surprise in this way, her marvelous quickness in observing a certain order of signs generally preparing her to expect such outward events as she had an interest in. Not that she now imagined Mr. Casaubon to be already an accepted lover: she had only begun to feel disgust at the possibility that any thing in Dorothea's mind could tend toward such an issue. Here was something really to vex her about Dodo: it was all very well not to accept Sir James Chettam, but the idea of marrying Mr. Casaubon! Celia felt a sort of shame mingled with a sense of the ludicrous. But perhaps Dodo, if she were really bordering on such an extravagance, might be turned away from it: experience had often shown that her impressibility might be calculated on. The day was damp, and they were not going to walk out, so they both went up to their sitting-room; and there Celia observed that Dorothea, instead of settling down with her usual diligent interest to some occupation, simply leaned her elbow on an open book and looked out of the window at the great cedar silvered with the damp. She herself had taken up the making of a toy for the curate's children, and was not going to enter on any subject too precipitately.

Dorothea was, in fact, thinking that it was desirable for Celia to know of the momentous change in Mr. Casaubon's position since he had last been in the house; it did not seem fair to leave her in ignorance of what would necessarily affect her attitude toward him; but it was impossible not to shrink from telling her. Dorothea accused herself of some meanness in this timidity: it was always odious to her to have any small fears or contrivances about her actions; but at this moment she was seeking the highest aid possible that she might not dread the corrosiveness of Celia's pretty, carnally minded prose. Her reverie was broken, and the difficulty of decision banished, by Celia's small and rather guttural voice speaking in its usual tone of a remark aside or a "by-the-bye."

"Is any one else coming to dine besides Mr. Casaubon?"

"Not that I know of."

"I hope there is some one else. Then I shall not hear him eat his soup so."

"What is there remarkable about his soup-eating?"

"Really, Dodo, can't you hear how he scrapes his spoon? And he always blinks before he speaks. I don't know whether Locke blinked, but I'm sure I am sorry for those who sat opposite to him if he did."

"Celia," said Dorothea, with emphatic gravity, "pray don't make any more observations of that kind."

"Why not? They are quite true," returned Celia, who had her reasons for persevering, though she was beginning to be a little afraid.

"Many things are true which only the commonest minds observe."

"Then I think the commonest minds must be rather useful. I think it is a pity Mr. Casaubon's mother had not a commoner mind: she might have taught him better." Celia was inwardly frightened, and ready to run away, now she had hurled this light javelin.

Dorothea's feelings had gathered to an avalanche, and there could be no further preparation.

"It is right to tell you, Celia, that I am engaged to marry Mr. Casaubon."

Perhaps Celia had never turned so pale before. The paper man she was making would have had his leg injured but for her habitual care of whatever she held in her hands. She laid the fragile figure down at once, and sat perfectly still for a few moments. When she spoke there was a tear gathering.

"Oh, Dodo, I hope you will be happy." Her sisterly tenderness could not but surmount other feelings at this moment, and her fears were the fears of affection.

Dorothea was still hurt and agitated.

"It is quite decided, then?" said Celia, in an awed under-tone. "And uncle knows?"

"I have accepted Mr. Casaubon's offer. My uncle brought me the letter that contained it; he knew about it beforehand."

"I beg your pardon, if I have said any thing to hurt you, Dodo," said Celia, with a slight sob. She never could have thought that she should feel as she did. There was something funereal in the whole affair, and Mr. Casaubon seemed to be the officiating clergyman, about whom it would be indecent to make remarks.

"Never mind, Kitty; do not grieve. We should never admire the same people. I often offend in something of the same way; I am apt to speak too strongly of those who don't please me."

In spite of this magnanimity Dorothea was still smarting: perhaps as much from Celia's subdued astonishment as from her small criticisms. Of course all the world round Tipton would be out of sympathy with this marriage. Dorothea knew of no one who thought as she did about life and its best objects.

Nevertheless, before the evening was at an end she was very happy. In an hour's *tête-à-tête* with Mr. Casaubon she talked to him with more freedom than she had ever felt before, even pouring out her joy at the thought of devoting herself to him, and of learning how she might best share and further all his great ends. Mr. Casaubon was touched with an unknown delight (what man would not have been?) at this child-like, unrestrained ardor: he was not surprised (what lover would have been?) that he should be the object of it.

"My dear young lady—Miss Brooke—Dorothea!" he said, pressing her hand between his hands, "this is a happiness greater than I had ever imagined to be in reserve for me. That I should ever meet with a mind and person so rich in the mingled graces which could render marriage desirable was far indeed from my conception. You have all—nay, more than all—those qualities which I have ever regarded as the characteristic excellences of womanhood. The great charm of your sex is its capability of an ardent self-sacrificing affection, and herein we see its fitness to round and complete the existence of our own. Hitherto I have known few pleasures save of the severer kind: my satisfactions have been those of the solitary student. I have been little disposed to gather flowers that would wither in my hand, but now I shall pluck them with eagerness, to place them in your bosom."

No speech could have been more thoroughly honest in its intention: the frigid rhetoric at the end was as sincere as the bark of a dog or the cawing of an amorous rook. Would it not be rash to conclude that there was no passion behind those sonnets to Delia which strike us as the thin music of a mandolin?

Dorothea's faith supplied all that Mr. Casaubon's words seemed to leave unsaid: what believer sees a disturbing omission or infelicity? The text, whether of prophet or of poet, expands for whatever we can put into it, and even his bad grammar is sublime.

"I am very ignorant—you will quite wonder at my ignorance," said Dorothea. "I have so many thoughts that may be quite mistaken; and now I shall be able to tell them all to you, and ask you about them. But," she added, with rapid imagination of Mr. Casaubon's probable feeling, "I will not trouble you too much; only when you are inclined to listen to me. You must often be weary with the pursuit of subjects in your own track. I shall gain enough if you will take me with you there."

"How should I be able now to persevere in any path without your companionship?" said Mr. Casaubon, kissing her candid brow, and feeling that Heaven had vouchsafed him a blessing in every way suited to his peculiar wants. He was being unconsciously wrought upon by the charms of a nature which was entirely without hidden calculations either for immediate effects or for remoter ends. It was this which made Dorothea so child-like, and, according to some judges, so stupid, with all her reputed cleverness; as, for example, in the present case of throwing herself, metaphorically speaking, at Mr. Casaubon's feet, and kissing his unfashionable shoe-ties as if he were a Protestant pope. She was not in the least teaching Mr. Casaubon to ask if he were good enough for her, but merely asking herself anxiously how she could be good enough for Mr. Casaubon. Before he left the next day it had been decided that the marriage should take place within six weeks. Why not? Mr. Casaubon's house was ready. It was not a parsonage, but a considerable mansion, with much land attached to it. The parsonage was inhabited by the curate, who did all the duty except preaching the morning sermon.

CHAPTER VI.

"My lady's tongue is like the meadow blades,
That cut you stroking them with idle hand.
Nice cutting is her function: she divides
With spiritual edge the millet-seed,
And makes intangible savings."

As Mr. Casaubon's carriage was passing out of the gate-way it arrested the entrance of a pony phaeton driven by a lady with a servant seated behind. It was doubtful whether the recognition had been mutual, for Mr. Casaubon was looking absently before him; but the lady was quick-eyed, and threw a nod and a "How do you do?" in the nick of time. In spite of her shabby bonnet and very old Indian shawl, it was plain that the lodge-keeper regarded her as an important personage, from the low courtesy which was dropped on the entrance of the small phaeton.

"Well, Mrs. Fitchett, how are your fowls laying now?" said the high-colored, dark-eyed lady, with the clearest chiseled utterance.

"Pretty well for laying, madam, but they've ta'en to eating their eggs: I've no peace o' mind with 'em at all."

"Oh, the cannibals! Better sell them cheap at once. What will you sell them a couple? One can't eat fowls of a bad character at a high price."

"Well, madam, half a crown: I couldn't let 'em go, not under."

"Half a crown, these times! Come now—for the rector's chicken broth on a Sunday. He has consumed all ours that I can spare. You are half paid with the sermon, Mrs. Fitchett, remember that. Take a pair of tumbler pigeons for them—little beauties. You must come and see them. You have no tumblers among your pigeons."

"Well, madam, Master Fitchett shall go and see 'em after work. He's very hot on new sorts: to oblige you."

"Oblige me! It will be the best bargain he ever made. A pair of church pigeons for a couple of wicked Spanish fowls that eat their own eggs! Don't you and Fitchett boast too much, that is all!"

The phaeton was driven onward with the last words, leaving Mrs. Fitchett laughing and shaking her head slowly, with an interjectional "Sure-

ly, surely!"—from which it might be inferred that she would have found the country-side somewhat duller if the rector's lady had been less free-spoken and less of a skinflint. Indeed, both the farmers and laborers in the parishes of Freshitt and Tipton would have felt a sad lack of conversation but for the stories about what Mrs. Cadwallader said and did: a lady of immeasurably high birth, descended, as it were, from unknown earls, dim as the crowd of heroic shades—who pleaded poverty, pared down prices, and cut jokes in the most companionable manner, though with a turn of tongue that let you know who she was. Such a lady gave a neighborliness to both rank and religion, and mitigated the bitterness of uncommuted tithe. A much more exemplary character with an infusion of sour dignity would not have furthered their comprehension of the Thirty-nine Articles, and would have been less socially uniting.

Mr. Brooke, seeing Mrs. Cadwallader's merits from a different point of view, winced a little when her name was announced in the library, where he was sitting alone.

"I see you have had our Lowick Cicero here," she said, seating herself comfortably, throwing back her wraps, and showing a thin but well-built figure. "I suspect you and he are brewing some bad politics, else you would not be seeing so much of the lively man. I shall inform against you: remember you are both suspicious characters since you took Peel's side about the Catholic Bill. I shall tell every body that you are going to put up for Middlemarch on the Whig side when old Pinkerton resigns, and that Casaubon is going to help you in an underhand manner: going to bribe the voters with pamphlets, and throw open the public-houses to distribute them. Come, confess!"

"Nothing of the sort," said Mr. Brooke, smiling and rubbing his eye-glasses, but really blushing a little at the impeachment. "Casaubon and I don't talk politics much. He doesn't care much about the philanthropic side of things—punishments, and that kind of thing. He only cares about Church questions. That is not my line of action, you know."

"Ra-a-ther too much, my friend. *I* have heard of your doings. Who was it that sold his bit of land to the Papists at Middlemarch? I believe you bought it on purpose. You are a perfect Guy Faux. See if you are not burned in effigy this 5th of November coming. Humphrey would not come to quarrel with you about it, so I am come."

"Very good. I was prepared to be persecuted for not persecuting—not persecuting, you know."

"There you go! That is a piece of clap-trap you have got ready for the hustings. Now do not let them lure you to the hustings, my dear Mr. Brooke. A man always makes a fool of himself speechifying: there's no excuse but being on the right side, so that you can ask a blessing on your humming and hawing. You will lose yourself, I forewarn you. You will make a Saturday pie of all parties' opinions, and be pelted by every body."

"That is what I expect, you know," said Mr. Brooke, not wishing to betray how little he enjoyed this prophetic sketch—"what I expect as an independent man. As to the Whigs, a man who goes with the thinkers is not likely to be hooked on by any party. He may go with them up to a certain point—up to a certain point, you know. But that is what you ladies never understand."

"Where your certain point is? No. I should like to be told how a man can have any certain point when he belongs to no party—leading a roving life, and never letting his friends know his address. 'Nobody knows where Brooke will be; there's no counting on Brooke'—that is what people say of you, to be quite frank. Now do turn respectable. How will you like going to Sessions with every body looking shy on you, and you with a bad conscience and an empty pocket?"

"I don't pretend to argue with a lady on politics," said Mr. Brooke, with an air of smiling indifference, but feeling rather unpleasantly conscious that this attack of Mrs. Cadwallader's had opened the defensive campaign to which certain rash steps had exposed him. "Your sex are not thinkers, you know—*varium et mutabile semper*—that kind of thing. You don't know Virgil. I knew"—Mr. Brooke reflected in time that he had not had the personal acquaintance of the Augustan poet—"I was going to say, poor Stoddart, you know. That was what *he* said. You ladies are always against an independent attitude—a man's caring for nothing but truth, and that sort of thing. And there is no part of the country where opinion is narrower than it is here—I don't mean to throw stones, you know, but somebody is wanted to take the independent line; and if I don't take it, who will?"

"Who? Why, any upstart who has got neither blood nor position. People of standing should consume their independent nonsense at home, not hawk it about. And you! who are going to marry your niece, as good as your daughter, to one of our best men. Sir James would be cruelly annoyed: it will be too hard on him if you turn round now and make yourself a Whig sign-board."

Mr. Brooke again winced inwardly, for Dorothea's engagement had no sooner been decided than he had thought of Mrs. Cadwallader's prospective taunts. It might have been easy for ignorant observers to say, "Quarrel with Mrs. Cadwallader;" but where is a country gentleman to go who quarrels with his oldest neighbors? Who could taste the fine flavor in the name of Brooke if it were delivered casually, like wine without a seal? Certainly a man can only be cosmopolitan up to a certain point.

"I hope Chettam and I shall always be good friends; but I am sorry to say there is no prospect of his marrying my niece," said Mr. Brooke, much relieved to see through the window that Celia was coming in.

"Why not?" said Mrs. Cadwallader, with a sharp note of surprise. "It is hardly a fortnight since you and I were talking about it."

"My niece has chosen another suitor—has chosen him, you know. I have had nothing to do with it. I should have preferred Chettam; and I should have said Chettam was the man any girl would have chosen. But there is no accounting for these things. Your sex is capricious, you know."

"Why, whom do you mean to say that you are going to let her marry?" Mrs. Cadwallader's mind was rapidly surveying the possibilities of choice for Dorothea.

But here Celia entered, blooming from a walk in the garden, and the greeting with her delivered Mr. Brooke from the necessity of answering immediately. He got up hastily, and saying, "By-the-way, I must speak to Wright about the horses," shuffled quickly out of the room.

"My dear child, what is this?—this about your sister's engagement?" said Mrs. Cadwallader.

"She is engaged to marry Mr. Casaubon," said Celia, resorting, as usual, to the simplest statement of fact, and enjoying this opportunity of speaking to the rector's wife alone.

"This is frightful. How long has it been going on?"

"I only knew of it yesterday. They are to be married in six weeks."

"Well, my dear, I wish you joy of your brother-in-law."

"I am so sorry for Dorothea."

"Sorry! It is her doing, I suppose?"

"Yes; she says Mr. Casaubon has a great soul."

"With all my heart."

"Oh, Mrs. Cadwallader, I don't think it can be nice to marry a man with a great soul."

"Well, my dear, take warning. You know the look of one now; when the next comes and wants to marry you, don't you accept him."

"I'm sure I never should."

"No; one such in a family is enough. So your sister never cared about Sir James Chettam? What would you have said to *him* for a brother-in-law?"

"I should have liked that very much. I am sure he would have been a good husband. Only," Celia added, with a slight blush (she sometimes seemed to blush as she breathed), "I don't think he would have suited Dorothea."

"Not high-flown enough?"

"Dodo is very strict. She thinks so much about every thing, and is so particular about what one says. Sir James never seemed to please her."

"She must have encouraged him, I am sure. That is not very creditable."

"Please don't be angry with Dodo; she does not see things. She thought so much about the cottages, and she was rude to Sir James sometimes; but he is so kind he never noticed it."

"Well," said Mrs. Cadwallader, putting on her shawl, and rising, as if in haste, "I must go straight to Sir James and break this to him. He will have brought his mother back by this time, and I must call. Your uncle will never tell him. We are all disappointed, my dear. Young people should think of their families in marrying. I set a bad example—married a poor clergyman, and made myself a pitiable object among the De Bracys—obliged to get my coals by stratagem, and pray to Heaven for my salad oil. However, Casaubon has money enough: I must do him that justice. As to his blood, I suppose the family quarterings are three cuttle-fish sable, and a commentator rampant. By-the-bye, before I go, my dear, I must speak to your Mrs. Carter about pastry. I want to send my young cook to learn of her. Poor people with four children, like us, you know, can't afford to keep a good cook. I have no doubt Mrs. Carter will oblige me. Sir James's cook is a perfect dragon."

In less than an hour Mrs. Cadwallader had circumvented Mrs. Carter and driven to Freshitt Hall, which was not far from her own parsonage, her husband being resident in Freshitt and keeping a curate in Tipton.

Sir James Chettam had returned from the short journey which had kept him absent for a couple of days, and had changed his dress, intending to ride over to Tipton Grange. His horse was standing at the door when Mrs. Cadwallader drove up, and he immediately appeared there himself, whip in hand. Lady Chettam had not yet returned; but Mrs. Cadwallader's errand could not be dispatched in the presence of grooms, so she asked to be taken into the conservatory close by, to look at the new plants; and on coming to a contemplative stand she said,

"I have a great shock for you. I hope you are not so far gone in love as you pretended to be."

It was of no use protesting against Mrs. Cadwallader's way of putting things. But Sir James's countenance changed a little. He felt a vague alarm.

"I do believe Brooke is going to expose himself after all. I accused him of meaning to stand for Middlemarch on the Liberal side, and he looked silly and never denied it—talked about the independent line, and the usual nonsense."

"Is that all?" said Sir James, much relieved.

"Why," rejoined Mrs. Cadwallader, with a sharper note, "you don't mean to say that you would like him to turn public man in that way—making a sort of political Cheap Jack of himself?"

"He might be dissuaded, I should think. He would not like the expense."

"That is what I told him. He is vulnerable to reason there—always a few grains of common-sense in an ounce of miserliness. Miserliness is a capital quality to run in families; it's the safe side for madness to dip on. And there must be a little crack in the Brooke family, else we should not see what we are to see."

"What? Brooke standing for Middlemarch?"

"Worse than that. I really feel a little responsible. I always told you Miss Brooke would be such a fine match. I knew there was a great deal of nonsense in her—a flighty sort of Methodistical stuff. But these things wear out of girls. However, I am taken by surprise for once."

"What do you mean, Mrs. Cadwallader?" said Sir James. His fear lest Miss Brooke should have run away to join the Moravian Brethren, or some preposterous sect unknown to good society, was a little allayed by the knowledge that Mrs. Cadwallader always made the worst of things. "What has happened to Miss Brooke? Pray speak out."

"Very well. She is engaged to be married." Mrs. Cadwallader paused a few moments, observing the deeply hurt expression in her friend's face, which he was trying to conceal by a nervous smile, while he whipped his boot; but she soon added, "Engaged to Casaubon."

Sir James let his whip fall, and stooped to pick it up. Perhaps his face had never before gathered so much concentrated disgust as when he turned to Mrs. Cadwallader, and repeated, "Casaubon?"

"Even so. You know my errand now."

"Good God! It is horrible! He is no better than a mummy!" (The point of view has to be allowed for, as that of a blooming and disappointed rival.)

"She says he is a great soul.—A great bladder for dried peas to rattle in!" said Mrs. Cadwallader.

"What business has an old bachelor like that to marry?" said Sir James. "He has one foot in the grave."

"He means to draw it out again, I suppose."

"Brooke ought not to allow it: he should insist on its being put off till she is of age. She would think better of it then. What is a guardian for?"

"As if you could ever squeeze a resolution out of Brooke!"

"Cadwallader might talk to him."

"Not he! Humphrey finds every body charming. I never can get him to abuse Casaubon. He will even speak well of the bishop, though I tell him it is unnatural in a beneficed clergyman: what can one do with a husband who attends so little to the decencies? I hide it as well as I can by abusing every body myself. Come, come; cheer up! you are well rid of Miss Brooke—a girl who would have been requiring you to see the stars by daylight. Between ourselves, little Celia is worth two of her, and likely, after all, to be the better match. For this marriage to Casaubon is as good as going to a nunnery."

"Oh, on my own account—it is for Miss Brooke's sake I think her friends should try to use their influence."

"Well, Humphrey doesn't know yet. But when I tell him, you may depend on it he will say, 'Why not? Casaubon is a good fellow—and young—young enough.' These charitable people never know vinegar from wine till they have swallowed it and got the colic. However, if I were a man I should prefer Celia, especially when Dorothea was gone. The truth is, you have been courting one, and have won the other. I can see that she admires you almost as much as a man expects to be admired. If it were any one but me who said so, you might think it exaggeration. Good-by!"

Sir James handed Mrs. Cadwallader to the phaeton, and then jumped on his horse. He was not going to renounce his ride because of his friend's unpleasant news—only to ride the faster in some other direction than that of Tipton Grange.

Now why on earth should Mrs. Cadwallader have been at all busy about Miss Brooke's marriage; and why, when one match that she liked to think she had a hand in was frustrated, should she have straightway contrived the preliminaries of another? Was there any ingenious plot, any hide-and-seek course of action, which might be detected by a careful telescopic watch? Not at all: a telescope might have swept the parishes of Tipton and Freshitt, the whole area visited by Mrs. Cadwallader in her phaeton, without witnessing any interview that could excite suspicion, or any scene from which she did not return with the same unperturbed keenness of eye and the same high natural color. In fact, if that convenient vehicle had existed in the days of the Seven Sages, one of them would doubtless have remarked that you can know little of women by following them about in their pony phaetons. Even with a microscope directed on a water-drop we find ourselves making interpretations which turn out to be rather coarse; for whereas under a weak lens you may seem to see a creature exhibiting an active voracity into which other smaller creatures actively play as if they were so many animated tax-pennies, a stronger lens reveals to you certain tiniest hairlets which make vortices for these victims while the swallower waits passively at his receipt of custom. In this way, metaphorically speaking, a strong lens applied to Mrs. Cadwallader's match-making will show a play of minute causes producing what may be called thought and speech vortices to bring her the sort of food she needed.

Her life was rurally simple, quite free from secrets either foul, dangerous, or otherwise important, and not consciously affected by the great affairs of the world. All the more did the affairs of the great world interest her, when communicated in the letters of high-born relations: the way in which fascinating younger sons had gone to the dogs by marrying their mistresses; the fine old-blooded idiocy of young Lord Tapir, and the furious gouty humors of old Lord Megatherium; the exact crossing of genealogies which had brought a coronet into a new branch and widened the relations of scandal—these were topics of which she retained details with the utmost accuracy, and reproduced them in an excellent pickle of epigrams, which she herself enjoyed the more because she believed as unquestioningly in birth and no-birth as she did in game and vermin. She would never have disowned any one on the ground of poverty: a De Bracy reduced to take his dinner in a basin would have seemed to her an example of pathos worth exaggerating, and I fear his aristocratic vices would not have horrified her. But her feeling toward the vulgar rich was a sort of religious hatred: they had probably made all their money out of high retail prices, and Mrs. Cadwallader detested high prices for every thing that was not paid in kind at the Rectory: such people were no part of God's design in making the world; and their accent was an affliction to the ears. A town where such monsters abounded was hardly more than a sort of low comedy, which could not be taken account of in a well-bred scheme of the universe. Let any lady who is inclined to be hard on Mrs. Cadwallader inquire into the comprehensiveness of her own beautiful views, and be quite sure that they afford accommodation for all the lives which have the honor to coexist with hers.

With such a mind, active as phosphorus, biting every thing that came near into the form that suited it, how could the Misses Brooke and their matrimonial prospects seem alien to Mrs. Cadwallader? especially as it had been the habit of years for her to scold Mr. Brooke with the friendliest frankness, and let him know in confidence that she thought him a poor creature. From the first arrival of the young ladies in Tipton she had prearranged Dorothea's marriage with Sir James, and if it had taken place would have been quite sure that it was her doing: that it should not take place, after she had preconceived it, caused her an irritation which every thinker will sympathize with. She was the diplomatist of Tipton and Freshitt, and for any thing to happen in spite of her was an offensive irregularity. As to freaks like this of Miss Brooke's, Mrs. Cadwallader had no patience with them, and now saw that her opinion of this girl had been infected with some of her husband's weak charitableness: those Methodistical whims, that air of being more religious than the rector and curate together, came from a deeper and more constitutional disease than she had been willing to believe.

"However," said Mrs. Cadwallader, first to herself and afterward to her husband, "I throw her over: there was a chance, if she had married Sir James, of her becoming a sane, sensible woman. He would never have contradicted her, and when a woman is not contradicted she has no motive for obstinacy in her absurdities. But now I wish her joy of her hair shirt."

It followed that Mrs. Cadwallader must decide on another match for Sir James, and having made up her mind that it was to be the younger Miss Brooke, there could not have been a more skillful move toward the success of her plan than her hint to the baronet that he had made an impression on Celia's heart. For he was not one of those gentlemen who languish after the unattainable Sappho's apple that laughs from the topmost bough—the charms which

"Smile like the knot of cowslips on the cliff,
Not to be come at by the willing hand."

He had no sonnets to write, and it could not strike him agreeably that he was not an object of preference to the woman whom he had preferred. Already the knowledge that Dorothea had chosen Mr. Casaubon had bruised his attachment and relaxed its hold. Although Sir James was a sportsman, he had some other feelings toward women than toward grouse and foxes, and did not regard his future wife in the light of prey, valuable chiefly for the excitements of the chase. Neither was he so well acquainted with the habits of primitive races as to feel that an ideal combat for her, tomahawk in hand, so to speak, was necessary to the historical continuity of the marriage tie. On the contrary, having the amiable vanity which knits us to those who are fond of us, and disinclines us to those who are indifferent, and also a good, grateful nature, the mere idea that a woman had a kindness toward him spun little threads of tenderness from out his heart toward hers.

Thus it happened that after Sir James had ridden rather fast for half an hour in a direction away from Tipton Grange, he slackened his pace, and at last turned into a road which would lead him back by a shorter cut. Various feelings wrought in him the determination, after all, to go to the Grange to-day as if nothing new had happened. He could not help rejoicing that he had never made the offer and been rejected; mere friendly politeness required that he should call to see Dorothea about the cottages, and now happily Mrs. Cadwallader had prepared him to offer his congratulations, if necessary, without showing too much awkwardness. He really did not like it: giving up Dorothea was very painful to him; but there was something in the resolve to make this visit forthwith, and conquer all show of feeling, which was a sort of file-biting and counter-irritant. And without his distinctly recognizing the impulse, there certainly was present in him the sense that Celia would be there, and that he should pay her more attention than he had done before.

We mortals, men and women, devour many a disappointment between breakfast and dinner-time; keep back the tears and look a little pale about the lips, and in answer to inquiries say, "Oh, nothing!" Pride helps us; and pride is not a bad thing when it only urges us to hide our own hurts—not to hurt others.

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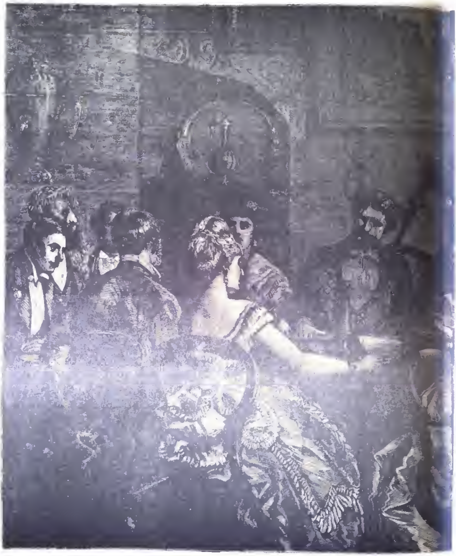

WITCHCRAFT IN

Glendower. "I CAN CALL S
Hotspur. "WHY, SO CAN I,
BUT WILL THEY COME"

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...RE.—[SEE PAGE 1226.]

"...S FROM THE VASTY DEEP."
"...SO CAN ANY MAN;
...E YOU DO CALL FOR THEM?"
King Henry IV., Part I., Act III., Scene 1.

WITCHCRAFT IN 1871.

Mr. Walter Thornbury, the well-known English *littérateur*, has written an amusing letter to a London newspaper, which will serve to explain our double-page illustration this week. Rendered curious by the spiritualistic marvels which were currently reported of corpulent ladies being miraculously conveyed through the air, and of a gentleman being shot in a trance head-foremost from an open window seventy feet from the ground, and then calmly returning in the moonlight, until his boots floated several inches above the window-sill—astounded by these wonders, Mr. Thornbury determined to use his own eyes at a *séance*, and accordingly proceeded to a noted spiritualistic gathering-place, where he paid half a crown for admission. The walls were ornamented with some weird-looking pictures, there were some paper-gilt speaking-trumpets on the table, there was a piano-forte in one corner of the room, and the windows were carefully closed. About fourteen persons were present. Presently two professional mediums entered. They requested the visitors to join hands, the gas was turned down (this important operation is represented in the picture), and the *séance* began. At length one of the mediums was heard gasping and groaning, and, on the gas being turned up, was discovered "with his head twisted, like a young Laocoön, in the folds of a red table-cloth. He disentangled himself with a disturbed, suffering air." Next a tremendous gruff bass voice hailed the company. This emanated from the spirit of "John King," a notorious pirate of the reign of Queen Elizabeth. Mr. King seems to have said nothing of any interest, but "a few minutes afterward there were sounds of violent blows, several skeptics were struck on the head by John King's speaking-trumpet, a sofa-cushion was flung at me, while an antimacassar was thrown in the face of another gentleman." After that a spirit named "Kate" appeared; but she merely said something about "Jenny Jones, of Hampstead," and then withdrew. Sometimes, it is said, this gay spirit administers a kiss all round. Altogether, the *séance* seems to have been a failure—indeed, one of the mediums admitted that what had been heard and seen was not enough to convert any skeptic, but that the conditions appeared to be unfavorable. It is scarcely necessary to add that Mr. Thornbury quitted the apartment in a hardened state of unbelief.

THE FIR CONES.

AN IDYL OF CHRISTMAS-EVE.

"Well, the old tree has gone at last," said the farmer as he latched the heavy door, and began to stamp the snow from his boots.

"What tree?" cried a girl's voice, as the whir of the busy wheel suddenly slackened. "Oh, father, not the Lovers' Tree—the old fir? Surely thou canst not mean *that?*"

"No other, Hilda—the Lovers' Tree, under which thy mother and I exchanged our troth-plight more than twenty years back. Hey, dame?" And he turned with a smile to where his wife sat in the sunset light, humming a low tune to the accompaniment of her clicking needles. She smiled back in answer.

"Yes, Paul, and my mother as well; and thine too, I'll be bound, for she also was a Braian girl. All Braian knows the fir—a hundred years old it was, they say."

"More than that," said the farmer. "My grandfather courted his lass under its shade, and his father did the same. Add a hundred and fifty to your hundred, and it won't be so far amiss, a life. But it has fallen at last. There'll be no more maidens wooed and won under the Lovers' Tree. Thou hast lost thy chance, Hilda." And he turned fondly to his girl.

"That was indeed a terrible wind last night," went on the dame. "It rocked the bed till it waked me from my sleep. Did it rouse thee also, Lieschen?"

But Hilda responded neither to word nor look. She had left her wheel, had crossed the room, and now stood gazing from the window to where across the valley the green obelisk of the old fir had risen. Men were moving about the spot where once it stood, and the ring of axes on the frosty air told that already the frugal peasantry were at work; and the pride of the village, confidant of many secrets, was now in process of reduction to the level of vulgar fire-wood.

In rushed two children. "Hast thou heard the news?" they cried. "The Lovers' Tree is blown down! All the people are up there chopping. May we go too, and see them chop? We will bring home all the cones to build the Christmas fire. Ah, do let us go, mother; fir cones burn so magnificently."

"You are such little ones, you will get in the way of the axes and be hurt," replied their mother, smiling on them.

But the farmer said,

"Yes, let them go; we will all go. Get thy cloak, Ursula, and thy woolen hood. We will see the old tree once more before he is carried away. Wilt thou come too, Hilda?"

But Hilda shook her head, and did not turn or answer. The children rioted about, searching for baskets and fagot strings; but she neither moved nor spoke. Then the door closed, and all was quiet in the cottage. But still Hilda stood in the window, looking with dreamy, unseeing eyes across the valley to the opposite hill-side.

She was looking upon a picture—a picture which nobody would ever see again; upon the venerable tree, beloved of all Braian, which, for more years than man could count, had stood there watching the tide of human life ebb and flow, as some majestic old man might stand with children playing about his kindly knees. Whole generations of lovers had held tryst under its shade. Kisses had been interchanged, vows murmured—the old, old story of human love, of human joy, of hope, of longing, of trust, had been repeated and repeated there, age after age, and still the old tree guarded its secrets well, as in days of greenest youth, and still bent to listen like a half-human friend. White arms clasped the trunk, soft cheeks were laid there, as if the rough bark could feel responsive thrill. Two centuries of loving and listening had mellowed the heart. The boughs seemed to whisper meanings to those who sought their shade—gay songs to the young, counsels to the burdened, benedictions to those who, bowed down with trouble, came, black-clad and sorrowful, to look across the valley where once the purple lights of hope had met their eyes. "Wait," the rustling murmur seemed to say to each; "only wait—wait, as I have waited, and you shall be made exceedingly glad. Behold, the day dawns and the shadows fly away!" And though the heavy heart might not comprehend the whispered words, something seemed lifted from the weight of sadness, and the mourners departed, comforted, knowing not why.

But not upon a vague picture only did Hilda look. German girls can keep their own counsel as well as girls of other nations. And for all her father's joking she had not "lost her chance" under the Lovers' Tree. Often had she sat there—sat there not alone—and now in thought she was there again. She heard a voice—she leaned to meet a kiss. "Wilhelm," she faltered, and then the vision dissolved in a mist of hot and rushing tears. In the old fir she seemed to lose a friend, an intercessor. Oh, why had this unhappy quarrel arisen? Why had she and Wilhelm loved at all, if only to be so unhappy in the end?

But, in truth, it is very easy for lovers to quarrel. Like particles of electric matter, the two natures near, attract, repel. The fire that leaps from either soul, responsive to kindred fire, fuses or destroys. A hint, a suspicion, jealousy, mistrust, the thousand and one small chances of life, come between, and all is over. Only

"The little pitted speck in garnered fruit"

is needful. A trifle, or what seemed a trifle, had been the beginning of mischief between Hilda and Wilhelm, but the breach had slowly widened till now, when for weeks they had neither met nor spoken, and the idyl begun under summer boughs was withering in time of frost like summer flowers.

To the old tree, and to him alone, did the girl confide her wretchedness. In his dumb ear she owned herself in the wrong. "Why do you not say so?" the responsive murmur seemed to breathe. "Wilhelm is true! Wilhelm is kind! only a word, and all will be well." But pride laid his finger on her lips. She neglected the kindly monitor, the word came not, and now the dear old fir was gone; and thinking of these things, Hilda's heart was very sad.

Meantime upon the hill-side a great crowd of people were assembled about the fallen trunk. Old men and women, with wistful eyes, stood there; comely middle-aged pairs, surrounded by children; young girls and their bachelors; boys with fresh rosy faces and wondering eyes—all alike had come to see once more the face of the village friend. Merrily rang the axes upon the wood. Some looked sad, some merry, as the work went on. There was much interchange of "Do you remembers," much laughing and joking, a few tears. The children with their baskets ran about picking up the bright cones which once hung like a coronet upon the forehead of the fir. Here and there a woman stooped for a chip or a small twig to carry away as relic. And then it began to grow dark. The people recollected themselves, as people will after doing a sentimental thing, and saw that it was time to go home. So in contented crowds they descended the hill to their suppers, and threw billets of the old fir on the fire, and beside the blaze partook of sausage and cheese, and laughed and gossiped no less merrily than usual, and the funeral of the old tree was over.

"We will keep all our cones, and the big fagot which Fritz tied up, until day after to-morrow," said little Gretchen; "because, you know, day after to-morrow comes Christmas-eve, and the Christ-child must be sure to find a good fire."

No one gainsaid this, so the cradle one laid aside.

All next day, and the next, did Hilda labor busily, throwing herself with feverish energy into the Christmas preparations. There was a plenty to do. The furniture must shine its brightest, veal and puddings be made ready for spit and oven, green boughs be hung every where, and, above all, the tree must be prepared. Hard and continually she worked, and as the sun set on the blessed eve all was in order. A vast fire crackled on the hearth of the "big room," thrown open in honor of the festival. Its bright blaze was reflected back from the polished panels of the tall corner clock, and danced on the rosy apples and glossy filberts of the still unlighted tree, which stood, green and magnificent, beyond. Little fruit of value did this wonderful tree bear. Jackets, stockings, leather shoes, loaded the lower boughs; above was a flowering of warm hoods and gay neckcloths—there was a wooden cow for Gretchen, a trumpet of red tin for little Paul; but the useful and the necessary predominated. Tender hands had arranged all, had hung the many-colored tapers, crowned the whole with bright-berried stems, and, in the moss at the foot, laid reverently a tiny straw cradle, with waxen occupant, in memory of that resting-place in the Bethlehem manger where once a "young child lay." And now, pale and tired, Hilda stood gazing upon her finished work.

"Sister, sister!" clamored eager voices through the closed door, "hasn't the Christ-child come yet?"

"No, dears, not yet. Go away and play quietly in the kitchen. I'll call you when he comes."

The little footsteps retreated, and Hilda seated herself before the fire with a weary sigh. It would be an hour or more before her father would return, and the lighting of the tree begin; so, leaning back in the high carved chair, she gave herself up to rest of body, leaving her mind to rove listlessly as it would.

The basket of cones stood beside the hearth. Half mechanically she stooped for a handful, and threw them on the blaze. Then a certain drowsy peace came over her, broken only by the flickering noise of the burning cones. They did not burn like other cones, she thought, and even as the idea floated through her brain, a strange, phantasmal change passed over them. Moving and blending, they began to build a picture in the heart of the fire—the picture of a tree, drawn in flaming lines. Hilda knew the tree. It was the old fir of Braian, complete in limb and trunk. And, as she gazed, figures formed themselves beneath the boughs—figures as of people sitting there, which moved and scintillated, and, swaying toward each other, seemed to clasp and kiss. She uttered a low cry of pain. At the sound the scene shifted, the tree dissolved as in fiery rain, and the cones, raising themselves and climbing upward, stood ranged in a group on the topmost log, like a choir of musicians about to play. Strange notes seemed to come from the blaze, low and humming, like a whispered prelude, then voices began to speak, or to sing—which was it?—in tones which sounded oddly near, and yet infinitely far away. It was like a chorus of elves sung to the accompaniment of rustling leaves. And all the time it was not so; certain brightly flaming cones, which took precedence, emphasized the music with a succession of quick, glancing sparks, darting out like tiny finger-points, as if to attract attention.

"Look at us! look at us!" were the words of the strange *staccato* chant which sounded from the fire. "We are all light and glorious as your love used to be—used to be. It isn't so any longer." Then other cones, half burned and crusted over with white ashes, pushed forward and took up the strain in sad recitative: "Look at us! look at us, Hilda! We are as your love is now—is now. Ah, there will be worse to come ere long!" And all the time they sang, glowing strongly from within, they fixed what seemed eyes, red and winking, on Hilda's face. Then the ashes from below, drifting upward in an odd, aimless way, formed themselves into a shadowy shape, and began to sing in low, muffled tones, full of sadness. "We are dead, Hilda," was their song; "all dead! dead as your love will be—will be—before long." And at the close of the strain all the cones closed together, and emitted a sigh so profound and so melancholy that Hilda started from her chair. Tears stood upon her cheeks. She stared at the fire with strange excitement. It was burning quietly now, and without noise. She was certainly awake. Had she been dreaming?

Just at that moment the latch of the door clicked slightly, and somebody entered, slowly, hesitatingly, propelled from behind by a childish figure. "Hilda," said Gretchen's voice, "here's Wilhelm wanting to see the father. I told him to come in, because *perhaps* the father was here, or else the mother." And Gretchen's eyes explored the room in search of the Christ-child, for a glimpse of whom she had resorted to this transparent device. Then, alarmed by Hilda's stony silence, she suddenly hung her head, and, rushing out, clapped the door behind her, and left the two alone.

Hilda gave a gasp of bewilderment. She could not move. Was this part of the vision? Wilhelm stole one furtive glance at her face, then dropped his eyes. For a moment perfect stillness prevailed, then, shifting uneasily from one leg to the other in his embarrassment, the young man muttered something undistinguishable, and turned. His hand was on the door—a moment more and he would be gone. Hilda started forward.

"Wilhelm!" she exclaimed, with the hoarse utterance of one who seeks to escape from some frightful dream.

Wilhelm turned. He saw the pale, agitated face, the eyes brimmed with tears, the imploring, outstretched hands. Another second and he held her in his arms. The familiar touch melted the ice of Hilda's heart, her head sank upon his breast, and in a few broken words all was spoken and explained.

So brief an interval and all life changed! The same intense feeling which drove them asunder drew them as inevitably together now, that once the returning tides had chance to flow. Clasped in close embrace, with tears and smiles and loving self-reproachings, they stood before the fire; and as they bent for their first reconciled kiss, the fir cones, flashing once more into life and activity, rose upon the topmost log. Even the burned and blackened ones glowed with fresh fire. Hand in hand, as it were, they climbed into position, and leaped and capered side by side as if merrily dancing, while little jubilant cracks and clicks and sounds, as of small hands clapped for joy, accompanied the movement. Then suddenly the splendor faded, and sinking with one consent into ashes, the cones sifted through the logs and vanished forever, their mission accomplished, their work done.

With eyes of amazement the lovers gazed upon the spectacle to its close. As the last spark faded Hilda laid her head again on Wilhelm's breast.

"Ah!" she said, tenderly sighing, "the dear old fir! He loved us well, Wilhelm, and that was his 'good-by.'"

Perhaps it was!

THE CHAIN-GANG IN HAVANA.

On page 1228 we give a picture showing the chain-gang at work in the plaza in front of the cathedral in Havana. Always a revolting spectacle, it is now doubly so since the condemnation of the youthful medical students who were guilty of the desecration of the grave of Castañon some weeks ago. Shameful and exasperating as that act of folly was, the punishment was inexpressibly cruel and shocking. The fate of the boys who were condemned to be shot was happy in comparison with that of their comrades who were sentenced to the chain-gang. This is a punishment usually reserved for desperate criminals, whom nothing else will tame, and these delicately nurtured boys are held in close personal contact with the vilest and most disgusting specimens of depraved humanity. All the condemned students were under age, and several of those who are now wearing out their lives in the chain-gang are not more than fifteen years old. Without the strength to support the strain upon their physical system, broken in heart, and subjected every day to the harshest and most cruel treatment, we are not surprised to learn that their punishment is killing them. They were really sentenced to die by torture. Shooting would have been a more merciful punishment.

It is said that if the Captain-General had been in Havana when the trial was held, he would not have permitted such an outrage upon justice and humanity. The world will believe this when it sees him repair, so far as lies in his power, the wrong permitted by his lieutenant. He can not, indeed, bring the dead to life, but he can save the lives of the poor boys who are being tortured to death in the chain-gang.

Our illustration shows how the chain is secured about the ankle and to the waist. It is put on so as to give the utmost amount of discomfort and misery. No sound is more shocking than the clash of these chains when the gang is passing through the streets.

INNOCENCE AND GUILT.

A picture like that on page 1228—in which our artist shows an innocent little girl looking, in wondering bewilderment and awe, through the bars of a cell where a young woman has thrown herself down on the rude pallet—is a sermon in itself; not a sermon of harsh reproach of sin, but of Christian charity. We can not but reflect that the poor creature, in whom all sense of shame has not died out, was once a little girl herself, as pure and innocent as the one from whose gaze she tries to hide her face, and that she may have been brought to her present condition by circumstances over which she had no control.

The fault of many good people—especially those who have never been tried by severer temptations than such as are openly confessed in prayer-meetings, and which, for the most part, are imaginary rather than real—is that they have no charity for less fortunate people who fall through sore temptation. People whose heaviest "cross" is disinclination to perform religious duties—such as attending church, being constant at prayer-meetings, reading the Bible, etc.—can hardly make allowance for those who fall through temptations to which their own petty trials are but as the shadow of a passing cloud to the blackness of midnight; and they are too often harsh and cruel when they should be forbearing and tender.

> "*What's done we partly may compute,*
> *But know not what's resisted,*"

says Burns in one of his most thoughtful poems; and this truth should make us charitable to all who have been less fortunate than ourselves.

SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

We have already announced the departure of the United States Coast Survey exploring steamer *Hassler* upon that scientific mission which, under the direction of Professor Agassiz, will doubtless be productive of very important results. Just before starting on the expedition Professor Agassiz addressed a communication to the Superintendent of the Coast Survey, in which he ventured to assume the character of a prophet, by stating in advance what it was probable would crown their efforts in the way of novelty and value.

The professor makes this communication in the hope of showing within what limits natural history has advanced toward that point of maturity when science may anticipate the discovery of facts. Basing his expectations upon the ascertained principles of science, and taking into consideration the relationships between different forms of animal life, and the succession of geological epochs, and in view of the very interesting results of later deep-sea dredging expeditions in the North Atlantic, he anticipates the discovery, "from the greater depth of the ocean, of representatives resembling those types of animals which were prominent in earlier geological periods, or bear a closer resemblance to younger stages of the higher members of the same types, or to the lower forms which take their place nowadays."

Making no suggestion in regard to mammals, he remarks that if reptiles exist in the deep waters, they must be only such as are related to the extinct types of the Jurassic periods, such as the ichthyosauri, plesiosauri, and pterodactyls, but even of these he thinks there is very little probability that any representatives are still alive.

Among the fishes he expects to discover some marine representatives of the order of ganoids of the principal types known from the secondary geological period. Among the sharks he thinks he shall find new forms allied to *cestracion*, or *hybodon*, or *odontaspis*, as also new genera of chimæroids; and among ordinary fishes the allies of *beryx*, *dapa*, etc. It is among the mollusks and radiates that objects of the greatest interest will

probably be met with; and chief among these will be nautiloid cephalopods—perhaps even ammonites—and forms only known hitherto in the fossil state. Among sponges be anticipates forms resembling those from the Jurassic and cretaceous deposits in great variety, while crinoids will take the place of oysters, and brachiopods be found very abundant.

Among crustacea it is not at all impossible that forms may be found resembling trilobites, while among echinoderms he confidently expects to meet with spatangoids approaching *Holaster*, and others akin to *Ananchytes*, etc.

A careful comparison of the members of the deep-sea fauna of the northern and southern hemispheres will probably prove of the greatest interest, and, judging from the peculiarities of the land and shore fauna of Australia, it is likely that the deep-sea animals will be equally divergent, and represent forms of great interest, and especially of an extremely antique type.

The professor also hopes that much light will be thrown upon the subject of the geology of the southern hemisphere, and upon the general features of the drift, since all the phenomena related to the glacial period must be found in the southern hemisphere with the same essential characteristics as to the northern, yet with this difference, that every thing must be reversed; that is, the trend of the glacial abrasion must be from the south northward, the lee side of the abraded rocks must be on the north side of hills and mountain ranges, and the boulders must have been derived from rocky exposures lying to the south of their present position. This point, however, must be established by observation. The professor thinks this will be found to be the case, with the exception, perhaps, of the present glaciers of Terra del Fuego and Patagonia.

In reply to the possible inquiry as to what the question of drift has to do with deep-sea dredging, he remarks that this connection is closer than may at first appear. If drift is not of glacial origin, but the product of marine currents, its formation at once becomes a matter for the Coast Survey to investigate; but he expresses the belief that it will be found that, so far from being accumulated by the sea, the drift of the low lands of Patagonia has been worn away to its present extent by the continued encroachment of the ocean, in the same manner as the northern shores of South America and of Brazil have been.

We have announced the discovery of Marseilles, on the 15th of September, by M. Borelly, of a new asteroid, supposed to be number 116, which he named *Lomia*. Another new one was discovered on the 11th of September, however, by Dr. Peters, of Hamilton College, New York, the same body having been observed six days afterward by Luther, at Bilk. On this account it has become necessary to exchange the numbers of these new asteroids, that of Dr. Peters constituting the 116th, while Lomia must be numbered 117.

Among the explorations of the past season in the interest of natural history, one of the most important and productive in its results was that of Professor E. D. Cope, of Philadelphia, well known for his indefatigable researches in regard to the recent and fossil vertebrates of America. The field of his labors was mainly in the valley of the Smoky Hill Fork of the Republican River, in Kansas, where, under the protection of an escort of seventy-five soldiers, commanded by Captain Butler, and detailed by order of General Pope, he spent seventeen days in the diligent prosecution of his labors. As is well known to American paleontologists, this region is one of the richest in the world in fossil remains of reptiles and fishes. Of these a large number of specimens were obtained by Professor Cope, many of extraordinary magnitude, and some of them entirely new to science. More or less complete series were obtained of the bones of animals previously known only by a few fragments, thus supplying much better information as to their affinities and position in the systems. Nearly the entire skeleton of a large fish, provided with teeth of immense power, was exhumed. This animal is to bear the name of *Portheus molossus*, and its remains occurred in such abundance as to demonstrate that it must have been a characteristic and very formidable inhabitant of the cretaceous seas.

Another discovery was that of a reptilian form related to or intermediate between the tortoises and serpents. The ribs of this animal were long and attenuated; but instead of being united in the carapace, as in the tortoise, remained separate, possibly united by membrane. If built at all on the chelonian pattern, the expanse would have been at least twenty feet. This is to be called *Protostega gigas*.

During his explorations in 1870 Professor Marsh ascertained the existence of a species of pterodactyl, or flying lizard, in the cretaceous strata of the West, and additional specimens of the same or another species were found by Professor Cope during the expedition just referred to. The most gigantic reptiles met with by him this year were species of *Liodon*, *polycotylus*, and *elasmosaurus*. Of these *Liodon* was found most abundantly, and one specimen will probably prove to be the largest of all known reptiles. *Elasmosaurus* had the most massive body, and must have presented an extraordinary appearance, in consequence of the great length of its neck.

We have already referred occasionally to investigations prosecuted during the past summer, on the great lakes, into the fauna and physical condition of the deeper waters; and we find in the last number of *Silliman's Journal* a more detailed account of that portion of the work carried on in Lake Superior, upon the United States steamer *Search*, under the direction of General Comstock, of the Lake Survey, as reported by Mr. Sidney J. Smith, the zoologist of the expedition.

The deepest water met with was 169 fathoms, the bottom being there covered, as in all the deeper portions of the lake, with a uniform deposit of clay or clay mud, and not the slightest trace of saline matter was detected in the water in any part of the lake. The temperature, every where below thirty or forty fathoms, varied very little from 39° F., although, in August, it varied at the surface from 39° to 50°. The fauna at the bottom was found to correspond to these physical conditions. In the shallow waters the species vary down to thirty or forty fathoms, after which the deep-water fauna begins, and the species appear to be uniformly distributed. The list of species is meagre, and the deep-water region is characterized rather by the absence of many of the shore species than by the presence of any peculiar class. The same crustaceans and marine forms met with in 1870 in Lake Michigan were also found here abundantly, together with the same species of *pisidium*, and some of the crustaceans have so far been undistinguishable from those found in Lake Wetter, in Sweden. The detailed account, of which that in the *Journal of Science* is an abstract, appears in the report of the chief engineer of the army to the Secretary of War, just presented to Congress. (Report of Secretary of War, vol. ii. p. 1030.)

Mr. Robert H. Scott, in a recent article in *Nature* upon the forms of cloud, refers to one mentioned by Professor Poey as quite new to meteorologists, and as having been met with by him on two occasions only, and remarks that according to Dr. Clouston it is common in Scotland, where it is called the "pocky cloud," and is much dreaded as a prognostication of stormy weather. This he describes as a series of dark, cumulus-looking clouds, like festoons of dark drapery, over a considerable portion of the sky, with the lower edge well defined (as if each festoon, or "pock," were filled with something heavy), generally one series of festoons lying over another, so that the light spaces between resemble an Alpine chain of white-peaked mountains. It is essential that the lower edge be well defined, for a similar cloud, with the lower edge of the festoons fringed or shaded away, is sometimes seen, and is followed by rain only.

Mr. Diamilla Müller writes to the president of the Academy of Sciences of Paris to say that Professor Denza, Father Secchi, and himself have been appointed a committee to make experiments both inside the Mont Cenis Tunnel and exterior to it, in regard to the oscillation of the pendulum and the absolute magnetic intensity, and asks for the loan of a pendulum with the Repsold reversion. This, however, he is informed can not be done, as there is no such instrument at present procurable in Paris, owing to the breaking up of all the shops where fine instruments were constructed.

The Copenhagen journals announce the recent death in that city of Mr. Olrik, well known to all travelers in Greenland as the Royal Inspector of North Greenland, and since 1866 as Director of the Colonies resident in Copenhagen. Constant reference is made to this gentleman in the narratives of our American explorers, and to the assistance rendered by him while residing at Godhaven. He is succeeded as Director of the Colonies by Dr. Rink, whose reputation as a man of science and as a gentleman is not inferior to that of Mr. Olrik.

Two thousand cuttings of the Ramie plant have lately been given away in San Francisco by Mr. Sheath to those who would take them and give them proper care in cultivation. In a very short time the whole were distributed, application for them being made by persons from all parts of California.

Mr. Henry Lecoq, who lately died at Clermont-Ferrand, in France, was known during life as an eminent botanist and geologist, and in his death has proved himself a benefactor to science and to his fellow-citizens. Thirty thousand dollars have been left by him to the town of Clermont, of which one-third is to be applied to the uses of the Garden of Plants, another third to the introduction of water into the city, and the remainder to the establishment of covered markets, the want of which has long been severely felt. His entire collections in natural history, geology, botany, etc., are also given to the city.

A Society of Arts, Sciences, and Letters has just been started at Winona, Minnesota, in connection with the first State Normal School in that place, having for its objects the collection of facts and materials looking toward the determination of the natural history, archæology, and general literature of the United States.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

"Christmas comes but once a year," is the old proverb, which seems to give a tacit permission to young and old to allow themselves some extra indulgences in the way of recreations, social enjoyments, and in the giving and receiving of gifts. With us Christmas is not observed strictly as a religious festival, but is the day devoted to great banqueting and divers excesses. From every nation we seem to have gathered some special custom, and uniting all together, celebrate our American Christmas. As time has softened the austere manners and strong prejudices which were the heritage from our Puritan and Knickerbocker ancestors, our observance of said day has grown more social and genial. For once in the year free-hearted generosity prevails; even the verbest old "Scrooge" is surprised into the bestowment of gifts and charities. The traditional stocking and the bright Christmas-tree are loaded with tokens of loving hearts, while the merry little folks delight in the pleasant fiction of ruddy, white-bearded, smiling Santa Claus, with his famous sleighful of toys, his harnessed reindeer, his fur cap and big boots, his short pipe and bag of "goodies." "Once a year" staid old folks pardon the young ones if they scream with excited joy, if they dance and frolic wildly, if they come into possession of more toys than they can manage, if they lie wide awake to midnight hours, and even if—as is the often the case—they make themselves sick with sweetmeats and candies. "Once a year" all is freedom and gladness. The purse-strings are loosened, not merely for trees and toys and Christmas puddings, but also for the bestowment of substantial gifts on the needy. With the English gentleman of olden time charity was the first duty of the day. Let not this be forgotten among the other customs which we have drawn from European nations, but bear in mind another proverb, or, rather, an exhortation in rhyme:

"At Christmas be merry, and thankful withal,
And feast thy poor neighbors, the great with the small."

In the year 1856 the young Grand Duke accompanied his parents in their coronation at Moscow, and was then, for the first time, presented to the assembled representatives of the vast Russian empire. When his mother, the new Empress—a beautiful woman, yet with the traces of the sufferings she had undergone for years very marked in her features—appeared surrounded by the children, and bearing little Alexis in her arms, there was such a joyous shout as has seldom welcomed the scion of an imperial house.

On Thanksgiving-day two Boston brothers met to enjoy the sociabilities of the festive occasion. One has been successful in the business of life, the other not. The mother of the two had died and left the fortune of $20,000 to be divided between them. The brother who had enough and to spare made Thanksgiving-day the pleasant time for transferring his share of the inheritance to the other.

Why should from twenty to forty passengers in the street cars be compelled to endure a continual current of cold air while the conductor collects fare from those standing on the front platform? If passengers are allowed on the front platform, this practice, dangerous to health and life, should not be suffered to continue.

From "Niles's Register," published in 1818, we learn that at that time, more than fifty years ago, Christmas was partially observed in Boston on the 25th of December by a recommendation in the public papers to abstain from business, and by some concerts of sacred music in the evening. In New York some of the stores were shut up, but the theatre was open in the evening. In Philadelphia about one-half of the people paid some attention to the day; but in Baltimore and to the southward of it the stores were shut up, the banks closed, and business suspended as on a Sunday. The churches also were for the most part opened in the morning, and the afternoon was given to refreshment and mirth, being an almost universal holiday.

A Western poem on the burning of Chicago thus describes the origin of the fire:

"That night a woman, at the hour of nine,
Went in a barn to milk a cow, and when
The beast kicked o'er the lamp, as vicious kine
Will sometimes do, it lit some straw and boards
of pine."

This sublime introduction, with what follows it, so affects the Chicago *Republican* that it offers to cheerfully publish the obituary notice of the "poet" free, if any body will find him and kill him.

Edinburgh ladies evidently intend to improve all the opportunities offered them. Twenty-eight have lately entered the University of Edinburgh, most of them for the purpose of studying medicine. Last year many professors objected to female students, but they have been overruled by the University Council, and must now submit.

A catalogue of all French publications from 1840 to 1865 has been recently completed by the German bookseller Lorenz, who is settled in Paris. The compilation has been a long and laborious work, and was interrupted by the involuntary flight of the editor from Paris a year ago. This comprehensive catalogue will be a great boon to librarians and all persons who desire to refer to the publications of French authors.

A favorite game, generally played on Christmas-eve in Old England, is known by the name of snapdragon. It is thus described: "A quantity of raisins is deposited in a large bowl or dish (the broader and shallower this is the better), and brandy or some other spirit is poured over the fruit and ignited. The bystanders now endeavor by turns to grasp a raisin by plunging their hands through the flames, and as this is somewhat of an arduous feat, requiring both courage and rapidity of action, a considerable amount of laughter and merriment is evoked at the expense of the unsuccessful competitors. The 'Song of the Snapdragon' is sung during the progress of the game, and it is usual to extinguish all the lights in the room, so that the lurid glare from the flaming spirits may contribute to the full its weird-like effect."

Seventeen persons were recently frozen to death in Saline County, Nebraska. A party of emigrants, with their families, were passing through the county westward, when, the cold constantly increasing, they concluded to camp and light a fire. They were on a high prairie, several miles from any house, but three miles from them was a piece of timber land. After unhitching their teams, the men started for this timber to procure fuel. Not returning for several hours, the women left their children to hunt for them. This is all that is known save that the next day the bodies of seventeen persons, who perished from the intense cold, were found. The children who were left in the wagons were the only survivors of the party.

A well-known student of human nature once said that a simple ball of twine would afford a boy more pleasure than an elaborate toy which could be made to do only one thing. There is no doubt of the truth of this statement. A child wants something to do for "own self." The toy that supplants the spontaneous planning and activity of a wide-awake boy is a poor one. We question whether the old-fashioned broom-stick was not a more enjoyable steed for a smart little fellow than the elegantly caparisoned hobby-horses of to-day. We do not mean to intimate that pretty toys are not desirable for children. It is one of the pleasantest features of the holidays that so large a proportion of the sales go to brighten the lives of children. But be the selection of toys be wise and judicious. Give your boy and girl as much as possible to do for themselves in their play. Let invention and imagination have ample scope—these faculties will work fast enough if only they are not hindered. One almost fears, while examining the comprehensive catalogues of toys which wholesale dealers issue, that the wonderful inventions will all start off and play among themselves, and leave the children nothing to do but to stand and look on. When you choose your Christmas gifts bear in mind the universal desire of childhood to bring into active exercise all the unfolding faculties—to do something.

The Boston Fair for Dumb Animals received a donation from a discriminating philanthropist: $50 for kindness to horses, $50 for kindness to oxen and cows, and $10 for "boys paid to destroy birds."

Plum-pudding is a famous Christmas dish both in America and in England. In other countries it has never flourished. It is related of a French king that, wishing to pay a particular compliment to an English ambassador on Christmas-day, he got a recipe for a plum-pudding, and ordered his cook to make one, with strict regard to the directions. The chef of his majesty's kitchen mixed the ingredients with due care, and boiled them the prescribed length of time; every thing was attended to except one trifle—the king forgot the cloth; and the result was a curious sort of soup, served up in tureens.

Ruskin has given $25,000 for the endowment of the master of an art school at Oxford.

London journals have been discussing the difference between typhoid and typhus fevers. It is stated that they differ essentially in origin—typhus arising from want, overcrowding, and personal contagion; while typhoid is malarial in origin, and not contagious from person to person. It has been supposed that the Prince of Wales contracted the typhoid fever from some malarial influence experienced while on a visit to Lord Londesborough, in the neighborhood of Scarborough. He is said, however, to have had a severe chill following excessive heat and exertion in shooting, and this was the prelude to the disease. The Duke of Kent, Queen Victoria's father, died from cold and fever said to have been produced by sitting in damp boots after returning from shooting. Prince Albert, the Queen's husband, died from the consequences of a neglected cold.

A pretty custom is practiced in Sweden, of hanging up in front of every house at Christmas a small sheaf of wheat for the winter provision of the birds, who, without this supply, would perish with hunger. Our useful little sparrow would gratefully remember those who would be equally mindful of his wants.

While in Boston the Grand Duke expressed a desire to witness the methods of instruction in the public schools. In accordance with the request of his highness, the visit to the primary, high, and normal schools was strictly private and informal, the teachers being informed of the approach of the party only a few moments before the Duke and suit entered. Alexis expressed great pleasure in what he witnessed, and asked that documents relating to the organization of the schools might be furnished him.

The present session of Congress bids fair to be a busy one. Over three hundred bills were on the calendar awaiting the action of the Senate, and about four hundred and fifty for the House, at the opening of the session.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

"Boys," said a school-teacher the other day, "what is the meaning of all that noise in school?" "It is Bill Smith, Sir, who is imitating a locomotive." "Come up here, William," said the teacher. "If you are turned into a locomotive, it is high time you were switched off."

Horne Tooke, when asked by George III. why he never played at cards, replied, "I can not tell a king from a knave."

An old gentleman of great experience says he is never satisfied that a lady understands a kiss unless he has it from her own mouth.

The brother of Beethoven signed his name, to distinguish himself from his landless brother, "—— van Beethoven, land-owner." The other signed his name, "Beethoven, brain-owner," to be equal with him.

A learned clergyman was accosted in the following manner by an illiterate preacher who despised education: "Sir, you have been to college, I suppose?" "Yes, Sir," was the reply. "I am thankful," rejoined the former, "that the Lord opened my mouth without any learning." "A similar event," retorted the clergyman, "took place in Balaam's time; but such things are of rare occurrence at the present day."

The best Fare for the Democratic Party—Reform.

A story is told of a young man who was going out West to open a jewelry store. When asked what capital he had, he replied, "A crow-bar."

A countryman, walking along the streets of a town, found his progress stopped by a close barricade of timber. "What is that for?" he said to a person in the street. "Oh! that's to stop the cholera." "Ah! I have often heard of the board of health, but I never saw one before."

A Western editor lately returned a tailor's bill with the indorsement, "Your manuscript is declined; it is illegible."

"Mr. Post-office man, I want to pay the postage on this letter." "Single or double, miss?" "Double, Sir" (with a courtesy); "I was married last week."

A Notion of a Peal—Lightning.

A story is told of a person asking another whether he would advise him to lend a certain friend money. "What! lend him money? You might give him an emetic, and he wouldn't return it."

A Bad Omen—To owe one money.

I've caught a cold—
I don't know how;
I go "k-chu-u!"
When I "k-chow!"
And when I try,
Like a Chinee,
To say "p-tita!"
I say "k-chee!"

A brilliant genius, in speaking of the much-sought-for Northwest Passage, says that the idea is a grand one, very grand. But the best way would be to tunnel it.

It is difficult to understand why some people concern themselves about their lungs, when their lungs take air of themselves.

A Head Wind—A storm.

Quilp, when in Rome last winter, was beset by a friend with praises of the cheap dinners to be obtained at the eating-house of a neighboring *trattore*. He declined to share the dubious banquet for consideration of *fatina*, declaring that the name of a Roman *trattore* brought up associations of the Catty-line.

Somebody once asked Tom Corwin if he had heard a certain story of Lewis D. Campbell's. "Was it about himself?" inquired Mr. Corwin. "No, I believe not." "Well, then, I never heard it," said Mr. Corwin, gravely.

A lady asked a pupil at a public school, "What was the sin of the Pharisees?" "Eating camels, ma'am," quickly replied the child. She had read that the Pharisees strained at gnats, and swallowed camels.

Light Employment—Building castles in the air.

An old lady recently directed the attention of her husband to a pair of twins, remarking as she did so, "How much these two children do look alike, especially the one this way!"

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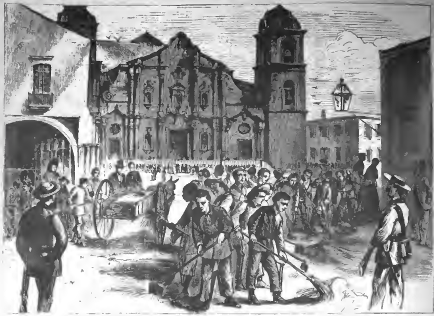

CHAIN-GANG IN THE CATHEDRAL PLAZA, HAVANA.—From a Sketch by our Special Artist.—[See Page 1236.]

INNOCENCE AND GUILT.—Drawn by W. L. Sheppard.—[See Page 1236.]

THE PRINCE OF WALES.

For several weeks past the attention of the whole world has been irresistibly drawn to the palace of Sandringham, where Albert Edward, Prince of Wales, was lying sick unto death. The nature and severity of his disease seemed, almost from the beginning, to forbid hope of his recovery; but so great was the natural strength of his constitution that he several times rallied when all hope was gone, and at the moment we send this page to press his sickness has assumed a more favorable aspect. His danger has awakened the most intense sympathy, not only in England, but all over the world. His weaknesses and follies, and every trait of character which, during the last few years, has excited unfavorable criticism, and awakened fears in the public mind as to the consequences of his accession to the throne, have all been forgotten in sympathy for the man and for the royal family.

The Prince was born on the 9th of November, 1841, at Buckingham Palace, London. He received a careful and judicious training, first under the Rev. Henry M. Birch, and Mr. Gibbs, an eminent barrister-at-law. After studying for a session at Edinburgh, he entered Christchurch, Oxford, where he remained for a year, and afterward passed two terms at Cambridge. He was instructed in every department of liberal culture, and, as far as was possible, "plain living and high thinking" were made the controlling principles of his early life. His conduct at college seems to have been studious and exemplary. Lord Brougham spoke of him in terms of the highest praise. He said: "Of the Prince of Wales I have only to say that, as my learned friend, Sir David Brewster, the principal of that university [Edinburgh], can attest, he gained universal respect and esteem among all his teachers and among all his fellow-pupils. I will only add that soon after leaving Edinburgh, on a late occasion, I found that at Oxford he held precisely the same place in the esteem of his teachers and of his fellow-pupils."

On his seventeenth birthday he was appointed a colonel in the army. Soon afterward he went to Rome for the further prosecution of his studies, and remained in that city several months. His residence there was chiefly remarkable for his presentation, at his own request, to the Pope. For the first time in many centuries a prince of the blood royal of England was received by the Holy Father. In deference to the wishes of the Prince, the reception was conducted with little ceremony. On the entry of the Prince his Holiness advanced to the door to meet him, and led him to a seat. A brief conversation in French ensued, and the Prince then withdrew.

In the summer of 1860 the Prince, accompanied by the Duke of Newcastle, visited America, and made an extended tour through Canada and the United States. With the exception of a few insignificant insults from Canadian Orangemen, and a demonstration in Richmond, Virginia, disgraceful to that city, his reception was enthusiastic. The grand ball given in his honor in New York is still remembered as a magnificent popular ovation.

Two years later the Prince traveled in the East, visiting Egypt and the Holy Land, and returning to England through Austria, Germany, and France. In February, 1863, he took his seat in the British House of Lords. On the 10th of the following month he was married to the Princess Alexandra, of Denmark, an amiable and beautiful woman, who immediately won the hearts of the English people. The marriage has been blessed with six children, of whom five are still living. Their names are: Albert Victor, born in 1864; George, born in 1865; Louise, born in 1867; Alexandra, born in 1868; and Augusta, born in 1869.

The seclusion of the Queen from public affairs, owing to her grief for the death of Prince Albert, brought the Prince more prominently into public life in the minor duties of royalty, such as holding levees and giving receptions. His last public act was a visit to Ireland last spring, undertaken in the hope of conciliating, by the exhibition of royal favor, the turbulent population of that island. The riot at Phoenix Park, Dublin, and the subsequent disturbances which took place during his residence in the Vice-regal Lodge, brought the visit to a sudden and premature termination. The attempt to awaken the slumbering loyalty of the Irish people was abandoned, and the Prince and his party returned to England, convinced that something more substantial than the glitter and pageantry of a royal progress through the disaffected island was necessary to effect the desired object.

About the middle of last November it was rumored that the Prince was unwell, but no public anxiety was excited. The first medical bulletin in regard to his condition was issued from Sandringham on the 23d of that month, in the following words:

> His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales is suffering from an attack of typhoid fever. There are no unfavorable symptoms.
>
> William Jenner, M.D.
> William Gull, M.D.
> Oscar Clayton,
> John Lowe, M.D.

From this date bulletins were issued almost daily, giving the public, soon thoroughly alarmed, news of the progress and fluctuations of the disease. From the statement in a recent number of the London *Times* it appears that his illness was contracted during a recent visit to Lord Londesborough. In its issue of November 29, that paper said:

> Typhoid fever is known to be a zymotic fever, arising usually from a poison generated by sewage. The more severe effects of this poison are to produce the fever; its minor effects are to induce less serious forms of constitutional disturbance. Several of the members of the distinguished party assembled at Lord Londesborough's house, which is in the neighborhood of Scarborough, have suffered more or less severely from such symptoms. Lord Chesterfield, we regret to learn, has, since his return home, been attacked with typhoid fever in a very severe form. The symptoms declared themselves somewhat later than was the case with his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, but the attack is apparently more severe.

Lord Chesterfield died a few days afterward; and in the case of the Prince the disease soon assumed a graver type. He gradually grew worse, and became unconscious. Twice only had he a lucid interval—once, on the birthday of his wife, the 1st of December, when he exclaimed, in a natural tone of voice, "This is the Princess's birthday;" and on a later occasion, when something was said in his hearing about the Queen, and he asked: "Has the Queen arrived from Scotland? Does she know I am sick?"

His mother, his wife, and the Princess Alice were constantly at his bedside, and all the efforts of medical science were put forth to stay the progress of the disease. At one time it was hoped that the strong constitution of the Prince had conquered in the struggle for life; but a sudden relapse took place, which left him in greater danger than before. On the 10th of December prayers were offered for his recovery in all the churches, without distinction of sect. The feeling of grief for the present, and uneasiness for the future, were profound and wide-spread. Business was almost wholly suspended throughout the country. The telegraph lines were blocked with the multitude of messages sent to and fro concerning the Prince; and so great was the anxiety to obtain the latest news that the morning and evening papers issued extra editions at every hour. All classes and ranks joined in expressions of sorrow and sympathy.

Blended with the genuine sympathy which pervades all classes in England is the undefined dread of changes that may take place in the event of the Prince's decease, and the hope that, in the case of his survival, the danger through which he has passed may lead to a new and better life on his part. The London *Times*, referring to this condition of the public mind, says:

> We can not regret this manifestation of a national anxiety from which no one can shake himself free. We entertain, in truth, a hope that after the Prince's illness has passed away the feeling now excited from end to end of the land will leave behind it blessings both to the Prince and the people. "What have I done to be so beloved?" was the exclamation of a king recovering from sickness, whose palace was surrounded by weeping subjects when he lay low. Some such reflection must most naturally occur to the Prince of Wales in the hours of convalescence, and we can well believe that it will be followed by a resolution that the years of his mature manhood shall be given to the service of the people who have shown themselves so anxious for his welfare. A new life may date in the case of any man from sickness—perhaps it not seldom at the age of thirty, and the Prince may take occasion to profit by it in betaking himself with increased energy to the furtherance of those objects of social improvement to which, as to the education of his family, his illustrious father devoted his untiring care and attention. We, on the other hand, his future subjects, can not but derive from the suggestion of possible danger conveyed by the illness of the Prince, a greater repugnance to mere theoretic comparisons of different schemes of national government, a more determined aversion from contemplating, even in imagination, any provocation for embarking on the unknown hazards of change, for the sake of securing fanciful and possibly illusory advantages. If these prove to be the results of the feverish attack under which the Prince of Wales is now suffering, we shall be able to look back with satisfaction, if with some little surprise, on our present anxiety.

Should the decease of the Prince occur before that of his mother, his eldest son, now a boy of about eight years, would become heir to the throne of England; and should Queen Victoria be removed by death, or abdicate, before he attains his majority, his government will have to be administered by a regency. In the present disturbed condition of affairs all over Europe, with democratic and republican agitations on every hand, and the ramifications of the International constantly extending, it is not surprising that the English people should dread the death of the Prince as a terrible calamity, and the possible precursor of changes that may result in the complete overturn of the present political and social order of the kingdom.

THE PRINCE OF WALES.—[From a Recent Photograph.]

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GOOD CHANCE FOR INVESTMENTS.

The semi-annual report of the Union Pacific Railroad for the first six months of the present year shows that the net profits of the road during the time were between two and a half and three million dollars—at the rate of five or six million dollars a year. The Central Pacific makes a still better showing, and its bonds are worth three per cent. more than par in the market. It is not surprising, in the light of such facts as these, that the Northern Pacific Loan is meeting with such striking and rapid success. If the present Pacific Railroad is thus profitable, the Northern Road must be greatly more so, for it runs on a much shorter line across the continent, traverses an infinitely richer region, and is building at a far lower cost; but the bonds are not only a first lien on the road itself and all its property, but are, in addition, a first mortgage upon valuable lands at the rate of 23,000 acres for every mile of road built, or upward of 50,000,000 acres in the aggregate. These lands belong absolutely to the bondholders until every bond is redeemed; and as the proceeds of all sales must be devoted at once to buying and canceling the bonds so long as the latter can be had at a price not exceeding $1 10, an advance above par must speedily be brought about.

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Office of Insurance Commissioner, Boston, December 1, 1871.

Wm. Hanley, Esq., Sec. Life Association of America.

Dear Sir,—By the clerical omission of a single figure in copying the data for Table D, page xlvi. of the Massachusetts Life Report for the year ending December 31, 1870, the Gross Receipts of the Life Association of America are incorrectly given. The amount should have been stated as in the connecting and other tabulations of the Report, viz., at $1,764,[illegible]. With this correction, the ratio of Gross Expenses to Gross Receipts in Table D, and also in Table E, page xlviii., to which the same is transferred, would be only 32.35, and the average only 30.65, instead of 74.64 and 60 [illegible], as erroneously given. Though apparent at a glance, the error used by an unscrupulous agent, might do great injury to the Life Association, which deservedly ranks among the prudent, conservative, and best managed life insurance organizations in the United States.

No HONORABLE COMPANY OR REPUTABLE AGENT, however intense the strife of competition, would, either openly or COVERTLY, by verbal statement or PRINTED CIRCULAR, make such dishonest use of a manifest error, even to secure a desperate advantage. A rivalry descending to such meanness may, indeed, succeed for the moment in diverting attention from the glass and gas of its own surroundings, but the OPERATOR can hardly escape the recoil. As a matter of fact, alike creditable to the Life Association and worthy the consideration of its friends and patrons, it may be stated without invidious comparison that, of the sixty four Companies represented in these expense ratios, thirty two are, like the Life, new Companies organized within the last five or six years. Of these, only seven show a smaller ratio than the Life, while all but one of the seven are older Companies. It thus appears that the Life Association's ratio of expense, always from the first at a low figure, is actually smaller than that of more than three fourths of all the new Companies doing business—the expenses of all Companies being of course unavoidably greater in their first years. This simple fact should effectually silence calumnious and dishonest rivalry.

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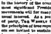

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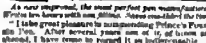

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We counsel our readers to turn to our notice in the *Nation*, of Nov. 30, 1870, of "National Nursery Rhymes and Songs, set to music by J. W. Elliott," which, by the way, if we were to write now, we should make more eulogistic of the music than we then did. The book was, and still is, in point of illustration, paper, and print, one of the very best of Christmas and Juvenile publications that have been issued in a number of years. A New York firm has made a cheap and common reduction of it by photography, utterly destroying the fineness of the engravings, and, of course, rendering the print much less legible. If the word piracy were not to be ruled out of the copyright controversy, we should like to reserve it for cases like this.—*Nation*, Dec. 7, 1871.

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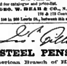

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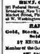

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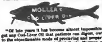

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